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Ittenbach.

THE MADONNA OF THE PASSION FLOWER.

NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XXII.

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No. 1

The Mothers of the World.

O agonizing mothers of the world,
Upon you, Atlas-like, its weight is hurled!

O happy mothers, who at cradle sing,
To you all men must look for comforting!

A treasure greater than e'er Croesus piled
Your arms enclose—God's golden gift, a child.

The prophet's vision and the artist's dream,
The poet's music and the scholar's theme,

Had never blossomed into future good
Without the ministries of motherhood.

Yours is the loftiest task 'tween pole and pole—
The tutelage of an immortal soul!

Copy ye, then, for every little one,
The tenderest Mother of the holiest Son.

R. C. STUMP.

The Nation of Mothers, The Greatest Gift in the World.

IN the immeasurable anguish of the war there is a nation without a name, without a language, without a ruler, without frontiers. Its territory is not marked upon any map. It is a secret nation which is bound together by invisible ties. This nation dwells in all the lands that are being ploughed by the sword. It is the nation of mothers. The quality of motherhood is the same in every race. The full tragedy of the war can only be grasped by those who see the nation of mothers hidden within the warring nations, and who feel the beat of all those aching

hearts. There are at this moment millions of mothers suffering the same silent agony. No census can compute the precise number of mothers who are carrying a ceaseless pang in their breasts. But if we try to imagine the sum total of pain involved in the vigil of ten million mothers, then we are by way of comprehending the dreadful magnitude of the calamity which has visited the human race.

Ten million mothers weeping, like Rachel, for their children! What an ocean of tears! And each tear is the same salt sorrow, whether it be shed in Warsaw or Munich, Cracow or Cologne, Bruges or Amiens, Arras or Ely, London or Louvain. The grief of motherhood is a thing apart. It is outside the causes of war, the quarrels of races, the pride of empires. It is an older and more durable emotion than any of the motives which send brave men into battle. States rise and fall, empires come and go, but through all the vicissitudes of governing machinery, the nation of mothers remains undestroyed and indestructible. And when all the human links between nations are broken, this link holds fast—between the mothers of the young soldiers who are slaying each other there is the link of a common love.

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It is well for the world that this last link holds when all the other links have snapped in the storm of war. The link of brotherhood is the first to go, and men, with reluctant violence, teach themselves to hate fellow-creatures whom they have never seen. This hate is an artificial passion, and it is not easy to keep it fed with the food upon which it lives. One of the mysteries of war is the undoubted fact that soldiers are not nearly as good haters as civilians. The truth is

that you cannot kill a man without realizing that he is your brother.

All the other links go with the link of brotherhood—the link of art, the link of science, the link of learning, the link of poetry, the link of music, the link of social amelioration, the link of medicine. War melts them all. And our poor humanity has only the link of motherhood to save it from the fury of the jungle and the ferocity of the primeval slime. The War-god may take everything else away, but this he cannot take. Through the smoke of burning cities we can descry the sweet, sad face of the eternal mother,—yearning over a thousand battle-fields, searching the trenches with patient tenderness for the beloved face, laying a reverent hand on the graves of the unknown and unnumbered dead, and shedding over all the wild chaos of carnage a hallowed radiance of undying devotion.

* * * * *

Men cannot divine the deeps of agony endured by the mothers of Europe. They cannot overpass the great barrier which separates the heart of the father from the heart of the mother. The love of a father for his son is different in kind as well as in degree from the love of a mother for her son. The poverty of language forces us to use the same word for the two affections, but there ought to be a word to express the wonderful passion of motherhood. We speak of mother-wit, but seldom of mother-love, and yet mother-love is the highest form of all love. It is, in its supreme form, utterly selfless. It is proof against ingratitude, against cruelty, against all the evils which are fatal to all other kinds of love. Wherefore, when a country asks a mother to give her son to its service, it asks for something that is dearer than life itself. There are few mothers who would not prefer to give their own life rather than the life of the son they bore.

And this mother-love is above all the conventions and distinctions of class, rank, and caste. All mothers are equal in sacrifice. The poor mother in the town slum or the rural hamlet gives her all when she gives her son to the Army, and the greatest lady in the land gives no less and no more. The mothers in this ordeal are drawn together. They are made one by suffering and self-abnegation. They are a great silent

sodality of voluntary sorrow. Our new Army owes more than can ever be guessed to the simple heroism of motherhood. These young men who march in long columns through our London streets are tied to their mothers' heart-strings. How many of them could or would have answered the great call if their mothers had held them back? It is their country that cries "Come!" but it is their mothers who cry "Go!" What son guesses the ache, well masked, that throbs behind the twisted smile and the trembling voice and the surrendering arms?

* * * * *

For the valiant dead there is peace, but for the mother there is a grief that can never be assuaged. Others may forget, but she never. She bears her pang to the grave. Hers the long, slow remembrance, kept fresh by cherished relics—a fair ringlet of childhood's curls, a series of photographs, school caps and colours, perhaps, garments that bear witness to each stage of youth, toys, and all the flotsam and jetsam that survive in an empty home. And yet these mothers do not flinch or falter. They say their farewells with fearless smiles and a plain courage that simulates indifference. When the foreseen blow falls they hold their heads high and face the bareness of life without regret or remorse. On a day, not long ago, there were two brothers in the Roll of Honour—one a soldier, the other a sailor, both boys on the threshold of manhood. The one died for his country in France; the other died for his country in the North Sea. The sonless mother had given them both, and now her life holds little but a deathless sorrow.

In the presence of such a sacrifice, a man can only get down on his knees in humble reverence and wordless gratitude. Nothing but a pure and stainless cause could sanctify a gift so great. The mothers of mankind will not have suffered in vain if their suffering be the redemption of humanity. Out of their anguish let the will of the world be born—the will to establish and keep peace on the earth against all its adversaries for ever.

J. DOUGLAS.

Decision never becomes easier by postponement, while habit grows stronger every day. Common sense as well as conscience says, "Choose this day."

The Pioneers of Civilization.

IT is an admitted principle of knowledge to-day that all truths, no matter of what class or sphere, must harmonize, since all come from the same source, Divine Truth itself. There was a time, for example, when some of the votaries of physical science alleged that there was necessarily a deadly warfare between that science and religion, between the conclusions of the human mind upon the laws of nature and the revelation of heaven. There was a day when some of the defenders of the faith were all to find in the statements of physicists contradictions to their cherished beliefs and the word of God, as when, for example, a Roman Congregation condemned, from the highest motives indeed, but with a judgment that was wrong, the teachings of Galileo, or when the Protestant court of Denmark in the same day drove Tycho Brahe to the refuge of Catholic Austria, and the Protestant University of Tübingen in Germany proclaimed that the astronomical discovery of John Kepler was contrary to the Bible. That day has passed. As physical science must harmonize with God's revelation, since both of necessity are true, and, far from weakening, rather strengthen that revelation, so too must the principles of sociology, a science, which is yet in its infancy, validate the Church's teachings, if those teachings are true. Out of many instances which might be profitably cited, take one. Society, in advancing towards culture, has learned a curious paradox. That progress is secured not by the best man saving himself, but by his saving the weakest at the expense of his own safety. In a shipwreck for instance, the captain will leave his vessel only *after* the others, after the women and the babes, after even the cripples and idiots have been placed in safety. It is a curious principle, and the more curious in that it seems to be in opposition to the law of the physical world; to that discovered by Darwin, known as "the survival of the fittest." The very opposition does not, however, destroy the truth of either principle but rather insists upon the essential difference between the physical and the social orders, and the higher character of the latter. It is curious that the strong, in any sense of the word, or in any sphere where his particular prowess can be exercised can believe that the general welfare of man is advanced by the sacrifice of himself

for the sake of his weaker brother. Yet this very truth has now become the common sense of the civilized world and, in fact, it is that which distinguishes us from barbarians. We shrink at the very thought of a less generous policy.

Now this very principle which society may regard as a somewhat modern discovery, because sociology has been a distinct science for but a short period of time, was read in the Gospel of Christ by the Catholic Church, and was practised to an incredible extent in her history. Uncover the story of the past, open the records of time, bring to light those achievements which are to the greatest glory of man, consider those deeds that tell of man's love for his brother, that speak of self-sacrifice, and self-abasement for the good of others, that tell of the giving up of honours, of wealth, of position, and power of glory and life itself that the world might learn to march steadfastly towards the ideals of true charity, and you will find that they began to be when the Church began to be, and were inspired through the long lapse of centuries by her teachings.

Wherever cruelty was to be suppressed, tyranny to be opposed, weakness to be strengthened, helplessness to be assisted, poverty, sickness, misery of every kind to be alleviated, the prisoner to be ransomed, the slave to be freed, the fallen one to be redeemed, the woman or the child to be protected, in every place where human need expressed itself, there stood the Church ready with the uplifted hand to stay the evil or to offer the necessary assistance.

The attitude of the Church to charity is well depicted in that painting which represents the aged monk Telemachus separating the combatants in the bloody contest of the arena.

Behold the scene. It was a holiday in Rome, and 80,000 spectators had gathered in the mighty Coliseum to witness one of the great gladiatorial contests, a form of cruelty which had been somewhat lessened, but not entirely uprooted. With applause and cheers, and the unsatiated desire for blood, the populace saw the victims contend and writhe in the agony of death. On that day, however, there appeared a champion of the cause of humanity. From far Egypt, S. Telemachus, an aged man, a hermit who sought the sanctification of his soul and the knowledge of God in the solitary places of the earth, had come to teach a lesson of Christian charity. In the midst

of the tumult and excitement and the wonder, he rushed into the arena and standing among the combatants cried out to them: "Peace—peace—let this butchery stop. Remember you are men—remember you are of one humanity. No more cruelty—no more blood. In the name of God put up your swords. In the name of God—Peace!" He turned from the gladiators to appeal to the emperor and people. The mob became furious and turned their wrath upon the aged, white-haired man who thus dared to interfere. They rose against him, and amid a shower of stones, cast by their unfriendly hands, the apostle of peace met his death. But above the dead body of the martyr their cruelty expired too, and Catholic charity won a brilliant and decisive victory. So has the Church ever opposed all that is against humanity, and despite the necessity of sacrifice, despite the opposition of the world's harshness, and of unchristian princes and principles, has come forth triumphant. He was a pioneer of civilization.

It would be impossible to even suggest all the phases of this social amelioration or to enumerate all the spheres in which it is actually exhibited, but it shines forth principally in the new respect for man as man; in the great care bestowed upon *children*; in the emancipation of *women*, and in the *alleviation of sickness and poverty*. First let us glance at some of the evidences of that charity begotten of the new conception of *man's dignity*.

Side by side throughout the history of the Christian world there have existed two powers which have constantly—until perhaps our own day—held two contrary views of the value and standing of man as man. *The state* has only in our present age thrown off the retarding influence of a belief in the essential inequalities existent among men. What had been an idea rooted in the ages of the past, and so rooted that it affected man in every walk of life, could only be effaced and destroyed by the greatest moral and social upheavals and revolutions. Not yet even has the idea been totally eradicated. In Christian ages, it is true, a gradual amelioration has taken place because the civil powers and legislation were influenced necessarily by those ideas that were external to themselves, and yet in the individual's life were paramount. To-day, in our land especially, while it is admitted, as it

must be admitted, that men, on account of their varying ability and learning and influence are concretely different, and therefore, *unequal*, they are, at the same time, by nature equal to the other, endowed with the same rights before man and God.

From the very beginning of its existence, however, the Christian Church proclaimed the great truth that all men are *equal*, equal in their *natural dignity*, equal in their destiny, equal in the *sight of their Creator*, equal in their *immortality*, equal in the *right of recognition* by all their fellow beings. And if this great truth has taken centuries to infuse itself into all the relations of life, civil and political as well as religious, it has not been for that reason that it was not taught in the principles of Christ.

The new Power and Light revealed a God who ever had a care and interest in the welfare of each individual human being; a God whose providence extended over all; a God who, by a manifestation of new truths, would give to each man's intellect a new knowledge, and to his will a new incentive to good. It therefore revealed the true dignity of man himself; it showed, as never before was shown, the worth and value of the soul, and it raised it above the sordid and earthly by the revelation of its great, eternal and heavenly destiny. If the fruits of this teaching were to be manifested in the betterment of society at large, it was because it first revealed that which must be the basis of all this, each man's spiritual dignity and equality, and his consequent duty of recognizing and respecting that same dignity and equality in every fellow being.

It was not strange that this idea, fundamental in the Church, should express itself in social relations in man's action towards his fellow beings. Such were sold into slavery, separated from their loved ones and to whom they were bound by the closest ties, and doomed either to death or a life of terrible drudgery until death should bring relief. The Church, both in her own action and legislation, and in the sentiments and deeds inspired by her teachings, was not unmindful of the sad conditions of these captives. In her long history it is a common thing for her to sell her property, or even melt down the sacred vessels of the altar, or to postpone the erection or restoration of a temple of worship, in order to obtain means for the ransom of prisoners. To

crown this generosity, this divine charity, it was ruled that the ransomed captive, no matter what his personal resources, should not be permitted to pay back the amount given for his ransom. And even to this day, though the necessity does not now exist, should Christian men be reduced to slavery as prisoners of war, the Church authorizes its pastors, when other means are wanting, to sell the furniture and holy vessels to create a fund for their ransom.

Divine zeal of charity towards prisoners reached its climax in those two religious orders which were instituted for the release of captives. The Congregation of the Trinitarians and the Order of Our Lady of Mercy. Instituted through that enthusiastic charity which was aroused at the suffering of those who were prisoners under the Saracens, these heroic communities in existence for over 600 years, enrolled under their standards those who vowed to risk not only their liberty, but also their lives, to secure the ransom of the suffering prisoners. Countless men and women who worked in chains, compelled to toil like beasts of burden under the lash of their masters, were, through the sacrifice of these noble souls released, to return to the happiness of their homes and native lands. In all the annals of the human race there is registered no greater act of charity, no nobler substitution as inspired by Christ, than this. Beside it, the picture of the magnanimous man as given in Aristotle's "Ethics" becomes cold and hard and sterile as a marble statue. The maxims of Cicero upon the duties of man to man, or those of Seneca, are feeble beside it; wanting authority, wanting fire, and wanting, above all, the unsearchable energy of personal example. Self-sacrifice of this sort cannot be shown to be a duty of man, unless upon the basis of Catholic teaching. Examine all the achievements that may be credited to any *philosophy* that the world has known; search the records of scientific altruism that would take the heart and soul out of charity, leaving naught but a lifeless body; investigate all the claims of modern philanthropy that would, in its pride, separate all sympathy and mercy and assistance from the inspiration of religion; yes, go further and study all the deeds of charity that may be attributed to any other form of religion, and you will find not one instance to equal the sacrifice,

the heroic self-abasement, the sinking of personal liberty, life and happiness for the sake of others, that is shown to the world and to the glory of manhood in these two religious communities of the Catholic Church.

The Frenchman De Tocqueville writes: "Religion is the companion of liberty in all its battles and triumphs; the cradle of its infancy and the divine source of its claim." And Madame de Staël similarly writes: "Christianity has in every deed brought Christianity upon earth; justice towards the oppressed; respect for the unfortunate; in a word, that equality before God, of which equality before the law is only an imperfect image." One of the great works of charity which the Church of God undertook and gradually achieved, was the mitigation of the slave's frightful condition, and the final abolition of the institution of slavery itself. Some to-day express their impatience at the slowness of the process, but if they only remembered the enormous proportions that slavery had taken on in ancient society, they would better understand that the process was necessarily slow. Slow it was, but as sure as the process by which summer skies and melting currents consume the iceberg, which has drifted down from the Arctic coasts. Of the universality of slavery before Christian times, I need not remind you. It was the established institution. The German and the Egyptian, Frank and Hun, the aesthetic Greek and the conquering Roman, even the Hebrew, were all partakers in this destructive social system. The number of slaves was something enormous. In Attica it was at one time estimated that there were resident in that state 84,000 citizens, 40,000 aliens, and 400,000 slaves. Gibbons, you remember, reckons the slave population of the empire under Claudius as equal to the free, or sixty millions each.

At one time according to Aristotle, the island of Ægina contained 470,000 in bondage—an island covering an area of only 42 square miles. Corinth is said to have had almost as many, 460,000.

The price was commonly small, a good slave at Athens, in the time of Demosthenes, costing about thirty dollars of our money; or at Rome, in the time of Horace, about ninety dollars; and the 97,000 Jews sold by Titus after the capture of Jerusalem brought, probably, individually,

less than Judas received for betraying his Master.

The treatment that these received at the hands of their owners was, in general, so severe, so cruel and atrocious and immoral, because they were considered as mere chattel, that there is no language fit for the ear that could adequately describe it. Amid all that fascinates the memory in the eloquence, philosophy, poetry, art, and military deeds of Greece and Rome; through all the apparent brilliance of their history, and the real brilliance of their many splendid achievements, we shall hear, if we listen aright, above Parthenon and temple, above the Agora and the Forum, the wailing undertone of the dreary and hopeless misery of slaves.

This was slavery in the European countries, civilized and cultured, into which came the Church of Christ; and we have insisted upon the magnitude of the evil that it may be understood what a foe against which this new power for good had to contend. Fearless, and with high hope writ upon her brow, she entered the lists. From the beginning her attitude was apparent. In her worship slaves were welcomed on equality with others.

The Church of the third century put *liberation of slaves* upon the same level of privilege as the rescue of martyrs. *Prayers* for slaves were inserted in earliest *Litanies*. The civil laws of Constantine and Theodosius and Justinian took on a Christian character, and each set in turn, more than the preceding, went to the betterment of the slave's condition and the restraint of the evil.

The Popes: Gregory the Great did, perhaps, more than any other pope in his manumission of slaves, based on the redemption of all by Our Lord.

Alexander III. was not behind him in doing all in his power to secure rights for slaves, and even Voltaire honors him as the subverter of slavery, saying of him: "He it was who in a council of the XIIth. century, so far as it was possible for him, abolished slavery. *If men were restored to their rights, it was principally to Pope Alexander III. that they are indebted for them.*"

The same spirit of equality carried the democracy of God into all spheres of man's life; and where the Church could act, untrammelled by the interests of the state, and unfettered by the un-

couth and uncivilized ideas which were the remnants of barbarism, she has ever stood for personal liberty whose image is to-day best reflected amidst our own people. To the honor of the Church be it said that obscurity of birth, poverty of resource, weakness of frame, were never barriers to eminence in it, and that some of its chief prelates came from lowly walks of life. Much has been written lately about Pope Pius X. as the peasant Pope, but there were many others of humble origin. Sixtus V. was the son of a poor vine-dresser; Pius V. was of a family hardly higher; Adrian VI. was the son of a mechanic; Nicholas V. was born in obscurity; the father of famous John XXII. mended shoes at Cahors; this, too, was the trade of the father of Urban IV.; one of the greatest of Popes, son of a beggar, had been a beggar himself. It was not strange, then, that Alexander III. should declare that nature had made no man to be a slave, and should put before the world a scheme for universal liberation.

When the principle of religious toleration was unknown to the world of civil polity; when freedom of conscience was, as far as Europe in general was concerned, a yet unborn offspring of charity, the Popes enforced in Italy and the Papal States, and, as far as possible, throughout the world, protection and tolerance of the despised Jews. In view of the idea that freedom of worship and liberty of conscience are totally the creatures of modern days, the brief of Innocent III., who lived, you remember, in the 12th. century, deserves citation:

"The Jews," says the brief, "are living witnesses to our faith, and Christianity cannot exterminate them. Being authorized to practise what is allowed them by law, they should be unmolested in that respect. However obdurate they may be, their refusal to hearken to the prophets, to accept the doctrines of the Gospel and to acknowledge the divinity of Jesus Christ, is no reason why we should hold protection from them. And, moved by Christian charity we accord it to them, as our predecessors of happy memory, Calixtus, Eugene, Alexander, Clement and Celestine have done. No Christian must force a Jew to receive baptism, for faith does not come by constraint. If they come freely and publicly to receive the sacrament, let no one dare to obstruct them. No Christian shall pre-

sume to do any injury to a Jew in person, without a judicial sentence, nor seize their goods nor infringe on their ancient usages, in those countries where they have a permanent residence. Let no one annoy them by striking them, or by throwing stones at them when engaged in their ceremonies, or by exacting of them services which they have not been required to render in former times. Let no one desecrate their cemeteries or disinter their dead to find gold. All this under pain of excommunication."

Liberty the Catholic Church loves; liberty she has ever defended on the principles of humanity, which is her inheritance. She has been in faith the cradle of liberty's infancy and the divine source of its claim.

When St. Lucy, led before the Roman officials for martyrdom, pleaded her cause by asking: "Do you pretend to deprive me of the right of acting according to the dictates of my reason and conscience?" When Sts. Perpetua and Felicitas, entering the amphitheatre, exclaimed: "We willingly come hither that our freedom might suffer no interference"; when the Church, as she did from the beginning, accorded equal rights unto all her members, when she opposed the tyrannies of civil rulers and demanded justice for the downtrodden; when by her unceasing efforts, she gradually abolished slavery; when above all, she inspired the hearts of men with the spirit of divine charity; when men, led by the inspiration of her religion, sacrificed their life and liberty for the liberty and lives of the oppressed; when Alexander III. proclaimed the natural equality of all men; and Innocent III. decreed protection for a hated people; they wrote indelibly in the book of the world's history and in the record of human aspirations, the same principle as that inscribed in our modern charters of Liberty.

That same understanding of spiritual equality which moved the Church to alleviate the conditions of the oppressed caused this mother of charity to elevate the character of the home, in the protection of the child and the woman.

What she had accomplished in the interest of children can be grasped by understanding something of the child's status *before the coming of Christianity*. The Church's struggle in favour of the sacredness of childhood was a contest between moral force and physical strength; and

that conquest finally came to moral force is one of the greatest glories of our civilization to-day.

In Rome in the time of Augustus, to the father as magistrate of the household belonged supreme authority over *personal security* and even over life. The law of the twelve tables had expressly authorized him to either *abandon* or *kill* his children if he preferred not to rear them. It was a rule correlative to this that whoever picked up a deserted child might keep it for a slave. Faeticide and infanticide were common. The ancient Roman writers but too plainly and often refer, in no spirit of rebuke, to the practices of the killing and exposure of children which the historian Gibbons calls "the prevailing and stubborn vice of antiquity."

Throughout all the Grecian States the same spirit was manifest. It was not in Sparta only that children might be whipped at the shrine of Diana till their life blood ran on the steps of the altar. It was not alone in the forest-sides of Mt. Taygetus, or in the rocky cavern at its base that weak and sickly children were exposed, to be torn by wild beasts, to die of hunger, or to perish in the blast. Plato and Aristotle, consummate masters of Attic thought, whose names outshine in signal respect those of all their successors, expressly approve of such abandonment of children, in case the parents are unable to support them, or if they fail to give physical promise of support to the state. In Greece as well as in Rome, the father had the right to accept or reject the child at its birth; the right to give son or daughter in marriage without debate; the right to exclude the son from the household, even at his maturity, and adopt another in his place. The *doctrine of Plato* is that a child belongs less to its parents than to the state, and if it will be of no protection to that state then it may well be deprived of existence, a doctrine from which even the Roman moralist Seneca did not dissent.

It is true the laws of God had not entirely lost force in the world; the regard for heavenly-constituted rights had not altogether disappeared from the face of the earth. For to its glory and in testimony of its divinity be it said that, the *Hebrew faith*, preceding Christianity and supplying the base on which its spires and pinnacles arose, had at least involved a widely different view of childhood from that which prevailed outside of Palestine. It had given great au-

thority to the father but it had likewise imposed strict obligations upon him; while to the mother it had given an authority which she nowhere else equally possessed.

While infanticide was common and was justified elsewhere, it was no more permitted among the Hebrews than the murder of the High Priest.

The large number of children in a household was regarded as a token of divine favour.

The instruction of children in the history of the nation and in the precepts and principles of the law was early, solemnly and repeatedly prescribed.

The whole community guarded each child, and the independent will of the father was not supreme under the restraining Hebraic legislation.

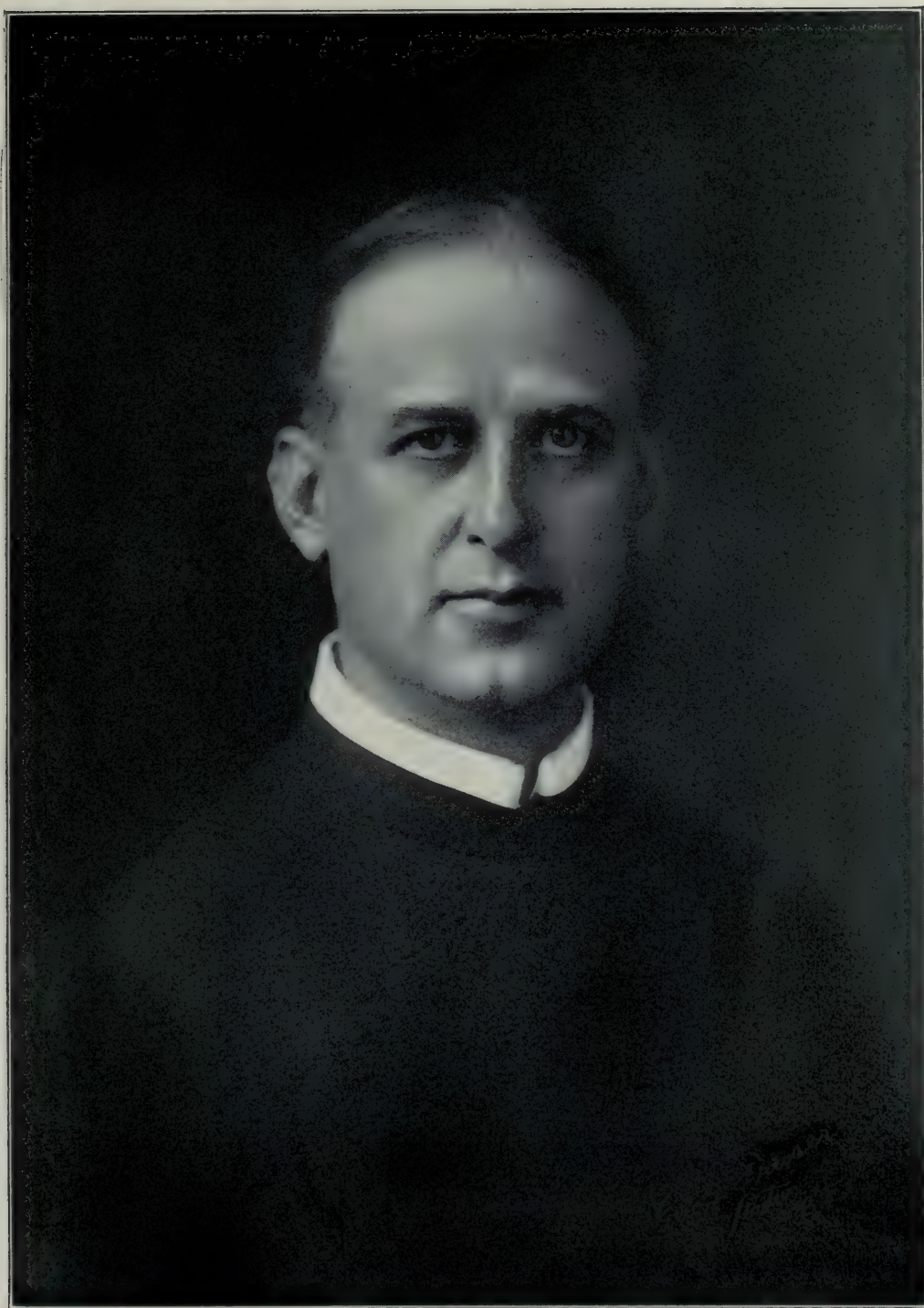
The prosperity of the city was then only conceived as perfect when, with old men and old women dwelling in it, it should also "be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

But *Christianity* surpassed even this. The Church of Jesus Christ, transcendent in its doctrines, searching in its laws, robust and masculine in all its developments, never effeminate, yet came to the docile tenderness of childhood as a priest to consecrate, as a king to enthrone it. It was in the spirit of divine charity that the Church at the very beginning of its existence thundered against the atrocities committed against the child. It was thus that the voice of its teachers, of Barnabas and Justin, martyr, of Felix, Clement and Tertullian, of Lactantius and Irenaeus and Cyprian and a host of others was raised in protest against the pestilent teachings regarding childhood, then prevalent among philosophers and people. The effect of this protest was soon apparent. As early as 325, the Council of Nicaea ordered the foundation of hospitals in the principal towns, one of the purposes of which was the sheltering of foundlings. In 442 the Council of Vaison established rules for receiving and taking care of little ones. The new faith found its principles, however, fully put into force only when Justinian enacted stringent laws against the terrible evils. As early as the fifth century there was an orphan asylum at Treves. From these has sprung the long list of Christian charities for children in all civilized countries, asylums, refuges, infant and industrial schools, reformatory institutions and aid societies without

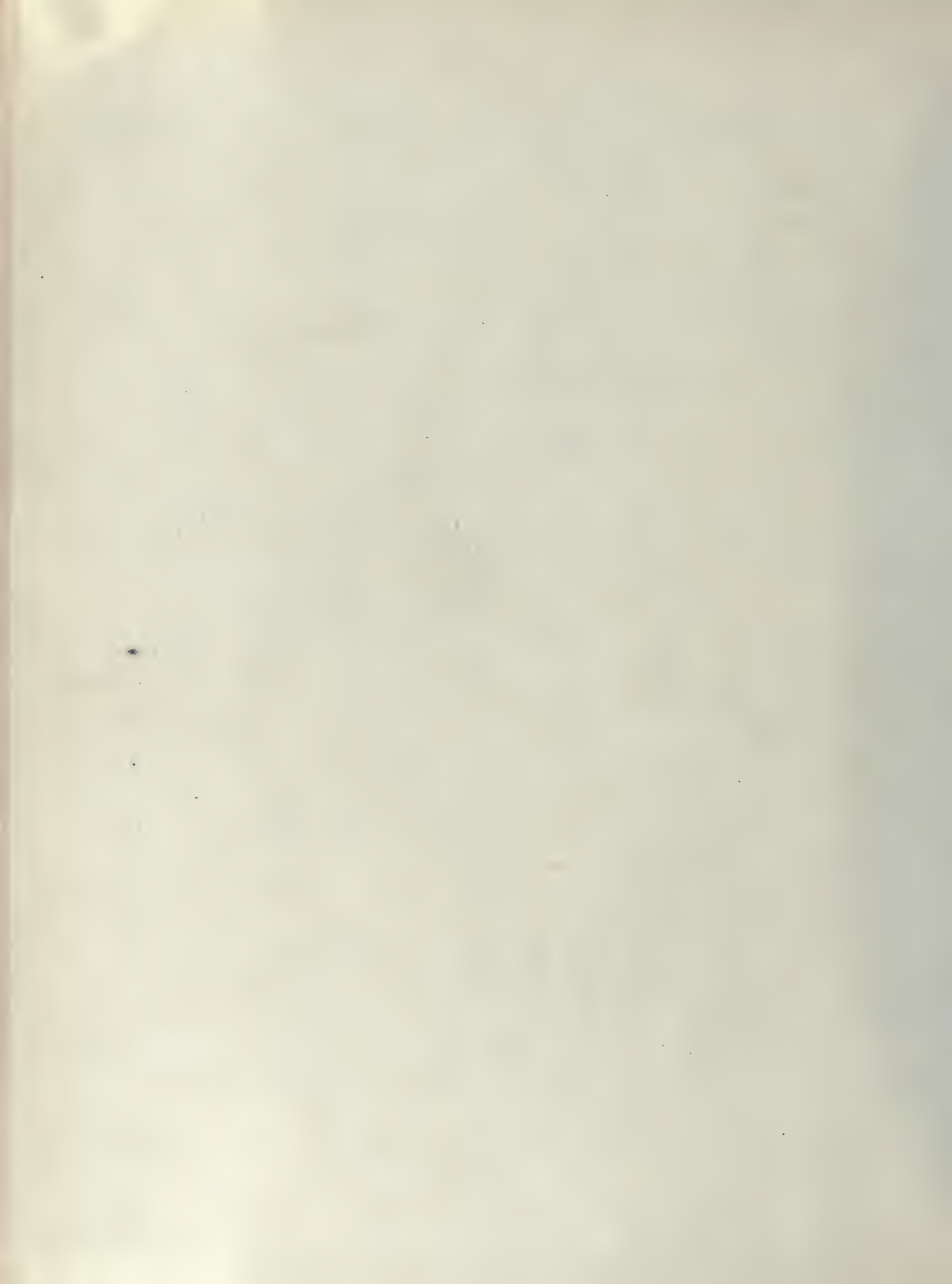
number caring for the orphans, the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, the crippled and defective, the foundling and the outcast.

It was thus that the Church went out into the highways and byways and lifted up the deserted child and set apart places of quietness away from the tumultuous commotion of the world in which infancy should be protected and its mysterious glory be felt. It was thus that she founded institutions all over Christian lands, and in her zeal, even invaded Pagan realms to found them, for the care of abandoned children, for the shelter of the weakness and for the culture of their delicater but prophesying power. It was thus that she raised up countless men and women, among whom perhaps St. Vincent de Paul stands supreme, who gave up their lives for the care of children mindful of the divine word which had said: "He that shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

This was the coronation of childhood by the law of Divine Charity. We all love the little child. In such there is something which touches even the most hardened. With mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that beget charity we are drawn to give out affection. The innocence peering through the eye like the gentleness of the morning light, the soul that thus speaks to us, the soul without stain, white as the undriven snow; the lips that prattle in the language of angels, and the ripple with laughter like the opening of violets in the spring; the affection that is purest of the pure; the confidence and trust that wins our unworthy hearts; these indeed are things of heaven. How the mother will cherish every reminder left to her after the angel of death has taken her child. The toys and the trinkets and the little books and treasures, all are wedded to her soul and bedewed with the holy tears of love and sacred affection called forth by the little child. And if to-day there is to be found in the hearts of all men and women of civilized nations something of this maternal instinct which goes to the training of the child, to its protection from physical injury and moral harm, that hears in the first faint cry, laden with the ever-new mystery of life, a voice appealing for the eternities, due credit must be accorded to that Church which has preserved the teachings of Him in whom the prophecy was fulfilled, "And behold, a little child shall lead them."



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A recent historian of note writes: "The improvement of the lot of woman was surely the greatest social conquest of the religion of Christ, greater even than the alleviation and abolishment of slavery." To picture at length the state of women in ancient and pagan society and among the uncivilized to-day is unnecessary for there is nothing clearer than that the position accorded her by the powers of the world, and in the teachings of ancient philosophers forms one of the blackest stains upon the record of mankind. The practices of polygamy and divorce which shook the very foundation of society were most to be abhorred because of the evil effect upon the weaker and gentler sex. Again it was a fundamental conception of law at Rome that woman should never be independent, but that all her rights depended simply upon the will of her father or husband. Immorality among women was looked upon with so much favour that it was the only key that unlocked for them the treasures of learning and science. A habitual and contemptuous distrust of the sex was in the life of the governing classes and women were regarded by the greatest thinker of Grecian antiquity, Aristotle, as being of a certain intermediate order between freemen and slaves.

Bishop Spalding writes of the change thus: "But the spirit of Christ's Church appeared as an angel sent from heaven to break the fetters that bound woman to the lowest and most degraded, and to free her from her historical hell. The religion whose essence is love itself brought into the world a new conception of woman's dignity, the restoration of her rights and the emancipation of her soul. The principles and acts of the Founder of this religion struck the keynote that has been sounded in His Church throughout her existence. Woman was close to Him in the years of His toil and trial. Who loved Christ more than His mother? Who kissed His bleeding feet? Whose heart drank His last sigh? Whose soul first divined the risen Lord? Who that sees Him face to face with the woman taken in adultery—who that hears the words He speaks to Magdalen when with her hair she wipes his tear-stained feet—who that hears and sees these things is not forever more not only a lover of Him but also a believer in the essential dignity of a woman's soul? Woman, the world's queen of sorrows, looks on

Him whom love has crowned with infinite sorrow and is consoled.

Her circle of influence shall widen, now that He has surrounded her with mystic light. Henceforth she shall rule with the gentle sceptre of tenderness and clemency; and with new moral energy she shall overcome suffering and bring happiness to the home; she shall console and fortify the heart, diffusing joy even in the midst of the tempest. She shall dominate by the powers of goodness and love. Through the density of darkness there broke the clear light of heaven that revealed to earth the great truths, that man's rights are woman's rights, that what is wrong for her is wrong for him, and that both alike have brains to be illuminated by great thoughts, and hearts to be thrilled by pure and tender emotion.

Immediately the Church gave a woman a position and share in religious, social and moral activity. We find Dorcas at Joppa surrounded by her companions toiling by their good works for the help of others; the dwellings of certain good women at Jerusalem were among the first churches where the followers of Christ assembled. When Peter was miraculously delivered from prison he went immediately to the house of Mary, the mother of John Marcus. In the apostolate of the great missionary, St. Paul, women, such as *Lydia*, played a notable part. He speaks of the *women of Philippi* especially as "His joy and his crown." With Christian concern he mentions the Athenian convert, Damaris, while amongst the women of Rome, prominent among those who deserve attention were Prisca, Tryphaea, Tryphosa and Phoebe, and the mother of Rufus, so dear to Paul that he calls her his own mother.

This is a page from the earliest records of Christianity and the names of women are inscribed on it in immortal lines. They are the mothers of the infant churches, the laborers, the helpers, the ministers, the providers and consolers. They are ranked, by the apostle, for their devotion and hard work with the bishops and priests and chief men of his mission. Later the same fact stands forth.

As again Bishop Spalding says: "If, when the Church comes forth from the Catacombs to plant the standard of the Cross on the Capitol and the Labarum on the ruins of Jerusalem,

Constantine is honoured for his great part, it must be borne in mind the victory is due rather to *St. Helen*.

If the Church honors the names of a *St. Chrysostom*, a *St. Gregory Nazienzen*, a *St. Augustine*, it must be borne in mind that she gave equal honour to those whose prayers and influence and goodness gave them to the Church—*Anthusa*, *Nonna*, *Monica*.

If *St. Basil* and *St. Benedict* are honoured as the founders and lawgivers of monasticism, not any less honor is to be given to their noblest allies and helpers, their sisters—*Macrina* and *Scholastica*.

If *Clovis* brought many to Christianity, it must be borne in mind that at *Tolbiac*, he prayed to the God of *Clotilda*, and it was the woman rather than the man who led the Franks to the foot of the Cross.

When we are inscribing the list of those whose glory shone through the Middle Ages, we must in justice, record among the greatest of the leaders of thought, of the teachers in universities, of the active and influential supporters of religion, of the personalities clothed in the highest sanctity, of the doers of mighty deeds, the names of many noble women. From *Queen Blanche*, the mother of *St. Louis*; and *Countess Matilda*, the strong helper of *Gregory VII.*; and *St. Clare*, the friend of *St. Francis of Assisi*; to *St. Catherine of Siena*, who brings the Pope back to Rome after an exile of seventy years; to *Joan of Arc* who delivers France from its many tyrants, and to *Isabella of Castile*, who sends *Columbus* to discover the New World, what a great and beneficent role woman plays in the history of religion and civilization."

The touch of divine charity changed dross into gold; brought to light the treasure that was hidden. The Church itself, the *Bride of Christ*, the mother of souls, appeared to her faithful children in the semblance of a woman clothed with chastity and beauty and transfigured by love. And it was this ideal, fostered, cherished by the Church that gave to man's life a new meaning and to the world a new ruler; nor is it an exaggeration to say, that even as *Dante* measured his successive ascents into Paradise, not by immediate consciousness of movement but by seeing an ever-lovelier beauty in the face of *Beatrice*, so now the human race counts the

steps of its spiritual progress, not by mechanism, and great cities and mighty material conquests, but by that which tells of the increase in the hearts of all of reverence and respect and honor for the good, the ever-growing splendor and glory that shine forth in the ever-new grace and force exhibited by women.

That indebtedness of the strong to the weak which urges the helping of the afflicted, the assistance of the poor and the care of the sick and maimed was hardly recognized before the coming of Christ. True, it is significant that there was erected at Athens an altar of pity, but it is also significant that this altar was without priest or worshipper or offering. There was no systematical benevolence until it was brought into existence by the Church of Christ; and the moralist *Seneca* went so far as to designate pity as a vice of the mind.

One of the very first works undertaken by the Church was the help of the poor. In the Gospels, in the Epistles and Acts of the Apostles, nothing is more insisted upon than the rights and even privileges of the poor and the duty of others to assist those upon whom the fortune of the world had looked darkly. When shortly after the entrance of the new religion in the capital of the Empire, the Archdeacon *Lawrence* was called upon by the Prefect of the City for the treasures of the Roman Church, he presented under the colonnades the poor, the crippled and the sick whom this Church had sheltered and nourished. It was thought so striking a sarcasm that being alive was not too severe a punishment.

The fructifying dew of heavenly sympathy fell upon the earth and in every part of the world it brought forth a spirit that gave evidence of its power and quality, in that it invaded the palaces of the rich and powerful. That which would have been strange under the civilization of old became a recognized and ordinary occurrence. More the inspiration of charity it is not strange to find the Councils of the Church, by repeated acts of legislation, imposing upon clergy and laity the obligation of supporting, feeding and clothing the poor. It is not strange to find the wealthy and powerful, under this teaching, opening their palaces to the outcast. It is not strange to find *King Robert*, successor to *Hugh Capet*, attending at the bedsides of persons af-

afflicted with loathsome forms of disease, and himself caring for them with religious devotion. It is not strange to find St. Stephen of Hungary visiting hospitals and gathering patients to render them services of the lowliest kind. It is not strange to find St. Bridget of Sweden, converting a part of her palace into a hospital and with anxious care attending to all the wants of her patients. It is not strange, much later, to find a student of the University of Paris, Frederick Ozanam, with a few companions, organizing the great and disinterested and unsalaried body of men, who, in the spirit of true religion, have accomplished untold wonders in helping the afflicted,—the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. These are but some of the frequent and ordinary expressions of Christian charity.

For whenever conditions called for the heroic offering of life itself; when war with its ravages devastated the land; when the terrible plague of sickness overran the earth; when leprosy stalked among men claiming its victims by the thousands; when public calamities brought fear and dread and disease upon humanity, then there walked among men, when others failed, the Catholic Church, the consoler, in the person of men and women consecrating all their efforts to alleviating the ills of the body that the soul might come nearer to God.

To great military leaders, to the discoverers of worlds, and of scientific principles, to inventors of wonderful mechanisms, to the creator in the field of poetry and art and music, we accord, and rightly, the highest honour; but let us not forget that in the East, St. Basil, followed closely by Chrysostom, founded the first hospital for the sick; let us not forget that in the year 380 the first hospital was founded in the West by the devout lady Fabiola. Let us not forget that in the time of Constantine, the first orphanage was founded by St. Zoticus, a senator and Catholic priest. Let us not forget that the first refuges for the insane and the imbecile were founded by the monks of the German forests and Pyrenees. Let us not forget that the first refuges for the penitent women were the fruit of Catholic teaching. Let us not forget that the first hospice for the reception of the blind was opened by St. Louis, King of France; and that the method of instructing them was first taught by the Jesuit priest, Francis Lama. Let us not forget that the language that could reach the intellects of

afflicted deaf-mutes was invented by Father Peter Ponce, a Spanish Benedictine.

As all truth is sacred, let not these things go from our memory, for, in forgetting them we would sacrifice the great glory of the past and the magnificent legacy of charity that bids us dare hope for the future. Let us not forget to give honor where honor is due; let it be remembered that all the nobler things and better features of civilization to-day had their origin when the rest of the world was but barbarous, in the principles and doctrines of the Church, which has ever marched with the step of a goddess.

Let those who will, summon all the facts and arguments and objections against her that they may; let them charge her with interfering overmuch in the government of early and mediaeval Europe; let them charge her officials with sinfulness and the forgetfulness of their high station; let them recite with the triumphal sneer of a very partial knowledge the instance when science was opposed by the wrong conclusions of ecclesiastics; let them dig and delve into the dark places of history until they bring forth every black charge they can discover; and amid them all, the Church of Charity stands like a disembodied spirit which the shafts of earth cannot touch, or to use another simile, all these things will be as the clouds gathered across the face of the sky which can, for the moment, obscure and blur, but cannot besmirch the glory of the sun.

Such are some of the evidences of the past for that same desire for social betterment which exists now in the Catholic Church and which society has reached only after centuries of education. The eagle of Catholic charity is not yet "weary of its mighty wings." To-day as in the centuries that are gone, the Church's most costly products, that is, picked men and women, are spent lavishly on the outcast, the sinner and the savage. For in the great army of her making, no true priest or layman, no one in that vast number that have enrolled themselves in the discipleship of Christ, prefers his dear-bought self-development to the meanest creature's weal. The principles which sociology has but lately formulated were acknowledged and practised throughout the history of the Catholic Church.

Now, this anticipation of human discoveries, this adaptation of the law of process, which we see manifested in the charity of the Church,

argues a superhuman foresight, or in other words, stamps that Church with the seal of divinity; we may by showing the historical continuity of the Catholic Church through nineteen centuries, prove that she is of divine origin; we may by showing the agreement of her teachings to-day with those of the first centuries of the Christian era, establish her claims as the one true Church; we may by proving that she alone has the ministry of reconciliation of sinners with God, show that she started from the author of all grace; we may by marking the unity in her voice, the infallibility of her guidance, show that she alone has a claim upon man's reasonable submission; in all these and in many other ways we may prove that she is of God, but there is no greater glory with which we may clothe her, there is no nobler crown with which we may adorn her, there is no higher claim with which we may establish her heavenly origin and destiny than that of her continued unwearying, undying charity.

THOMAS F. BURKE, C. S. P.

Ode to Health.

Friend of the rosy cheek and sparkling eye,
At whose bright glance the pains of suffering fly;
Thou who delight'st the inspiring dawn to greet,
And bathe in dewy pearls thy tender feet.

Come from thy mountain bowers,
Or from those vales of flowers
Where all God's creatures drink thy spicy
breath;
Hither thy footsteps bend,
Here thy soft influence lend,
And chase from among us the approaches of
death.

How shall I woo thee, blooming Health, to
spread
Thy garland o'er my fond friend's head?
If thine own celestial grace,
Painted on some kindly face,
Has ever caught thy wandering eye,
Has ever waked one tender sigh,
Soft sympathy will tell thee, Humanity's friend,
What fears our bosoms rend;
Then shall thy power my friend's eye relume;
Reanimate her voice, and give her wonted bloom.

W. R. H.

A Pilgrimage in the Footsteps of Blessed Thomas More.

By JAMES F. ST. LAWRENCE.

(Continued from October Issue.)

The Tower Once Again.

WORN out with the double journey, and, doubtless, stung with shame at the travesty of Justice meted out to one who but a few months ago had been its most shining light, Blessed Thomas More, at long last, reached the Tower Wharf. Here his custodian, Sir William Kingston, a greatly attached friend (as who was not?), bade him farewell. As he did so the tears coursed down his cheeks, but he who seemingly stood most in need of comfort was the first to offer it. "Good Mr. Kingston," said Sir Thomas, "trouble not thyself, but be of good cheer. For I will pray for you and my good lady your wife, that we may meet in heaven together again, where we shall be merry for ever and ever."

As the future martyr was about to pass for the last time through the Traitor's Gate, there occurred a scene so simple yet so beautiful that hard, indeed, must be the heart of those who can read of it unmoved.

"When Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Towerward again, his daughter, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the Tower Wharf, where she knew he should pass by, ere he could enter into the Tower. There tarrying for his coming home, as soon as she saw him, after his blessing reverently on her knees received, she, hastening towards, without consideration of care for herself, and pressing in amongst the midst of the throng and the company of the guards, that with halberds and bills were around him, hastily ran to him, and there openly in the sight of all there embraced and took him about the neck and kissed him, who well liking her most daughterly love and affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing, and many goodly words of comfort besides, from whom after she had departed, she not satisfied with the former sight of her dear father, having respect neither to herself nor to

the press of people and multitude that was about him, suddenly turned back again, and ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times together most lovingly kissed him, and at last with a full heavy heart was fain to depart from him; the beholding whereof was to many of those that were present so lamentable, that it made them for very sorrow to mourn and weep."

How greatly Blessed Thomas More was moved by his daughter's great affection we may gather from the last letter he wrote to her, entrusting his hair shirt, which he was not willing to have seen, to her care.

"I never liked your manner better than when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."

While the great Lord Chancellor lay under sentence of death, a final effort on the part of the King was made to get him to yield. A courtier was sent to reason with Sir Thomas, whom, having heard at great length, the future Martyr surprised by saying, "I have changed my mind." The courtier, without waiting to hear anything further, hastened to the King to spread the glad tidings. Now, whatever else Henry the Eighth may have been, he was no fool. "Go back again," he bellowed, "and find out in what respect his mind is changed." The courtier did as he was bid, which was as well; otherwise it might have fared ill with him. "The fact is," explained Sir Thomas, "I had intended to shave ere I died; but I now propose that my beard" (which, during his imprisonment, he had allowed to grow), "shall go with my head." We will have occasion later to refer to this episode.

Having hounded his victim to death, the King saw to it that no time was lost in putting the sentence into execution, once he was assured that his prisoner would not yield. Within a week of being sentenced, Blessed Thomas More was bidden to prepare himself for death. True, the notice was passing brief; but the future Martyr was ready and willing. Accordingly, "upon St. Thomas' even. and the octave of St. Peter in the year of our Lord, 1537"—a day after his own heart, the Great Lord Chancellor was waited upon by his friend and namesake, Sir Thomas Pope, from the King and Council, and bidden to face death that very morning at eight of the clock. The future Martyr received the news with joy; and, instead of railling against the

King, promised to pray for him, not only in this world but also in the world to come. To the command that he should make no speech from the scaffold, Sir Thomas readily consented; while, on the other hand, his request that his daughter Margaret might be allowed to be present at his burial, was at once granted.

Breaking down under emotion, Sir Thomas Pope turned to go; but his prisoner, ever brave of heart, taking him by the hand, bade him be of good cheer. "Quiet thyself, good Mr. Pope," he implored, "and be not discomfited. For I trust when we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily we shall live and love together in joyful bliss eternally."

With Blessed Thomas More Mirth, like the Soul, was, seemingly, a thing immortal.

As befitting the day, the future Martyr clad himself in his best apparel, "as one that had been invited to a solemn feast"; but the Governor persuaded him to put on more sober clothes, observing, that whatever suit he wore became the property of the executioner, who, in the opinion of the Governor, was a worthless fellow. Sir Thomas More allowed himself to be persuaded in this matter; but by way of recompense slipped a golden coin into the pocket of his gown in order that the headsman should have some recompense for his pains.

Punctual to the minute, Sir Thomas was led from the Tower to the Hill without its walls, which Hill, during his day and since, has been hallowed by the blood of those who have laid down their lives for the Faith. To the very last, the great Lord Chancellor was sustained by his ever-present sense of humour. So weak was Sir Thomas with the hardships of his imprisonment that he could scarcely mount the steps of the scaffold; wherefore, turning to the Officer in command, he said, with a smile, "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Desiring all those who stood around to pray for him and to witness that he suffered death in and for the Faith of the Holy Catholic Church, he knelt down; and, after reciting with great fervour the Miserere, turned towards the executioner, and, having kissed him, in answer to the prayer of the headsman for forgiveness, said with a cheerful countenance, "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thy office, my neck is very short. Take heed, therefore,

that thou shoot not awry for saving thine honesty." Refusing to have his eyes bandaged, Sir Thomas laid his head upon the block; but, as the axe was about to descend, he signalled to the executioner to stay his hand. Removing his beard from the block, More murmured, "Pity that should be cut; that hath committed no treason." He then motioned to the headsman that he was ready; a moment later the axe descended; at a blow the head was severed from the body; but ere it had reached the ground the soul of the Martyr was with God.

The last words of Sir Thomas seem to have puzzled many well-meaning, but thoughtless, people from the day when they were uttered until the present. Certain it is that Froude was completely mystified, nay, he does not hesitate to describe them as the strangest ever uttered by one about to part with his life. Whatever gifts, however, Froude may have possessed, Humour was not of the number; only thus can we account for the hopeless task he undertook, in his so-called History, of whitewashing Henry VIII.; while, in his "Life of Carlyle," he blackened the memories of the oldest friends he had.

One has only to study the life of Blessed Thomas More with the least amount of care in order to realize that, from first to last, wit informed almost every word that fell from his lips. "The ruling passion strong in death" might seem to be the solution, but the significance of More's last words lies far deeper. The reader will recall the conversation between Sir Thomas and the Courtier, and will remember how the former played with the latter by telling him that he had changed his mind. If, when Blessed Thomas More made this remark, the meaning was that which appeared upon the surface, namely, that he intended taking the Oath, he could have saved his life; but since he only meant that he intended growing his beard, the remark signified death. Moreover, it is important to remember, the beard in question, having been grown subsequent to the arrest of Sir Thomas, could not, so to speak, have been guilty of the treason for which his arrest was made.

The wit of More, which proved itself a stumbling-block in the way of Froude (that in itself a minor matter), has proved an obstacle in the path of many Englishmen, who lay emphasis upon the fact that the demeanour of Blessed Thomas More when face to face with death dif-

fers greatly from that of most of the other English Martyrs. We venture a solution of this difficulty, which, to the best of our knowledge, is put forward for the first time. It is this. The great-grandson of the Martyr, in his "Life of More," tells us that at the time of the trial all the family papers were seized, and never after recovered; but he points out that the Mores "were of honourable lineage, and were connected with the Mores of Ireland, though whether the English or the Irish were the parent stock," he had no material for ascertaining. It little matters to us which was the parent stock; but what does signify, and to us seems far from fanciful, is that Blessed Thomas More was descended from the Irish branch of the family. By the light of this discovery the fog of centuries dissolves into noonday splendour.

The blending of a very keen sense of humour with a Faith so dear at heart that Death itself has no terrors, is far from rare in the Irish Race. If only all Erin's sons would live for the Faith with the same zeal with which they would lay down their lives in its defence, how soon would the face of the earth be renewed! Thus, among the many that have gone before, whose deeds are unrecorded, whose names are unknown, but whose reward has been exceeding great, Blessed Thomas More should not lack for company if, believing that there is laughter in heaven, his desire to be merry for ever hereafter has been granted; as well it may have been.

Next to prayer, there is perhaps nothing more wholesome than honest mirth.

After the martyrdom of Blessed Thomas More, his headless remains were borne back to the Tower, and, by the desire of Margaret Roper, laid to rest in the little chapel of St. Peter's Chains. For centuries this humble building nestled undisturbed at the side of Tower Green; but alas, in recent years it has been "restored" within an inch of its life, and in its present trim condition little reflects the terrible history of which it is the epitome. Macaulay, in his "History of England," has drawn for all time a picture of this gloomy spot of terrible memories.

"In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and respectable renown; not, as in our humblest

churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature, and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconsistency, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Hither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of the gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who have been captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of court."

Why the body of Blessed Thomas More should have been laid to rest here, and not in the tomb which the Martyr had prepared for himself at Chelsea, does not appear clear; but that he was buried in the chapel of St. Peter's Chains seems certain from the fact that when the remains of Blessed John Fisher were removed from the Church of All Hallows, Barking, to be laid beside those of his beloved friend Blessed Thomas More, it was to this gloomy chapel that they were conveyed.

The head of the Great Lord Chancellor, stuck upon a pike, was exposed on London Bridge, beside that of the heroic Cardinal Bishop of Rochester. The head of the latter was, with would-be irony, turned in the direction of the diocese over which he had so long and wisely ruled. This distressing exhibition was intended to strike terror in the minds of all beholders, but only to pity did the spectacle give birth. So great, indeed, was the press of people, so marked the reverence shown, that the authorities grew alarmed. This would never do. When it began to be whispered that many of those who had hastened to London Bridge in order to pay homage to these two brave sons of Holy Church, had seen a halo round the head of the Cardinal, the authorities in question considered it high time to act. Accordingly, the head of Blessed John Fisher was flung into the river; but that of his companion met with a kindlier fate. Faithful to the last, Meg begged that she might be allowed to possess it. Her prayer, for the age of miracles never ceases, was granted. Having had the head embalmed, Margaret guarded it as her greatest treasure, and when dying gave orders, which were faithfully carried out, that the head should be buried with her. From that far-off day to this the head of Blessed Thomas More rests upon

the coffin of Margaret Roper in the Church of St. Dunstan, Canterbury, where all who are minded to make a pilgrimage to the cradle of Christianity, in England, may see it.

Of those who were mainly responsible for the murder of Blessed Thomas More, we have already witnessed the death of Henry VIII. That of Ann Boleyn was no less terrible; but, perhaps, more touching. That she was guilty of the horrible charges brought against her cannot be urged for certain. That her father and uncle were two of the eight judges who unanimously condemned her is a proof, if not of her crimes, at least of the vile and time-serving brood whence she sprang. But, however guilty she might have been, death was not the measure of justice she had the right to expect from the hands of the King. How little did that unhappy Queen, whose advent into the life of the King wrought so much havoc, realize that in hardening the heart of Henry VIII. against More she sowed the first seeds of her own destruction.

We read that when the news of the Martyrdom was brought to the King, his Majesty was playing chess with Ann Boleyn; and, but too late, stung by remorse, he sprang to his feet and exclaiming, "This is your work," flung himself out of the room. After but three years more of perilous pleasure, Ann was led a prisoner to the Tower of London, where, in the heyday of her power, she had been received with all the pomp and circumstance an amorous and pleasure-seeking King could devise. There, after her trial at Lambeth Palace, she was beheaded, not, for all her slender neck, at the first attempt, at the bungling hands of the executioner. Only in this was her departure softened; she was allowed to pay the death penalty of Tower Green, which is within the precincts, and where only the Highest of the High and the Bluest of the Blue were despatched into another and a better world than this; instead of being beheaded on Tower Hill, without the walls of that gloomiest of prisons, where ordinary prisoners met their fate.

No sooner had the headsman, at last, finished his gruesome task than the discharge of a cannon proclaimed the tidings to the outside world. A Courtier (alas, for what office are such men unwilling?), who had been waiting at his horse's head, awaiting this signal, vaulted into his seat; nor did he draw rein until in Richmond Park he had greeted his royal master, who impatiently

awaited him. No sooner had the latter gleaned the glad tidings than he scrambled into his saddle, and made such good use of his spurs that by nightfall he arrived at the house of Jane Seymour, whom, with indecent haste, he married the morrow morn.

One more remains. Little did Cromwell dream that when he stepped into the shoes of Sir Thomas, though for greatly differing reasons, they would hurry him along the same road his predecessor in the office of Lord Chancellor had been forced to tread. Yet, though perhaps, with the possible exception of his namesake, Oliver, (as seen through Irish glasses), there is in English History no more sinister figure, or one whose neck was riper for the block, it must be admitted that Cromwell was unjustly condemned. In unhappy hour, he persuaded Henry VIII. to marry Anne of Cleves; but Bluff King Hal, having once overcome his "conscience" which, at the setting forth of his matrimonial ventures, was, seemingly, his difficulty, had neither qualms of conscience nor, we must add, doubts, as to the good looks of his chosen spouse, which latter, it is but fair to add, were not great. The disillusion must have been all the more acute since in the ear of Henry there must have been a pleasant ring in the name of Anne of—Cleves!

Thus, within the little walls of the chapel of St. Peter's Chains, the headless body of Blessed Thomas More, the remains of his arch-enemy, Ann Boleyn, together with those of Cromwell, mingle, awaiting the Day of Judgment.

The eyes through which, we are told, "the Gospel light first shone" for Henry, are now closed in death. Englishmen to-day trouble themselves little about that ill-fated Queen, though she was the mother of the "Great Elizabeth" by whom they set such store. Herein perhaps they are wise; for it must be remembered that Good Queen Bess does not seem to have taken any active steps to re-establish her mother's good name. Still less do Englishmen concern themselves about Cromwell, than whom few worked harder to bring about the Church as by Law Established, in which Englishmen take such pride. Rarely are the names of these two victims of a despotic ruler recalled, and still less seldom to their credit. Borne aloft for a time on the breeze of prosperity, both Ann and Cromwell used their wings of ambition and achieved great heights, only at length to find their triumph taper-

ing to a little space but six feet by two—the unmarked and neglected graves in which they lie buried.

But in the case of Blessed Thomas More what a different picture presents itself! His name to-day is honoured by all, even by those who are not of the Household of the Faith. Thus can Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," declare, "With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Thomas Cromwell or Cranmer."

Thus can we find to-day in one of the city churches (now, alas, no longer Catholic), a window erected to the memory of the Great Lord Chancellor, who oftentimes worshiped there. Nor is the reason far to seek. As we turn to leave this gloomy spot where our Pilgrimage ends, the lines of Shirley (the last of the great poets of the Elizabethan Age, and a Catholic), ring in our ears, and supply us with the answer,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Our Pilgrimage, gentle reader, is at an end. The History of London has been so often written, though less read than it deserves, that it would be difficult indeed to seek for anything original in fields already so well gleaned. On the other hand, we have read so many books about that great city that to name all our authorities would be to turn one-half of a would-be Essay into a Catalogue. Nay, more, and worse. It would also advertise from out how mighty a mountain has emerged the present very small mouse. In passing, we have acknowledged some of our obligations, and here we would gladly mention the debt we owe to Hare's "Walks in London," "Old and New London," by Walford, and Lord O'Hagan's brief but masterly pamphlet, "Blessed Thomas More."

Since, however, he is a dull writer who, in a multitude of words, does not occasionally pen something worth reading, it is just possible that even we have been able to add a little to the interest which for centuries has been taken in the life of Blessed Thomas More, whose memory we desire to honour. The possibility of the Martyr having been of Irish descent has not, so far as we are aware, been hinted at before; nor has the true inwardness of the last words of Blessed Thomas More received the study it deserves. Finally, our aim throughout has been, if possible,

to infuse some little of the human element into the many historical places visited on our way; if only as a welcome change from the Fare of Dates (filling, but hardly satisfying), which, in so many works dealing with London, repels the interest the writer would fain awaken.

One word in conclusion. If the duty of the Great St. Lawrence be with mighty roar to proclaim the separation of those who spring from a common stock and share the same speech, to the present writer (who bears the same name as that noble river), falls the far more pleasing privilege of appealing to the dwellers on either bank, and of uniting them in the common cause of veneration for Blessed Thomas More, to whom those who thrive beneath the Stars and Stripes, or flourish in the Land of the Maple Leaf, alike can claim relationship. No less may it be our great happiness to appeal to those readers who, be their nationality what it may, are united to us by those higher ties which are above the accidents of birth, the bonds of Holy Church—the one touch of the Supernatural which makes all Catholics a-kin.

To Albert, King of the Belgians.

King, who art crowned with greater grief and
glory
Than ever brows anointed yet have worn
Of Kings in song or story;
Grief heavier to be borne
Than Priam's when he humbled his white head
To beg the bones of Hector; glory higher
Than any man's since, when his country bled,
His towns were sacked, his minsters were afire,
The hunted Alfred, holding faith unsoiled,
Won, winning back his kingdom; thou,
Man among men, though now
Thy wasted armies and thy lands despoiled
Call thee their King in vain, this comfort take
And doubt not: fame and honor such as none
Of woman born has won
Are thine till the last thunders shake
This earth out of the heavens, and thou shalt
reign
While grey seas beat the long low Belgian shore,
In glory without stain
Among the hearts of men when Kings shall be
no more.

W. BENNINGTON.

Queen Elizabeth—Belgian's Heroine.

IT is known that not only the King but the Queen of the Belgians is with the gallant little army that, with the assistance of France and England, is defending the last few square miles of the national territory unconquered by Germany. When King Albert and Queen Elizabeth return in triumph to Brussels—and no Belgian doubts for a moment that the campaign will end that way—they will be greeted with a homage almost medieval in its fervor. For, in an age when the institution of kingship has lost much of its lustre, they have proved themselves to be monarchs in the true sense of the word. They have suffered, side by side, with the humblest of their subjects and will have fully earned the gratitude and affection with which they will be rewarded during the remainder of their lives.

Queen Elizabeth was a German Princess, the daughter of Charles Theodore of Bavaria, which makes her loyalty to the Belgian cause all the more impressive. She married the then heir presumptive to the Belgian throne, in 1900. From the first she was known as the "little Queen," and her popularity increased from year to year. She was a patron of poets and artists. It was her dream that the reign of her husband should be marked by an important renaissance of letters and art in Belgium, and it was largely through her influence that museums were aided, new universities planned, and the Art Academies of Antwerp encouraged to extend their scope.

There was country-wide grief when she became gravely ill, four years ago. Her return to the capital, after several months of convalescence, was celebrated as a fête; but thereafter the Queen was obliged largely to retire from public life. Her strength had been only partially restored, and she saved such energy as remained to her for visits to the poor and humble, and for attending to the affairs of the charities for young children that she had founded.

When Belgium was invaded, without warning, in the early days of August, the people thought first of their Queen. What would she do? Would she take refuge in England or in France? Her answer was to appear in public once more and indicate by her actions that she proposed to be the last to flee. She remained in Brussels up to the eve of its occupation by the Germans. In

Antwerp she tended the wounded during the terrible days of the siege. When it became necessary to abandon Antwerp and retreat across the plain of Flanders, she was found among the hundreds of thousands of refugees whose only hope was to get to the sea and take refuge under the guns of the English fleet. Belgian peasants have reported, with a passionate and almost personal pride in her heroism, that she rode in an open carriage not far from the rear, smiling pityingly upon the wounded soldiers and foot-sore women and children, and giving so high an example of serenity and courage that new hope awoke in the hearts of the most despondent.

* * * * *

Only once during the last tragic months did the Queen leave the King's side, and that was when she hurried over to Dover with the Royal children.

Asked why her Majesty returned after an absence of but a few days, the King's secretary said: "The Queen made the King promise to recall her if the situation became really disturbing for Belgium."

At Ostend, after the King and his staff had departed, the Queen stayed on and did not leave till one hour before the first German cyclists entered the town. Since then their Majesties have been staying in a little villa midway between the trenches and the frontier. So long as a corner of Belgium remains which has not been desolated by German shrapnel, there they mean to stay.

On Sunday, All Saints' Day, in the little brick church on the dunes, the faithful villagers attended early Mass—the priest who celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, Father Fallon, being chaplain to the Horse Artillery, was booted and spurred. From the Royal villa came two people on foot—one in the uniform of a Belgian General, and the other, a slender lady in a tailor-made blue-serge suit and the simplest of blue hats with a big white bow at the side. It was the King and the Queen. An officer followed them. They walked slowly, without speaking, to the church porch. At that moment a biplane, at a great altitude, was above them. The King took out his field-glasses, and in a moment he said, "It is French."

They entered the church. The Queen dipped two fingers into the holy water, extended them in a gracious gesture to the King, who touched

them. Then, with complete simplicity, they both made the sign of the cross and took seats in the nave, which was full of officers, soldiers, poor fishermen, women and children.

They remained through the celebration, and, as they left in the crowd, a young girl recognized them, and cried out, "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive la Belgique!" and everybody followed suit. The King saluted, and both seemed profoundly moved. The Belgian people scattered throughout Europe are not likely to forget an incident of this sort—in such surroundings, on such a day.

"Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians," writes the *Temps* of Paris, "who no longer reigns except over the desolate flats and dunes of one corner of her kingdom, nevertheless wears the most splendid of crowns—that which mystics accord to their saints. In an age that is inclined to doubt all the virtues, she offers the spectacle of one weak woman winning a spiritual victory over the most cruel of destinies. She is a Queen Errant, but no king could ask for a more noble consort. She symbolizes her assassinated country, that yet refuses to die. Far from proud cities and sumptuous palaces, she passes between her ranks of smitten soldiers, by her mere presence making the end easier for thousands. When the day of final victory arrives, those who survive will not forget to render her her due."

D. M.

The Hand of Mercy.

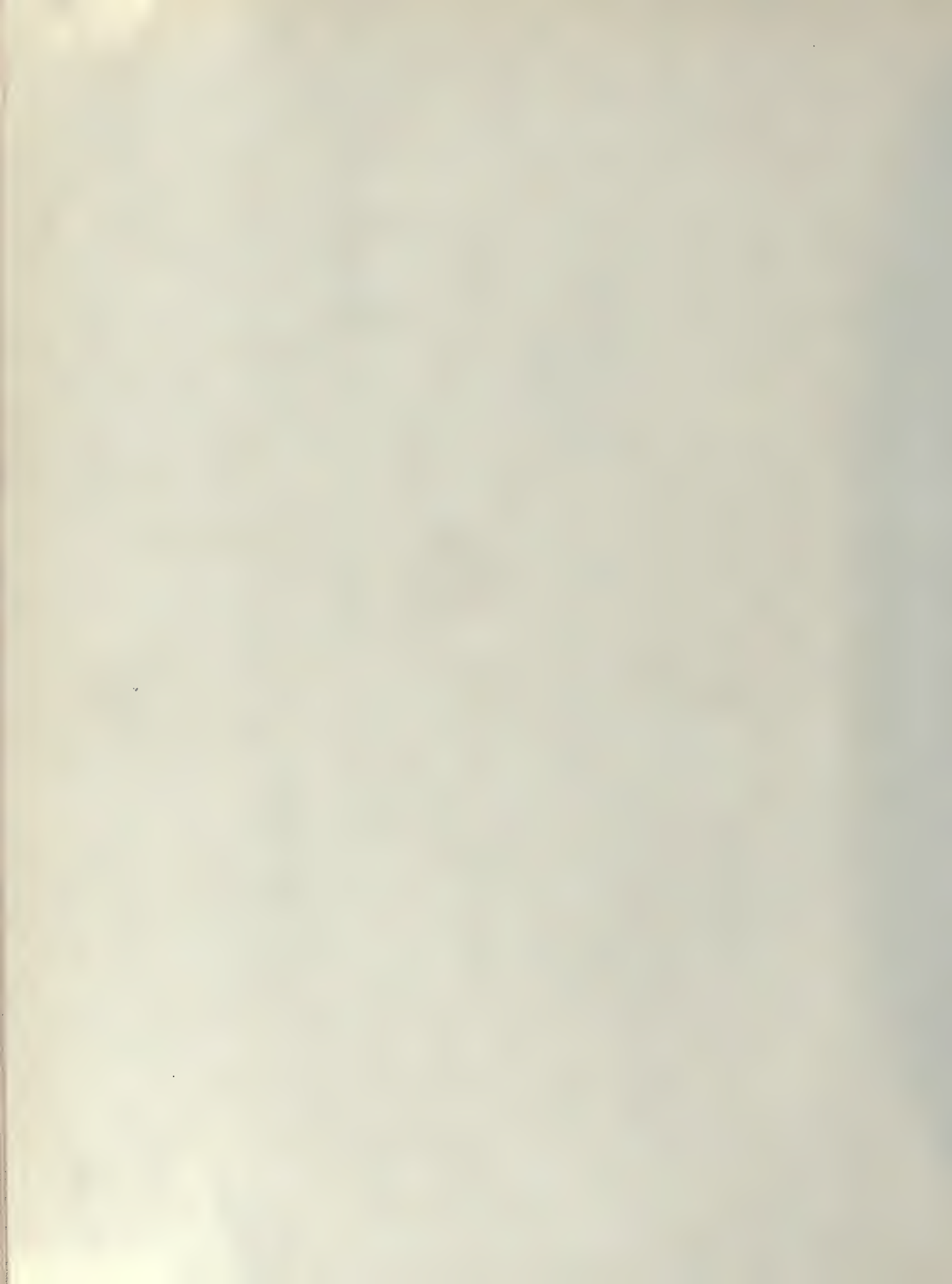
Look back across the unforgotten years,
To dream of long ago;
Look forward where the unseen way appears
Veiled in a misty glow.
Look round you, where, like hidden wayside
flowers,
Mercies and hopes are set;
The Hand that planted these through darkest
hours,
Shall lead you onward yet.

It is a noble thing to be brave in tragic moments, but perhaps there is something even nobler than that. It is, to be brave and glad and strong and tender when the sky is grey and the road is dreary.



THE SORROWFUL MOTHER.

Carlo Dolci.



The Character and Temperament of Shelley

THE study of Shelley's character is an interesting one. He belongs to no school, no set type, but comes before us an emancipated individual. He stands apart from the great mass of humanity, and we gaze at him, marvel at him, pity him with that pity which is akin to love. We naturally like to trace the characteristics prominent in manhood back to their origin, and we enjoy the glimpse into early life and school-days, given by his biographers. Even here we find distinguishing traits which mark a child of no ordinary type. Dowden and Symonds give the same facts about Shelley's life, both quoting largely from Hogg's reminiscences.

He was born on August 4, 1792, "A pretty fledgling, distinguished by his delicate hands and feet, his bright down of baby hair (afterwards curling in ringlets) and his great blue luminous eyes." (Dowden.) His Sister, Helen, has left interesting details of their childhood and the strange pranks played by Bysshe: how he loved to tell the younger children wild mysterious tales; how they personated a crew of supernatural monsters, Bysshe acting the part of "great devil"; how he once set fire to a fagot-stack, so that he might have "a little hell of his own." In all these sports there is no mention of any unkindness; mystery seems to have been their ruling principle. He had his serious moods as well as his merry ones: "he loved to walk out alone under the stars, contemplating and musing."

School life followed this unrestrained freedom and the discipline of Sion House Academy was trying to the high-spirited boy. His cousin Medwin tells us that here Shelley passed among his school-fellows as "a strange and unsocial being; for when a holiday relieved us from our tasks, and the other boys were engaged in such sports as the narrow limit of our prison court allowed, Shelley, who entered into none of them, would pace backwards and forwards—I think I see him now—along the southern wall." His love for "tales of marvel and mystery" was ever on the increase, and he devoured volume after volume of six-penny books of the most sensational kind. He took infinite delight in experimental science, which led him into "a world of imaginative wonder and romance," peculiarly suitable to his ethereal temperament.

He retained through years of separation from his kindred, great love for his mother and sisters, but there was no sympathy between him and his father. This resulted in a final breach when Shelley was expelled from Oxford for refusing to answer a charge brought against him of being the author of a publication, "The Necessity of Atheism." This expulsion began a new era in Shelley's life: he left the University with his friend Hogg and faced the world under great difficulties. He was only eighteen years old, he had been obliged to borrow twenty pounds from his printers for immediate needs, and his father had cast him off as "undutiful and disrespectful to a degree." He had experienced his first disappointment in love when his cousin, Harriet Grove, rejected him and married a Mr. Helyer.

Shelley's meeting with Harriet Westbrook, his marriage, his desertion of his wife and union with Mary Godwin, are facts known to the world, but facts shrouded in mystery and most irreconcilable facts. They bring out Shelley's character and strange temperament in a marked degree. He had always been the advocate of the oppressed, and when a beautiful young girl threw herself on his protection, consistent with his professed principles, he married her, but inconsistent with his noted kindness towards every living creature, with his sympathy for the wronged in any way, he deserted her. His characteristic impulsiveness is shown in his new passion for Mary Godwin, and his wavering temperament is manifest during the years which followed their union. Had his love for Mary been so all-absorbing, he would scarcely have found such pleasure in taking long walks with Miss Clairemont, even though his view of the companionship of kindred souls was a wide one. (March 1, Mary writes in her diary: Shelley and Clara out all morning. March 13, Shelley and Clara go to town. Stay at home; net, and think of my little dead baby.) Or again he would not have been the victim of impulse as he was in the case of Emilia Viviani. But such seeming inconsistencies have their explanations in such a character as Shelley's. He was ever a visionary, a dreamer, an admirer of the abstract, of mystery. "In his own words," says Symonds, "he had loved Antigone before he visited this earth: and no woman could probably have made him happy because he was for-

ever demanding more from love than it can give in the mixed circumstances of mortal life."

Miss Hitchner as a fancied ideal, Harriet Westbrook as an injured girl, Mary Godwin as a kindred spirit, Emilia Viviani as a mysterious object of pity, all appealed to him, but no one seems to have fully satisfied him. He was forever a wanderer following a vague, beautiful vision, forever sad, forever unsatisfied.

"I pursued a maiden and claspt a reed:
Gods and man, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed."
(Hymn of Pan.)

This yearning after an ideal forms the whole trend of "Alastor." As the preface states: "A youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius . . . seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave."

His views on the French Revolution are summarized in the preface to "The Revolt of Islam." "Could they listen to the plea of reason," he asks, "who had groaned under the calamities of a social state, according to the provisions of which one man riots in luxury whilst another famishes for want of bread? Can he who the day before was a trampled slave suddenly become liberal-minded, forbearing, and independent?" He espoused the cause of the Catholics in Ireland when the Emancipation Bill was in progress, and spoke publicly in their favour.

Shelley's friendships reveal decided peculiarities of temperament. They were formed impulsively, and even when their ardour was on the wane, they did not cease. It seems strange, even unaccountable, that he should wish to have Miss Hitchner an inmate in his home, without any special object in view, and that, when eloping with Mary Godwin, he should wish to be encumbered with Miss Clairemont. His toleration of Hogg after his base deception is generous to an extraordinary degree, and his proposal that Harriet should join Mary and him and reside near them is inconsistent with all reason. He idealized Godwin and considered Byron far superior to himself, facts which left their impress on his character. Godwin's philosophy satisfied his conscience about the union with Mary, and Byron's supposed superiority checked his poetic flight.

Shelley's curiously moulded temperament seems at variance with this world. His bright eyes, filled with wonder, impress us as searching into that pre-existent state in which he believed, or yearning to behold a life beyond, but never resting content upon this world. His ideals were too lofty for realization, his abstract longings never brought satisfaction. His visions were not of this world, but of some ethereal region where fancy held high revels and where the nameless objects of his perpetual longings would assume tangibility. "It is just this conflict between the innate rectitude of Shelley's over-daring nature and the circumstances of ordinary existence, which makes his history so tragic." (Symonds.)

His visionary powers rather startle us, especially when we read the "Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples," and find him actually foretelling his death.

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

Shelley seems to have felt his own unfitness for a life governed by laws and circumscribed by rules. He poured out his soul in the "Ode To The West Wind," an ode of lyrical intensity which reveals the passionate longing ever lurking within him. It brings before us his sad life, his roving nature, his recalcitrant temperament.

"Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud,
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift and proud."

DOROTHY B.

The whole development of human character is wrought, and can only be wrought, by self-denial, the patient bearing of weary burdens, by the crushing of one's own will, by the forehead wrinkled and the face agonized under the pressure of torture. All the finest faculties of our nature remain dormant until they wake under the sharp accolade of pain.

The Late Msgr. Benson.

Funeral and Pulpit References.

(BY ONE WHO LOVED HIM.)

A "CHARLES II." gate, set amid lime-trees, and from it a flagged path to the Stuart house. Grouped on that path were cassocked and surpliced ecclesiastics—waiting. A bell tolled. The world-renowned preacher and writer was returning to his house. Not, indeed, as he left it—full of the boyish enthusiasm that carried all before him; full of that desire to win the English people to the Faith he loved. That enthusiasm and that desire had brought him to what he was. He had spent and been spent, and the throbbing heart which had pulsed so rapidly—too rapidly—in its eager enthusiasm, had given way under the ceaseless strain. "I must work *now*," he had said, "for the night cometh, and I think it will be soon." His presentiment was justified by the event, and the meteor-like career was over. "Si iniquitates," said the parish priest; and the purple-covered coffin was carried past the windows of Hare Street House; past the open-air bed in the garden where Father Hugh had so often slept; on towards the tiny chapel, which he had described as the "dearest spot on earth." And there before his altar, made by himself, out of a Jacobean chest, were laid his mortal remains till the day of burial. It was as he wished; and in what more appropriate place could his body lie? The chapel was his; not simply his purchase or ownership; but his in a far more real and intimate manner—for he had made it himself out of a bake-house and a brew-house. Many of its contents were fashioned by his own hands; all of them under his direction and to his idea. The figure of Our Divine Lord that looked down on him from the wood-screen was carved by himself and Dr. Sessions; and every nook and corner spoke of him. During two days his village friends watched and prayed. And wept. For he was loved by all. Not for his greatness; that won our admiration, but hardly our love. We loved him for what he was, and not for what he did. For his simplicity; his simple humility. To us he was not the famous preacher who filled the largest churches in the world; or the great writer whose books publishers fought to secure.

He never seemed that to us; his simplicity forbade it. He was just one of us; he belonged to us. He went away sometimes to preach, but he would come back soon, for this was his home. And he would devise some new scheme, some improvement in his house or garden; some added charm in his tiny chapel. But this time he had come home different. No longer eager, enthusiastic, restlessly active; but in an unnatural quietness; and we could no more speak to him, but of him to his God.

The Friday morning came, and with it the Requiem Mass. The organ loft, which he had made, held choir-boys from the Cathedral, with their director, Dr. Terry. The first ecclesiastic in England sat in the choir stalls, carved by "him." His friend, Dr. Driscoll, Rector of the Cathedral Choir School, sang the Requiem, with deacon and subdeacon. On flags and grass around the chapel stood the many who could find no room within, for only the privileged few could find a place inside; his mother, his brothers, and some of his more especial friends; but all could hear the sweet cadences of the Requiem Mass, as priest and choir prayed for his soul in the heart-stirring Liturgy.

The Absolutions were given by the Cardinal, and then across the grass of his lawns, past the rose-beds he had planned, three weeks before, but which he would never see, the cortège passed to the orchard, where he had always wished to lie. The open grave awaited, lined with purple, and boards and matting covered the wet grass around; and there amid the fruit-trees his body was placed. The chalice and paten, emblems of his priesthood, were buried with him, and round about were flowers. It was fitting. He loved no earthly thing better than these two—his priesthood and the flowers of his garden. And as we returned to the house it seemed to ask for him.

Another correspondent who was present writes:

"Over the tiny rood-screen hung the crucifix which Msgr. Benson had carved himself from one of his own trees, and close to the bier were his mother and two brothers. Throughout the Requiem Mass the Cardinal knelt in purple, a motionless figure, with his head bowed to his hands, and near him the khaki-clad figure of Father Watt, the former Rector of Buntingford,

who is now with the Forces. There was no long panegyric of the dead priest, and we knew that he would rather have it so. From the miniature oak gallery came the chant of the Westminster choir-boys, who had come at his own request.

Then, at the close of the Mass, the little procession wended its way over the leaf-strewn paths of his garden into the orchard where he desired to rest. Round the graveside a little crowd had gathered. They were people of the countryside who had come to pay their last respects to the man whom they knew, not as a great preacher and popular novelist, but as a man of holy life and simple tastes, who was ever willing to be a friend, and who loved little children. All around us was the riot of autumnal green and gold, and above us a deep blue sky, and in the shade of the trees he loved, Robert Hugh Benson was laid in his last resting-place. Above the fresh voices of the choir-boys a lark trilled an exultant song of hope and peace. The Cardinal recited a few prayers in English at the conclusion of the burial service, and then we went away, leaving the body of our friend in his quiet country orchard. Msgr. Benson, in the utter simplicity of the last rites, as ordered by himself, had preached his sermon of unworldliness for the last time."

Bishop Vaughan's Tribute.

A High Mass of Requiem was also celebrated on Monday morning in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, by Canon Sharrock in presence of the Provost and Canons of the Chapter. Bishop Vaughan, who was the preacher, devoted his discourse to drawing practical lessons from the sad event of Msgr. Benson's death. Msgr. Benson was, he said, undoubtedly a finished writer and a brilliant speaker, and possessed other gifts beyond the average; but in the presence of the Judgment Seat, these things do not seem to be of much importance. What is immeasurably more to his credit, and of far more value in the sight of heaven, is that he was most decidedly a man of God, upright, honest and full of supernatural courage. This is shown in many ways, but nowhere more evidently than in his conversion to the Catholic Faith. What seems to have influenced him most was the reading of "John Inglesant," Mr. Spencer Jones's "England and the Holy See," and some books by Mr. Mallock. But he tells us it was "The Development of Doc-

trine," by Cardinal Newman, that, "like a magician, waved away the last floating mists, and let me see the City of God in her strength and beauty." Cardinal Newman compares the sensations of a convert from Anglicanism to those of a man in a fairy story, who, after wandering all night in a city of his enchantment, turns after sunrise to look back upon it, and finds to his astonishment, that the buildings are no longer there; they have gone up like wraiths and mists under the light of the risen day. So it was with Msgr. Benson, as he himself assured us. He said it was impossible to compare the system he had left with that which he had embraced, because the former appeared to him no longer a coherent system at all. There were, of course, associations, memories and emotions still left in his mind; yet he himself could not see in them anything more than hints, and fragments and aspirations detached from their centre and reconstructed into a purely human edifice without any foundation or solidity.

Yet, he assures us that in saying this he was conscious of no bitterness—at the worst he experienced sometimes a touch of impatience at the thought of having been delayed so long by shadows from the possession of the divine substance. He could not, however, with justice, compare the two systems at all; for one cannot adequately compare a dream with a reality. Though God makes use of human means, such as books and preachers, to bring about a man's conversion, yet the real cause lies much deeper, and must be attributed to the direct action of the Holy Spirit upon a favorable subject.

I have no doubt but that Msgr. Benson found his way into the Church more through his honesty, simplicity and straightforwardness of character than from any other cause. Conversion is not at all a matter of simple argument and proof. Learning and intellectual acumen have so little to do with it that it is rather a question of disposition than of anything else. Faith is a supernatural gift. If, indeed, it were a question of talent and learning, the great masses of the human race would stand at a terrible disadvantage. No; God is too just to make salvation depend on scholarship. On the contrary, He makes it much more a question of lowliness of heart, humility and simplicity. "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Now the kingdom of

heaven on earth is the Catholic Church. And Msgr. Benson entered that kingdom because he became as "a little child." I knew him well, and lived for months at a time in the same house, and I always found him of a most trustful and humble disposition. He never hesitated to ask questions, and to seek information on matters of Catholic doctrine and practice. Not only was he not offended when his statements were sometimes challenged, or when some unusually candid critic found fault with this or that statement in his books, but he was not even ruffled—and showed not the least annoyance. In addition to this, he had all the cheeriness, the lightheartedness of a boy. He was entertaining and amusing and fond of telling stories and anecdotes; so that he was excellent company, and a welcome guest at any gathering. Yet, though a voluble talker, he was most charitable and kind. I cannot remember his ever saying a harsh or an injurious word about any human being. Indeed, he seemed to find nothing but good in every one; and so, naturally, made many friends here, in this world, as well as in the world invisible.

Field-Marshal Baron Dempsey von Clanmalier.

FIELD-MARSHAL BARON DEMPSEY VON CLANMALIER, a member of a noble Irish family, sought abroad in the profession of arms that glory which was denied to him at home. He entered the service of the King of Saxony, distinguished himself in the Polish wars of Augustus II., and received a Marshal's bâton at Warsaw. His fiancée in Ireland died of grief after his departure. The following quaint lines, written by a rustic contemporary, may be of interest at a time when the "Germans" are sadly *en evidence*.

"Off to Warsaw in the morning!
Honours, titles, Marshal's sword!
I am now a Saxon Soldier,
I am not an Irish Lord.

But the maid I love is dying
By the sad Atlantic's shore,
If I march with colours flying
I shall never see her more.

'She is dying, slowly dying,'
It is thus my sister said,
'Soine has told her you are wounded,
Others writ that you were dead.

'But she still is waiting, waiting,
Listening to the wild waves sigh,
While we tell our beads in sadness,
For we've heard the Banshee cry.

'Come, my brother, hasten hither,
Quit those scenes of war and strife,
Come across the raging waters,
Come to give the loved one life.

'For the maid you love is dying,
Dying in your native land,
While you march with colours flying
Foremost of the Saxon Band.'

* * * * *

Look! you see from yonder windows
Where my gallant soldiers stand
With their bayonets proudly flashing,
Bravest in the German land.

And to-morrow off to Warsaw,
With the Saxon colours flying—
Shall the first of them be missing,
All because a maid is dying?

No! I march with colours flying,
First of all the Saxon Band,
Even though my love be dying,
Dying in my native land.

Off to Warsaw in the morning!—
Honours, titles, Marshal's sword!
I am now a Saxon Soldier,
I am not an Irish Lord.

But the maid I love is dying
By the sad Atlantic's shore,
Though I march with colours flying,
I shall never see her more."

Sin seen for the first time is a hateful monster, but seen too often it becomes familiar. We begin by pitying it, then enduring, and unfortunately too often the end is embracing it. Keep it at a safe distance.

Niagara Rainbow.

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JANUARY, 1915.

We rejoice in giving to our readers a copy of the Brief sent by our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. to the Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, apprising him that he is enrolled among the Assistant Bishops at the Pontifical Throne: that he is appointed Domestic Prelate to His Holiness: and that he is created a Noble, and "attached to the number of those who are truly noble in every respect."

To our beloved Bishop of Hamilton Loreto begs to extend heartfelt felicitations.

We need not here enumerate the self-sacrificing, arduous duties, the grave responsibilities of priest and bishop: we shall but notice that he who has been entrusted with these is the man whom the Holy Father is now delighted to honor.

The true Catholic heart always turns in love, reverence, and obedience to Christ's Vicar on

earth, who occupies the Chair of Peter; and rejoices in the nearness that distance or space cannot affect.

The Roman Pontiff is head of the Church which is the household of the Faith: this household is made up of innumerable units scattered throughout the world, but all animated by that one spirit which testifies to the true family life.

That spirit, that family life, our beloved Bishop has advocated most eloquently and untiringly.

What family or home has he always taken to exemplify his teachings?—The Holy Family, the Home of Nazareth: the one ideal family, the one ideal home ever known or to be known on this earth.

We hope and pray that for the good of Mother Church our beloved Bishop may be long spared to enjoy the honors and privileges conferred upon him by the Holy See.

The following is a copy of the Brief received from Rome:

BENEDICT XV. POPE.

To Our Venerable Brother, THOMAS JOSEPH DOWLING, D. D.,

Bishop of Hamilton.

Venerable Brother: Health and Apostolic Benediction. It has always been a fundamental custom of the Roman Pontiffs to bestow special honors and privileges on Bishops who have been distinguished by sterling faith and exemplary reverence for this See of Blessed Peter.

Venerable Brother, you have now, for twenty-eight years, been adorned with the sacred mitre, you are the Dean of the Canadian Hierarchy, and in the discharge of your pastoral office you have constantly exhibited distinguished testimony of loyal obedience to the Roman Chair, and, moreover, your zeal in promoting religion and piety has been most conspicuous.

For these reasons, We deem you worthy to be honored by Us with a new and higher dignity, and this dignity We bestow the more willingly since it is in conformity with the ardent desire of your clergy and people, and We add a proof of Our special benevolence to the congratulations you have everywhere received on the occasion of

the fiftieth anniversary of your Priesthood, as well as on the twenty-fifth year of your Episcopate.

Therefore, by these presents, in virtue of Our Apostolic Authority We enroll you among the Assistant Bishops at the Pontifical Throne. We appoint you Our Domestic Prelate, and We likewise declare and create you a Noble, and We attach you to the number of those who are truly noble in every respect. Hence We decorate you with the titles and insignia of these, and We concede to you most fully the right to enjoy all the privileges and honors they use or may use in the future.

Desiring to provide also for your convenience and spiritual utility We confer upon you the privilege of a private Oratory, that you may lawfully celebrate Mass, or cause Mass to be celebrated daily, especially in thanksgiving for Mass offered by you, in Domestic Chapels of Catholic people, erected by Apostolic authority in your own or any other diocese, even though you be not their guest, and that this Mass shall suffice to each one of your suite for fulfilling the ecclesiastical precept on all Feast-days whatsoever.

Moreover, We grant you permission to wear vestments of silk, and We likewise grant you the right to occupy in Pontifical Chapels a place reserved for the Prelates assisting at Our Throne. We also decree that the notification of the dignity conferred upon you be inscribed officially in the Records of the College of Bishops assisting at Our Throne. And all these We bestow, notwithstanding Constitutions and Apostolic sanctions, and all other things, even those worthy of special and individual mention and derogation, to the contrary.

Given at Rome, under the Ring of the Fisherman, this 27th. day of October, 1914, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

P. CARDINAL GASPARRI,
Secretary of State to His Holiness.

Cardinal Bégin's Letter follows:

My dear Lord Bishop:

I most cordially thank you for your kind greetings on my return from the coronation of His Holiness Benedict XV. It gives me great pleasure to know that my good old friend, the senior Bishop of the Canadian Hierarchy, has

become the worthy recipient of one of the first marks of the munificence of our newly elected Sovereign Pontiff. Such a dignity is the fitting complement of half a century of devotedness to the instruction and salvation of souls in the government of a goodly portion of the vineyard of the Church.

I most cheerfully unite with the clergy and faithful of your flourishing diocese in praise to the Divine Master for having blessed your endeavors, and allowed you to behold the glorious ripening of the harvest you have sown in *labore et fatigatione*.

On the lovely Feast of the Immaculate Conception, titular of the venerable Basilica of Quebec, as well as of your own cathedral, and two-fold anniversary of your sacerdotal ordination, and of your consecration unto the fulness of the priesthood of Christ, I shall send up to the Almighty an earnest prayer for your happiness here and hereafter, for the fulfilment of all your most cherished desires, and for an overflowing measure of that peace which the Divine Infant, on the day of His birth into the world, brought to men of good will. May the Lord spare you many years more to the veneration and affection of your flock and of your brethren in the episcopacy.

Such is the sincere wish of your devoted brother in Christ,

L. N. CARDINAL BÉGIN,
Archbishop of Quebec.

A letter from Msgr. Stagni follows:

My dear Lord Bishop:

I am very much delighted indeed to learn of the well-merited distinction which the Holy Father has been pleased to confer on you, by appointing you one of the Bishops Assistant at his Pontifical Throne. The beautiful words of the Brief will rightly be a gratification to Your Lordship and a source of joy to your good clergy and people. Among the motives which moved the Holy Father to show you this mark of paternal esteem and benevolence, not the least, I am sure, has been your tireless devotion to provide for the spiritual care of the foreigners settled in your diocese.

In spirit and in prayer I shall very willingly join with your clergy and people on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception to beseech the

Throne of Grace to bestow on Your Lordship an abundance of heavenly blessings.

With kindest regards, I remain, my dear Lord Bishop,

Very sincerely yours in Xto.,

P. F. STAGNI, O. S. M.,
Apostolic Delegate.

*

The silvery peal of S. M. Lidwina's Jubilee broke gladly on our ears on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady.

Twenty-five years of patient labor, sweetly borne, is an inspiring story of self-sacrifice, self-effacement, and tireless unremitting service in the Master's vineyard, beyond the measure of words, but worthy of recognition and distinction; and the sharer of Christ's cross and yoke, during all these years, has tasted the sweetness hidden in the satisfying conquest of self, and experienced the refreshing lightness of Christ's own burden.

Such is the moment's retrospect of the cycle of silver years, rich in good works, which the angels of God have recorded, so joyfully crowned today.

The celebration fittingly began with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Surely, at that sacred hour of unspeakable joy, too deep for human utterance, the thoughts of the dear Jubilarian—as well as those of the congregation—were all of heaven, for the triumphant strains of the glorious "Jubilantes in Aeternam," sung as we had never heard it before, must have wafted—and held—them there.

The sanctuary, with its softly glowing tapers and profusion of white roses, lilies and star of Bethlehem, presented a scene of unwonted beauty, in harmony with the spirit of the day.

An interesting feature in connection with the Jubilee festivities was the presence of S. M. Lidwina's sister, S. M. Ildefonsa, who, accompanied by S. M. Lutgarde, had journeyed from Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, the day before, bringing sisterly greetings and gifts from the Community there.

M. M. Syncleta, accompanied by S. M. Macaria, S. M. Dominica and S. M. Basil, was the bearer of the material gifts and spiritual offerings of the Abbey,—and her own marvellous gift of song was a welcome addition to the choir.

In the evening, our beloved Bishop crowned the memorable event by imparting his blessing to the happy Jubilarian and spending a few of those informal hours—which we love so well—with her and the other Religious.

*

The offer of the Senate of Cambridge University to house the university of poor shattered Louvain, during the present crisis, recalls the fact that a little-remembered link exists between the two universities.

Erasmus, the great scholar, spent three years—1511-14—at Queen's College, Cambridge, "allured with the situation of this college so near the River, as Rotterdam, his native place, to the Sea," says the chronicler. Here he taught and worked, and his name remains in the small garden which is known as "Erasmus' Walk."

Soon after this visit he went to Louvain and lived there for the most part until his death, in 1536, taking a special interest in the foundation of a new college at the university.

As Louvain welcomed the scholar from Cambridge in those early times, so now Cambridge opens her arms to the scholars of Louvain.

*

"Told in Gallant Deeds" is the title of a book which Mrs. Beloc Lowndes has just published. By reason of her half-French and half-English descent, and of the military traditions of her family—the names of five uncles or great-uncles of Mrs. Lowndes and her brother, Mr. Belloc, are inscribed upon the Arc de Triomphe—she is well qualified to chronicle the acts of heroism which have been recorded in the ranks of the Allies.

*

Mr. Chesterton's essays and criticisms have long marked him out as one of the keenest and

freshest minds of this generation. He is an acknowledged master of the art of illuminating common sense by brilliant paradoxes. There is always in his writings a vigorous and penetrating sanity. All the qualities which have delighted his readers for many years and in many branches of literature, will be found at their best in his articles on Germany.

*

Bruges, latest of the old cities of Belgium to yield to the Germans, is perhaps the best known to the young English artist. Hence the pastels and water colors and oils of Bruges may be found in every drawing-room in England. One likes to think that Caxton, who lived for thirty years in the city, issued from the Domus Anglorum his first English book—but Cologne also lodges a claim. More than Caxton, however, Longfellow has added to its romance by reminding us that—

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it
watches o'er the town.

*

The death is announced of Jean Fauré, the old-time singer and composer, at the age of eighty-four. In addition to singing at the Opéra Comique, he was the composer of world-famous melodies, the most celebrated of which is "Les Rameaux"—"The Palms."

His voice was a rich baritone, and, in addition to perfect diction, he was possessed of remarkable interpretative ability. He appeared frequently in the Massenet operas, and was a great favorite with the Parisians. In 1881 he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "Rambles in Catholic Lands," by Reverend Michael Barrett, O. S. B.

Octavo, profusely illustrated, in box, net, \$2.00. Post-paid, \$2.20.

This entrancing book of travels we regard as the *pièce de résistance* of the Benziger Christmas offerings.

The genial author writes with a strength and simplicity that reminds us of Washington Irving. Glowingly he describes his travels in lands where the Faith is still as much a part of life as it was ages ago. It is refreshing to read of the olden churches and monasteries and to learn from a sympathetic and discerning critic of the God-fearing people that still worship in them as did their forefathers, centuries ago. The information Father Barrett imparts is not given with the air of a conscious pedant or bored traveller, but with fresh candor that is rendered all the more delightful by the narration of diverting incidents of the trip.

*

"The Ivy Hedge," by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D. (Benziger Brothers). Net, \$1.35. Post-paid, \$1.45.

Dr. Egan's latest work, "The Ivy Hedge," is a novel of American life, and every page breathes of the soil. It is a genuine Catholic novel, teaching truths by example and not by preaching, and holding the interest of the reader from the first chapter to the last. If the aphorisms alone of the book were collected they would themselves make a delightful volume. Apart from the plot, the character drawing is masterly and true to life.

The story opens with the return of the Coyne family from the funeral of the father and husband. Mary Coyne, who is engaged to be married to George Trevanion, breaks off her engagement, as she realizes that in future she must be the mainstay of the family. Incidentally, we meet Morton, the Can King, whose factory employs the greater part of the workers in the village. Morton is a cold-blooded, grasping fellow and has amassed a fortune. His home, at the suggestion of his purse-proud wife, is fenced in from the village by a poison-ivy hedge to keep off trespassers, hence the title of the story. A

strong feeling of Socialism is thus engendered in the hearts of the people. A meeting is called, at which George Trevanion takes an active part, advocating the most bitter antagonism to wealth and its owners. As a result of the meeting, George Trevanion is elected Mayor. Morton, the Can King, dies and his daughter Molly marries Trevanion. With Trevanion's marriage the real interest begins. There are many strong scenes introduced, and some humorous ones, notably the description of the dinner at Trevanion's home when he has become rich.

Suffice it to say, the "Ivy Hedge" is a novel of the times, dealing with the problems that loom most threateningly upon the horizon of modern social life. It is the finished product of Dr. Egan's maturest thought.

*

"Five Birds in a Nest," by Henriette Eugénie Delamare. 16mo. \$0.60. (Benziger Brothers.)

The scene of this story is in a little village of France, of which the author knows every inch of ground. It is the story of five children, and incidentally introduces many of the customs of the place. In the opening we are introduced to Father Janvier or *Bonhomme Janvier*, as he is called, who, in that part of France takes the place of our Santa Claus. The joy of the children at his coming, their delight at the presents he brings, are described with a spirit that evinces in every word the sympathies of the author with the daily pursuits, plans, and plays of the little ones. It is a book that will prove welcome wherever it goes and is sure to interest the young folks for whom it is written.

*

"Roma"—Ancient Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture, by Reverend Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. (Benziger Brothers.)

It is needless to lay stress upon the importance of this work and its great significance at the present time. Part VI., dealing as it does with Vatican Museums, the Capitoline Collection

of Antiques, the Collection of Antiques in the Lateran and the Villas, tells eloquently in classic language and beautiful illustrations of the pre-eminent part played by the Popes in the preservation of ancient Greek and Roman art. Part VI. also introduces us to the Catacombs of Rome, the subterranean city where the persecuted Christians of the early days worshipped and were buried. In reading of their construction and of their re-discovery and exploration after being covered with the ruins of more than a thousand years, the marvellous becomes commonplace.

This work will be complete in 18 parts, and will be a unique and an appreciated Christmas gift, unsurpassed in religious, historic, and artistic value.

A year's subscription, entitling a subscriber to six parts, is \$2.00; the subscription to the complete work in 18 parts, is \$6.00.

*

"Shipmates," by Mary T. Waggaman. 16mo., cloth. \$0.60. (Benziger Brothers.)

The title is very felicitous and the story will be eagerly relished by youngsters, especially in these days when warfare has made life on the seas assume a deeply heroic interest. "Shipmates" has no deep, complicated plot; all is simple but unusually good; the descriptions are clear, spirited, and impressive; the pathos is genuine, not the sickly sentimental stuff so often substituted for the real article, and, beyond all else, the story is thoroughly and fervently Catholic. Roving Rob, the hero, and little Pip, will loom large in the memory of every boy and girl.

This fascinating little volume will make ideal reading for the youngsters' Christmas vacation.

*

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual for 1915 is out and, as usual, is an interesting magazine. Besides stories by the best writers, and calendars for feasts and fasts, it has a number of timely articles; among them a sketch of the life

of Pope Pius X., a sketch of the new Pope, a description of the Conclave, "Manresa," "Lourdes," an illustrated account of the modern home of miracles; "St. Rita," etc.

*

An art reproduction in colors of a painting of Pope Benedict XV., made after the portrait of John F. Kaufman, size, without margin, 18x24 inches, price 50 cents, free by mail, may be procured from Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

This reproduction of Mr. Kaufman's painting of the Holy Father is an exact likeness, reproduced to the life in the highest style of art, by a process which preserves all the values of the original. It is an exact facsimile of the original oil painting and must not be confounded with cheap colored pictures.

A Killarney Rosebud.

Fair as the rosebud's petals,
Emblems of purity,
Revealing Thy sweet Presence,
Jesu, let my thoughts be,

Laden with golden treasure,
Veiled from all eyes save Thine,
A heart of fruitful promise,
Ah, grant that such be mine.

Tender and helpful feeling,
Touches of charity,
The faint pink flush of the rose-leaf,
Lord, this my sympathy.

Sweet as the rosebud's fragrance,
Soothing some restless heart,
Would that my words might ever
Thy message of love impart.

And vain as seems my asking,
Father, I know by Thee
Who from the mire made the rosebud,
My prayer can answered be.

M. G. A.

Death should set the seal of silence on lips
that cannot praise.

Island Reberies.

Vindication of Mary Stuart.

(Continued from October Issue)

AH, the tragedy of royalty!—and in all ages! There was Scotland, Land of Horrors, where even the graves of her fathers had been robbed and her royal mother denied a resting-place,—yet withal dear to Mary Stuart because it held her beloved child and thousands of loyal hearts who were willing to lose all for her cause, and to fight to the death for her.

We have seen that she embarked at Abbeyburn foot, and in four hours landed at Workington in Cumberlandshire, England, on Sunday, May 16, 1568.

On Monday, May 17th, the fugitive Queen of Scots sent to Queen Elizabeth the ring of covenant and a letter apprising Elizabeth of her arrival in England and of the necessity of conferring with her immediately.

That letter with place and date is still extant, and never dreaming it would be brought to light to refute her story, Elizabeth wrote to the Queen of France that "The Queen of Scots had landed privily in her dominions, and remained there concealed for several days, till her disguise was penetrated."

Agnes Strickland says of Mary's landing in England: "It needed not regal ornaments nor robes of purple and pall to proclaim her rank, exhausted with grief and fatigue though she had been for the last three days and nights, and wearing the travelled-soiled garments of white silk in which she had fled from the lost battle of Landside. The moment she stepped on shore she was recognized as the fugitive Queen of Scotland, from her majestic stature, far above the common height of women, and her resemblance to her pictures and her coins. The coarse libels of the traitors who had robbed her of her throne had not then been published to counteract the sympathy and lively interest which her calamities, her high and heroic courage united with feminine softness and beauty, excited in generous hearts; and she was welcomed with enthusiastic demonstrations of affection and respect."

Lord Herries' letter to Sir Richard Lowther having prepared the authorities on the English border for such an event, every one was on the alert for Queen Mary's coming.

St. George's Pier is said to be the place where Queen Mary Stuart first set foot on English ground. Sir Henry Curwen, the manorial noble of the district, received her with great respect, and having offered her the hospitality of his own home, he conducted her and her faithful little train to his castellated mansion, "Workington Hall."

"In the picture gallery of Workington Hall is the curious contemporary portrait of Mary Stuart, presented by herself to Sir Henry and Lady Curwen. It is in profile, and represents her at five-and-twenty, when the domestic sorrows and successive tragedies of two years and a half of unprecedented suffering had given her bitter experience of the pains and penalties of royalty, and tempered the brilliancy of her beauty with a pervading shade of sadness, genuine characteristic of a true Stuart. The costume in which she is delineated in this portrait is a loose gown of crimson brocade, slashed with white satin in longitudinal stripes edged with gold escallops. She wears no ruff, but a straight collar, embroidered and edged with gold, open in front to show a pearl necklace, with point tucker, and muslin kerchief. Her chestnut hair is rolled from the face precisely in the style which has been adopted by the Empress Eugénie, so as to display the contour of her noble forehead, delicately formed ear, and long, slender throat. A small round cap is placed at the back of her head, over which is thrown a large transparent veil, edged and diagonally striped with gold, which forms a graceful drapery, falling like a mantle on her shoulders."

The Earl of Northumberland, claiming pre-eminence over Sir Henry Curwen, sent a band of gentlemen to escort the Queen of Scots from Workington Hall to the hospitality of "Cockermouth Hall," where she proceeded on Monday, May 17th, accompanied by Sir Henry and Lady Curwen.

"Queen Mary Stuart entered Cockermouth, if not with royal pomp, in very pleasant fashion, for man, woman and child came forth in their holiday attire to meet and welcome her."

The Earl being unavoidably absent, the honors of Cockermouth were performed by Master Henry Fletcher, a princely merchant, who, "observing the deplorable condition of his royal guest's habiliments, presented her with thirteen

ells of rich crimson velvet to make her a new robe. This pleasing story is verified by the fact that Mary wrote a letter to her kind host, thanking him for having sent her a velvet robe, and gratefully acknowledging all his courtesies to her. Nor were these forgotten by her more fortunate son, James I., who, when Thomas Fletcher, the only son and representative of Henry Fletcher, came to meet him at Carlisle on his accession to the throne of England, treated him with great distinction, and offered to bestow the honor of knighthood on him as a token of grateful acknowledgment for his late father's kindness to his royal mother."

Ah, could that broken-hearted mother, longing for the sight of her babe she was nevermore to behold, have foreseen how that son's dearest but hopeless ambition would be to rescue her from her enemies and his; and when that realization would be denied him, how he would seek out and bestow first favors upon those who had befriended his martyred mother! How lovingly and proudly he would bring her remains from Peterboro Cathedral and lay her royally to rest in Westminster Abbey, in a more magnificent tomb than that erected for Elizabeth!

After having passed the night at Cockermouth Hall, on the morning of May 18th, before setting out for Carlisle, Queen Mary held a reception for the ladies of the district, with Lady Scroope, the Duke of Norfolk's sister, at their head. These ladies and their lords attended Mary to Carlisle: and every one of them would have been glad, then and there, to exchange Elizabeth for her unfortunate cousin.

"There had not been time to convert the considerable present of the munificent English merchant of Cockermouth into the regal robe for which it was designed; and though some useful articles had been contributed by the widowed mother of Sir Henry Curwen and his lady, the deficiencies and incongruities of a toilette thus made up must have been no trifling mortification to a royal beauty so attentive to all the elegant proprieties of dress as Mary Stuart was, and who had been not only the Queen of France, but the glass of fashion in that polished Court, which then, as now, gave laws to Western Europe in all matters of costume."

"On the road between Cockermouth and Carlisle, Queen Mary and her cavalcade were met

by Villeroy de Beaumont, the French ambassador from whom she had parted scarcely a week before at Hamilton, in Scotland, under circumstances so different. She was then full of hope, at the head of a numerous party, in hourly expectation of the arrival of the gay Gordons and gallant Ogilvies, to swell her forces to such numbers as might once more have enabled her to drive her perfidious brother Moray and his faction over the border. Yet she had been willing to settle the quarrel amicably, and had employed Beaumont to negotiate with the usurpers of her rights. His efforts having proved unavailing, he had, on the unexpected ruin of her cause, signified his intention of returning to France through England, but had been beset and plundered by the Regent's partisans, and his servants maltreated before they could cross the border. The only tidings he could give the Scottish Queen were of the most dispiriting nature. He accompanied her to Carlisle.

"When Lowther's intention of lodging their sovereign in the Castle was declared, the Scottish nobles, suspecting that foul play was intended, protested vehemently against it, and endeavored to prevail on him to place her in other quarters, but he declared it was impossible. The same evening Lowther, after he had waited on Mary at supper, communicated to Cecil the successful accomplishment of what had evidently been a duty prescribed to him in anticipation of her crossing the border."

Elizabeth, the cunning spider, had caught Mary, the trustful fly!

"Among the accumulation of painful matter that claimed Mary's attention on her arrival at Carlisle was a copy of the proclamation artfully put forth by her usurping brother Moray and his confederates, in the name of the infant Prince, her son, in which the unconscious babe is made to recite all the cruel calumnies they had devised against her, including the accusation of designs against his own life."

Ah, could the usurper Moray, the brother of murderous heart, but have foreseen that he was soon to be "cut off in his sins" to the life-long rejoicing of Mary's son, who complimented Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh for having rid the earth of so great a monster!

We have seen that upon her arrival in England the Scottish Queen wrote a letter to Queen Eliza-

beth, in which she stated that she was even in need of change of linen. When she was behind the bolts and bars of Carlisle Castle she received Elizabeth's parcel. To quote Agnes Strickland: "The only particulars of this royal gift on record are in the reports of the Spanish ambassador, who tells his sovereign that the Queen of England had sent the Queen of Scots 'dos camisas ruines,' that is, two old shifts; 'dos pares di zapatos' (two pairs of shoes), and some remnants of black velvet." The Lady Mary Seton, one of "The Four Maries," opened the parcel in presence of the English messengers, Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys.

Queen Mary with a quick glance turned silently away. The indignant Mary Seton with an air of contempt carried Elizabeth's *mercies* from the presence of her beloved mistress. Elizabeth's messengers, thoroughly ashamed, said that a mistake must have been made. But state papers attest that Elizabeth questioned her men respecting every detail of the scene, which we can imagine resulted to her entire satisfaction!

At this early date Elizabeth was already wearing Mary's royal jewels, part of her perquisites for aiding the usurper Moray and his traitors. We can foresee Elizabeth stealing from Mary's parcels from France the beautiful caps which especially pleased her covetous eye; and we can foresee that Mary offered the thief full privilege to select from her "French fashions" any thing that might appeal to her; and we can also foresee the noble-hearted Mary Stuart embroidering royal robes as gifts for Elizabeth in the hope of conciliating her to the point of an interview; a removal of her prison to a more salubrious locality; and above all, the boon of a sight of her little son, "her only child."

Scroope and Knollys exerted themselves to obtain from Moray restitution of a portion of Queen Mary's wardrobe. "What was sent gave no satisfaction to Mary; she declared that the coffers contained nothing but refuse, such as old sleeves and superannuated coifs and ruffs—in plain words, things not worth stealing—for even the dresses she had worn at Lochleven had been detained. Her complaints to Elizabeth elicited a second consignment from Scotland—'thirty ells of gray taffety, thirty of black taffety, eight ells of fine black velvet, twenty-five gross of black jet buttons, twelve pairs of morocco shoes

at eight shillings a pair, four pairs of mulis or slippers, and two pounds' weight of black stitching silk.' The materials for the dresses were mourning: Mary had resumed her dule-weeds. All the portraits of her that were painted in England represent her in widow's dress."

Reading between the lines we decide that none of Queen Mary's gowns could be sent from Scotland; like everything else that could be purloined, her gowns to the last one had been appropriated by the canny wives of the canny insurgent lords. These vampire traitors dispossessed all honest, loyal Scots, appropriated the spoils, then, still unsated, turned upon one another.

Of Queen Mary, Elizabeth's messengers, Scroope and Knollys, reported to their mistress—"We found the Scottish Queen in her answers to have an eloquent tongue and a discreet head; and it seemeth by her doings she had stout courage and liberal heart adjoined thereto."

Queen Mary rashly confiding in the integrity of Scroope and Knollys, imprudently showed them letters from the Scottish Earls of Huntley, Argyll, and Cassilis, professing their entire devotion to her service.

Of Mary's Scottish retinue at Carlisle, Agnes Strickland says: "Queen Mary's retinue, soon after her arrival at Carlisle, consisted of the following persons: Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the historian of Scotland; Lord Herries; Lord and Lady Livingston, both staunch Protestants; Lord and Lady Fleming; Mary Seton, Maria Courcelles, Mary Bruce; Bastian and Margaret Caewood; Mr. and Mrs. Livingston; her French controller and his wife; Mr. Hamilton, the Master of her Household; George Douglas, Willie Douglas; Gilbert Curle and M. Nau, her private secretaries; John Beton, Captain Bruce; the Lairds of Whitlaw and Skirling; and others to the number of twenty-eight in all.

"Now the Lord Claud Hamilton, the Laird of Skirling, and young Mr. Maxwell, with divers other gentlemen and their servants, do lie in the town at their own charges, to the number of thirty or forty more, which gentlemen do between meals come in to see the Queen."

But the enemy's game was progressing.

Mary Queen of Scots endured hopefully the two months in Carlisle castle, the first of her English prisons; although "the indulgences Mary at first enjoyed were gradually abridged

till she found herself treated absolutely as a prisoner."

The wisest among her friends now saw that the captive Queen's murder was a foregone conclusion.

Queen Elizabeth, now the recognized arbiter of her fate, had but to devise the preliminaries to the axe: as all the world expected, the worthy daughter of the sly, scheming Anne Boleyn and the murderous-hearted Henry VIII., was quite equal to her self-imposed task.

We must not forget that Anne Boleyn, whose disgraceful amours with the English Bluebeard lost England to the Faith and to the respect of all Christian nations, died the death of a Saint Magdalen. Publicly and privately did she confess her sins against Queen Katherine and the Princess Mary, against England, and against the Church. Truly, Anne was queenly in death, if never in life. Her daughter, Elizabeth, whose long years of exultation in cruelties could bring but one result, had sinned too deeply to repent; and when Mary Stuart was her captive at Carlisle, Elizabeth had still thirty-five years to serve the master who at last rewarded her with the death of the hopeless and despairing.

Elizabeth's favorite schemes were for having the Scottish Queen assassinated: so that removed forever as a rival might be the legitimate Queen of England: Elizabeth's hated successor: the Princess faithful to the Church which Elizabeth had persecuted: and the most beautiful, cultured, and amiable of women.

Among the aristocracy of England who paid their admiring respects to Mary Stuart, at Carlisle Castle, was the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of royal blood, and then, as now, premier duke of England. Doubtless, by the management of his sister, Lady Scroope, these visits became more frequent than strict formality required. In short, Norfolk, the handsome son of the handsome Earl of Surrey, if not during her stay at Carlisle, very shortly afterwards, offered the Scottish Queen his heart and hand, and was accepted. Norfolk knew well the necessity of extreme caution: his mistress, Queen Elizabeth, was not to learn of this engagement until the Scottish Queen's release. Norfolk could not foresee that Elizabeth's revenge would be the taking off of his head four years later; he could only tremble while remembering that for brook-



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ing the royal authority his father's head had been taken off by Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII.

The coming of Norfolk into Mary Stuart's life was a crowning calamity. His timid, vacillating policy of procrastination nullified the exertions of her friends, and until he went to the scaffold, lost to the unfortunate Queen every chance of regaining her freedom.

Being a Howard, the Duke of Norfolk was a near relative of Queen Elizabeth. He had been brought up to follow royalty in matters of faith: so he was of the "reformed" church. He and all honest men and women knew and believed that Bothwell had never been either the accepted lover or husband of his victim Queen: Mary Stuart had never been bound to him either by the laws of God or man. Bothwell survived Norfolk six years.

How fate disposed of Bothwell we shall now consider, leaving his royal victim as Elizabeth's victim in her Carlisle prison for the time being.

When on the field of Carberry Hill, 1567, Queen Mary, to escape from Bothwell, put herself into the hands of her insurgent lords, although disregarding all their loyal promises, they hurried their helpless sovereign into the cruel captivity of Lochleven Castle, they allowed Bothwell not only to quit the field, but to go his way for several weeks unmolested. Although they openly charged him with the murder of Lord Darnley, the King, his fellow conspirators Moray and Morton, feared to bring him to bay, knowing that the "boastful, rash, and hazardous Earl" might divulge *their* part in the plot.

Moray having sworn on the Gospels that Queen Mary in her prison at Lochleven had willingly abdicated in favor of her infant son and had implored him to accept the regency, had the little Prince crowned, then constituted himself Regent.

All the while they, of course, explained the Queen's continued imprisonment by asserting that through an overweening passion for Bothwell she had undoubtedly assisted him in the murder of her husband.

The Scottish people could not believe the Queen guilty, but they knew Bothwell to be a hardened criminal.

The first concession to popular opinion made by Moray on his accession to the regency, was sending out a squadron of five ships, under the

command of the Laird of Tullibardine and Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange. These two had commission "to pursue the Earl of Bothwell, his assistants and colleagues, by sea and land, with fire and sword." They were also given authority "to erect and hold courts of justice, wheresoever they might think good." Thus Bothwell was, if captured, to be dealt with according to martial law, by a summary trial and immediate execution. It was indeed of the utmost consequence to Moray and Morton that he should not be brought alive to Edinburgh to reveal their guilty secret.

To quote from Strickland: "Being hotly pursued by Tullibardine and the other three ships of war, Bothwell cut and ran on the course for Denmark; and after a flying fight, which lasted about three hours, just as Bothwell's mainmast was shot away, and his capture appeared inevitable, a sudden and terrific storm from the southwest parted the vessels and he was driven on the coast of Norway and forced to enter the harbor of Karmsund. Two only out of Bothwell's four vessels made this port, that in which he was himself being commanded by one of his old associates in evil, the notorious Captain Clarke; the other by David Wath, one of the most desperate buccaneers in the north seas, who was instantly denounced as such by a Bremen merchant whose ship he had seized in Shetland. Christopher Alborg, the captain of a Danish man-of-war, called the 'Bear,' then stationed at Karmsund, went on board the suspicious vessels, and was proceeding to overhaul them, when Bothwell, who personated a boatswain, attired in a patched and threadbare suit, accosted him, declared himself to be the consort of the Queen of Scotland, and requested to be conducted into the presence of the King of Denmark. Alborg took him on board the 'Bear,' and his vessels in tow, and brought him into the port of Bergen to be examined by the Governor, Eric Rosenkrantz. This was an untoward circumstance for Bothwell, as Rosenkrantz was the near relative of a noble Norwegian lady, named Anna Thrundessen, whom he had married several years before, and deserted. She was indeed his only legal wife, he having wedded her before his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon."

Strickland forgets that Bothwell was a "Reformer"; therefore could "conscientiously" have

as many wives as he wished. Did not Luther permit Philip of Hesse to have two wives at the same time? Did he not permit the Scottish Reformers, including Bothwell, to commit as many murders as they pleased; to "sin and sin damnable, so long as they had *faith*,—which would rise superior to their sin"?

"Bothwell's Norwegian wife, dame Anna Thrundessen, now appeared upon the scene, and he was confronted with her upon his next examination.

"In reply to her complaints, he said he would make her a present of one of the vessels, and would endow her liberally with an annual life-rent.

"A reconciliation appears to have followed, for Eric Rosencrantz invited him to take up his abode in the castle at Bergen, and entertained him very honorably for several days."

"Bothwell, who had at first denied having any papers with him, now said he had concealed a portfolio full of private letters, in the ballast of the vessel in which he had sailed, and sent three of his servants to the Governor with the request that he might be permitted to fetch it. Captain Alborg, who had taken possession of the vessels, found the portfolio and carried it to the castle. It was fastened with several locks, but one of Bothwell's servants having the keys, it was opened in the presence of the magistrates and the Governor of Bergen. It contained many letters in manuscript, and others printed, some in Latin, some in Scotch, which were read and interpreted to them; also the Queen's patent creating Bothwell Duke of Orkney, and various proclamations of the Lords of Secret Council, denouncing him as the murderer of the late King, consort to Queen Mary; declaring him an outlaw, and offering a reward for his head. (Suhme's Collections for the History of Norway.) If Mary Stuart had really committed herself by writing in an amatory tone to Bothwell, her letters would doubtless have been found in this portfolio. They would have served him, in the absence of a passport, to make good his boasts of influence, and the place he held in his sovereign's regard. One letter from her, and one alone, was found written with her own hand, and addressed to him,—not a letter of affection but complaint, lamenting her hard lot and that of her friends,—a letter which, apparently, pro-

duced the most unfavorable impression of his conduct and character on the minds of the honest magistrates and Governor of Bergen, for they immediately decided upon sending him as a prisoner to the King of Denmark, together with these papers.

"The King of Denmark, who was Mary's kinsman, and had been a candidate for her hand, ordered him into strict confinement in Copenhagen Castle. Bothwell vainly endeavored to purchase his liberty and the means of returning to Scotland at the head of a naval and military force, by offering to put the King of Denmark in possession of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, of which that monarch and his predecessors had always claimed the sovereignty. He addressed a very able and plausible memorial to his Majesty in explanation of his own conduct in Scotland, stating in brief and vigorous terms everything likely to produce a favorable impression for himself, and concealing such of his proceedings as must have had a contrary effect. He entirely suppresses his interception and capture of the Queen at Foulbriggs, and the fact of carrying her to Dunbar, detaining her there ten days in seclusion, and bringing her back to Edinburgh as a prisoner, under circumstances that compelled her to become his wife. He represents their marriage to have been first suggested to him by the nobles, then recommended to the Queen by them in conference, and condescended to by her Majesty in compliance with their earnestly-expressed desire." (Bothwell's Memorial addressed to Frederick II., King of Denmark.) Common sense must convince every one that thus it would not have been, if Mary had cherished even a slight portion of that affection for Bothwell which her political slanderers impute to her. What more could she have desired than to contract wedlock with him, in compliance with the request of her Peers and the advice of her Privy Councillors? It was because she did not love him, and would not condescend to a *marriage which her own Church regarded as illegal*, that Bothwell resorted to the outrageous means by which it was brought to pass.

The King of Denmark, who possessed accurate means of information through the French ambassador, as well as *his own spies*, of the real state of the case, ordered Bothwell to be sent to Malmoe Castle, where for several years he oc-

cupied the vaulted chamber where the deposed tyrant, Christian II. of Denmark, had been kept. Influenced apparently by a proper sense of justice, Frederick refused to give Bothwell up to either of the Regents—Moray or Morton—who successively usurped the government of Scotland, having good reason to be aware that all of them, except Lennox, *were accomplices in the crimes of which they accused him, and that the desire they expressed of bringing him to condign punishment for Darnley's murder was with the view of fabricating and publishing, after his execution, confessions in his name, for the purpose of confirming their calumnious accusations of their unfortunate Queen*, as was done by Moray in the case of Nicholas Hubert, alias French Paris. Happily for the cause of historic truth, Bothwell was retained by the King of Denmark as a state prisoner till, humbled by a dangerous sickness which brought the terrors of an accusing conscience and remorse for sin, and moved by the pious exhortations of the *Lutheran Bishop of Sconen*, he made a confession for himself, in the presence of impartial witnesses, *acknowledging his share in Darnley's assassination, and exonerating Queen Mary from any participation in the crime*; but of this in the proper order of chronology.

Grange and Tullibardine succeeded in capturing John Hepburn of Bolton (a relative of Bothwell's), and several others of Bothwell's servants, whom they brought back with them to Edinburgh, where they were subjected to various examinations by torture, but could not be induced to make the slightest deposition tending to criminate the Queen.

"The trial and execution of John Hepburn of Bolton, John Hay of Tallo, William Powrie, and George Dalgleish—Bothwell's captured servants—took place on Jan. 3rd., 1568. Placards and satirical poems, intimating that these subordinate agents were about to be hurried out of life, to prevent them from revealing the share criminals of greater importance than themselves had had in the tragedy, were affixed on the doors of the Council Chamber, Edinburgh, and on the walls of Moray House. One of these significantly inquired—'Why John Hepburn and John Hay of Tallo were not compelled openly to declare the manner of the King's slaughter, and who consented thereunto?' But with cruel and inde-

cent haste, *they were executed the same day they were tried*.

"The words of John Hepburn's dying speech and confession, in vindication of the Queen, are thus recorded in the contemporary chronicle of Belforest:

"John Hepburn, the domestic servant of the Earl of Bothwell, immediately before his sentence was executed, for being concerned in the atrocious treason of the murder of the late Lord Darnley, confessed in the presence of all the people, by whom the same was heard, the innocence of the Queen his sovereign lady, protesting it before God and his angels, whom he called upon to witness what he said, and praying that, if he lied, it might be the eternal ruin and perdition of his soul. 'I declare,' said he, 'that Moray and Morton were the sole contrivers, movers, and councillors of Bothwell in the commission of this murder, and that they have assisted in all the enterprises and conspiracies formed against Lord Darnley, and exhorted the Earl my master not to hesitate to execute boldly a deed so necessary for all the nobles of Scotland. I confess to have had knowledge of this, not only by word of mouth from my Lord, with whom they were associated in it, and who assured me they would bear him out in it, but by the letters and indentures signed by both of them, which he showed me, and I have seen and read them by myself, setting forth and describing the whole plot.'

"These were John Hepburn's last words, on the truth of which 'he perilled the salvation of his soul.'

"Powrie, John Hay of Tallo, Dalgleish, and others, being led out to suffer at the same time, under the like accusation, denounced 'the great and abominable wickedness of Moray, who had made no scruple of procuring the murder of the King, and yet persecuted to the death those who had been his instruments, under the pretext of avenging the deed.' They also declared 'that they had not read the depositions to which they had been compelled to set their hands, and desired to warn the people, in case anything hereafter should be set forth to the disadvantage of her Majesty, if from their avowals, that it would be an imposition; for though they had been examined by severe infliction of torture, under which they had made full acknowledg-

ment of their own crimes, and had then been promised their lives if they would bear witness against her Majesty, they had been preserved from the guilt of falsely accusing their good and virtuous Queen of being participant in that iniquity."

Strickland continues: "These facts, so notorious at the time, were, as a matter of course, otherwise represented by the faction in power and their hireling chroniclers, but they did not escape the attention of the sarcastic contemporary poet, who wrote under the quaint alias of 'Tom Treuth,' and commemorated the circumstance in the following rugged rhymes, which were deemed of sufficient importance to be suppressed by *Cecil*, with the rest of his poem, '*as being in favor of the Queen of Scots.*' 'The first couplet exposes the artful policy of the conspirators by whom the assassination of Darnley and the deposition of the Queen were accomplished.' The following is an extract from 'Tom Treuth's' poem:

'For they, to seem more innocent of this most
heinous deed,
Did forthwith catch four murderers, and put
to death with speed:
As Hepburn, Dalgleish, Powry too, John Hay
made up the mess;
Which four, when they were put to death, the
treason did confess:
And said that Moray, Morton too, with others
of that rout,
Were guilty of that murder vile, tho' now they
look so stout,
Yet some perchance may think that I speak
for affection here,
Though I would so, *three thousand can herein
true witness bear,*
Who present were as well as I at the execution
time,
And heard how these, in conscience prixt, con-
fessed who did the crime.'

The foregoing lines are from the State Paper M. S. of the English State Records dated December, 1568.

Let us bear in mind that when Cecil (Lord Burleigh), Elizabeth's Secretary of State, ordered the suppression in England of Tom Treuth's poem, "*as being in favor of the Queen of Scots,*" poor persecuted Mary Stuart was pining in Bolton Castle, the second of her Eng-

lish prisons. "Here she completed her twenty-sixth year, on December 8th., 1568, the day selected by her fraternal foe, Moray, and his accomplices in treason and false-witness, for the formal production of the disgusting forgeries they had prepared to color their accusations." Like the sea giving up its dead, the State Records of Scotland and England give up the truths that infamous mortals believed buried forever.

Cobbett, the well-known Protestant historian, gives us an honest summing-up of Elizabeth's Secretary of State in the following lines: "Sir William Cecil was Elizabeth's next man. He was her Secretary of State, but she afterwards made him a lord, under the title of Burleigh, and also made him Lord Treasurer. He had been a Protestant in the reign of Edward VI., when he was secretary, first under the Protector Somerset, who, when Dudley overpowered him, was abandoned by Cecil, who took to the latter, and was the very man that drew up the treasonable instrument by which Edward on his death-bed disinherited his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth. Pardoned for his treason by Mary, he became a zealous Catholic, and was amongst others, a volunteer to go over to Brussels to conduct Cardinal Pole to England. But the wind having changed, he became Protestant again, and Secretary of State to Elizabeth, who never cared anything about the character or principles of those she employed, so that they did but answer her selfish ends. This Cecil, who was a man of extraordinary ability, and of still greater prudence and cunning, was the chief prop of her throne for nearly forty of the forty-three years of her reign. He died in 1598, in the 77th. year of his age; and if success in unprincipled artifice, if fertility in cunning devices, if the obtaining of one's ends without any regard to the means, if in this pursuit sincerity be to be set at nought, and truth, law, justice, and mercy to be trampled under foot; if, so that you succeed in your ends, apostacy, forgery, perjury, and the shedding of innocent blood be thought nothing of, this Cecil was certainly the greatest statesman that ever lived. Above all others he was confided in by Queen Elizabeth, who, when he grew old and feeble in his limbs, used to make him *sit* in her presence, saying in her accustomed masculine and emphatical style: 'I have you not for your weak legs, but for your strong head.'"

In bringing about the destruction of Mary Stuart, what Cecil was to Elizabeth in England, John Knox was to Mary in Scotland.

As we have seen, the "Reformers" or "Saints" in Scotland had driven out and murdered the priests of the Catholic Church and had established the "New Religion,"—to attend the "Preachings" of which and to have "faith" was all required of the saintly. Knox was neither driven out nor murdered: he turned "saint."

When her infamous brother, Moray, and his outlaw usurpers of the Government broke their promises to their Queen, and imprisoned her in Lochleven Castle, according to Agnes Strickland: "Full well did the wily traitors know what they were about; so the ministers (of religion?), instead of being cautioned, were encouraged to proceed with their maledictions. Knox continued to pour it out, cannon-hot against his defenceless Queen branding her openly from St. Giles's pulpit as a murderess, coupled with the coarsest terms of vituperation, and denouncing 'the great plagues of God to Scotland if she were spared.' (Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 19th., 1567.) Knox had accustomed himself to rail against his sovereign ever since her return from France in her early widowhood, a girl of eighteen years. His polemic rage perverted texts of Scripture into exhortations for her slaughter now she was a helpless captive in the hands of those who thirsted for her blood. Yet these invectives and denunciations were but coldly received by the people at first; and notwithstanding the urgent letters that were addressed by the ministers (of the kirk), exhorting the leading men to arm against the Queen's party, the conspirators found themselves in a perilous minority. They therefore determined to take the bold step of inducing the Queen, either by persuasions or personal violence, to resign her regal office to her infant son. Every art by which her feminine terrors could be aroused was used. She was taught to believe that her life was in hourly peril. Sometimes she was menaced with being removed into the old Pictish tower in Lochleven Castle, secluded from the society of her faithful ladies, and shut up in utter solitude to perish; at other times—and this was the favorite threat—she was told 'there was a purpose of stifling her between two mattresses, and then suspending her from one of the

bedposts as if she had committed suicide.' Accordingly to secure her signature to the deeds of abdication, Lord Lindsay violently clasped her arm with his mail-clad fingers, forced the pen into her hand and with a deep oath threatened that 'if she did not sign he would do it with her heart's blood, and throw her body into the lake to feed the fishes.'"

We pause to ask, had Scotland gone mad? No, only two-thirds of the *nobles*, and all other men whom money could buy.

Moray appropriated the royal revenues and everything else he could lay hands upon; he robbed honest, loyal men and paid his followers with their substance and positions.

What did John Knox's worldly wisdom secure him? When he turned his back on the altar he still stuck to the pulpit: he was vain of what he considered his eloquence.

Although born a vassal or menial of Bothwell's and not eligible "to take his seat among the Lords" he developed "society" aspirations. Having political pull, when quite elderly he married a high-born damsel of tender years, and, at her death a young girl in her teens,—Margaret, daughter of Lord Ogilvy. At the time of his second marriage Knox was fifty-six. He certainly gained renown for preaching; came into all the money he could do with; and glutted his revenge on all, especially his Queen, who had remained faithful to the Church he had abandoned for "the world, the flesh," etc., etc.

Anent the execution of Bothwell's partisans, Strickland says: "It is worthy of remark that the forfeiture of John Hepburn of Bolton was appropriated by Lethington, in the very centre of whose lands his patrimony lay, and like Naboth's vineyard, was obtained by the death of the rightful owner under an accusation of treason. The goodly heritage of Patrick Whitlaw, who was included in the act for Bothwell's forfeiture; became the prey of the Earl of Morton. A startling light is cast on these mysterious tragedies of Scottish history by tracing the forfeited property to the recipient parties."

To return to the Queen of Scots at Carlisle: "The game was rapidly progressing. John Wood, secretary of the Regent Moray, had arrived in London with commission from the Regent and his Council, offering to make Elizabeth the umpire of the dispute between 'the King's

mother,' the only title they now vouchsafed to Queen Mary, and the nobles of Scotland; thus assuming to be the representatives of that order, although more than two-thirds of the nobility were on Mary's side, and had openly protested against the coronation of the infant Prince. Elizabeth and her clear-sighted minister (Cecil) beheld in this reference to her decision a virtual acknowledgment of the paramount authority of England over Scotland. But if Mary, the rightful sovereign of that realm, could be either cajoled or piqued, through her sensitive desire of clearing her reputation from the cruel stigma the usurping party had thrown upon her, into *making a like appeal*, that supremacy would be established in a more conclusive *manner than when Edward I. played his deep game as the umpire between the rival candidates* (Bruce and Baliol) *for the Scottish throne.*

"No one could be more anxious than Queen Mary to enter into an explanation of her conduct. With courage which nothing but the consciousness of innocence could have inspired, she demanded, as she had previously done, of her usurping brother's parliament, an open investigation. She requested to be confronted with her accusers face to face, and to be heard in her own defence, not as a criminal pleading at the bar of a foreign tribunal, but as an independent princess desirous of explaining all that might have appeared suspicious in her proceedings, owning no judge but God, yet anxious to be justified in the sight of her fellow creatures, by proving her own integrity, and the falsehood of her self-interested calumniators. 'Surely,' observed Sir Francis Knollys of Mary, 'she is a rare woman; for as no flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her, if she thinks the speaker an honest man.'"

Cecil and Elizabeth assured Moray that he would necessarily have to produce stronger proofs of Mary's colleaguings with Bothwell in the murder of her husband; following the suggestion, without loss of time Moray sent to Elizabeth copies of love-letters purporting to have been written by Queen Mary to Bothwell during her husband's lifetime; and found, according to Moray and Morton, in a silver casket left behind him by Bothwell when he fled from Edinburgh.

These letters, only *copies* of which in "Scotch" were sent to Elizabeth, were declared to have

been written in French, by Mary's own hand. These forgeries declared a violent passion for Bothwell, and the necessity of Darnley's murder. Their *coarseness* indicated Moray's part in their creation; and their affectation of verse, *Buchanan's*. Agnes Strickland says: "In the 'Scotch' version of the first letter, Mary is feigned to write—'I am *irkit*,' which means 'wearied'; but the French translator, not having such a word in his vocabulary, has rendered it, 'Je suis toute nue'—'I am entirely undressed or naked.' Malcolm Laing endeavors to account for the suspicious Scotticisms in the French version of the said letters, by stating that it was not the French in which they were written, but French translations made from the Scotch translations of the letters found by Morton in the silver casket. But, if French letters were really found, as alleged, how happened it that no true copies of them were taken by Moray or his notary? The abstracts sent by Cecil to Queen Elizabeth from the letters exhibited to the English commissioners at York are all in the Scotch dialect." (State Paper Office M. S., October, 1568.)

Strickland continues: "Now, had the letters in question really been written by Queen Mary, why, it may be asked, did Moray and his confederates send *Scotch* translations, instead of copies of the original French, to the learned English Queen and her erudite secretary of state? Elizabeth and Cecil were accustomed to receive and read Mary's familiar letters in French, and would have been far better able to form a correct judgment of her style from seeing true copies in French of letters imputed to her, than from a translation even into English. Does not the fact speak for itself, that *the Scottish versions of those letters* of which Wood was the bearer, *were neither more nor less than the original draughts of these suspicious documents fresh from the pen of the Scotch forger*, for the consideration of the illustrious English members of the confederacy for Mary's ruin and defamation, *previous to the achievement of the really difficult task of putting them into a French dress?* For that they were composed in *Scotch, the provincial idioms and quaint national saws with which they abound plainly indicate.*"

That the letters were written by the Queen we have as proof only the *word* of the rebel lords;

men who had been conspirators and murderers, and who also had been known forgers.

Let us review a few reasons which prove that they could not have been otherwise than forgeries:

1st. Forgery had become a necessity to Mary's accusers.

2nd. The "copies" produced were, as Agnes Strickland has plainly shown us, a bungle in every respect, which proved their impossibility.

3rd. Queen Mary had no reason for *writing* her love and murderous suggestions to Bothwell, when she could have seen him *privately* if she so wished, a dozen times a day, and upon supposed matters of state; for he was sheriff of the Lothians; Border Chief; Lord High Admiral of Scotland; and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces.

4th. Bothwell, the "boastful, rash, and hazardous," was the ugliest man in Scotland. Besides being awkward in appearance, with irregular features, he had red hair and had lost an eye!

5th. The Earl of Bothwell had been at the Scottish Court four years an unmarried man; the Queen had shown not the slightest preference for him, when, in 1565, she married the handsome, accomplished Lord Darnley, who, in her own words, was "the handsomest tall man she had ever seen," and a Catholic, of course.

6th. Bothwell was a "Reformer" or "Saint"; and, as a notorious rake, Queen Mary had had to imprison and to banish him for a time.

7th. These letters were declared to have been found at a certified date; yet *subsequently* to that date, Moray and Morton, Bothwell's fellow-conspirators, accused Bothwell alone, and proceeded against him as "the captor, ravisher, tyrant and jailor of the Queen."

8th. The first of these letters, claiming to have been written at Glasgow, bore the date of a time when Queen Mary was not at Glasgow; for on that particular day the Queen and the King, according to the State Records of Scotland, were holding court at Jedburgh in pursuance of a tour in the interests of justice.

9th. The overwhelming proof to all *honest* minds that they were diabolical inventions, is the fact that the *originals* of these "copies" were never produced, although Queen Mary to the end of her life, demanded to be confronted with the originals.

10th. Would any one gain a hearing in any court of justice to-day if he could offer in testimony only "copies," and translations at that, of letters the originals of which he could not produce?

"In spite of all his precautions Queen Mary's friends intercepted and put into her possession an important packet of letters from John Wood, the Regent Moray's private secretary, and envoy to the Court of England, which fully demonstrated the hostile and treacherous part taken by the English Cabinet against her. Instead of silently availing herself of this information of the secret league against her, Mary wrote to Elizabeth in the following impassioned terms, complaining of the perfidy of her ministers, and their confederacy with Moray: 'They assure him that I shall be secretly guarded, never to return to Scotland. Madam, if this be honorable treatment of her who came to throw herself into your arms for succour, I leave other Princes to judge. I have shown all these packets to this bearer, of which I will send the copies, if you will permit, to the Kings of France and Spain, and the Emperor, and will direct Lord Herries to show them to you, that you may judge whether it would be right to have your Council for judges, who have taken part against me. I neither can nor will believe that it is you who are acting thus treacherously by me, but that the villain John Wood lies, as all of his profession will.' (Wood was a lawyer.)"

Queen Mary's suggestion that Wood, being a lawyer, was capable of *lying*, gave him and Elizabeth their cue. Strickland continues: "In consequence of Queen Mary's indignant complaints, Queen Elizabeth sent for John Wood, and confronted him with Lord Herries, who produced the intercepted correspondence, and, having verified it beyond the possibility of denial, she insisted on Wood's declaring on what authority he had written to the Earl of Moray that her ministers had given Middlemore secret instructions to the effect he had described. Wood coolly acknowledged that he *had invented* it for the purpose of strengthening his Master's (Moray's) cause"! (Letter from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary, Greenwich, June 30, 1568; State Paper Office M. S.) "Queen Elizabeth herself, deeply as her royal faith had been touched by the statements contained in Wood's letters to Mo-

ray, did not pass the slightest censure on his conduct, and instead of dismissing him from her realm, continued to receive him as before! Cecil, so far from resenting the liberty taken with his name, *treated Wood with greater confidence than ever*, especially in regard to the intrigues for the approaching conference at York, Wood being the person employed in getting up the case against Mary”!

When at various times Queen Elizabeth could not deny her own uttering of mischievous falsehoods, her excuse was “It (lying) is the only resource left to a poor, weak woman beset by her enemies.”

Mary Stuart was noted for truthfulness, straightforwardness of speech, fidelity to friends, and charitableness towards enemies.

While Wood was making frequent trips between Moray and Elizabeth, Lord Herries, Queen Mary’s messenger, was awaiting in London Queen Elizabeth’s convenience in giving him an audience. His *waiting* was really a *detention* by the English Cabinet, who sought to win him over to Moray’s cause; but in vain. Lord Herries had not followed the banished faith of his fathers; he had accepted conditions as he found them, was known as a “Reformer,” *kept his lands and patrimony*, but would have no unnecessary intercourse with the “Saints.” He was too honest to turn traitor for Elizabeth’s bribes, and Moray’s promises.

A month after he was despatched to London Lord Herries was admitted into Elizabeth’s presence to present and to plead the cause of his sovereign, Queen Mary. To quote Strickland: “It was not till the 17th. of June that Lord Herries and Lord Fleming, who had been detained the same unreasonable length of time from performing his mission to the Court of France, were admitted to Elizabeth’s presence. Lord Herries opened the conversation by telling Elizabeth that ‘the Queen his Mistress thought it very strange that she was to be sent so far from her own country (preparations were making at this juncture for converting the strong Castle of Tutbury in Staffordshire into a lifelong prison for the Queen of Scots), and the highways leading to it; that she could have no opportunity of receiving intelligence from her faithful subjects, nor from any friend or relation she had in the world. These,’ continued he, ‘were not the

promises your Majesty has so often made to my Queen, on the faith of which she came to England; but could she have imagined that she should be treated thus, she would have preferred encountering the hardest fortune that could have befallen her in Scotland.’ He said this in a very low voice to Elizabeth, because several of her inimical councillors were present, but she bade them draw near, and requested him to repeat aloud what he had just said to her. Herries having done so, she told him that she ‘intended to take the cause of the Queen her sister in hand, and was deliberating on the means of restoring her to her country and regal authority, either by mediating a treaty of reconciliation with her subjects, *or by force*. For that purpose,’ continued she, ‘I have desired the Earl of Moray to send hither my Lord of Glencairn, or any other that may seem good to him, as his deputy, the Queen, your mistress, doing the same on her part, whereby I shall be able to understand the cause of their dispute and to judge between them.’

“‘I do not see,’ replied Lord Herries bluntly, ‘how your Majesty can take upon yourself to be a *judge* between the Queen my mistress and her subjects, seeing that she is as much a sovereign as yourself, and inferior to you in nothing but those misfortunes which have rendered her your suppliant. The Earl of Moray,’ continued Lord Herries, ‘is neither a king nor prince, that he should send others here in quality of his ambassadors. He and the Earl of Morton are the two who have been the principal offenders against the Queen their mistress, and if your Majesty desires information from them, let them take the trouble to come hither themselves.’ ‘That will be the best,’ rejoined Elizabeth; ‘I will write to them to-morrow that they shall come.’

“On the subject of Darnley’s murder Lord Herries said: ‘*The principal authors of that crime are those who now attempt to charge the burden of their own guilt on the Queen their mistress*. Consider, madam,’ continued Herries, ‘the uncertainty of human things and have pity on the unmerited calamities of your unfortunate suppliant. After the assassination of the King her husband, the murder of her servants, the cruel attempts on her sacred person,—after the prisons and chains she has endured, shall subjects be heard against their sovereign, traitors against their liege lady, the guilty against the

innocent, *criminals against their judge?* I have not words to describe their wickedness, but I am prepared to come to deeds, and to verify the innocence of my Queen by *irreproachable testimony and papers written and subscribed by the hands of her accusers*. If that shall not suffice, I offer myself, with the permission of your Majesty, to the combat in her behalf, hand to hand, against the boldest and most determined of her pursuers.' (Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, June 28th., 1568. Teulet's Collection.)

Strickland continues: "No reply being made to the offer of the stout Galwegian lord to maintain the innocence of his royal mistress by appeal of battle against all challengers, he took the liberty of reproaching Queen Elizabeth with her tardiness in granting him an audience, 'having received letters,' he said, 'from the Queen his mistress, marvelling at his tarrying so long.' Elizabeth replied that 'she had been waiting for an answer to a letter she had written to his mistress, on a subject her Majesty had probably mentioned to him.' She alluded to the letter telling Mary it was impossible for her to be admitted to her presence, on account of the dreadful crimes of which she was suspected. 'Madam,' said Herries, '*I have already answered on that subject sufficiently*, and, it appears to me that, as the Queen my mistress is innocent, there can be no cause for further demur, for I assure you she is desirous of answering in person to yourself, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain, or their representatives. In the meantime, if any of her rebels or disobedient subjects will say otherwise, the same answer will be returned and maintained to the end, whether by form of legal equity or by force; for *although they have disloyally robbed her* of her fortresses, her houses, her munitions, her treasure, her jewels, her decorations, and even her apparel, *it is not in their power* to alienate from her Majesty the hearts of her good and faithful subjects. It has been reported,' continued Lord Herries, 'that her Majesty, thinking to pass into France, was constrained to land in England. It must not be assumed, Madam, that the Queen my sovereign came into England pressed by such necessity that she had no other place of refuge; for, before her Majesty left Scotland, I offered her, on peril of forfeiting my head, and all I have in the world, to assure her safe abode in the district where she

was for forty days, and after that to take her, according to her own good pleasure, either to France or Dumbarton, for there was not an enemy within sixty miles; but her Majesty replied that the insolent conspiracy having proceeded to such extremities, she required the aid of a foreign Prince, and that there was no one in whom she had so much hope as the Queen her good sister, as well on account of your Majesty's great and kind promises as for your proximity of blood, and that hers was a quarrel which touched all other sovereigns. . . . If your Majesty should not, with the advice of your Council, consider it expedient to maintain the cause of the Queen my mistress, I conceive that neither in honor nor reason can she be refused the liberty usually accorded to the meanest subject of France or Scotland, to retire honorably from your country; this done, your Majesty will see that the greatest Princes in Europe will receive her courteously and affectionately, espouse her quarrel, and assist her to the utmost of their power. Unless your Majesty take it upon you to act as her enemy, by assisting those who have perfidiously usurped her authority and place, they cannot maintain the position they have assumed; and if your Majesty and your Council decide on assisting the Earl of Moray and his accomplices in their unjust cause, it will cost you ten times more to support those disloyal subjects against their natural Princess than to help her, besides the discord it would breed between yourself and other Princes. The time is now so precious that every day and hour we lose is of painful detriment to my sovereign's cause, by detaining her away from her good and faithful subjects, insomuch that, even if it were your Majesty's pleasure to expend a thousand English pounds a day in entertaining her without taking her cause in hand, such entertainment would give her no satisfaction, but vexation. Much rather would my sovereign return to Scotland in the little boat in which she left it, and go to seek her fortune through the world, than remain in this realm excluded from the presence of your Majesty, conscious as she is of her own innocence'." (Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, June 28th., 1568. Teulet's Collections.)

"Elizabeth deferred her answer; and dismissed Lord Herries for the time being. When she next sent for Lord Herries, and Lord Flem-

ing,—the latter Mary's messenger to the Court of France—Elizabeth's 'answer' was simply quibbling reversion to 'the horrible reports Mary's subjects had disseminated through the world.' In the course of the conversation Herries told Elizabeth that he understood that Mr. James Makgill, a subtle chicaner and disturber of the laws, would be sent by Moray and his faction to lay before her the pretended Acts of Parliament confirming their sovereign's alleged abdication of her regal authority to her son, and her appointment of the Earl of Moray as Regent. Little suspecting that Elizabeth was actual custodian of the original documents, blotted with Mary's tears, Herries went on to explain the cruel and violent manner in which those signatures had been extorted, and their consequent invalidity. 'Then,' continued he, '*the Earl of Morton has made the Earl of Moray Regent, and the Earl of Moray has made the Earl of Morton Chancellor*; and they have proceeded to make their fellow-conspirators officers of state, such as Clerks of Register, and all other preferments that were in the gift of the Crown. How can such proceedings as theirs be accounted legitimate by other sovereigns? Moreover,' added he, 'these conspirators, who kept their Queen in prison without permitting any of her good subjects to speak to her Majesty, took upon them to affirm in their fine Parliament that the demission was her own free will, whereupon the majority of the members signed a bond, which they have to show, promising to support them. At which time several of the chief nobles, as the Earls of Argyll, Huntley, and others, prefaced their signatures by declaring that they were *conditional*, and would be null and void unless her Majesty, when at liberty, should signify her approval of what had been done. Her Majesty has, however, made a full revocation before her Estates, assembled at Hamilton, in much greater numbers than were *there*, and those who made the proviso then declared openly that their own subscriptions were invalid for the reasons aforesaid. Besides this, there were Barons in that pretended Parliament who expressly opposed everything that could be in any way prejudicial to the honor, estate, and person of their Queen, and required instruments of that Parliament to certify that they did so.' 'Who were they who did so?' interrupted several of the members of

Queen Elizabeth's Council, apparently surprised at a fact which has never been recorded by the time-serving historians of the period. 'Myself,' replied Herries. 'I was one of them.' (Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, June 28th., 1568. Teulet's Collections.) 'We were informed otherwise,' they rejoined, 'and that you had consented to the regency of the Earl of Moray.' (Makgill being Moray's clerk-registrar, scrupled not to falsify the records of that Parliament, by misrepresenting the conduct of Lord Herries and other nobles, who had convened in the hope of being able to serve their captive sovereign.) 'I would be glad to see or hear those among them who will venture to say so,' exclaimed Herries. 'They have here their men of law, as Wood and others, who are learned in finesse and falsifications, and it is their livelihood, for they have no other means nor professions; but this, which concerns princes, is so high a matter that it requires personages of a different character.' 'That is true,' observed Elizabeth, 'and I will not suffer Makgill to come into my presence, *nor one of those who are against your mistress*.' (Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary detailing what passed in his interview with Queen Elizabeth and her Council. Teulet, Vol. II., p. 240.)

"When Lord Fleming solicited the passport to proceed with Queen Mary's letters to France, for which he had been waiting more than a month, Elizabeth flatly refused him, telling him at the same time that 'if it pleased the Queen her good sister to send any other person, she would grant it, but she would not to *him*.' He then asked leave to return to his mistress at Carlisle, to which she offered no objection; but when Lord Herries desired to do so, she told him he must wait till she could send her answer to Queen Mary. 'Madam, the Queen my mistress will find fault with me,' said Herries, bluntly; 'for she thinks I ought not to have been here more than three days. I think so myself. I had even promised my friends in *my own country* to be with them ere now.' 'You must tarry nevertheless,' returned Elizabeth. The real object of his detention is thus explained by the French ambassador to the Queen-mother of France: 'Within the last few days I have discovered that the Earl of Leicester has been trying to tamper with Lord Herries, for the purpose of drawing him over to the Earl of Moray's side, and has expressed an

opinion that he should be able to succeed; but as to Fleming he had great doubts.'” (Ambassade de La Forest. London, June 24th., 1568. Teulet, Vol. II., p. 230.)

Strickland remarks anent these diabolical practices: “Neither the one nor the other of those true-hearted Scottish nobles ever swerved in the slightest tittle from their duty to their hapless sovereign in her dire reverse of fortune. They had each hazarded their lives and broad lands in Scotland for her sake, and all the gold in the English treasury would not have bribed them to desert her cause.”

“The circumstance of sixteen gentlemen of the Inns of Court inviting Lord Herries to a supper at the ‘King’s Head’ in Fleet street, during his detention in London, excited the jealous attention of Cecil, and caused a strict inquiry; but it does not appear, with all his ingenuity, that he was able to torture this complimentary and hospitable mark of attention to Mary’s faithful minister into an act of treason against Queen Elizabeth.” (Examination of Thomas Bishop, March, 1569. Cotton M. S. S.)

Lord Fleming was a brother of Mary Fleming, one of the “four Maries,” and Mary Stuart’s constant companion until she married Lethington, Mary’s faithless secretary of state. Lethington repented and returned to his allegiance.

“Queen Mary’s brother-in-law, the King of France, had commissioned M. de Montmorin, an especial envoy, to plead her cause to Elizabeth, and to solicit permission to proceed to Carlisle with letters and consoling messages. Elizabeth testified some reluctance to allow Montmorin access to Mary, observing that ‘the Queen of Scots had very lately seen De Beaumont on the like errand.’ Elizabeth made great professions of her friendly intentions towards her royal kinswoman, saying that ‘no one could be so much interested in her cause as she was, on account of their near relationship.’ La Forest, however, easily penetrated the hostile feelings which this grimace of friendship was intended to conceal. ‘She spoke,’ he says, ‘of the Queen of Scots in a tone of accusation rather than defence, which he and Montmorin checked with a suitable remonstrance. Then she vehemently protested that she would never allow the Queen of Scots to be touched, either in her life or honor, while in her

realm.’” (Letter from M. de La Forest to the King of France, June 12, 1568. Teulet’s Collections.)

“The course to be adopted in respect to the Queen of Scotland was debated in the English Privy Council, on the 20th. June, 1568. Her letters to Queen Elizabeth were read; and Middlemore having made his report of what passed in conference between him and Queen Mary at Carlisle, her reiterated requests to be allowed to exonerate herself in a personal explanation of her conduct to Elizabeth, or else to be permitted to proceed to France or return to Scotland, *were negatived*. The first, on account of the suspicions of their guilt, *which it suited their policy to entertain*; the second, lest a renewal of her claims to the title of Queen of England should be attempted; and the third, namely, her return to Scotland, *because it would be taken ill by the parties then in possession of the government*, and cause an interruption to the friendship and good understanding which had always subsisted between them and England. Neither could she remain in England, unless *as a strictly guarded prisoner in some isolated fortress*, for fear of her practising with the Papists and *other disaffected persons* to contest the crown, to which it was presumed her ambition aspired.”

A strictly guarded prisoner Elizabeth beheld herself, in a vision, a few days before her death, and to quote her own words, “tied with a chain about my neck, and in a consuming fire.” To the remonstrances of her cousin, Sir Robert Carey, she only answered, “I am tied! I am tied!” Yes, before her shuddering soul appeared before the Searcher of all hearts, Elizabeth sat in judgment upon herself for the death of the “tied” and murdered Queen of Scots.

“It was apparently to oblige Moray, who had complained in his letters to Forster and Drury of Mary being permitted to remain so long at Carlisle, that Elizabeth and her Council came to the resolution of removing her to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, about fifty miles south of Carlisle and the Scottish border. Moray feared that Queen Mary’s loyal subjects might effect her release from Carlisle; and also that they would be aided by English sympathizers.

“Naturally, Queen Mary objected to being removed from Carlisle to Bolton. Her custodian, Sir Francis Knollys, intimated to Cecil that it

would be advisable to detain Lord Herries in London until after his Queen's removal to Bolton: so Elizabeth managed the rest!

"The high spirit of Lord Herries, and his courageous loyalty, doubtless rendered them apprehensive that he would not only protest against her removal, but strike a bold stroke for the deliverance of his captive sovereign, by urging the young Scottish nobles and their servants then in Carlisle, to attempt her rescue, and contest the possession of her person with her English guards at swords' points. In his absence there was no able and energetic person to organize effectual resistance."

Before Queen Mary left Carlisle for Bolton, she wrote the Earls of Argyll, Huntley, and Eglington, and others of her faithful adherents, to encourage them in their opposition to Moray's usurpation, by holding out hopes of her speedy return to Scotland, and quoting the delusive promises Queen Elizabeth had made of reinstating her in her regal authority. She sent a Commission to her kinsman, the Duke of Chatelherault, constituting him Lieutenant of the realm in her absence, and thus leader of her party. In this instrument, which was also intended to serve as a manifesto, not only to her subjects but to Christendom, Queen Mary thus describes her case:

"Being pursued by some of our rebel subjects, we have been constrained, after a battle, to retire into this country of England, where we are detained by the contrivance of the said rebels, who, not contented with having secretly slain our husband, proceeded to make us a prisoner under the false pretext of putting upon us the accusation of the murder themselves had committed on our said husband, as is sufficiently proved, desiring to take away our honor in like manner as they have stolen our rings and jewels, pursued our life, and holding our son as their prisoner till he shall be of age, after which they will treat him as they have done his father." (Sloane Collection. British Museum.)

Her loyal kinsman, Lord Claud Hamilton, and the Laird of Skirling, were the gentlemen selected by Queen Mary "to return to Scotland, to comfort her friends there" in her name, with messages of encouragement and assurances of hopes that were far from her desolate heart. The mournful pathos of the scene may be imagined,

when these true men of Scotland pressed round their lovely and beloved Queen, to bend the knee before her at her farewell reception in Carlisle Castle, and to kiss her hand for the last time, when she dismissed them with her thanks and blessings for their generous devotion to her service.

IDRIS.

(*To be continued in April RAINBOW.*)

The Late Right Reverend Monsignor Benson.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

THE death of Robert Hugh Benson might have been one of the calculable disasters of this otherwise incalculable year, for he was passing into middle age, and for him to grow old was a physical as well as a spiritual impossibility. We cannot imagine he was not glad and interested at the prospect of death, though he may have suffered a slight regret (shared by all his readers) that it was not granted to him to describe the supreme experience, which biology calls death, but theology speaks of only in terms of life. Though his own years are rounded and completed, something is snatched out of ours. It is rarely that a pulpit loss is felt outside the church door, but to the man in the street Rome has been represented during the last decade by three, of whom Father Benson was one.

Strange as it now seems, the whole Catholic body in England will mourn this neophyte of ten years' standing. Whether we approved his books or heard his sermons, he had become an institution in our midst. We were continually and vividly aware of his presence, and never dreamed of his removal. He was the hardest perennial in the garth of Holy Church—an evergreen upon her portals. Shall we never again read the familiar announcements outside the churches in Spanish Place and High Street, Kensington? Nor meet him hurrying through the streets of the Eternal City? Nor enjoy a spiritual retreat from him in a railway carriage through Hertfordshire? Readers of *The Tablet* will hardly know their paper without a review or a sermon or a lecture from him. His obituary seemed a cruel and wild anachronism in

those pages, which give us all our winding-sheets according as we have benefited Holy Church in our time.

The formula "he will be greatly missed," which is idly spoken of all Church-workers, past and present, hierarch or hireling, is too true to be said of Father Benson. There is nothing so numbing as a conventional phrase that for the first time strikes home. As a rule, we remember only the *finale* of careers we have envied and admired, but Father Benson's advent is fresh to our memories. His meteoric career in the firmament of faith practically corresponded with the Pontificate of Pius X., who had given him the priesthood in a wondrously short time following his conversion (a space of time which may be described as short enough to write a novel in). From the day he had finished his convert's honeymoon he was with us in our churches, on our tables, and in our shelves. He was a striking exception to the unproven proposition that Catholicism swamps genius and harnesses originality to trivial and menial tasks. Father Benson never realized himself until he merged himself in the Universal Church. It is difficult to say on the surface which owed the other most. The Church gave him his all in all. She satisfied the searcher and primed the theologian. She fulfilled his sense of divination and caressed his love of the supernatural. She gave him labour and dignity. She found him the material and setting, the critics and readers for his books. She gave him his inspiration from beginning to end. Never was a chrysalis hatched with more jubilant and brilliant celerity than when the sheltered Benjamin of Lambeth Palace became the free-lance of the Pope.

As an Anglican his life should have been almost ideal. The refined associations of Eton, Cambridge, and Canterbury clung to his home. Ritualism, dilettantism, mysticism, in harmonious and gentle proportions, made his path peaceful and his days delectable. It seemed as unneeded for him to become a Roman Catholic as for Count Peechi to have become an American Methodist. But he stood aside from the soft-lined but conventional rut which awaited him. He was not afraid to become an ecclesiastical pariah, or to seek his spiritual fortune whither the winds of heaven listed. When he presented himself to Peter he was practically unknown. For staff he carried a Penny Catechism, and for

scrip the plans of several novels. His slight but radiant personality had only crept into the pages of his father's Life. He was the purple-cassocked acolyte who carried the Archbishop's train. At Eton he won the prize for a poem on Father Damien. It was his only achievement at the school where his name, cut on the Fourth Form panels, was until recently pointed out to American visitors, with the mysterious explanation, "The Priest!" At Eton he ambitioned to enter the Indian Civil. The Xavier lay buried in the Clive--the missionary in the adventurer. When the Divine Adventure offered itself later all his desires were fulfilled. From the first his father sought to turn him Churchward. "He certainly takes a manly tone, and listens to none of us in the way of defection," the Archbishop noted in his Diary. At Cambridge he made little mark. We only hear of him walking thence to Lambeth in a day--a weary pilgrimage, but not wearier than the road which brought him back from Lambeth to Cambridge.

His conversion made a splash, but it was supposed that he had disappeared for ever. Friends thought of him being allowed to dust the papers of the Holy Office or to conduct Anglicans round the Vatican, clad in some liturgical garment. But nobody expected the mystic monsignor, the brilliant novelist, and, at times, the best preacher of the Word in Catholic England. He was sent, it was said, for his holidays to Cambridge Rectory. There he passed his most fruitful years, if we may say so of one who bore bud and bloom in season and out of season. It was there that he came to himself, and first raised his thin, stuttering voice in the heart of that material city. It was an inarticulate cry in the wilderness, to begin with, but it became the summons of a Preacher, and it grew to the message of a Prophet in a mathematical Nineveh. For the first time the University sermon had a serious rival. He was a sweet relief to Cambridge religion. His Christianity was neither "broad" nor "muscular." His message was simply that improbability was the guide of life (the antithesis of Butler), and that things unseen were. He preached the Gospel of Paradox, and Contradictions made his Antiphons. He discovered that an ecclesiastical labyrinth which had end and design within itself was really simpler than the spiritual vagueness of a route which led straight and with a turning nowhere.

By temperament he was one born to the enjoyment and practice of religion. Englishmen may be divided into the two classes who appreciate or who reject "John Inglesant." We know it was the book which turned Father Benson towards Rome. It is also the only writing outside his own which reflects his whole attitude of life and mind. Spiritual pilgrimage was his destiny, and his business was to indicate the supernatural to his fellows, and he did so as emphatically and unexpectedly as he was able. He possessed the mingled proportions of fun and fear which, let Dry-as-dust, D. D., say what he will, make up the true attitude to religion. He realized and seized the prospect of a "joy-ride"—for what can be a more theological expression for a convert's progress. He could rejoice in the exaltations of righteous going, while shivering at the abysses and sharp corners apparent to all who take supernatural risks. He knew the dangers as well as the safeties of those who become Catholics; for of those to whom much is given, much may be required.

Coupled to a deep fear of all things holy and unseen was a superficiality of fun which we believe only failed him in one instance—at the reading of a parody of "The Light Invisible" at some Cambridge saturnalia. His humour played in both sermon and novel. We remember him asking a Cambridge audience to imagine "Titus singing Evensong on G in Ely Cathedral."

But he has left more than memories behind him, and a time will come when no gentleman's library will be without what no Catholic can lack to-day. Of all his books, he loved best his "Light Invisible." It was a poet's first poem, a priest's first Mass, a symbolist's first allegory. It was his best, because he expressed his whole self and soul in it. In spite of his subsequent Confessions, it remains his spiritual autobiography. In spite of his theological treatises, it remains his apologia. Credo and novel, fact and fiction, were concentrated in its pages. All the other books he wrote were supplementary and expository. As literature or theology many were better, but none were more Bensonian. The books which we were accustomed to watch coming with the flight of winter, the charm of the swallow, and the regularity of the *Catholic Directory*, were reflections, recastings, reverberations of "The Light Invisible," as the author alternately wended his way through conditions of

the Tudor or Victorian eras. No man ever had more than one book in him, however many he may have felt constrained to write, and Father Benson was no exception. St. Paul, had his conversion occurred in the diocese of Westminster to-day, would have been a novelist. St. Paul wrote one Epistle under many headings to different folk, so Father Benson diffused the Light Invisible through different novels to various congregations. There was, so to speak, the novel of Robert Hugh Benson to the Spiritualists, another to the Anglicans, another to the Sensualists, another to the "Conventionalists." His readers will know how to fit together a whole Bensonian Testament. But, like a child of imagination, he was more interested in the Revelations than in Epistles, and he wrote his Apocalypse twice.

Summary and parallels fail in the case of Robert Hugh Benson. He stood in religious symbolism to his time. He could not have been a Victorian. He was of the *commencement de siècle*, and nothing else. He was an ecclesiastical Winston Churchill, to whom he was curiously comparable, even to the stutter, commanding and conquering men's attention against their will. In each case a father's son made his father memorable for his son. Both Archbishop Benson and Lord Randolph Churchill had given the systems, with which their names are perpetuated, their most famous *mots*, and the sons reversed their utterances by their personal achievement. By a supreme *peripeteia* both passed over to the rival camps, and both claimed in their writings that in doing what they ought not to have done as sons, they as heirs had found the only use and outlet for their fathers' legacies.

To-Morrow.

Dear heart, the yesterdays of Life

Are haunted by the ghosts of "might-have-been."

We see to-day where yesterday we failed,

And plan to-morrow but to fail again;

Only to-day is ours to live and do,—

To-morrow, with its hopes and fears—

To-morrow, with its smiles and tears—

To-morrow must be lived anew!

MONA WHALEN.

Sub Rosa.

Making a Speech in War Time?

IT is difficult to gossip calmly under the rose when that rose is the blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire. Every man's heart is astir over the doings of Timour Mammon in Belgium.

War—why should we not have war!

War with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred thrones; but let us first seek out the true enemy and shatter *him*.

He is not man.

"Little man least of all," who, says Emerson, seeing in the world the result of his own thought,

"Among the legs of his guardians tall
Walks about with troubled look.
Him by the hand dear Nature took.
Dearest Nature strong and kind
Whispered, 'Darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face;
The founder thou: these are thy race.'"

No, it is not man, not our brother of whatever race, but stupidity. It is dulness and inertia. It is, in fact, the devil.

Discord and misunderstanding are the devil, trying in vain to upset the harmony of the world; but "every morning the day is reborn among the newly-blossomed flowers with the same message retold and the same assurance that death eternally dies, that the waves of turmoil are on the surface, and that the sea of tranquillity is fathomless."

Pardon the outburst. It is a long way from war to the quiet cloistral hall where I had a pleasant hour talking at and with the Sisters that Sunday in September (was it?). I wonder that it was necessary to suggest my giving a talk at any particular hour. It would have been enough to ask me to be present. Then let those who cared not to be harangued, stand from under. Some men talk in their sleep. Others talk while their audiences sleep or in order that the audiences may stop sleeping.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell his sextons to go quietly about the galleries of his church, and if he found people sleeping to come and wake him up! It is easy to talk and unpack your head with words but difficult to stop when the audience, as at the Abbey, is attentive and indulgent.

The most fun I ever had was in talking at the Seminary in Dunwoodie. The young novices with their athletic minds gave the speaker the chance of his life to lay down the law as well as to call spirits from the vasty deep; but woe unto him if his grasp of his theme should turn out to be weak or the well of his knowledge should prove "loud, not deep"!

In truth, the audience gives the lecture. "Eloquence," said Gladstone, "is that which we receive from an audience in a vapour and pour back in a flood."

It is the speaker's great advantage that one bucket of water can be whipped up into a cloud that will conceal a range of mountains, especially when the mountains are really valleys and valleys of ignorance, viz., the speaker's. Every man knows he's ignorant, but the lecturer's platform is not the place to advertise the fact.

The convent mind is a live mind, for it is not the newspaper mind. Its curiosity is genuine and the daily strain of discipline sharpens the mind by activity of the will. For is it not the activity of the will which develops intellect? I always think with pleasure of the opportunities I get to ease my mind by talk, especially if I get a chance to get my story told before anyone can trip me in my speech and set me right. Montaigne has a story from Plutarch, I think, about two wrestlers, which illustrates in a forcible manner the power of oratory. One of the wrestlers was far inferior to the other in skill, but he was an effective speaker. The man who was the better wrestler complained that it was no use throwing the orator, for no sooner had he been thrown than he would promptly arise and prove to the audience that he had not been thrown at all!

I come back to the war to close, with two humorous suggestions and two heavenly ones, to wit: The first is by Abe Martin. "At last," says Abe, "the Kaiser is getting some good out of that helmet he's been photographed in for the past twenty-five years."

There was a French boy in a hotel in New York who tried to commit suicide from the sense of disgrace he had when he learned that he had been attacked by German measles.

Now for the heavenly ones. Mrs. Meynell said that the priest in a small chapel in Sussex said the best thing about the war. He said that

Mankind had warred against God and God hath withdrawn His ambassador.

And now for an exquisite poem from the pen of Mrs. Meynell herself:

Summer in England. 1914.

On London fell a clearer light;
Caressing pencils of the sun
Defined the distances, the white
Houses transfigured, one by one,
The "long, unlovely street" impearled.
O what a sky has walked the world!

Most happy year! And out of town
The hay was prosperous and the wheat;
The silken harvest climbed the dawn;
Moon after moon was heavenly-sweet,
Stroking the bread within the sheaves,
Looking twixt apples and their leaves.

And while this rose made round her cup,
The armies died convulsed; and when
This chaste young silver sun went up
Softly, a thousand shattered men,
One wet corruption, heaped the plain,
After a league-long throb of pain.

Flower following tender flower, and birds,
And berries; and benignant skies
Made thrive the serried flocks and herds—
Yonder are men shot through the eyes,
And children crushed. Love, hide thy face
From man's unpardonable race.

A Reply.

Who said "No man hath greater love than this,
To die to serve his friend?"
So these have loved us all unto the end.
Chide thou no more, O thou unsacrificed!
The soldier dying dies upon a kiss,
The very kiss of Christ.

ALICE MEYNELL.

* * * * *

It is really high time that the skies of Paris were swept free of those tantalizing, stinging insects, the *Tauben*. It is not the danger that we object to—you should see all Paris craning out of its windows and pouring into the streets when one comes over—but the impudence of it. Twenty bombs in one day is a little too much of a good thing—one of them on Notre Dame, too. There is no doubt this was a deliberate attempt to destroy our great cathedral.

I saw a French biplane in full pursuit of one of the *Tauben*, and not, I should say, a mile behind it, suddenly foiled by an intervening cloud. The bombs that have been dropped of late have been incendiary bombs, apparently, not explosive. They seem less dangerous to life and limb. I walked clean over the mere scratch made in the platform of the Gare du Nord without noticing it. I was expecting something so much more impressive.

I wonder if they—the *Tauben*—were trying to hit the *Sacré Coeur* when one of their bombs dropped in the Rue Constance, just behind the Moulin Rouge. As the Americans say, "I guess not." I have a suspicion that the *Sacré Coeur* is of the type of architecture which recommends itself to the "colossally cultured" race. I was up on the "Butte" a day or two ago, to find out, among other things, what "Frédéric" thought of it all.

"Frédéric" is the *patron* of a café of no mean fame, which I remember visiting and writing about, I fancy, long, ever so long, ago—before there were even rumours of wars. Well, the café was open, and "Frédéric" was at his post, but there was not a single soul but ourselves in the quaint inner sanctuary, with the futurist statues and the macabre sketches—the so suitable setting for the poems of decadent, long-haired youths, recited by themselves to those who used to frequent "Frédéric's" café in those days.

"Our sons and our friends are at the war, Vive la France," is the inscription on the outer door beneath the tricolour flag, and "Frédéric," still vigorous and picturesque, with his bright eyes and bush of a beard, told me that, in effect, the poets were now living virile poems, not writing decadent ones, and that his three sons were serving beneath the colours. Meanwhile he stuck to Paris, and kept the old café open for infrequent guests, such as ourselves. He had seen *les Boches* before, and heard the angry music of the shells, forty-four years ago. He was a lad then, but this time, had they come, he would have taken down his rifle and fired "just so." Foolish, fond, heroic old man. I believe he would have done it, and had all Montmartre for his funeral pyre.

* * * * *

Refugees everywhere! Paderewski had forty-five of them during the first two weeks of the

war; now he has twenty-five. Think of it, forty-five people to house and feed, most of them utter strangers, a good part without money—forty-five tales of woe! Poor "Pady!" But he has been really splendid, taking them all in, though he is quite hard hit himself. Besides, his man servants are gone and his horses have been requisitioned. The cow carries the baggage to and from the station.

They are beginning to eat their prize chickens. Imagine making a meal out of a thousand-dollar chicken! I played to him the other day; he was very enthusiastic, and said it was an extraordinary talent. I played for about one hour and a half. Afterward he played some of his variations most exquisitely, so clear, so plastic, such beautifully modulated color.

The Americans are the only fortunate people in Lausanne now. I went to the Consul here, and he says it is perfectly safe to stay. There are provisions enough for a year. Fifty thousand cattle on the mountains, twice as much milk as we can drink, and now Germany is sending coal through. You must not believe all the tales you hear. One American girl's father was distracted because he heard that we were eating mice in Switzerland. Why, one can get anything and everything, and the hôteliers have been only too happy to run up bills. Now one can get a reasonable amount of cash easily.

Madame Sembrich left on the Rotterdam. I had a very pleasant visit with her. I played, and both she and Dr. Stengie were very enthusiastic. She is so kind, one forgets the great artist in the lovable woman. She sang at "Pady's" birthday. It was a great fête. Hoffman, Schelling, Zimbalist, Kommoenich, Brockway, Dorée, Alma Glück, the de Kovens, the Hills, the de Coppets—every one was there. There were Chinese fireworks in the gardens, hung with Chinese lanterns, and there was a Chinese play with appropriate music. Chinese works of art were presented by four "Chinamen," namely, Schelling, Hoffman, Granodas and Brockway; and then dancing, with music played by the same four "Chinamen."

* * * * *

"A Nation Once Again"—on the Apennines! I was trudging my weary way up the side of the Apennines, making for one of those towns seated on the mountain's brow, as if let down by tired

angels who chose the nearest peak to Heaven whereon to deposit their hive of houses, when suddenly there broke on the evening air a melody sweet and joyous. I listened almost spell-bound, and there from the valley beneath arose the strains of a flute, accompanied by a masculine voice, pouring out the popular Irish air, "A Nation Once Again." "Sono Inglesi," said I. "Not at all," came the response—"Irlandesi." Formerly every one was known as *Inglese* who spoke English, but even my Italian friend noted the changed circumstance—"A Nation Once Again."

* * * * *

Perhaps at some distant date when I'm not feeling as young as I do at present, I will sit me down to write another story.

In between campaigning, book-writing, and mining, I have sandwiched quite a lot of lecturing. When on the platform I like it, but the last ten minutes before I have to face an audience is always unadulterated purgatory for me, and I have never stepped upon a platform without wishing that a cyclone would happen along and take the whole show—except the pay-box—into outer darkness.

Why a man should feel sick all over in front of a crowd who have paid to hear him, I don't know; I only know that it is always that way with me.

Australian audiences are rich in humour; but there is nearly always some practical joker in an Australian audience, and it is wise to watch out for him, or her.

In one town where I was lecturing on war, I got an awful knock. I had just finished telling a little personal episode, and had drawn breath for the applause I felt was due, when a solemn voice called out, with deadly distinctness, "What a lie!" I grew hot in the collar, and a titter ran round the hall.

I turned gravely in the direction of the voice, and said something very sarcastic; then went on. For a time nothing happened; I plunged into a bit of good descriptive work and was splashing the rocks with blood, when again the voice—higher and clearer this time—called: "Take the biscuit, it's a lie!"

I had had my audience thrilling when the interruption came, but all the thrill went out of them and they just wriggled in their seats and

roared. Heaven has blessed me with a good temper, but I was as mad as a hornet, and said things to my interrupter and to the audience for their bad taste in laughing over such a wanton insult. I was concluding by remarking, "Ladies and gentlemen, whatever else I may be, I am a gentleman"—and like a shot from a gun came the retort in a wild, thin shriek—"A lie! a lie!" and the house went into convulsions.

White with temper, I stepped from the platform and made my way through the grinning crowd towards the voice, and found an imp of a boy, with a ripe water-melon grin all over his face, holding a big grey parrot between his knees. The feathered slanderer belonged to the man next door, and every one knew the bird, for it hung all day and every day in the bar, and those few words were its linguistic stock-in-trade.

I looked at the boy and the bird, and memory conjured up another boy I had known who had broken up many a prayer-meeting in his time, and I roared with the rest. Then I went back to the platform and had the time of my life. I did not lecture on war that evening. No man could with all those dancing eyes and joyous faces in front of him. I just told them stories, and the boy and that parrot did the rest, for at the conclusion of each funny yarn, the kiddie gave the feathered fiend a squeeze with his knees, and it rounded off my story with a yell—"A lie! a lie!"—and, I must confess, it was a truthful parrot.

The most terrible audience I ever faced was in the splendid Opera House, Pretoria. The place was packed; the men and women sat with wooden faces, their hands folded in front of them. I tried a funny story to wake them up—not a smile could I raise. I worked on them until the perspiration ran off me like rain off a roof—not an eye blinked. I had no chairman, for I like to be alone on a platform; then all the vegetables that are thrown belong to the lecturer.

Then I grew desperate and tried pathos; I told of death on the battle-field so realistically that I sobbed myself, but I was the only one who did; every head looked like a wooden nutmeg—not a tear, not a movement of facial muscle. I tacked back to laughter—no response, not a hand clap; nothing but dynamite would have stirred that mob.

At the end of an hour I adjourned for the usual interval. A solemn Dutchman stalked heavily into my dressing-room from the front seats and asked ponderously if anything was wrong. I said no, not that I know of. "Well," he said, "we're tired of waiting for the lecturer—has he gone to Johannesburg by mistake?"

The audience had mistaken me for the chairman, and had sat me out with patience. Only about ten in the crowd could understand English. Then I remembered that, for the sake of effect, I had had all my bills printed in Dutch, and the veldt folk had come to hear a countryman. The rest of the lecture was made up of moving pictures, whilst I was moving out of town with the night's takings on a horse that learnt some English before dawn.

With the Indians!

WHERE the blue waters of the Great River flow into the lake, is perched an Indian encampment. The white tents, with their brightly-blanketed doorways, make a very pleasing picture against the background of pines.

The squaws are going stolidly about their work, with their babies strapped to their backs. They have all the manual work of the camp to do, and they must hurry, as there is much of it. There are the fish of yesterday's to be cleaned, and the moccasins to be made from the seasoned deer-hide. All this and much more must be done before winter sets in.

Hark! In the distance shrill noises can be distinguished! It is the Indians coming home from several days' buffalo hunting on the great prairie. The squaws hurry about, building huge fires and setting pots of water on to boil, for when the chiefs return there will be great revelry and feasting, if the chase has been successful—and it was almost sure to be at this time of year. Besides, had not a large herd of buffalo been sighted but a few days back?

Soon the Indians come in sight and each squaw goes to greet her man, and young maidens glance eagerly about to see if the favored brave has been particularly lucky in the chase. The Indians return the greetings of the squaws with grunts or brief remarks, and immediately settle

themselves in circles around the fires, while the feast is prepared for them by their servile help-mates. The feast consists of a stew made of vegetables and buffalo meat, all cooked up in the big pots, into which each Indian dips his spoon, and from which he eats his fill.

After eating until it is impossible for them to eat any more, they gather more closely around the fires, and beguile the hours of dusk and early evening by telling stories of the chase and of the battle-field. Many are the wonderful tales told of events, which were scarcely possible, much less probable. In every one the interference and assistance of their heathen gods were manifest. They believed that all the streams and waterfalls were controlled by spirits and that spirits also went around in the guise of animals. An Indian has been known to make a long speech of apology to a bear which he has inadvertently wounded.

When drowsiness overtakes the Indians they just roll up in their blankets and go to sleep. As a rule, they retire early after the hunt, because hunting requires a great deal of endurance, and is a great tax on the strength, so they are glad to rest.

Early the next morning, every one is up and alert. They had been aroused by the arrival of a trusty messenger, who has brought news of the incursions of a neighboring and hostile tribe on their territory. The great chief and the wise men of the tribe are having a solemn conclave while the young bloods are busy sharpening their knives and tomahawks, anticipating a fray, and only too eager to take part in it, after so many weeks of comparative peace. To many of them it is a novel sensation—their first fight—and though they look forward to it with a feeling akin to joy, they realize that much depends on their conduct on the field, for, like the Spartan, the Indian must come home either with his shield, or on it. The Indians, like other war-faring nations, put personal bravery above every other trait; and cowardice, above every other form of shirking, is condemned.

With many a wild whoop and unfinished war-dance, the Indians depart, their dark-hued faces and lithe, dark bodies contrasting grotesquely with the daubs of brightly-colored war-paint. The squaws part with their men with stolid, immovable faces—without any outward sign of the

tumult. Even the young maidens utter not a word, but only glance sorrowfully at the braves as they march gaily past. In their hearts they know that some of them, perhaps a favorite, will not come back, but they have been taught that emotion is not expected and emotion is not asked for. Their lot is to work, not to think or feel.

The site of the battle that is to be fought presents a singularly quiet, peaceful appearance, considering that over four hundred Indians are hidden almost within a radius of as many yards. The quiet seems a menace and the air is charged with a subtle current of hostility. If one had very keen eyes, and was very observant, one might note the occasional movement of bushes and, peering through the leaves, keen black eyes glittering with hatred. It is on the battle-field that the Indian shows his true character. The hidden trap, the poisoned dart, the ambushed attack, the unexpected assault—all these show his cunning. No trick is left unplayed and no wile is left untried.

When they left the battle-field that night, victorious, there was not a living enemy in sight. The ground was strewn with bodies, some their own men, but mostly those of the other tribe. For their enemies they showed no pity, and for their own braves no sympathy. Only the vultures circling in the air above, and the long-drawn wail of the coyotes in the woods close at hand would lead a person to the scene of the murderous fight, and later, only a pile of bleached bones will mark the spot where so many souls left their earthly habitat.

The band of Indians returned to their camp much, much smaller than when it had started out, several weeks before. They were victorious, and this alone they remembered, giving no thought to those left behind on the battle-field. Only the poor squaws mourned, and even they mourned only in secret.

Far into the night the Indians sat around the fire, telling and retelling each brave deed or each successful stratagem. They gloated over the misery they had caused and the havoc they had wrought, and they gloried in the number of scalps that hung from their belts. To him who brings home the most of these gruesome objects go the name and fame of being the greatest brave.

The most fiendishly unnatural trait in their character is brought out by the deeds which follow the feasting. Several of the chiefs of the opposing tribe had been captured, and were lying near by, bound and gagged. These are brought forth and a series of blood-curdling tortures is inflicted upon them. Their fortitude is tried to the utmost, and the torture is only stopped when the victim threatens to lose his senses. It is too keen a pleasure for the torturers to forego, and so the poor victim is revived and the torture begins again. The climax comes when the maimed, nearly insane, chief is tied to a post, and burned. Through all the agonies he has undergone, he has not uttered a sound. Only the tightening of the facial muscles and the dulling of the once-glittering eyes tell of the suffering he is enduring so calmly. Even when the flames leap about him, and he sees the faces of his tormentors leering at him, as they whirl in their fantastic dance around him, he does not cringe. He has no fault to find. Had his tribe been the victors, they would have done the same thing, and to him it is only just.

For many hundreds of years the Indians had lived thus—hunting and feasting, and fighting with their neighbors. Then their land was invaded by a strangely-speaking, strangely-dressed race, whose manners and customs were not akin to theirs. The Indians, rather than give up their freedom, moved back and left the land to the invaders. After many skirmishes and assaults, they realized that the newcomers were friendly to them, and they their friends and allies. They would have lived in peace had not yet another race trespassed on their property. These new people did not make up with the original owners, nor with the first comers, and hostilities between the two began almost immediately.

The Indians sympathized entirely with the French, who had come first, and they hated the English. Many were the nights that they crept stealthily upon some remote farm-house and ruthlessly murdered the unsuspecting inhabitants. Many were the sieges and raids on the forts and settlements of the sorely-tried English. And all to what purpose? The English were victorious and the Indians were made subjects, dependent on England for their very livelihood.

Such is the life of the Indian we read about—the kind children dream about and artists paint. They were, in their own primitive way, a noble

race, albeit they possessed some traits not usually attributed to nobility. They were great hunters, great fishers and great fighters. They were staunch friends and unforgiving, unrelenting enemies. Savage in every sense of the word, they lived up to what they considered right, which is more than many of their white brothers do.

Their appearance is fondly believed to be as nearly perfect as their swarthy skin would permit. They are tall and rather gaunt, with regular, aquiline features and sharp black eyes that miss nothing. They are fond of bright colors, and tawdry jewelry; their bodies were always brightly painted and covered with multi-colored beads. They possess no executive ability; primarily, they were a race to be lead.

DOROTHEA PRATT.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Water Amabilis.

WHEN, in spirit, we go back to the days when Our Lady lived at Nazareth and picture her in imagination, what do we behold? Too many think of her only as the humble virgin, forgetting that the lowliness of her worldly state was but the mantle which veiled her radiant beauty from the world and sin. In reality, she was "The House of Gold," "The Mirror of Justice," "The Cause of Our Joy." Browning says:

"To know

Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

That Our Lady's heart was full of splendor who can doubt when an angel saluted her as "full of grace" and she became the "Tabernacle of the Most High." That she was gifted in expression we know, too, having been taught in the Temple and illuminated by the Spirit of God.

When we think of her as walking through "the beautiful hill country" with Jesus, can we imagine she was insensible to the voices of nature? No, perfection is not attained by stifling and killing our emotions, but by stimulating and exciting them rightly.

We have but one verbal expression of the rapture of Our Lady's heart, her "Magnificat," but she has expressed the "imprisoned splendor" through the medium of a life so exquisite, so beautiful, as to be beyond description. Perhaps the most sympathetic and artistic revelation of what she was is found in Cardinal Newman's "Mater Amabilis." He says:

"Why is she 'amabilis' thus specially? It is because she was without sin. Sin is something odious in its very nature, and grace is something bright, beautiful, attractive."

However, it may be said that sinlessness was not enough to make others love her, and that for two reasons: first, because we cannot like any one that is not like ourselves, and we are sinners; and next her being holy would not make her pleasant or winning, because holy persons whom we fall in with, are not always agreeable, and we cannot like them, however we may revere and look up to them.

Now as to the first of these two questions, we may grant that bad men do not, cannot like good men; but Our Blessed Virgin Mary is called "Amabilis" or lovable as being such to the children of the Church, not to those outside of it who know nothing about her; and no child of Holy Church but has some remnant of God's grace in his soul, which makes him sufficiently like her, however greatly wanting he may be, to allow of his being able to love her. So we may let this question pass.

But, as to the second question, viz., how are we sure that Our Lady, when she was on earth, attracted people round her, and made them love her merely because she was holy?—considering that holy persons have not the gift of drawing others to them.

To explain this point we must recollect that there is a vast difference between the state of a soul such as that of Our Blessed Virgin Mary, which has never sinned, and a soul, however holy, which has once had upon it Adam's sin; for even after baptism and repentance it suffers necessarily from the spiritual wounds which are the consequences of that sin. Holy men, indeed, never commit mortal sin; nay, sometimes have not committed one mortal sin in the whole course of their lives. But Mary's holiness went beyond this. She never committed even a venial sin, and this special privilege is not known to belong

to any one but Mary. Now whatever want of amiableness, sweetness, attractiveness, really exists in holy men, arises from the remains of sin in them, or again from the want of a holiness powerful enough to overcome the defects of nature, whether of body or soul; but as to Mary, her holiness was such, that if we saw her, and heard her, we should not be able to tell those who asked us, anything about her except simply that she was angelic and heavenly.

Of course, her face was most beautiful; but we should not be able to recollect whether it was or not, for it was her beautiful, sinless soul which looked through her eyes, and spoke through her mouth, and was heard in her voice, and compassed her all about; when she was still, or when she walked, whether she smiled or was sad, her sinless soul, this it was which would draw all those to her who had any grace in them, any remnant of grace, any love of holy things.

There was a divine music in all she said and did; in her mien, her air, her deportment, that charmed every true heart that came near her. Her innocence, her humility and modesty, her simplicity, sincerity, and truthfulness, her unselfishness, her unaffected interest in every one who came to her, her purity—it was these qualities which made her so lovable; and were we to see her now, neither our first thought nor our second thought would be what she could do for us with her Son (though she can do so much), but our first thought would be, "Oh, how beautiful!" and our second thought would be, "Oh, what ugly, hateful creatures we are!"

M. G. A.

Ruskin says our women should be "fairest because purest and thoughtfulest, trained in all high knowledge, as in all courteous art, in dance and song, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love—able alike to cheer, to enchant, or save the souls of men."

It has been said that courtesy is to daily intercourse of life what fragrance is to a flower. It ought to be just as steady, as unconscious, as gently persuasive as that—and it is just as certain to be noticed and appreciated as the rich perfume of a Jacqueminot or the delicious scent of a lily.

The Old Year is Dead: Welcome the New!

"The hours steal away unknown, for love reck's not their flight,
And love, surpassing human thought, floods our full hearts to-night."

THESE words, with a slight alteration, taken from an episode in the life of St. Teresa, may serve my purpose here. On the last night of the Old Year our hearts overflow with mingled feelings of sadness, love and joy. As we sit by the dying embers thinking of the Old Year about to pass away for ever, there are some who would fain recall it with an appealing cry; but Time, merciless and unheeding, passes on its ever onward course.

Hark! Our reverie is startled. On the cold midnight air the joyful chime of bells is wafted to our ears. Suddenly we remember. Swift as an arrow shot from its bow towards the target, the message is proclaimed to millions of hearts so full of expectation: "The Old Year is dead: welcome the New!" What strange significance have these tidings for each human soul! We hear a voice saying: "Be glad, sad heart; all is well. New hope, new strength, await you. Take your place once more in Christ's army and fight your battle like a true Christian. Forget the past with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears; a fresh page of life is before you. Resume your part once more on the stage of life. It may be the last warning of a fond and loving friend; it may be that, ere the next New Year, you shall have retired from this vale of tears to spend the New Year in eternity!"

The New Year should bring joy and happiness to all. We look back on the Old Year; to some it recalls unspeakable sorrow and anguish, to others a scene of unceasing joy. Now all is past and unforgotten. Old friends are reconciled, old affections awakened; brotherly love and charity waft their fragrance even beyond the vast waters to the great countries far away. All join in that grand and glorious cry: "Peace on earth to men of good will." Thus let us look into the New Year with a conscience white as driven snow, and that great calm and joy which Heaven alone can give as a reward for duty done.

MARY O'BRIEN.

LORETO COLLEGE, ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN,
DUBLIN.

Junior Girls at Loreto Present Religious Plays.

THE junior girls at Loreto Academy, on the afternoon of Friday, December 18th., held their annual Christmas exercises and festival in the entertainment hall of the institution. The affair was largely attended by parents and friends of children, and in every way the exercises were an unqualified success. The juniors were assisted by the senior chorus. A programme of Christmas instrumental and vocal music was ably given by the girls. The hall was beautifully decorated, and everything was in keeping with and reflected the spirit of Christmas.

The younger girls ably presented "Echoes of Bethlehem," a miracle play. "The Angels of the Christ Child," another beautiful Christmas play, was also presented. This play was written many years ago by a Carmelite nun, and is one of the most beautiful Christian plays ever written. Among the children who participated in the plays were Lotta Williams, Muriel Zybach, Wilhelmina Best, Lucille Saunders, Thelma Peterson and Margaret Gaskin.

The special musical numbers included "The Bells," "The Night Bells," and "Three Angels Came to Me One Night," by the senior chorus class. Miss Marion Battle gave a delightful recitation, "Christmas Greetings." Miss Mary E. Carrol gave several violin solos, and vocal solos were given by Miss Angela Duffey, Miss Marjorie Mitchell, Miss Mary Bampffield, Miss D. Riley, Miss Agnes Burchill and others. On the whole the exercises were the most successful held in some time, and the Sisters at Loreto are deserving of much credit.—*Niagara Falls Journal*.

Let modern woman dream on. Of dreams realities are made. But while she dreams, let her do the work of the present. Perhaps an age of drudgeryless work is coming but it is still far away. Every one respects the woman who puts her shoulder to the wheel—after making it as smooth and well-oiled a wheel, of course, as she can—and pushes ahead in the work of the world. She can dream and plan for the future as she pushes.

Letter-Box.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR M. M. F.—

Of course, you have heard of the reappearance of Madame Adelina Patti—after a long retirement—at a patriotic concert in aid of the St. John Ambulance department of the Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

Never had the famous singer appeared in surroundings more striking or more picturesque. On the platform were the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, a broad and vivid patch of scarlet and gold, relieved by the dark dress of the members of the Queen's Hall orchestra in the foreground. Behind were the Royal Choral Society, six tiers of ladies in white, half with blue and half with red bands from shoulder to waist; and above them the black figures of the tenors and basses. Over the great organ and round the tiers of the hall were the flags of the Allies, here floating at full length and there gathered into shields.

The King and Queen were in the Royal box, facing the platform, with several members of the Royal Family.

The massed bands had just played a patriotic selection when an ever-youthful figure in a dress of silver-grey, appeared. As soon as the audience caught sight of her coming through the orchestra, they gave her the warmest of welcomes. Putting down the trailing bouquet she carried, she took up a sheet of music, and, after a moment of complete silence, for the familiar opening of the aria, across a bank of flowers, her voice was casting a spell over the great audience. There were men and women in the densely crowded hall who had heard her sing that Mozart aria a generation or more ago, and they, as well as the others, were delighted with an exhibition of pure vocalization that is not at the call of many a younger artist. "Voi che sapete" is, in its way, a test piece of any singer's *cantilena* qualities, and her rendering of it, with the liquidity of voice and purity of tone, seemingly unaffected by the touch of time, was a veritable revelation to the younger generation of what Mozart singing should be, and on what a secure

foundation rested Madame Patti's unique reputation and universal fame.

When the audience called for an encore—the only one of the concert that was permitted—they knew quite well what would be chosen. The first bars of "Home, Sweet Home," sent a roar of applause through the hall. Three times Madame Patti had to appear in response to the cheers that followed this ballad, and, reluctantly, at last, the audience, receiving the kisses that were thrown to them from her lips, let her say farewell.

Au revoir.

MAUD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR M. M. F.—

I went to the Academy of Music last night to hear "the Irishman with a bird in his throat" thrill a great audience. That a little thing like a deluge cannot dampen the enthusiasm of the admirers of John McCormack was more than proven. When every numbered seat had been filled, and every bit of space on the stage, from which even a peep at the great singer's back could be had, still there was a long insistent line in the lobby, and the gentleman who looks after Mr. McCormack's affairs arranged to have those who were willing to put up with anything rather than go away without hearing the concert, stowed away in the space that is usually occupied by the orchestra. Many of them could not even see the stage, but, judging by their expression, their happiness was supreme.

And did that crowd enthuse? Why, bless your soul, weren't you ever at a McCormack concert? If not, you have no idea of what the word enthusiasm means. 'Tis a wonder that the walls of the Academy are left standing to-day, after the way they rocked last night. For instance, when McCormack came back for one of his numerous encores, and the accompanist struck the three tiny notes that precede the opening bars of "I Hear You Calling Me," the response was as instantaneous as an explosion after a spark strikes a keg of gunpowder. And after the last note of the song died away, the ovation was repeated. As a matter of fact, the evening was one long series of ovations, and when the concert was supposed to be over, not a person reached for his rubbers or umbrella, or thought of leaving his seat.

The last printed item on a McCormack programme does not mean that it is time to run for your car. That is a well-established fact, and the climax of last evening's delight was a superb rendition of an "Agnus Dei" by Bizet, sung with all the power and expression that could possibly be given to this superb composition.

And now for the real news of the occasion. McCormack has a new song that is going to make his admirers forget all about some of the old favorites. It is called "Mavis," and was written and composed by Harold Craxton, a young Irish composer. It is dedicated to McCormack, and will undoubtedly sweep over the world to a great popular success. It was used last evening as an encore; but, oh, how it did rouse up that audience!

To sum it all up, McCormack held the audience in the hollow of his hand. Whether he sang "Ah, Moon of My Delight" from "In a Persian Garden," or "Molly Brannigan," with that wonderful "keening" note at the end, he was pouring out pleasure in a constant stream. His other songs were "Secrecy" (Hugo Wolf), "Sylvain" (Sinding), "Oh, Thou Billowy Field" (Rachmaninoff), "The Bard of Armagh" (Arr. Herbert Hughes), "The Banks of the Daisies" (Arr. Stanford), "Skibbereen"—a ballad of famine years—(Arr. Herbert Hughes), "Daybreak" (MacFadden), "The Cave" (Edwin Schneider), "Life and Death" (Coleridge-Taylor).

Mr. McCormack did a very graceful and courteous act in the middle of his programme, when, during one of his songs, he faced three quarters around so that the large crowd on the stage could get a glimpse of his face. And, after all, in addition to listening to his voice, the round good-looking McCormack is very pleasant to look at, indeed.

B. E.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

CHÉRIE:

We have been wondering what they who have hitherto been wintering on the Riviera will do this year. It is true that one may still journey to Cannes or Nice, with only a little more than ordinary trouble, but few people care to cross the Channel unless they are absolutely obliged to do so just now. Besides, one cannot forget

the fact that there is ghastly warfare on French soil, and, in the mind of the nervous, there is always an uneasy suspicion that the fighting may spread southwards to the beautiful Côte d'Azur. It is very unlikely, of course, but then people who are ill must be forgiven if they allow their nerves to conquer their common sense.

But the problem is a grave one, for all that. Regularly, at this time of year, hundreds of men and women should be leaving for the south of France. They are staying at home instead, wondering where to go. They think longingly of the famous Promenade des Anglais at Nice, of the wonderful sky on the Mediterranean coast, of the palms and tropical flowers. And they go to their doctors and say, "Where shall we go?"

A friend of mine in this predicament was ordered to the south-west coast of Ireland. It was absolutely necessary that she should go to a place with a very mild climate, and her doctor, for some reason or other, thought that she needed a complete change of environment, which she would not have secured in an English health resort. And so my little friend packed her boxes; and I have just had an eloquent letter from her, telling me of tropical plants that bloom in her village and of the beauties of Parknasilla, where, she says, "it seems to be summer all the year round." I do not pose as a health expert, and there must be many people for whom the moist climate of Ireland would be quite unsuitable. On the other hand, I know of other cases of delicate persons who have been advised to seek health in Erin's Isle, and it is unquestionable that many spots in South-Western Ireland are deliciously warm and balmy—ideal places for people who dread cold winds and snowstorms.

There is, I think, a feeling in the hearts of many people just now that they want to be at home in this hour of crisis, translating home in its wider sense of meaning anywhere in the British Isles. "I must go somewhere where I can get news quickly of what's happening at the front," said a friend to me recently, "and if I went to Italy or the South of France I should feel so far away from every one and everything." And that is a very natural and very general sensation. Already the war has united Catholic Ireland with Protestant Ireland in a miraculous fashion, and it will be very splendid if men and

women who go to Ireland for the purpose of seeking health return not only with renewed vitality but with a clearer and more sympathetic understanding of the great heart of the sister Isle.

To those who have never been to Ireland what a joy awaits them! I cannot think of a more delightful experience than to visit Ireland for the first time—not Scotch Belfast or even cosmopolitan Dublin, but the interior of Ireland, the wild coast of Connemara, and the peaceful hills of Kerry. Health is more likely to come amid these peaceful surroundings than in the fashionable crowded towns of the Riviera.

And then the journey to Ireland is so much less fatiguing and so much less expensive than a trip to the Mediterranean coast. To the suffering, long journeys, even in a train de luxe, are something approaching torture. Even the sea crossing to France is much longer than of yore, for there is no quick run to Calais now.

I believe that wintering in Ireland will become quite popular once people realize that so near home is to be found one of the most delightful climates in the world. And the lack of popular amusements will not be keenly felt, for few of us have the heart at present for an uninterrupted run of theatres and dances and carnivals. Health and peace, not too far away from home, are what the invalid asks for to-day, and these precious gifts are to be found in abundance in the sunny west of Ireland.

X.

When the worries and cares of the day fret you, and begin to wear on you, and you chafe under the friction—be calm. Stop, rest for a moment, and let calmness and peace assert themselves. If you let these irritating outside influences get the better of you, you are confessing your inferiority to them by permitting them to dominate you. Study the disturbing elements, each by itself, bring all your will-power to bear upon them, and you will find that they will melt into nothingness, like vapors fading before the sun. The glow of calmness which will then pervade your mind, the tingling sensation of an inflow of new strength, may be to you the beginning of the revelation of the supreme calmness that is possible for you.

School Chronicle.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

One cannot be expected to write a school chronicle in such times as these, but I must sincerely thank you for the RAINBOW, which was, as usual, joyfully received. I enclose the results of the College of Preceptors' Examinations.

You can imagine our feelings here when the news arrived of the Declaration of War with Germany. Few places are so intimately connected with the army and navy as Gibraltar, so our interest was naturally intense. There were some hours of panic, but the Governor quickly put an end to the alarm and provided for all emergencies in a statesmanlike manner, which drew forth universal admiration. So life flows on calmly in this great Fortress, though, as you may expect, our thoughts wander often to the Northern Battle-fields where the great struggle rages.

Just fancy, the Kaiser was here twice!! I did not see him, but those who did, say he was quite lamb-like. He spoke at the Governor's dinner of his pride in having had an English mother. I wish we had him here now—in prison.

We are all very much interested in the Fleet, not only because it is really our protection but also on account of Admiral and Lady Jellicoe, who were resident here for a short time. Their eldest daughter, Lucy, was a pupil of this convent during their stay in Gibraltar. Lady Jellicoe was first at all charitable undertakings and endeared herself to every one.

One of the first events which made us feel we were at war was the departure of Colonel Forbes' Regiment, the Wilts. This means that we lose Margery and Angela Forbes, who are favourites in the school. Then came the news that the girls who had gone to England for the holidays would not return till the war had ended.

There is really nothing spoken of but this dreadful war, so many past and present pupils have relatives fighting. Readers of the RAINBOW will remember Elspeth Abercrombie, whose name appeared at Drill Displays and in College of Preceptors' Lists. Her father, Lieut.-Col. Abercrombie of the Connaught Rangers was at

first gazetted killed, but we are glad to hear he is alive, though a prisoner. The same mistake occurred in regard to Lieut. Cogan, Northumberland Fusiliers, who, with his sisters, was a Europa pupil. Major Pedley, Maisie's father, although retired, volunteered at once for active service, and has gone to the front, where Marie Patron's brother is also fighting. Captain Mosely, Cecily's brother, has been wounded. Her brother-in-law, Captain de la Pasture, is in the Scots Greys at the front. Our Lord Bishop, Dr. Thompson, has had a nephew killed, a young man of twenty years—and an only son. These are only a few of the names which I remember at present. Nearly every one we know has some dear one fighting, so it is not surprising that many a heartfelt prayer ascends to heaven for the end of the war.

I must tell you the nuns have had a visit from Bertie Wolley, Midshipman H. M. N. He was at school here with all his sisters, a few years ago. He was on the *Aboukir* until three days before it was blown up. Just fancy, what a narrow escape!

Great sympathy is felt for the Assistant Mother, M. M. Ignatius, whose great-nephew, Noël G. Magrath, Lieut. Queen's Bays, a promising young soldier, has died of wounds received at the front.

ANGELA DE LOS RIOS.

It is again our pleasing task to record the successes of the pupils of the High School Loreto Convent, Europa, at the Midsummer Examinations of the London College of Preceptors.

The following is the list of the successful candidates:

JUNIOR CLASS.

Miss M. Patron—Junior Class Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish and Drawing.

Miss N. Tyler—Junior Class Certificate. Distinction in French (Senior Class). Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Arithmetic and Drawing.

Miss A. Castrillo—Junior Class Certificate. Distinction in Drawing. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, Arithmetic, French, Spanish and Domestic Economy.

Miss H. Cooper—Junior Class Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and

Literature, English History, Arithmetic, French, Spanish and Domestic Economy.

Miss K. Agutter—Junior Class Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French and Domestic Economy.

PRELIMINARY CLASS.

Miss D. Bridger—Preliminary Class Honour Certificate. Distinction in English Language and Literature, Geography, Arithmetic and Algebra. Pass in English History, French, Drawing and in Domestic Economy.

Miss M. Sacarello—Preliminary Class Honour Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish and Drawing.

Miss H. Lucas—Preliminary Class Certificate. Distinction in Arithmetic and Algebra. Pass in English Language and Literature, Geography, Drawing and Domestic Economy.

Miss D. Lee—Preliminary Class Certificate. Distinction in English Language and Literature. Pass in English History, Geography, French and Drawing.

LOWER FORMS.

Miss M. Sacarello—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, Algebra, Spanish and Drawing.

Miss M. Cother—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, Geography, Algebra and Drawing.

Miss H. Lucas deserves special credit for having attained maximum in Arithmetic.

Miss D. Bridger failed to score maximum in Arithmetic and Algebra by only five marks.

Loreto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago

One of the most enjoyable programmes ever presented by St. Ursula Literary Association, was successfully carried out on November 23, 1914. Under the name of "Folk-Lore Entertainment," the interested audience was treated to a succession of literary and musical selections of high merit and artistic finish. The elevated moral tone of the dramatic representations was particularly noticeable and left its impress on hearers and actors alike.

The scenes from "Comus" were greatly enhanced by sweet interludes of song; the Le-

gendary Ballad was told to the melody of Irish airs softly played; and the weird Legend, one of Dr. Kelley's unparalleled short stories, died out in a threnody aptly sustained by the singing of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break." The interpretation of "The Ugly Duckling" was excellent. The different rôles assumed by the senior pupils proved that they possess dramatic ability in its most essential quality, that of complete identification with the characters they represent. The musical portion gave evidence of marked proficiency on the part of the young performers, and completed the attractive programme. The choruses were particularly appropriate, the first introducing the audience to the "Old Folks," the last ending with a harmonious good night to the fairies. Following is the programme in full, as enjoyed by the enthusiastic audience.

A festive hour among us dwell,
Mid charms of folk-lore, fairy spell,
And fables that we love to tell.

Chorus—Old Folks at Home.....*Foster*
In Fairyland—A Fantasy.

"You can keep a fairy or two yet, if you
wish to keep them".....*Ruskin*

Legendary Ballad—The Blarney Stone....
"The moss-clad stone was built at last
..... *Fitzgerald*

In Blarney Castle tower,
And they who kiss it, old or young,
Are gifted with the Fairy tongue."

Essay—The Sources of Folk-Lore.

Comus *Milton*

CHARACTERS.

Attendant Spirit, Comus and his Crew, the Lady,
the Two Brothers, Sabrina, the Nymph.

Scene I.—Lost in the Wild Wood.

"What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?"
"Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth."

Scene II.—The Power of Virtue.

"My sister has a hidden strength. . . . 'Tis
Virtue."

Scene III.—The Triumph of Virtue.

"Love Virtue . . . she can teach ye how to
climb
Higher than the sphery chime."

Valse in E minor.....*Chopin*
Recitation—The Legend of Deschamps..*Kelley*

THE FABLE OF THE UGLY DUCKLING.

Showing how the soul, which is an ugly duckling, by adversity and experience, and the abhorrence of worldliness, may attain to true life.

CHARACTERS.

The Ugly Duckling, the Wild Duck, the Wild Geese, the Cat, the Hen, the Old Woman.

Scene I.—The Gossip of the Duck-pond.

Scene II.—The Fens—Ideals.

Menuetto Vecchio*Sgambati*

Scene III.—The Cottage—Practical Counsels.

Romance Op. 24*Sibelius*

Scene II.—The Fens—Ideals.

Chorus—A Twilight Revel*Ferraris*

St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Ill.

The annual Musical Recital given by the members of St. Cecilia Circle is looked forward to as one of the most enjoyable treats in the school chronicle, and this year's recital surpassed that of previous years. The young ladies, dressed in snowy white and wearing white roses—the emblem—presented a charming picture. After the opening chorus, "White Rose of Rome," the President, Miss Eileen Walsh, welcomed the guests and told them of the twofold study of the Circle during the past month. "The Life of Abt Vogler," whom Browning has immortalized in his classic poem; and the deep inexhaustible study, "The Influence and Value of Music." That which finds its origin in the soul and that which can penetrate the inmost recesses of the heart is beyond the sphere of human language. When these subjects were later on given by the members with clear articulation and from memory, they were pronounced instructive and elevating. Each piano number was played with perfection in detail, and lovers of part-singing had reason to remember the choral numbers, which were rendered in four and three parts. The well-balanced blending of such fresh and youthful voices, with varied gradations of tone, from the most delicate passages to those demand-

ing power and strength of voice, was delightful, and particularly noticeable was the distinct articulation which caused every syllable to be clearly heard. The vocal solos interspersed by Miss Loretto Cunningham, Margaret McPartlin, Bessie Walsh and Lillian McPhalen were very much appreciated, as was the humming accompaniment by the second sopranos and altos.

After a dainty supper "musical authors" proved an enjoyable pastime, and, when the signal for dispersion was heard, each one received an artistic programme as a souvenir of the fourth annual Recital of St. Cecilia Circle.

Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

November—"Gallant, Heroic Little Belgium" was the subject of an informal "talk" by Right Reverend Msgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D.

The Reverend speaker did not dwell so much upon the harrowing accounts of the war—the ruined cities that testify grimly to the tidal wave of destruction—the ghastly memories that bring the world to tears—that sicken the conscience of humanity, and that centuries cannot efface—as upon the sublime spectacle of a small State flinging herself with magnificent courage athwart the path of the invader, between whose forces and hers was such a monstrous disparity that had King Albert and his Ministers, reluctantly and under protest, acquiesced in the German demand on the ground that Belgium was powerless against the embattled strength of the foe, the world could not have blamed them.

Dr. Mahony reminded us that there had been a famous ancient Belgium, which Cæsar and Tacitus extolled as a seat of strength and courage; which, later, gave a king to Jerusalem and a monarch to Constantinople; which Dante and Petrarch knew to eclipse even Italy in the industry and wealth of her city communes. She shone like a beacon of civilization, while her greater neighbors lay dark—in true civilization and moral value.

Emulating the valorous deeds of their ancestors, the sons of Belgium, led by their heroic King, have fought and died as heroes and as Christians. Their glory will live for ever in the history of our time.

For an all-too-brief hour Dr. Mahony held the unflagging interest of his audience. Never had information been conveyed in a more pleasing manner, nor historic facts presented in a clearer light.

At the réception of Madame Vandervelde, of Antwerp, Belgium, by the citizens of Hamilton, Miss Agnes O'Donohue, of Brantford, a pupil of Mount St. Mary, had the honor of reading a French address on behalf of the students of the Academy.

A purse of twenty-five dollars was presented to Madame Vandervelde by the pupils of this Loreto, also a floral offering by little Miss Helen Balfe and Helen Baker.

Miss O'Donohue was highly complimented on the purity of her French accent, and her address was considered the event of the evening.

A few days later the following acknowledgment was received:

REVEREND MOTHER:

I was deeply touched and pleased by the courtesy shown me at my meeting last evening, by the charming address of welcome given to me in French by the pupils of the Loreto Convent, and by the generous gift which was sent as a contribution to my fund.

Please thank for me the young lady who delivered the address, and the little girls who so sweetly and gratefully presented me with the beautiful flowers.

Greatly appreciating the honor and courtesy which you have thus shown me, I remain, with great respect,

Yours sincerely,

ALLA VANDERVELDE.

November the seventh—An attractive programme, rendered with delightful artistry and spontaneity by the Hamilton Ladies' String Orchestra, won instant favor for the charm with which the performance was invested.

An assured success is always evident when Miss Hunter wields the bâton with persuasive skill, and this time was far from being an exception to the rule. So marked indeed was the musicianship of the performers, so even the balance of tone—an achievement for a body composed of players ranging from the young to the thoroughly experienced—that the orchestra may be said to have scored a brilliantly successful tri-

umph, and added a real distinction to local musical activities.

When, in response to an enthusiastic encore, the now familiar marching ditty—"It's a Long Way to Tipperary"—was given, the glories of Gluck and Schubert—for some unfathomable reason!—suffered an eclipse, and, with lightning rapidity, our thoughts became sympathetically centred around the interesting personality of Irish Paddy O.

At the close, His Lordship, who had graciously honored the occasion with his presence, thanked Miss Hunter and the members of the orchestra on behalf of the Faculty and students, voicing their appreciation—and his own—of the splendid programme as only a lover of the Divine Art could. Then, with appealing pathos, he recited the "Bells of Shandon." Music, His Lordship said, by its nature tends heavenward. God is eternal harmony, the works of His hands are harmonious, and His great precept to us is that we live in harmony. Let us guard against the rude touch of Sin, the only thing that can render the harmony of our lives incomplete.

PROGRAMME.

"O Canada."

1. Ballet-Suite I. *Gluck*
Allegro; Air gai; Lento; Air gai.
2. Idyll. The Forge in the Forest. *Michiels*
(At Night; Daybreak; By the Brook; Prayer;
The Forge.)
3. Recitation
MISS CUNNINGHAM.
4. (a) Andalusian Serenade *Lind*
(b) Ballet Music from Rosamunde. *Schubert*
(c) Serenata. Love in Idleness. *Macbeth*
(d) Dreamy Moments *Ehrich*
Harp and Violin.
5. (a) Valse *Borowski*
(b) Minuet *Borowski*
(c) Idyl. Glow Worms *Lincke*
6. Harp Solo
MRS. ALDOUS.
7. Three Dances from the music of Henry
VIII. *German*
Morris Dance.
Shepherd's Dance.
Torch Dance.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

November the twenty-first—Helen Taylor had the happiness of receiving Our Divine Lord for the first time.

No ceremony of Holy Mother Church impresses one more than the First Communion of a child, on whose brow the flower of innocence blooms in beauty, in whose heart is an eager longing that may never again be quite the same. Childhood's days hold memories which the ravages of time cannot efface, but the memory of a First Communion day—how it thrills the heart, returning like some angelic messenger of blessing and strength, at the parting of the ways mayhap, to gird anew and point aloft to where the cross is lost in the splendor of the crown.

Reverend J. O'Sullivan, our esteemed chaplain, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, at which Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were privileged to assist and thus share their daughter's joy.

November the twenty-second—We are pleased to note the recognition of Miss Ruth McSorley—an erstwhile minim—and one of the brightest—of Mount St. Mary—as a sweet singer by a Buffalo audience.

From the *Courier* of November the thirteenth we glean:

"By special request, little Miss Ruth McSorley, aged twelve, and a member of St. Mark's parish, sang two songs with astonishing musical intelligence, her soprano voice of lyric sweetness being so true and clear that many an old singer might envy. This gifted little maid gives promise of greater things to come."

November the twenty-third—Happy evenings are beloved even by children of larger growth, and that "enchanted spirit, dear variety," is ever a welcome guest. So thought Miss L. Blake when she so pleasantly surprised us, a few days ago, by installing her Victrola in the concert hall and thus affording us enjoyment such as rarely falls to the lot of schoolgirls.

The wide range of instrumental and vocal work covered by the Victrola was so exhilarating in its brightness that when the inspiring (?) bell rang out, urging its imperative summons, many were reluctant to forego so soon the musical treat.

Through the columns of the RAINBOW we desire to convey to Miss Blake our appreciation of the favor conferred.

December the eighth—His Lordship admitted into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin the following pupils: Miss Marie McCarthy, E. Walsh, O. Delory, C. Stafford, L. Stafford, G. Kennedy, P. Kennedy and T. Kelly; and into the Sodality of the Holy Angels: Miss Lillian Millar, M. Bailey, G. Murphy, L. Joyce, Rhea Hurd, Rheta Hurd, M. Hiscott, V. Austen, H. Conolly, G. Goodrow, M. Rogers, V. Foyster, M. Boylan, M. McCarthy, A. Callahan, S. Dwyer, M. Case, M. Clausy, H. Sweeney, M. Campbell, G. Arland, H. O'Reilly, S. Kirke, and H. Yawman.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, after which His Lordship very graciously read the Papal Brief appointing him Assistant Bishop at the Pontifical Throne and Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Benedict XV.; also congratulatory letters from His Eminence Cardinal Bégin and Msgr. Stagni, Apostolic Delegate.

We were, of course, delighted to hear of the well-merited honors that had been conferred upon our beloved Bishop.

December the thirteenth—This evening, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Reverend J. F. Cox, S. J., preached instructively on the Epistle for the third Sunday in Advent, taking for his text: "Let your modesty be known to all men. The Lord is nigh."

The Reverend speaker's lucid explanation of the words of St. Paul sounded a warning note. In view of our anticipation of pleasure during the approaching holiday season, Father Cox exhorted us to moderation in all things, to keeping within the bounds of Christian mirth, and thus prevent sin from darkening our Christmas joy.

December the fourteenth—Joyous anticipation of Noël-tide and "the merry, merry bells of Yule!" All is laughter and excitement—then who would not a-roving go to pluck the bonny mistletoe and seek the sprays of holly? The very air seems to breathe of Christmas, in music and song and story, for not the least of the pleasures of this season is the preparation for the great Feast which bids the world rejoice and makes the exchange of kindly gifts the order of the day. There is the sweetest fascination about watching these presents grow—and joy a-plenty in fashioning some dainty creation for a friend of the heart. It is amusing, too, to witness the effort made to avoid putting the tiniest pin in

some pretty cushion lest the point may puncture a friendship!

December the fifteenth—A unique feature of the week's social activities was the little tots' Christmas party—one of the prettiest and most enjoyable of the season. For them there is no festival of the year that has the merry significance of Christmas, and although there was no wireless communication, this time, with the genial, unfreezable Saint of the North Pole in the icy fastnesses where he feeds his reindeer three times a day, for "he is poor now because of the war," still the little school-feast, before leaving for the holidays, has lost none of its perennial charm.

The room was splendidly green with several kinds of evergreen and holly—poinsettias giving the bright red glow needed to relieve the decoration, and at the same time charm the eye of childhood.

Before the party the little folk gave a pretty exhibition of their grace and beauty in action songs and recitations, entering so gleefully into the spirit of each number as to afford us a welcome glimpse of their Joy-Land.

PROGRAMME.

- Chorus—Christmas
- Recitation—Joyous Christmas Bells.....
All the Little Ones.
- Song—Ring the Bells
- Christmas in Other Lands.....
- A. WILLIAMS, K. FOYSTER, E. CONNOR, S. HOB-
DAY, M. YALDON, H. BALFE, D. RYAN,
J. RYAN.
- My Little Doll
- BERNICE GRACE.
- Lullaby
- HELEN BALFE.
- The Rock-a-Bye Boat
- All the Little Ones.
- Song—The Golden Harp
- HELEN BALFE.
- The Little Land
- M. GOODROW, E. LEITCH, R. ECKSTEIN, M.
YALDON, THELMA PASEL.
- Chorus—Santa Claus
- Recitation—Christmas Night
- ANTOINETTE WILLIAMS.

December the twenty-fourth—The Christmas chime was never intended to sadden the human heart; yet will the merry peal bring gladness to all? To many, indeed, will the blessed morn appear in roseate hue; to many will it dawn but to cheer and make happy; but to many also will the hallowed season be a sorrowful reminder of joys past, never to return. How many in the flush and glow of youth and health, a few short months ago, are now laid to rest. Alas! there is scarcely a household that does not miss some dear and beloved member—scarcely a hearth beside which there is not a vacant chair.

Christmas will, no doubt, bring an added sadness to grief-stricken hearts, still the glorious anniversary of the Redeemer—the natal day of the Child of Bethlehem—notwithstanding the dark clouds that surround the bereft, inspires us with hope. If it be God's will that peoples and nations should for a time suffer—if, in His inscrutable wisdom, He calls away those in the prime of manhood, and the little flowers of innocence that bloomed for a day and were ruthlessly cut down—yet will He comfort the afflicted and raise up the fallen.

From the prison of nameless graves the mind reverts to the shelled trenches, to the battle-fields on which the loved ones of our race and country are sacrificing their lives in a war which is now bathing Europe in blood. We drop a tear to the memory of the dead, and pray for the departed souls eternal rest in a brighter and better world.

ANITA.

Loreto Abbey School Chronicle.

These mournful days!—and the dreadful war goes on, and our bravest are suffering and dying! Let us help them all we can by our prayers!

September the thirtieth—Mr. Griffith from Chicago read "Twelfth Night," at two o'clock this afternoon, and "Henry Fourth," Part I., at seven. His rendering of these plays was up to his usual high mark, and we are still rejoicing over the privilege that was ours in having been able to secure this wonderful reader of Shakespeare.

October the second—Looking for the comet! "Have you seen the comet?" said the professor. Next night at eight, p. m., we had taken posses-

sion of the room at the rear of the study hall—telescope mounted and directed at the "Bear." Three of us!—and not one of the three able to approach the trail of the wonder. "Let us try the moon!" said Madeleine, in despair. The moon was large enough to encourage us.

October the sixth—We were charmed to meet Miss Julia H. O'Sullivan at the Abbey this evening. We wonder what fortunate planet watches over our dear young companion of two years back and snatches her out of the mournful paths of war and brings her safe home from St. Petersburg, just in time to avoid it all.

October the twenty-first—A formal reception was held by the young ladies of the College Class this afternoon. The students of the Fourth Year, attired in the usual cap and gown uniform, received the members of the Faculty, as well as the young ladies of the other years. Two of the lecture-rooms were decorated for the occasion with palms and white and yellow flowers. Reverend Mother Stanislaus visited the students in the course of the evening and expressed herself pleased with the enthusiasm and good will evinced by the college classes during the past term. Mother Colombière, local Superior, and many of the other nuns also called, and the evening passed off in a highly successful manner.

October the thirty-first — Hallowe'en—the most fun-productive farce of the season—"The District School"—was enacted by the "Young Ladies' Theatrical Club." The leading characters were as follows: Miss Margaret Flanagan, as Miss Johnson, the district school-teacher, signalized herself in the virtue of patience—like Job's—towards Lizzy Peters in this pupil's effort to read. Miss Ara Miller, as Mrs. Wiggins, made a splendid Mrs. Malaprop. On her visit to the school, after a few brief remarks to the teacher in praise of her fine dress and appearance in general, she informed her of the ambitions she entertained regarding her children, Aggie and Thomas John. "Aggie will some day be sent to the Loreto Abbey, as I believe they polish them up a bit there! Thomas John will go to the De La Salle, as the boys are very gentle there, almost lady-like!"

Miss Agatha McGranagan, as Lizzy Peters, acted her part admirably, and the sentence so effectively read, along with her red handker-

chief, will live forever in the minds of those who witnessed the performance! Miss Amanda Barthelmes, as Davy Dawson, was truly the teacher's pet, and turned off many an edge in her ready scolding by the production of a rosy apple. "For you, teacher!"

Miss Dorothy Pratt, as Milly Perkins, played her part well, deeming her recitation but a jest in the beginning, but a task in earnest when the tears came ere she retired to a less pretentious place.

Miss Mary O'Bierne, as Jemima Barton, greatly enlightened the audience on certain historical events, giving a very vivid description of Henry the Eighth's life. Among her very clever remarks, she mentioned that in this king's reign "the Bible was translated into Latin by Titus Oates, who was ordered by the king to be chained up in the church for greater security."

Miss Mary Loy, as Sammy Taylor, and by no means the teacher's pet, cleverly exhibited his wit on all uncalled-for occasions.

Miss Dorothy Hammil, as Jenny Jones, was very successful in her rôle as "Stutterer." She was always ready to answer for the absent ones and to divulge the reasons!

Miss Madeleine O'Reilly, as Sara Green, but better known in the play as "tattle-tale," was always waiting her chance to tell on those not behaving, although she talked and ate candy incessantly.

Miss Esther Bell, as Martha Mills, while reading, caused the audience no end of laughter, and her sharp, shrill voice could be heard to advantage by all.

Miss Aileen Weldon, as Sissy Coonley, in her usual sweet manner, rendered a solo which touched the hearts of all.

Miss Lucille Gorman, as Sissy Snider, was not altogether polite in the presence of Mrs. Wiggins. Many times she was caught making grimaces behind that lady's back. Miss Estella Manley, as Aggie Wiggins, was not the apple of the teacher's eye, and, during the roll-call, gave her reasons for Thomas John's absence by disclosing many unnecessary family affairs. The teacher, in rebuking her, explained that it was only necessary to say that he had gone on an errand, but Aggie lost no time in contradicting the teacher, saying, that "Thomas John didn't go on an errand, but went on a light waggon."

The enthusiasm displayed by the audience and the after congratulations gave us an idea of the success attained and we hope that soon again the "club" will delight us in a similar manner.

November the third—Words are hidden more than the emeralds when one endeavours to find them in order to convey an idea of the delight and joy it was to listen to Reverend T. Burke's lecture in the Abbey auditorium this evening. His subject was, "The influence of the Church on the developmental forces that make for civilization." The Church's spirit of democracy was especially emphasized. The slave and the free man, the prince and the peasant participated equally in her gifts; and the day was when they worshipped side by side in the Catacombs while over their heads pagan Rome was drawing the most radical distinctions between man and man. In the Church was taught also the glory and efficacy of sacrifice, and men and women in every century caught the spirit of such teaching and gave their lives joyfully for the betterment of the race. The lecture sparkled with examples, and the effect of his beautiful words was twofold. It caused you to be glad and grateful that one so clever used his gifts in God's cause, and it made you rejoice and thank God for the larger view you would henceforth hold of the Church of God.

November the sixth—The hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost," ushered in our annual retreat. Reverend F. McPhail, C. SS. R., gave a series of eloquent sermons, the keynote of which was the necessity of meditation for all, and its effect in uniting the soul with God. There was something magnificent, something sublime about the sermons of this retreat. The sweet atmosphere of peace and fervour imparted lingers after its close. May it continue to remain with us when in future years we face life's trials alone.

November the twelfth—We enjoyed the musical given to-night at the Abbey by an ex-pupil of M. McInnes Taylor, assisted by Miss Jean Sears, Miss Cecil McLaughlin and others.

The proceeds were sent to London, England, to be forwarded from there to Belgium to relieve some sufferer in that much-afflicted country.

November the thirteenth—St. Stanislaus being the patron of our beloved Reverend Mother Stanislaus, we looked forward to the Feast with

the usual joy and eagerness. It was the occasion of a holiday and a pretty celebration in the evening in the way of a magic lantern picture-story exhibition. In the afternoon we went down to the auditorium hall, where a pretty reception was held. We were each in turn formally presented to Reverend Mother, who received us in her usual gracious manner, making us feel better by her dear and inspiring words. May St. Stanislaus bring many such Feast-days to her, was the unspoken thought of every heart.

November the nineteenth—An able and delightful lecture on "Spiritual Reading" was delivered this evening in the Abbey chapel by the Very Reverend C. Kehoe, O.C.C. The Reverend speaker placed spiritual reading very high. He said that by it we prepare the soul for prayer and meditation, and that if it be neglected, little profit can be derived from these important exercises of the spiritual life.

November the twenty-ninth—We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. H. T. Kelly on her recent appointment to the office of first Vice-President of the Federated Catholic Alumnae. As a member of the Loreto Alumnae Mrs. Kelly has signalized herself in all the efforts that have been at work in its splendid development. We are not only glad, therefore, to see this public recognition of the eminent qualities of a noble woman, but also we are glad because she has endeared herself to us personally and therefore do we all rejoice in her good fortune.

December the tenth—The Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception each year ushers in that most charming of all Mother Church's devotions—the Forty Hours. How our hearts leap with joy at the thought of forty whole hours to be spent in the presence of Him, who is our God and our All.

Never was that devotion more thoroughly appreciated, never was there such a throng of devout worshippers! And as we watched each new suppliant approach that haven of God-sent peace, we could not but think that God had inspired that devotion for this, our own day, when the din of battle is all but at our doors.

The altar was a dream of exquisite loveliness. Its spotless marble was relieved by a fleecy silken drapery, which covered the central panel and upon this the most delicate of green vines was arranged with rare artistic taste.

The forget-me-not, the hyacinth, the lily of the valley and the rose vied with each other in pouring forth their richest fragrance; while the red, white, and green lights had but one end in view—to be consumed in the Master's service.

During the High Mass, which was sung by the Reverend M. Staley, such a burst of song ascended from the two hundred choristers as would make one feel it went straight to the great White Throne, and hastened the Master's coming into our midst.

The procession was inspiring and impressive, and the babes who strewed the flowers along the dear Lord's path looked too sweet and pure for earth. All during the day, and far into the night, the white-veiled worshippers were seen wending their way up the aisles, and if one could judge from the devout exterior of each suppliant as she knelt with head bowed in lowly adoration, many and fervent were the prayers which ascended as incense before the Most High; and may we not hope the King of Peace Himself has come at this particular season to bring that peace to a warring world as He once came in the days of old to David's city.

MADELEINE O'REILLY.
ESTELLA MANLEY.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Of all the intellectual pleasures that have come to us during the present school-year, undoubtedly, the most delightful were the readings given us recently by Mr. Griffiths. His beautiful interpretation of Francis Thompson's masterpiece, "The Hound of Heaven," has increased our already deep admiration for the sublime poem. "The Taming of the Shrew" caused much merriment, while a most lucid critique of Shakespeare's works, which Mr. Griffiths delivered afterwards, not only proved most enlightening to us but revealed, at the same time, the perfect appreciation of the great dramatist's mind, possessed by this unwearied student and lover of Shakespeare. We are all hopeful that it may be our good fortune to hear Mr. Griffiths again during the course of the year.

Among our Canadian Thanksgiving Day festivities worthy of mention because of their emin-

ent success, were the various races—speed, sack, apple, peanut, etc.—which took place in the afternoon and the marshmallow roast which we enjoyed in the evening. Pleasant memories of the day will long remain with us.

October the fifteenth—The Graduating Class, accompanied by some of the teachers, spent a very pleasant afternoon in the park at Brock's Monument. In the evening, they were entertained by the St. Teresa's Literary, composed this year of an unusually large number of talented members, who presented a choice and varied programme. Refreshments were afterwards served by the S. T. L.

November the eighteenth—Madame Blaauw, one of the foremost artists in America, gave us much pleasure in presenting Miss Marian Matthews, who has been studying piano with her for the past three years. One could readily recognize the influence of such an eminent teacher on a pupil so evidently receptive as Miss Marian, in the firm, clear, round touch, and especially musicianly interpretation of the charming programme, which included Bach, Scarlatti, Schumann, Chopin, Sindig, Juon, Seeboeck—the climax being reached in the brilliant E Flat Major Rondo of Weber. After the recital, Madame Blaauw, in a delightful, informal talk on the contents of the programme, gave a vivid word-picture of the music, particularly of the Schumann number and the fantastic "Marche Grotesque" of Sindig. Her words of encouragement appealed to those of us who make no claim either to genius or notable talent, who are merely earnest students, willing to work—which, after all, may mean in some, even historic, cases, if not genius, talent.

A teacher, she maintained, cannot do anything with a pupil who does not apply herself to work, but neither can a pupil acquire artistic interpretation and a musical, round, full tone; ability to work up to a climax; clear, smooth passage work; different tone color; good pedal effects, and, above all, good musical conception, without the help of a teacher, who knows what she aims at, instead of attributing all this to talent and "musical feeling." Often the more naturally gifted are left behind by pupils of very medium talent, who yet are workers. Very little can be done for a foolish, conceited "talent" which trusts to its own wonderful (?) instincts, there-

by never acquiring anything polished or artistic. Teachers cannot bestow talent or rhythm but they can develop talent to a tremendous extent if the pupil is obedient—and a worker.

Among those who have recently favored our Academy with a brief visit are Reverend Fathers Rosa, C. M., Chestnut, C. M., Niagara University; Kreidt, O. C. C., Quigley, O. C. C., Brocard, O. C. C., Englewood, N. J., Gillis, C. P., New York, Srs. M. Reginald and Dominica, New York, M. M. Louis and Sr. M. Clarita, California, Mrs. Burke, Miss Quinn, Kansas, Mrs. Thomson, Scranton, Pa., Mrs. McKeever, Hamilton, Miss Fanny Coffey, Montreal, Miss Kathleen Ridout, Toronto, Miss Georgia Cannon, Buffalo, Misses Celestine and Lillian Stafford, Hamilton, Miss Margaret Bampffield, City, Miss Frances Lyons, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Miss Mary Maxwell, Buffalo.

December the eighth—On this beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception, it is the proud privilege of the Children of Mary to adorn Our Lady's altar in the chapel. The effect, to-day, was very pleasing to the artistic eye, the smilax, calla and Easter lilies and white roses being prettily arranged between sets of golden candelabra, bearing their snow-white tapers. During Mass and again at Benediction, the hymns appropriate to the feast were sung with remarkable sweetness and fervor, and one felt that the inspiring presentation to eye and ear had helped not a little in raising the heart and soul heavenwards.

In the evening, the following programme was given by those most gifted with the power of song:

PROGRAMME.

Ave Maria	
FULL CHORUS.	
Humoresque	
MISS CORNELIA BARRINGER.	
"When Mammy's Away"	
MISS KATHRYN KUEHL.	
"Roses Everywhere"	
MISS RUTH GEISER.	
"Abschied"	
MISS FLORANCE PETERSON.	
Angels' Serenade	
MISS DOROTHY REILLY.	

"Sleep, Little Pigeon"	MISS ANITA MULQUEEN.
The Rosary	MISS AGNES BURCHILL.
Violin Solo	MISS MARY E. CARROLL.
"O Dry Those Tears"	MISS ANGELA DUFFEY.
"Come, Sing to Me"	MISS EUPHEMIA ROGERS.
Serenade	MISS MARJORIE MITCHELL.
"A Tribute to St. Cecilia"	MISS ISABEL PARKER.
Hymn to St. Cecilia	FULL CHORUS.

Sincere thanks are extended to the following for their most acceptable donations to the library during the past few weeks: Mrs. John Bampfield, Niagara Falls, ten volumes of "Stories of English Writers"; Miss McCausland, Patterson, N. J., several valuable library-table books; Miss Kathleen Ridout, Toronto, some volumes of excellent fiction; the St. Teresa's Literary Society, "Spanish Vistas" and "The Life of Charles Dana." The library has been further enriched by the addition of a rare and beautiful set of Anglo-Saxon Classics in fifteen volumes, also a copy of "Pre-Columbian Historical Treasures."

December the tenth—Feast of Our Lady of Loreto. The juniors entertained the seniors with a Japanese Tea, which was quite unique and delighted all present, particularly the honored guests.

December the eleventh—A very impressive sermon was given us this evening by our kind Reverend friend, Father Chestnut, C. M. He spoke on "The Perfection of Virtues in Our Blessed Lady," dwelling at greatest length on that sublime, yet lowly, virtue in which she excelled—to which, in her own touching words in the "Magnificat," the Lord had regard in selecting her for His mother, namely, her humility.

For this and other beautiful, helpful discourses and for the many privileges secured to us throughout the year by his kindly, self-sacrificing forethought, we wish to thank Reverend Father Chestnut most sincerely.

December the thirteenth—A welcome visit this afternoon from three former Loreto Niagara students—Miss Estelle Forrestel, Miss Agnes Mudd and Miss Lima McCall.

Miss Loretto Kelly's many friends at Loreto are pleased to know that she has recovered from her recent serious illness.

We extend deepest sympathy to our dear companion, Miss Louise Scully, on the death of her beloved mother.

Belief.

For burdens that the years may bring
Still greater ones they bear away,
And never dawn brought in some grief
But twilight soothed some hurt of day.

For earnest prayers unanswered
God granted those we did not ask;
We found some strange, glad peace was ours
That brightened life and every task.

Who holds not such belief must find
No solace in his human years,
No promise of the joy that waits
Beyond the border-land of tears.

With such belief the heart can read
God's kindly presence in each hour,
And see where justice, linked with love,
Rules life with never-failing power.

A. W. PEACH.

Who would go into the new year empty-handed? Who would forfeit the gain of experience for what she has lost in gathering it? Who, for that matter, would forfeit the loss for the gain of its lessons, its warnings, its bitter, but wholesome, fruit of self-knowledge? If we must go into the future burdened with the weaknesses of the past, chastened by its mistakes, handicapped by its low aims and limited opportunities, at least we have the strength of knowing where the weaknesses are and of how the mistakes were made, of realizing that small purposes never achieve large results; that our opportunities have been less than our possibilities of making use of them.

Personals

"They say that the cuisine at *The Blackwood* is excellent."

"Do they? Who's playing the leading part in it?"

"Now, children, listen to this. Thomas Campbell, the famous poet, once walked six miles to a printing-office to have a comma in one of his poems changed to a semicolon. Why did he take all that trouble?"

"'Cause he didn't have no tellyphone."

"Any fashions in that paper, Maud?"

"Yes, but they're no use to you. It's yesterday's paper."

"What is the meaning of entente cordiale?"

"A reviving drink."

"And the Monroe Doctrine?"

"The Monroe Doctrine was preached by Dr. Monroe to his followers, who were Presbyterians."

"Last summer I was bridesmaid to a Sister. The Bishop made a speech in the church, but he did not look at me—I don't think he saw me—and then there was company."

"What is an anecdote?"

"A short, funny tale."

"You may write on the blackboard a sentence containing the word."

"A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

"Is astronomy hard to learn?"

"Not very. The hardest thing about it is guessing what something is after you manage to see it."

"There was a man named Elisha. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did, and he did, and the bears did."

"Have you finished reading that book?"

"Yes."

"What is the plot about?"

"Wait till I look."

"Germs are small invincible plants or animals which cause disease."

"Did you enjoy your visit to the Art Gallery?"

"No. The pictures didn't move."

"Milly, why cannot you learn to spell? What are you doing with your eyes?"

"I sleeps with 'em."

"I'm going to the chapel now to pray for the dead soldiers that are fighting in Europe."

I think Hans Andersen's story of the cobweb cloth woven so fine that it was invisible—woven for the King's garment—must mean manners, which do really clothe a princely nature.

Pleasing Things at "THE ARCADE"

'Tis Pleasant to shop in an altogether daylight store.
to receive courteous treatment from salespeople.
to buy where stocks are large and well-assorted.
to buy where goods are exchanged willingly.
to buy where one can buy everything.
to 'phone orders where prompt attention is given.
to find everything arranged for one's comfort; for example, toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen;
ample rest room; perfect ventilation; 'phones on every floor; parcel checking office; perfect elevator service.
finally, to find that one's money goes farthest and that satisfaction is actually guaranteed with every purchase at

THE
ARCADE
LIMITED.

PRESNAIL'S IRENE

THE CIGAR WITH A TONE

MANUFACTURED BY

Harper-Presnail Cigar Co.
Limited

HAMILTON, ONT.



MARIE WARD.

Engraved from the original painting in the Paradeiser Haus (the first Convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Munich), now in the possession of the Nuns of the Institute at Altötting, Bavaria.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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No. 2

Lilium Regis.

O Lily of the King! low lies thy silver wing,
 And long has been the hour of thine unqueen-
 ing;
 And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind
 spills its sighs,
 Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.
 O Lily of the King! I speak a heavy thing,
 O patience, most sorrowful of daughters!
 Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the
 land,
 And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

 Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with
 thee talk,
 With the mercies of the King for thine awn-
 ing,
 And the just understand that thine hour is at
 hand,
 Thine hour at hand with power in the dawn-
 ing.
 When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a
 broken brood,
 Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters!
 Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in
 the dark,
 For His feet are coming to thee on the waters!

 O Lily of the King! I shall not see, that sing,
 I shall not see the hour of thy queening!
 But my Song shall see, and wake like a flower
 that dawn-winds shake,
 And sigh with joy the odours of its meaning.
 O Lily of the King, remember then the thing
 That this dead mouth sang; and thy daughters,
 As they dance before His way, sing there on the
 Day
 What I sang when the Night was on the
 waters!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Lily of the King.

THE terrible cataclysms of history have a
 tendency to evoke the world's belief in
 prophecy. It is as if the very horror of
 earth's realities sent man's thoughts out to super-
 natural realities and reproached the unbelieving
 monotony of his ordinary creed. In such times
 the end of the world seems near, the triumph of
 the century-old Church, the millennium and Ar-
 mageddon. The Apocalypse takes on a more vivid
 interpretation—forgotten prophecies peep out
 from unexpected old tomes and the veil of the
 future seems almost transparent.

Poets are prophets; for them some mystic
 interpretation of the past forecasts the future.
 In the poem, "Lilium Regis," Francis Thompson
 sounds a prophetic note. The "Lily of the
 King," the Bride of the Canticles, the Church, is
 his theme. The days of nineteenth-century in-
 difference and agnosticism to his mystic mind
 were the prelude of a heavy hour troubling the
 land.

The Christian ideals—the scent of Paradise,
 had grown faint and fainter and their power
 was unfelt in the dense darkness of materialism.
 If any, it was the old war-god of the Teutonic
 pirates who ruled, and in whose honour were
 conceived "the far jetting engine," and the
 earth's "iron progeny vomiting venomous
 breaths." Armaments piled up to preserve peace
 would collide and crash—overwhelm the war
 lords and steep nations in blood. One sees and
 feels the horrors of those miles of gory trenches,
 the shattering destruction of artillery, the grue-
 some heaps of the dead, an appalling fact of the
 present. What strange premonition guided and
 reddened the poet's pen and thought?

The lily-stalk shaken—what a tremor of awe
 swept over the world when the Church's holy

protector was the first broken-hearted victim of the great war! But the mercies of the King shade the lily in the blast, and the disaster of nations deepens the need of a nobler, firmer grasp of true greatness. Shall power be built upon the faith of man in God and in his fellow-man? Shall nation pledge itself to nation and be true? The footsteps of the King sound through the storm and the dark, and His coming foretells the triumph of His Queen. The hour is at hand with power in the dawning. Here is the omen of a new power of Christianity and a new influence.

There has never been a time since the beginning of the British Empire when all her sons, so varied in race and creed, could rally more earnestly for patriotic support of her cause. She is fighting for humanity—opposing a Spartan militarism; she is fighting for the weak—for France and for Belgium; she is fighting for honour—to keep an honourable pledge. The war has accomplished a miracle of union, the crucible of common woe has burned out differences. The Church may perhaps say in the next generation what she could say of her martyrs—“How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!”

Not for four centuries has the Church received the respectful attention which the civilized world is ready to offer her now. European ambassadors once more at the Papal Court, and the Papal influence used to secure exchange of wounded prisoners, and to teach patriotic loyalty of each nation to its civil government, be it Italy, Belgium, Ireland or Germany; these are the realities which point to the “queening” of the most sorrowful of daughters, which the poet promises his song shall see. In another poem the same poet speaks, again with the prophetic tone, of the birth of the Twentieth Century, of early warfare and of later peace—nineteenth-century agnosticism and irreligion swept away by the awful purging:—

“Young Century, born to hear
The cannon talking at its infant ear—
The Twentieth of Time’s loins, since that
Which in the quiet snows of Bethlehem he begat.
Ah! with forthbringings such and so ill-starred,

After the day of blood and night of fate,
Shall it survive with brow no longer marred,
Lip no more wry with hate;
With all thou hadst of good,
But from its blood
Washed thine hereditary ill,
Yet thy child still?”

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Verb “To Be.”

“Le travail divin n’a pas besoin d’être aperçu, pour être.”—*Pascal*.

THERE is a growing tendency in this age—or it may be a full-grown product, inherited from a former one—to adopt the utilitarian view of everything. We, who would warmly repudiate the accusation of materialism in any of its varied and subtle forms, are so apt to rate our fellow-beings, not by what they *are*, but by what they *do*, somewhat as we rate our factories by their output.

In the main, of course, we are right, granting that our scale of valuation is true, and not an arbitrary one: that we appreciate the spiritual and unseen element, which is one-half—an Irishman might say, the larger half—of a human act. Volumes have been said, and will yet be said in support of that doctrine implied in the Scripture text—“By their fruits ye shall know them”—and very confidently we read the word “fruits,” in the light of visible performances—quite overlooking the definition so clearly set forth in St. Paul’s Epistle to the Galatians—

“The fruits of the Spirit are Charity, Joy, Peace, Patience.”

For the most part, people reveal themselves by their performances, their “fruits,” so to speak: but in how many cases are they not rather obscured thereby?

On the other hand, who has ever said that self-revelation is the highest form of service? Self-annihilation has really achieved greater wonders, and, just how much of either is involved in self-development, provides matter for much delicate speculation. There are those who hesitate to apply themselves to that for which they are conscious of strong talent perhaps, not

because they are cowardly or slothful, but because of the height of an ideal which they conceive, but despair of reaching; and because of a temper of mind, which will be satisfied with nothing below that ideal. Shall such a one be admonished to lower his ideal until it is within reach?

It happens only too often that many who attain to one of the minor pinnacles, rather than to the broad uplands of life, have arrived there by "stepping-stones" formed, not of their "dead selves", as the poet exhorts them, but of their weaker brethren, or at their sad expense.

There is much to be said for one who, through all discouragement and daily temptation, keeps a high ideal steadily in view, however he may distrust his power to attain to it.

Admitting no real rivalry between "Being" and "Doing", since the one is naturally the outcome of the other, I nevertheless deny their identity, and contend that existence, being prior to action, we should insist upon their proper sequence, and guard against the eclipse which threatens the former. Our acts should be clearly recognized as the effect of our "Being", not vice versa.

Patmore says, "In doing, being is lost", a fact which becomes strikingly evident when one begins to concentrate one's powers in order to achieve distinction in some special branch of Science or Art. What is given to one faculty over and above its just share of attention is very obviously subtracted from the others. There must be specialists of course, but clearly they must neither outnumber nor discredit the general practitioners. Too much undeserved applause is given to one who abandons the path of ordinary life, whose duties, if steadily and faithfully performed are capable of raising one to a very high, and a very safe level—in order to strike out, strike up, if you prefer the term—in pursuit of some definite and single end. There is an attractive glamour attached to such a course, but who shall count its dangers?

Applause provides a healthy stimulus at first, but unless warily received it may easily usurp the place of the motive or end in view; and who shall say how much of brotherly sympathy and support one must forego in the upward climb?

The Hidden Life of Our Lord and its long duration speak eloquently for the ordinary duty

done well, nor shall any one dare to say that zeal was wanting in the acts of this period, because it was less evident. We can scarcely count the occasions in Scripture when we are exhorted rather to "be" than to "do."

The Beatitudes, which breathe the very Spirit of the New Testament, seem to avoid by a conscious intention the outward achievement, yet by emphasizing the practice of Virtue, they leave us to take the natural effect for granted.

I remember being struck by a passage in "The Virginians" which illustrates consolingly the great value of virtue in its passive aspect. Referring, I think, to Washington, he says: "We talked but now of Wolfe. Here, indeed, is a greater than Wolfe. To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart when all have lost it; to go through intrigue spotless; and to forego even ambition when the end is gained, who can say that this is not greatness, or show the other Englishman who has achieved so much?"

And here enters that elusive and deluding idea, "Success", which must label every deed set up for appraisal in the market of public opinion. What a havoc it works, to be sure! and how it veers with every wind of fancy! A man's deeds may be marked all over with it in large letters, while he revels in the atmosphere created thereby and yet, in the eyes of the one Authority qualified to pass a true judgment, he may be a sorry failure.

Arthur Benson, a man of much experience in the educational field, sounds this note in an essay on School Commencements, where he scores a certain High Church dignitary for his immorality in commending the successful candidates for honors to the total exclusion of the less distinguished and average pupils, who are destined, in all likelihood, to become the bone and sinew of the nation.

Too lightly, I think, and with too superficial a judgment, we praise and dispraise the worth of our fellow-beings. "Be ye perfect," that grand epitome of the Gospel—of which Love is both the cause and the effect and the "Teaching of all nations" but the logical sequence—is God's way of putting our duty before us, and in so doing He employs the same predicate as that which defines for us His own identity—"I am who am."

ALUMNA.

French Women of Letters.

THE small number of women writers who have added to the literary glory of France is very noticeable in comparison with the long list of men who have distinguished themselves in the French world of letters. A glance over the lives led by the women of three centuries ago, helps to explain the dearth of female authors at the very time when France was boasting of her greatest literary men, who won distinction in every form of prose and poetry. To be a successful writer one needs first of all broad experience, to enable one to rise out of life's mere commonplaces; and yet to keep in touch with humanity it is necessary like the rest of humankind, to love and hate, to rejoice and to suffer, in order to grasp life's fullest meaning; and it was in just these essentials that French women were hampered. Among the better class, where we naturally look for the women of culture, we find them close observers of traditional customs. For the greater part, the young girls were kept in seclusion until they reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, when they were given in marriage to whatever eligible consort was judged suitable by their parents. Disproportion between the ages of husband and wife, dissimilarity of tastes and temperaments were questions of little moment. Youth and beauty on one side, wealth and title on the other seemed the most favorable compromise. We hardly wonder at one of Molière's "Femmes Savantes" calling this method "Prendre le roman par la queue." We can hardly say that it was reversing the matrimonial story, however, for alas! too frequently the contracting parties enjoyed the romance neither at the beginning nor at the end. This artificial life left its impress on the French women. They were lively, interesting, clever, brilliant, but they lacked depth of feeling; they lacked deep insight into life; they lacked the power to move hearts for their own had not been moved. Even of Mme. Récarnier it is asserted that she never really loved.

With the establishment of the Hôtel de Rambouillet towards the beginning of the 17th. Century French women won some distinction in the world of letters. The Marquise de Rambouillet, with her two daughters, gathered around them a literary coterie, with the object, primarily, of

encouraging conversation, which Mlle. de Rambouillet considered "le plus grand plaisir de la vie, et presque le seul." Their reunions were attended not only by men of letters, but by great lords more distinguished for their gallantry and pretentious courtesy than anything else. The ladies living in such company naturally contracted a sort of pedantry, which in time reached the height of the ridiculous. When the marriage of Mlle. de Rambouillet dispersed the coterie, Mlle. de Scudéry gathered at her house the scattered elements, which evolved eventually into what was termed "La Préciosité." The "Précieuses" were considered delicate souls revolting against the brutality of manners that surrounded them. They took on themselves to refine the sentiments, and to direct their lives in imitation of romances, thus substituting for sincerity of sentiments, an artificial gallantry, strained relationships between husband and wife, and high-flown words to express the simplest things. "Le moindre solécisme en parlant vous irrite," was Molière's summing up of their vocabulary. In the latter half of the century, the "Précieuses" were still to be found in the salons of Mme. Deshoulières and Mme. Lambert and though they subsequently ceased to exist as a special literary group, their spirit of distinction, of refinement, of elegant subtlety reappeared more or less in every epoch of French literature, and is discernible in the writings of distinguished French women.

The most prevalent literary tendency was for letter-writing, and among the many who distinguished themselves in this form of composition, the greatest popularity has undoubtedly been achieved by Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. de Sévigné. Mme. de Maintenon's extraordinary career at once interests us. Born in a prison and destined to rule in a palace; a child, taking care of her aunt's turkeys; a woman, guiding the education of young girls of the nobility; at sixteen married to Scarron, a miserable specimen of humanity; in later years the wife of the great Louis XIV.:—Such was Mme. de Maintenon, and the result of her varied experiences is shown in her life and in her letters. To her is due the establishment of St. Cyr, a school for young noblewomen, which owes no little of its celebrity to the fact that Racine wrote his "Esther" and "Athalie" for the pupils, who enacted these

dramas before the king and his court. Mme. de Maintenon took a particular interest in this institution, visiting the classes, instructing the young girls in every branch she considered necessary and imparting advice to those "qui sont assez malheureuses pour retourner dans le monde." Her admonitions are not altogether salutary, especially when trying to instill into worldly-minded girls "la crainte des hommes." Her "Instructions Aux Elèves," however, are replete with wisdom and good sense and might be read by the growing generation, or rather to the growing generation with much advantage. Almost every topic of interest to young girls is touched upon, sometimes in friendly talks, again in conversation form, supposedly arranged by a number of pupils themselves. Domestic economy, civics, right, marriage, celibacy, the moral virtues, friendship, politeness, are some of the topics discussed in a lively, interesting way, which reveal the real teacher, having at heart the pupils' welfare. Her "Conseils Aux Maîtresses" show the true disciplinarian, knowing the value of vigilance; "veiller jour et nuit;" the importance of the recreation hours; "Un des temps où vous pouvez leur être les plus utiles;" the necessity of reprimands, but also their judicious use; "il faut punir le plus rarement qu'il vous sera possible * * * rien n'affaiblit tant une réprimande que la quantité des paroles"; realizing also the indispensable need of practical psychology: "ce qui convient aux unes ne convient point aux autres; * * * il faut étudier les moments, prendre les moyens convenables pour corriger les enfants; * * * vos filles auront l'esprit que vous leur en donnerez, et vous le leur donnerez moins par vos discours que par vos exemples." The "Maximes" written by Mme. de Maintenon, as headlines in the pupils' copy-books are no less worthy of praise than her other admirable sayings. They all tend towards formation of character along the lines of the most exalted moral virtues, and though not altogether original in conception, they serve to illustrate her own principles. Perhaps the most comprehensive of all is the one which includes many of the others: "Il faut acquérir les biens de ce monde sans passion, les posséder sans attache, et les perdre sans regret."

Likewise distinguished for her epistolary style is Mme. de Sévigné, but her letters are of a

totally different kind from those of Mme. de Maintenon. While the correspondence of the latter is best described as reason itself, that of the former is chiefly a play of the imagination. The trials of life did not deprive Mme. de Sévigné of her gayety, her vivacity, her enjoyment of the things that pass with time, so her letters give us a true picture of court life in its most familiar aspect. Marie de Rabutin-Chantal was born in 1626 and lost both parents at an early age. In 1644 she married the Marquis de Sévigné, but it was "un mariage sans tendresse." After eight years she was left a widow with two children and had to face the world in comparative poverty. To the marriage of her daughter and their consequent separation, we are indebted for the sprightly, interesting, charming letters which are considered masterpieces of classic art. Her lively disposition, her intellectuality, her fund of cultured resources found in art and literature, her intimate knowledge of court life, all these made letter-writing easy and natural for her, and with observations coloured by her powerful imagination and enhanced by rich inventive faculty, can we wonder at her immense popularity during the Ancien Régime? Her letters are a faithful picture of the 17th. century nobility, the court in its every aspect, social details of interest, in fact a real historic chronicle of the days when royalty ruled the French world, and the love of luxury ruled royalty. Although Mme. de Sévigné's style is natural and simple, it yet bears evidence of the *Précieuses* influence, but of the *Précieuses* at their best—delicate, refined, polished, stately. Almost any of her letters to her daughter illustrate these qualities, which may be traced also in even a few illustrations. "Nous avons eu ici des pluies continuelles et au lieu de dire, après la pluie vient le beau temps, nous disons après la pluie vient la pluie. Vous me demandez comme je me trouve des Rochiers après tout ce bruit, je vous dirai que j'y suis transportée de joie, j'y serai pour le moins huit jours, quelque façon qu'on me fasse pour me faire retourner. J'ai un besoin de repos qui ne se peut dire, j'ai besoin de dormir, j'ai besoin de manger, car je meurs de faim à ces festins, j'ai besoin de me taire; tout le monde m'attaquait et mon poumon était usé. Ah! noble indifférence, ou êtes-vous? Il ne faut que vous pour être heureuse, et sans vous tout est utile * * * Je m'en vais vous

mander la chose la plus étonnante, la plus surprenante, la plus merveilleuse, la plus miraculeuse, la plus triomphante, la plus étourdissante, la plus inouïe, la plus singulière, la plus extraordinaire, la plus incroyable, la plus imprévue, la plus grande, la plus petite, la plus rare, la plus commune, la plus éclatante, la plus secrète jusqu'à aujourd'hui, la plus brillante, la plus digne d'envie." The suspense is kept up till nearly the end of the letter, when she announces a marriage in the royal family.

In the French world of romance, among the women who have gained the greatest distinction are undoubtedly Mme. de La Fayette and Mme. de Staël. The incidents connected with Mme. de La Fayette's life are somewhat clouded and even the authorship of the charming story attributed to her "*La Princesse de Clèves*" was disclaimed by herself. M. de La Fayette has no personal significance at all; madame appears on the social and literary horizon a widow, and we are also uncertain when the famous friendship originated between herself and La Rochefoucauld, but we know it was one of those "*liaisons*" that set the world talking without being able to come to any definite conclusion. Mme. de La Fayette's first literary productions, "*La Princesse de Montpensier*" and "*Zaïde*" did not enjoy lasting popularity, but "*La Princesse de Clèves*" at once took its place among the immortal productions of French literature. Although she would not acknowledge its authorship, the world has agreed that it is her work, so she enjoys the distinction that accrues from the writing of such a popular story.

The scene of "*La Princesse de Clèves*" is supposed to be in the reign of Henry II., but it rather reflects that of Louis XIV. The relationship between the hero and the heroine suggests a biographical interest and probably for this reason the authorship was disclaimed. The plot is founded on a state of affairs quite common in France especially. Mlle. de Chartres, a very beautiful young girl, marries the Prince of Clèves without really loving him, though she likes and admires him. From the time she meets the Duc de Nemours, she knows what love means and goes through all the tortures which come with such a consciousness. After the death of her husband, the Duc de Nemours hopes she will marry him, but she refuses. The story is prettily

told and reveals a strong moral purpose. Amidst the gay court life, surrounded by many temptations, the *Princesse de Clèves* is faithful to her mother's early training. "Elle lui faisait voir quelle tranquillité suivait la vie d'une honnête femme—mais elle lui faisait voir aussi combien il était difficile de conserver la vertu que par une extrême défiance de soi-même." Her sense of honour to her dead husband may be considered overdrawn, but these French women seemed to take a supreme delight in drawing out all the possible tortures of love to their fullest extent. Mme. de Staël's heroine, *Corinne*, suffers the same anguish, which brings us to a conclusion that this was the fate of the generality of French women; they missed the blessedness of conjugal love and domestic happiness and seemed to take a morbid pleasure in nibbling at forbidden fruit as far as they dared.

The merits of Mme. de La Fayette are summed up by Saintsbury: "What Mme. de La Fayette did was to change an utterly unreal style into one real enough to live and influence human beings * * * her great merit is that she reduced preciousness to manageable limits, and informed it with a great deal of wit and pathos. She is rather a considerable figure in literature. for besides her novels, she has left numerous and interesting letters."

Germaine Necker was born in 1766 and married Baron de Staël in 1786. Favoured by the French Revolution she was obliged to leave Paris and visited Germany and Italy, returning to Coppet, where she wrote "*Corinne*," her masterpiece, which secured her literary distinction. This novel marks a departure from the beaten track. It is an "international romance" depicting life, English, Italian, and French, coloured with her highly imaginative pictures. It is of a two-fold nature, a romance and a traveller's guide through Italy, a work of art and literature, a series of dry facts and a lyric poem, a burst of enthusiasm and a dirge. The story begins in mystery, making the truth all the more interesting when brought to light. Oswald, Lord Nelvil, an Englishman, after his father's death comes to Rome and finds the city in great jubilation. The Muse of Italy, *Corinne*, improviser, musician, painter and a charming woman, is to be crowned at the Capitol. After the ceremony, on leaving, *Corinne's* crown falls; Oswald picks it up, for

which he is thanked in two English words, which go straight to his heart. The romance begins! In course of time they love each other and the interval gives scope for pictures of Italy drawn by Corinne for Oswald's entertainment, also for her famous improvisings. One shadow hanging over Oswald is the mystery of Corinne's parentage and country. When at last he learns that she is English and has been his destined bride for years, the pleasurable emotions are soon followed by keen anguish. His father's disapproval of Corinne's life of liberty made him oppose the marriage and urge his son to choose the younger sister, Lucille, who has remained in England and ignorant of Corinne's whereabouts or her mode of living. Oswald feels bound to respect his dead father's wishes and though he loves Corinne he is fully conscious of the unsuitableness of the match. He returns to England and marries Lucille, while yet retaining his love for Corinne, whom he meets again only before her death. This story received enthusiastic applause in its day, but with the passing away of the ancient régime it naturally lost its popularity. It is too ideal to satisfy a practical age. Corinne's ecstatic improvisations may be admired for their beauty of language and exquisite sentiment, but we scarcely wonder at the phlegmatic Englishman being rather appalled at such outbursts and hankering after a more domestic spouse. The love agonies are prolonged to the utmost, making us realize how these French women seemed to prefer dwelling on long-drawn-out misery which pictured their own lives, rather than indulge in happy imaginings. "Quand on aime," says Mme. de Staël, "et qu'on ne se croit pas aimé, on se blesse de tout et chaque instant de la vie est une douleur et presque une humiliation."

It remained for George Sand to bring the French lyrical romance more in touch with the modern régime. Although an idealist, she treats of subjects of 19th. century interest—socialism, humanitarianism, romanticism. Her home life resembled that of the earlier century women and in consequence, "blessée par la dure expérience de son mariage, elle fait l'amour souverain et sacré, sans mesure et sans frein," which renders her works objectionable reading for all who follow a more stringent code of morality.

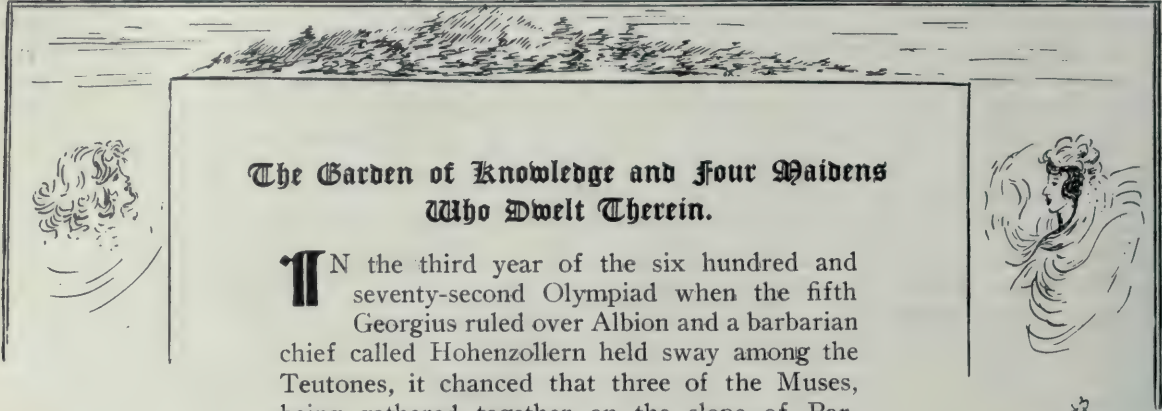
Eugénie de Guérin is another interesting figure among the French literary women. She was

born at the Château of Le Cayla in Languedoc in 1805. Her life story has been told and retold until we have become familiar with every incident—the death of her mother, her own quasi maternal cares for her young brother Maurice, her affectionate and vigilant father, Erambert and Marie, who completed the family group. Who has not heard of the touching friendship, the tender solicitude of Eugénie for Maurice? In her own words they were "two eyes looking out of one head." She lived for Maurice and when time and distance separated them began that correspondence which has since become world-famous. After her brother's death she still wrote to "Maurice in heaven," until gradually the entries became rarer and rarer, and on the last day of December, 1840, the pen dropped from her hand: the journal ends. Her journal reveals the abiding tenor of her life: "ce fond d'ennui qu'est la vie humaine." "Mon Dieu," she writes, "que je souffre de la vie, non dans ses accidents: un peu de philosophie y suffit, mais dans elle-même, dans sa substance. * * * C'est que l'ennui s'est posé sur moi, qu'il y demeure. * * * Oh! l'ennui! la plus maligne, la plus tenace, la plus emmaisonnée des influences, qui rentre par une porte quand on l'a chassée par l'autre."

Although her religion was rather of the sentimental sort, it saved her from morbidness, and instead of pessimistic writings, we have from her pen the sweetly resigned, poetic outpourings of a singularly delicate soul. They scarcely appeal to the active minds of the women of to-day, to whom "ennui" would be almost a luxury, but we cannot help sympathizing with such extreme sensibility.

Mme. de Rostand, the wife of the great poet, is one of the few French women who have ventured into the realms of poetry. Unlike her predecessors, she is very happy in her married life and has given expression to her sentiments in an exquisite lyric poem of genuine merit, "L'Eternelle Chanson."

Far better than finding life easy, sheltered from the storm-blasts of trials, is it to live victoriously over tribulations. The promise is not to him who escapes trial, but "unto him that overcometh."



The Garden of Knowledge and Four Maidens Who Dwelt Therein.

IN the third year of the six hundred and seventy-second Olympiad when the fifth Georgius ruled over Albion and a barbarian chief called Hohenzollern held sway among the Teutones, it chanced that three of the Muses, being gathered together on the slope of Parnassus close by the spring of Castalia, resolved to set apart a Garden of Knowledge where maidens only might drink of the fountains and pluck the fruits and pursue the birds and beasts at will.

Into this garden, ere yet it was enclosed, wandered Curly Locks and another maiden, subsequently known as The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. These two became fast friends and together they roved the uplands and traced the courses of the rivers and acted as pioneers. As yet there was little game in the garden, nor did the trees of knowledge abound therein. Their time was spent chiefly in distilling eclectic philosophy from odes plucked from the tree old Horatius Flaccus had planted. They also learned to interpret the weird song of certain birds brought from Gaul and Allmaine. When Apollo's car had completed its circuit the first time they came before the gods on high Olympus to show their spoil. Zeus shook the firmament with his nod of approval and all was well.

Now the Muses marking the eagerness of these two maidens and foreseeing that others would be enticed into the Garden of Knowledge by the fame of them, resolved to fence it round with gallant institutes, to plant more trees and to furnish it well with game. About this time a third maiden of stately mien and with that gait which betokens a goddess, entered the portals. This was none other than *Athena* herself, but, being disguised as a Thracian huntress, she remained unknown to the Muses. Such was the will of Zeus. Much wisdom did she teach to Curly Locks and her companion. From her they learned how to leaven play with profit and to

rest under the Acanthus when the pursuit of knowledge had carried them too far. It was at this period they all three hunted the strange, elusive beast called *Geology*. Then, too, did the Dark Lady of the Sonnets first come to know the Bard of Avon. Then did the Bard confess that he had in vain for many weary moons unlocked his heart in sonnets to the cool, unconscious Dark Lady. Then also did the Fairy Prince try to lure Curly Locks from the Garden of Knowledge, singing,

"Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream."

But Curly Locks turned a disdainful back upon him and fell to pursuing the strange beast called *Geology* with renewed vigour; whereupon the Fairy Prince withdrew to a far country and was never more heard of. The three maidens had just been consoling the deserted Ariadne whom Catullus had shown them on the shores of Dia weeping over the perfidy of Theseus, and Curly Locks was in no mood to hearken to fairy princes.



After the maidens had gathered much fruit and ensnared the strange beast called Geology and despatched him with the good boar-spear called perseverance, Apollo's car having completed its circuit a second time, they again came up to show their spoil to the gods on high Olympus. Zeus shook the firmament with his nod of approval and all was well.

The Muses, being well pleased with the maidens, met again in conclave and resolved to set apart for them a bower where they might retire from the golden shafts of Apollo by day, or, soothed by poppy and mandragora, might repose for a space at night, when wearied by their over-keen pursuit of knowledge. Here did Curly Locks once feign death when a too early risen Muse found her not yet out gathering certain sapient blossoms which bloomed only at Aurora's rising. Here, at eve, did Athena oft-times raise the drooping spirits of her companions with the nectar and ambrosia supplied her by her divine parent, and many a time, too, did the impious rodents come seeking the remnants thereof.

Meanwhile there appeared at the gate another maiden

With all her thoughts as fair within her eyes
As bottom agates, seen to wave and float
On crystal currents of clear morning seas.

She at once set about amassing for herself a goodly store of knowledge of all kinds, though many a youth lingered at the gate, and, seeing her thus engaged, exclaimed,

"An open-hearted maiden true and pure
If I could love, why this were she,"

and passed on sighing. But the Crystalline maid used these sighs merely to inflate certain little bubbles she was blowing with the help of Archimedes.

At this time the over-zealous Dark Lady all but fell a victim to her devotion to knowledge. Having eaten a poisonous Latin root or some kindred weed, she lay prostrate in her bower; and death had been but that Athena with her divine wisdom called in Æsculapius who soon restored her to her mourning companions. And now, Apollo's car having completed its circuit a third time, the maidens, laden as never before, came up once more to show their spoil to the

gods on high Olympus. Zeus shook the firmament with his nod of approval and all was well.

Other Muses, who had been in distant lands inspiring bard and sage to noble song and lofty ode, now repaired to the Garden, thinking it better to forego their respective charges and give their guidance wholly to the Four Maidens, that naught be wanting when they should come to receive their well-won wreath of bay from the hand of Zeus himself. And happy had been their lot, but that Discordia saw with jealous rage that the eyes of gods, demi-gods and mortals were turned to these four fair and learned maidens. She had not been invited to the ordering of the Garden nor ever had she walked among the maidens. Hence, in wrath, she resorted to an ancient device to frustrate the Muses' plan.

One day as the King of Albion, the Chief of the Teutones, and the Rulers of Scythia, Gaul and Dalmatia sat feasting together, a *Golden apple* inscribed "For the Strongest," was rolled in amongst them, whereat a dispute arose as to whose should be the prize. Each summoned his men and soon the whole *orbis terrarum* was embroiled in a contest greater than that of Ilium. Then did Mars blow his trumpet and then did all the youths, even the votaries of Apollo, rush to the fray, singing "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," being urged on by old Horatius Flaccus who seemed to have forgotten Philippi and the *relicta non bene parmula*. Even the gods on high Olympus were disturbed. One, being the tutelary divinity of Gaul, remained there, while Woden and Thor, previously admitted among the Olympians, were now cast forth again.

Thus was the attention of gods and men drawn off from the Four Fair and Learned Maidens and Discordia was satisfied. But not for long, for these maidens, during their wanderings in the Garden had partaken of a marvellous herb called Tetragonos or *nil admirari*, whose potency is such that whoso shall eat of it, is straightway delivered from all perturbation of spirit. So, after showing their patriotism by fashioning certain buskins and armlets for their brave countrymen, they calmly continued their search for knowledge, undismayed even by the aerial exploits of Daedalus whom the Chief of the Teutones had called in to his aid. And now, at last, having gathered the fruits of the garden as many

as they would, having timed many strange birds of Gaul and Allmaine, whose song they had learned perfectly to imitate, and having hunted the beasts of the Garden as many as it was given them to hunt, Apollo's car having completed its

circuit a fourth time, they come up to show their spoil to the gods on high Olympus. The Muses stand around in attitudes expressing joy and tender regret. Zeus places the wreath of bay leaves on the brow of each maiden and all is well.



To the First Graduates.

ORDINARILY, when young men or women, on the threshold of a College career, decide to attend a particular institution, the debt is entirely on one side. Enrolling as students of a certain college means for them the privilege of participating in all the varied life of a more or less venerable institution about which cling associations literary and historic. They have seen or read of those who, claiming it as their Alma Mater, have held distinguished places in the world. They have heard enthusiastic students descant upon its glories and on the various customs which have grown sacred through long observance. Even incidents in themselves unpleasant have taken on a legendary halo.

All this—the established reputation of the place, the subtle atmosphere of culture diffused around it, the flow of happy undergraduate life—exert so powerful an attraction that the matriculant must deem himself favoured in being permitted to identify himself with it—this without adverting to the solid fruit he hopes to reap from his studies. The college itself can afford to be more or less independent of his coming or going.

Very different was the case with the pioneer students of Loreto Abbey College, who were with her in the days of struggle and have shared the hardships incident to a new foundation.

The total absence of a college tradition, of a college spirit, and of an established reputation to inspire public confidence, were some of the disabilities under which we were bound to labour at first. A reputation could not be ac-

quired without successful students. A college spirit could not be created and transmitted without public-spirited and enthusiastic students. A college tradition required time and other elements for its development but depended largely on the character of those first students. Obligated to proceed tentatively at first, our college was not always able to sketch in clear outline the ideal to which she timidly aspired. Hence there was some groping, and the first girls went on trustingly, without seeing what has since come to pass.

Considering these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the College should be deeply sensible of what she owes to you, her first graduates and your immediate successors.

In the first place, you gave her your confidence when she lacked the means which long-established colleges had of winning it. Yourself were to be the first proofs that she deserved it. Of course, you reasonably based your trust on your own experience of those who were the sponsors. The fact remains, however, that, without you and those who immediately followed, she would still be "a college of the mind." The unvaried success and the high standing of the first students have contributed greatly to the reputation she is already acquiring. By your confidence in her, you have inspired her with stronger confidence in her own ideals.

In the second place, acting conjointly with the other students now in attendance, you have created an admirable college spirit whose leading characteristics are democracy, loyalty and harmony:—a democracy which recognizes nothing but worth, a loyalty which places the honour of the college above private ends, and a harmony

based on mutual goodwill and service. Let the prayer be often on our lips that no envy or worldly folly may ever enter to mar these beautiful features of life at Loreto College.

That your example has turned the minds of others to higher education is an obvious fact and one which will redound to the profit of your College.

Now, it may be asked, what general advantages were derived from a course at the University, and what special ones from Loreto College. We will reply, with Cicero and Newman, that knowledge is a good in itself apart from any ulterior end. It may bring us other goods, and we cannot afford to ignore them, but the main advantage is of another kind,—

“O if we draw a circle premature, heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure bad is our bargain.”

The insight we get into the minds of others by the study of letters, into the causes of events by the study of history, the frequenting a seat of universal learning where an assemblage of scholarly men are engaged in a variety of scientific pursuits produce a pure and clear atmosphere of thought, a critical judgment and a habit of mind “which last through life and whose elements are freedom, calmness, moderation and wisdom.” This is not virtue, as you know, but it is a condition conducive to virtue. That a University course should inspire any undergraduate with vanity or intellectual pride is so absurd as to be almost unthinkable. The great achievement for most students is to retain some small remnant of self-confidence at the end of it.

We say that knowledge does not impart virtue. Desirable as is the contact with even a part of that wide circle of cultivated minds, yet the mere absence of religion, even did no erroneous philosophy filter into the mind, would often render it open to grave dangers. Seeing that this was a barrier to Catholic students the University of Toronto, with that breadth and liberality which characterize it, and desiring that as many as possible should be benefited, has, with St. Michael's, solved the problem very advantageously for the latter. The women students were later provided for in the way you all know.

Loreto Abbey College has thus had a notable share in an important educational advance. She has provided a counter influence against the only one that could prove dangerous. She has provided residence accommodation and an adequate faculty. She has sought to preserve that atmosphere that always clings to a convent-bred girl, lest you should “lose the childlike in the larger mind.” But how far she still is from the three-fold ideal, spiritual, intellectual and material,—an ideal which grows every day more clear—she herself is most deeply conscious. She has tried to be true to you who have trusted her. That she did not do more is not surprising, but that she did so much.

In enumerating her benefits we have overlooked what you may, perhaps, regard as the chief ones—the numberless associations which cluster around what you will probably regard as the happiest period of your life and the ties, warm, strong and tender, you have formed within her walls. Of these we shall not speak.

Your College has, at least, given you of her best and you will now give the world of yours. Your sphere may be wide or restricted, but she asks you not to restrict it by your own act—by turning away hand or eye from humble good works. She knows that the days are gone (if they ever existed) when a B. A. could set the world on fire, even for nine days; but she also knows that a University graduate who has received a full course of religious training in a religious house owes something to the world. To you then, who have found “the POU STO,” she addresses, with the fullest confidence, the words of St. Paul: “Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise of discipline, think on these things.”

What the conditions peculiarly favoured she has done. She has taken a deep and special interest in each one. There is no one of you that she does not love, none that she does not regard as her true child, none that she could be separated from without pain. Let your love be as strong as hers and you will feel that you have always a true mother at whose hearthstone you will be welcomed joyfully when you come, and sorely missed when you go. She is yours and you are hers. Let the grass not grow on her

threshold where the well-known footstep falls no more. Then we shall have no need to say the word that can cast a shadow over the brightest day—that saddest of all words—"Farewell."

Mediaevalism in Scott's Works.

TO Scott's historic mind belongs the achievement of resurrecting and bringing before us the manners and customs which existed in the early ages. Throughout the classic period all reference to these was abolished and consequently the history connected with them was neglected. However, with the incoming of the romantic movement, all the courtesies of chivalry, all the honors of feudalism and all the glories of warfare, were laid before the literary world in a broad and vigorous style. And of this romanticism, Scott's work was the culmination.

On account of ill health Scott, while yet a mere boy, was forced to resort to stories for amusement and, at his grandfather's home where he lived for many years, he was bred in an atmosphere of songs and tales:

"And ever by the winter hearth
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms,
Of patriotic battles won of old."

These were the sources of his stories; and hence, the spirit of mediævalism, so strong throughout his poetry. He carries us back to the times when the old minstrels went from town to town, playing upon the lyre and singing of the wonderful deeds of chivalrous knights and fair ladies. What wondrous charm in such a picture of the close of day as this:

"So passed the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoyed the blessed, the lovely hour."

Whatever was antique had its interest for Scott and he loved to search the ancient histories, especially those of his own country, about which

he wrote, not in ponderous volumes of facts but rather in a beautiful narrative style, which made him renowned as a story-teller.

Scott learned, also, to know his native land at first hand in his frequent journeys through the Border Country and the Highlands. Thus his beautiful ballads, which his mediæval imagination produced, have lived long after him to exhibit to us his wonderful power as a narrator.

Among other poems he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel", which took the world by storm. The exact and vivid realism of his descriptions justifies the abundant detail; for example,

"The blithesome signs of wassel gay
Decay'd not with the dying day.
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang."

People did not stop to consider whether in the fierce recital of adventure or the long description of mountain, wood, lake and river, castle and abbey, there were heard those inner voices which hang about the greatest poetry like echoes. The readers were struck by the picturesque description of historical situations, but much more by the powerful narrative in such passages as:

"Fair Margaret from the turret head,
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with clamour dread,
The ready horsemen sprung:
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats
And leaders' voices mingled notes,
And out! And out!
In hasty route,
The horsemen gallop'd forth."

It was, however, the outward show which Scott emphasized in his poetry—the hunt, the feast, battles, from the king on his throne down to the jester with his cap and bells. Into the deep thoughts of the soul he did not penetrate, although he constantly maintained an interest in the superstitions so common in his native country.

It was, then, Scott's true patriotism, his ardent love of country, which prompted his mediæval spirit so pronounced in him. Having learned a little of his country from travel, he searched the histories, thus storing up in his mind, besides historic facts, the beautiful pictures which his vivid imagination allowed to be reproduced in luxuriant language. He has so painted the remote past that it has since existed in our minds as an age of unparalleled honor and glory.

TERESA COUGHLAN, '15.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Saul.

TWO emotions strongly depicted by Browning are the Religious and the Artistic and these, as closely allied as they are in any nature in which they happen to co-exist. In "Saul" this is specially true for these emotions not only embody the thought of the poem but are evident to a marked degree in the manner in which the story is told.

Against the splendid background of patriarchal Israel we have the boy David singing in the tent of the great king whom he is striving to deliver from the agony of spiritual conflict. In the darkness of the tent we see the monarch with arms outstretched against its poles, dumb, sightless and powerless like the serpent in the solitude of the forest, awaiting its transformation.

Now, it is the sweet and simple pastoral themes, so dear to the heart of the boy-shepherd, that David chooses in his attempt to soothe the stricken soul, again, the joyous song of the reapers, the warrior's march, the funeral and marriage chants, and at length when his harp intones the solemn chorus of the Levites advancing towards the altar, Saul groans and in the darkness the lights which leap from the jewels of his turban betray his emotion.

David changes his theme. He sings of the goodness of human life, of labour and success, of hope and fulfilment of high ambitions, of the great king in whom are centered all the gifts and powers of human nature, of Saul himself, until the tense body relaxes and "the slow heavings of the chest subside."

But the singer has not yet attained the goal of his achievement; in a fresh burst of inspira-

tion he challenges his bearer to follow him beyond the grave, and as the vision of this earthly immortality unfolds itself before the sufferer's sight he becomes a king again, "released and aware." Gently he lays his hand on the young singer's forehead, fixing his eyes upon him in grave scrutiny and the heart of David goes out to his king in filial, pitying tenderness. The boy is overcome with the yearning to inspire hope in the depressed spirit of Saul and the yearning develops into prophecy. What he as man can desire for his fellow-man, God will surely give. What he would suffer for those he loves, surely God would suffer, since human nature is not more capable of love than the Divine. His prayer is answered, and, exulting in the consciousness of his victory, he hails the advent of Christ.

In the darkness of the night as David seeks his home unseen cohorts press everywhere upon him but the "Hand" guides him through the tumult and he sees it "die out in the day's tender birth."

It is presenting single dramatic situations such as this that Browning's power is absolute. The graphic vividness of his descriptions, strengthened by the use of forceful similes, gives us distinct pictures of the characters and the scene of action, for example:—

' "as, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all
heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear
and stark, blind and dumb."

In the diction there is a wealth of imagery brought out by a certain air of grandeur and strength and the smoothness and musical quality of the whole is secured by pleasing rhythm and unlaboured rhyme as is evident in this extract:—

"Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons
goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her,
that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers)
on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breastplate,—
leaves grasp of the sheet?"

Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously
 down to his feet,
 And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet,
 your mountain of old,
 With his rents, the successive bequeathings of
 ages untold—
 Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each
 furrow and scar
 Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest—
 all hail, there they are!"

As is usual with Browning, he never quite succeeds in keeping his own personality out of the characters he created and in the song of David we seem to hear the ring of the poet's voice vibrating with the joy of life and maintaining a strong, fearless trust in God and immortality.

"The man taught enough, by life's dream, of the
 rest to make sure;
 By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
 And the next world's reward and repose, by the
 struggles in this."

Wordsworth's Attitude to Man and Nature.

WORDSWORTH wrote of men and he wrote of nature, treating each in a way which was novel to the methods of English literature. He blazed for himself a path through fields of thought and feeling hitherto unexplored and has left us a true expression of his experiences. In clear and simple language he so relates them that we see what he saw and feel what he felt. In this faculty of being able to reproduce his emotions faithfully lies his chief claim to consideration.

The first event to have a decided influence on Wordsworth was the French Revolution. He was a young man of twenty-two when the uprising took place and he rejoiced in the seeming advance of liberty and democracy. His enthusiasm was great and he gave his sympathies to the people until the subjugation of Switzerland was effected by Napoleon. This act, carried out by the vindicators of liberty, was a blow to his faith in the cause. His hope was turned to despair, his confidence in man was destroyed and he was left with a shaken trust in God. Nature

and his sister, Dorothy, were the two forces which led him back to hopefulness and joy in life. He tells us:

"Nature's self,
 By all varieties of human love
 Assisted, led me back through opening day
 To those sweet counsels between head and heart
 Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught
 with peace,
 Which through the later sinkings of the cause
 Hath still upheld and upholds me now."

To some men a contemplation of nature brings quiet restfulness and comfort, but to Wordsworth it meant a great deal more. From boyhood he possessed a deep appreciation, and his observation of nature was very keen. His early life was spent in the open country of Cumberland with its beauty of landscape in mountain, hill and dale, rushing torrents, wild cataracts, peaceful rivers and calm lakes, a region of rugged beauty where nature is indeed the "meet nurse of a poetic child." His spirit felt the call and his whole being responded. He found delight in this emotion and communication with the "soul of nature." To use his own phrases, the sounding cataract haunted him like a passion, the tall rock, the mountain and the deep and gloomy wood were to him an appetite: a feeling and a love that had no need of a remoter charm, by thought supplied, not any interest unborrowed from the eye. Wordsworth was sincere and we may rest assured that the feelings which he expressed in "Tintern Abbey" were not exaggerated but, in truth, the emotions which he actually felt as a boy even though he related them many years after.

Wordsworth loved nature not for the beauty of scenery but because what seemed nature's spirit appealed to him. After his disappointment in man it proved the "balm of his hurt mind" and a source of strength and comfort to his troubled spirit. Various phenomena he terms but different aspects of nature, and (pervading it as a whole) he perceives an animating spirit independent of himself. With this spirit, he claims, the human mind, if it reaches a certain state, may hold communication. The presentation of a spiritual presence in nature has been effected by Wordsworth as by no other poet. It is a human feeling when related through the

medium of his poetic expression. From boyish rapture Wordsworth arrives at a point where he conceives of nature as being worthy of something akin to worship. He endows it with a power to "kindle and restrain", declares it to be "both law and impulse" in the moral order and

"the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

A plea for the simple life,, sometimes direct, sometimes indirect, is heard throughout all Wordsworth's poetry. He knew the simple life and was firmly convinced that in it the noble feelings of the human heart find their truest and freest expression.

"Not verily for their own sakes, but for the
fields and hills

Where was their occupation and abode"

did he love the people of the countryside. He wove them into his work, delineating them with their simple joys and sorrows and uneventful lives as he had met and known them "among the lonely hills." But his purpose appears to have been to illustrate the ennobling influence of nature on men. In "The Brothers" we see his attempt to show how continued communication with nature developed warm affection. In his pastoral poem, Michael is a true herder of sheep, not the conventional type of shepherd common to the literature of the Eighteenth Century; his life is homely and he meets his affliction in a homely, manly way, strengthened by the comfort he has received from nature during the course of years spent in close communion with it.

"Among the rocks

He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind."

That he should be a teacher was Wordsworth's idea of his mission, and while we may think that his genius took a peculiar bent in giving to men this odd "system" of thought, we admit that his poetry has a charm of its own. No one can know his works and not feel, at least, a deep appreciation for nature. To conclude, we may quote Lord Morley: "Wordsworth's claim, his special gift, his lasting contribution, lies in the extraordinary strenuousness, sincerity and in-

sight with which he first idealizes and glorifies the vast universe around us and then makes of it, not a theatre in which men play their parts, but an animate presence intermingling with our works, pouring its companionable spirit about us, and breathing grandeurs upon the very humblest face of human life."

MARY POWER, '15.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Beautiful as Interpreted by Keats and Shelley.

THE names of John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley are important in English literature, because they are those of great Individuals in an age of Individualism.

This rank they have attained, not because of the profound philosophy of their poetry, since neither lived long enough for wisdom to have ripened in him, not because of a marvelous gift of delineating character, but because they are to the materialistic, scientific nineteenth century Apostles of Beauty.

Let us now see how vastly different were the paths along which Beauty allured her two passionate lovers.

Keats was born to be a poet. He had no taste for philosophy, for social reform or abstract ideas; he loved the beautiful in nature, in human life, in the ideal world of imagination. Keats's creed is:

"For 'tis the eternal law

That first in beauty should be first in might."

Shelley was an idealist, an intense lover of humanity, a child of dreams, of impulse and of liberty. His poetry is the unconsciously beautiful expression of a beautiful soul.

"Spirit of Beauty that does consecrate

With thy own hues, all thou dost shine upon,
Of human thought and form."—

Nature too spoke differently to them. Keats was content to see nature by her own light, and to reveal to unseeing eyes her marvelous beauty. He found in her no spiritual meaning. In his "Ode to Autumn," he tells us simply,

"Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

Shelley, however, idealized nature in the magic light of his own fancy. In her presence "despair itself is mild," and he sings:

"I could lie down like a tired child, and hear the
sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

Nothing could be more remarkable than the different attitudes of the two poets toward beautiful women. Keats's women are real, living, feeling creatures with a definite charm. He says:

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild."

Shelley's idealized woman is a vague, misty, ethereal creature for whom he yearns with

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow."

While, however, Keats's poetry abounds in luxurious sentiment he was not merely "sensually sensitive." He loved beauty for its own sake, but he was learning also to love the intellectual and the spiritual and, had he lived, might have proved the truth of his words,

"I have loved the *principle* of beauty."

Shelley despised the gross sensations of particular objects, he quivered at the idea of loveliness. He scorns not "the smallest light that twinkles in the heavens; but sees the magic of another world in all earthly things."

In the gift of poetic music both poets excelled, Keats because of the tone of rich voluptuous harmony which characterized his odes, Shelley because of the careless ease of his music, which has made him the greatest pure lyrist in English literature.

The ideal which guided the genius of the two men, each in his own way, can probably not be better expressed than by the words of the younger poet:

"'Beauty is truth; truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

MONA E. CLARK, '15.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Ideals.

O self-set goals for future years, how oft
Ye seem illusive dreams that lure us on
To strive for that which ever flees before
Our utmost striving,—still eludes our grasp!

* * * * *

In youth's bright day, when Hope swayed Life
and Time,

How lofty then the heights we would essay!

How broad the lands whereon to build our
towers,

How deep their bases, and how wondrous fair
With Heaven's own beauty did Life's purpose
glow!

And now! We gaze, with saddened hearts, to
see

Our towers,—moss-clad ruins, and the heights,
Their snow-crowned summits far beyond our
ken!

Our purpose,—baffled, fruitless, empty, vain!
While we, through weary days of ceaseless toil,—
With fainting spirits thirsting for Life's Fount—
See hopes betrayed, and Youth's fair dream dis-
pelled!

Is it for this we've striven, and have borne
What else we might have shunned? are we then
mocked?

Why burns a fevered thirst within our souls
If ne'er that thirst can sated be? But, hark!
A voice from out the gloom, in accents clear:—
"Lift up thine eyes, O toiler in the vale,
Beyond the mists that round thy pathway cling,
And hide from thee My purpose and My love!
What thou hast done unto the least of these,
That thou hast done to Me! I will restore
In fullest measure, all thou didst resign
To do My will and not thine own, whilst thou
Through endless years shalt bless the shielding
care

That turned thy steps from paths with peril
fraught;

The quenchless thirst that in thy soul doth burn,
Shall sated be with draughts of Love Divine!

Lo! the rich fruitage of thy weary toil—
The souls that else were lost, thou'st won for
Heaven,—

Whose chants of praise shall ring thro' Paradise,
To swell the full-tide of Eternal Joy!

Ah, doubting heart! Heaven's bliss for thee was
won



MISS ANNA TERESA COUGHLAN

*"I would more natures were like thine,
So innocently wild and free,
Whose sad thoughts, even, leap and shine
Like sunny wavelets in the sea."*

Miss Ryan is native of Mitchell. Practically, all her education has been received at Loreto Convent, Stratford, and Loreto Abbey, Toronto. She is one of the first two members of Loreto Abbey College.

In 1912-1913 she filled the position of Associate Editor of St. Michael's Year Book with great ability, taking charge of the women's contributions. In 1913-1914 she was Editor-in-Chief of the RAINBOW, and leading lady in the cast of "La Poudre aux Yeux," given by the Cercle Français. She has always taken a prominent part in all social, dramatic and musical organizations and owing to her exceedingly winning disposition has been a very popular member of the college classes. She has also maintained an excellent record for scholarship throughout her course, obtaining proficiency standing every year at the Final Examinations.

*"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."*

Hastings is honoured in being the birthplace of the subject of this biography. Her academic education was received at Loreto Convent, Hamilton. After matriculating she came to Toronto and shares with Miss Gertrude Ryan the distinction of being one of the first two secular women to register at Toronto University through St. Michael's College. As the pioneer students of Loreto Abbey College, theirs has been the duty of piloting successive classes of "Freshettes" through the shoals of registration and enrollment.

Miss Coughlan has for two years been on the RAINBOW staff, in 1914 as Business Manager and in 1915 as Athletic Editor. Her musical talents have made her a valued member of the College Glee Club. She has also taken a prominent part in the dramatic work of the "Cercle Français." In spite of a rather retiring disposition, her merits were soon discovered and she ranks as one of the best-loved members of the college. By her scholastic success she has reflected credit on her young Alma Mater, obtaining proficiency standing each year throughout her course at the University.



MISS GERTRUDE ELIZABETH RYAN



MISS MARY POWER

*"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Though bent on reading for degrees,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"*

Miss Power, whose home is in Toronto, obtained her secondary education at Loreto Abbey, passing the Entrance to Faculties examination at the age of fifteen. She entered the University at the Second Year, enrolling at St. Michael's in October, 1912, as a student of Loreto Abbey College. Since coming into residence she has been a leader in everything tending to promote the good of the College as a whole, and of each individual member of it. Her broad, enlightened influence has been recognized by her fellow-collegians, by whom she has been elected President of the first class to graduate from Loreto Abbey College. She was elected Vice-President of the Catholic Women's Club of the University in April, 1912, and holds the position of Editor-in-Chief of the RAINBOW for the current issue. Miss Powers' ability and success are attested by her remarkable high standing in the University class lists of each year.

*"Age cannot wither nor custom stale
Thine infinite variety."*

Miss Clark is also a native of Toronto. Her academic training was received at St. Joseph's Convent and at Loreto Abbey, where she passed the Entrance to Faculties examination. She entered the University at the Second Year, enrolling as a student of University College for the year 1911-1912. The following year she attended the Faculty of Education, obtaining a First Class Public School and a High School Interim Certificate in June, 1913. Since October, 1913, she has been enrolled at St. Michael's as a student of Loreto Abbey College.

Miss Clark is on the Editorial staff of the RAINBOW, and also that of the "Newman News Letter." She is a popular member of the Newman Club as well as of the various organizations of her own college. Her dramatic talents have been turned to account on several occasions, especially in the presentation of "Everyman," which was played for the financial and literary benefit of the College. That her social activities and her varied interests have not interfered with her literary progress is proved by the distinction she has attained throughout her University career.



MISS MONA EMILY CLARK

By anguish of My lone Gethsemane,—
By Calvary's Sacrifice—Love's Gift Supreme!"

* * * * *

How clear what erst was mystery of pain!
How thrills our being, answering to Love's
 plaint!

While, fairer e'en than youth's fair dream, shine
 forth

New-risen Stars of Hope and Love and Trust!
And nearer gleam the heights,—snow-crowned
 no more,

But bathed in living light of Easter Dawn.

"PRO-OPTIMO."

Conscription.

CONSCRIPTION in the modern sense of the word means "the compulsory service for a certain limited time of all able-bodied citizens for home defence." This system, with various modifications, is in force in many European countries, but nowhere has it been carried to such perfection as in Germany.

From time to time, prominent statesmen and military men have advised England to adopt this system, and in 1905, Lord Roberts advocated universal military training in order that a strong well-trained force might be always ready to defend the shores of the United Kingdom. The idea that England could be invaded was smiled at, and Roberts was answered that so long as England was Mistress of the Seas, her shores would not be molested. The events of the present war give us reason to fear that the opponents of Lord Roberts have been over-confident, and now that a hostile army is within sixty-five miles of Dover, we wonder if an invasion of England is really an impossibility.

However this may be, the idea of conscription has been and is still repugnant to the British public as something utterly opposed to individual freedom. To the English mind it seems still to recall the cruelties of the press-gang, which, until the nineteenth century, was the legitimate method of recruiting the British navy. This fact, together with the fact that England places her security in her navy where conscription could hardly be applied, accounts for the general prejudice against a system in favor of

which much may be said. That this objection is mere prejudice is evident from the fact that the terms "voluntary" and "conscript," as used nowadays, are both misnomers. Owing to the progress of industry and the spread of the industrial spirit, the masses have become wealthier, and civil life offers greater attractions than ever before. Men who have the ability to succeed in professional or business careers cannot be expected to turn aside to military life, hence the so-called voluntary army is largely made up of those who are *forced* into it by failure, or incapacity for other work. On the other hand, the man who fulfills his duties as a citizen in common with his countrymen, and fights on the same conditions as his neighbour, cannot be called a *forced* man.

The very existence of a nation as an organized community is founded upon the recognition of certain duties incumbent on all, and these the state may enforce. Obviously the first duty of a citizen is to defend his country, and the right of the state to demand this personal service seems to have been respected from the earliest times, when every man was a soldier. Not until a nation had rendered itself immune from attack by its readiness for defence was industrial progress possible. As this progress increased, those who profited by it shifted the burden of military responsibility to the shoulders of the professional soldier, but the principle that every citizen owed personal service was never quite lost sight of. It is still found on the statute books of England in the terms of the Militia Act.

In feudal times the obligation of military service rested upon all, and those who were land-owners were further bound to aid the king in his wars by serving in person or by means wherewith to maintain an army. This alternative of furnishing means is doubtless the origin of "substitution" which is permitted in some countries where limited conscription is in force. In Spain, for instance, a man who is rich enough to pay a substitute is not obliged to render personal service. This system is unfair as it throws the task of defending the country on those who are already handicapped by poverty. Another pernicious system is that of "Military Ballot," a sort of lottery which leaves the selection of soldiers to chance.

Conscription ought to be universal. Limited or class conscriptions are vicious in theory and tyrannical in practice, founded as they are on the principle that some are bound to serve their country and others are not.

In Germany every man is obliged to spend in training two years between the age of nineteen and twenty-three. For any young man who has matriculation standing this time is shortened to one year, and thus, all are encouraged to have a good education.

It is argued against this system that it would interfere with trade and commerce, and that it would withdraw the working class from productive labour, and thus diminish the capital of the country. An unsuccessful war or an invasion would be a greater interference with trade and commerce, and without national safety no labour can be regarded as productive.

Again, it is urged that compulsory service would be more costly than the present system. This is doubtful. Advocates of conscription claim that it would be less costly, and the respective estimates of the expense do not agree. However, grant that it is more costly, the surplus expenditure should be considered as premium paid on an insurance policy. Business men do not regard money so invested as unproductive capital.

It is claimed also that conscript soldiers will not fight with the same spirit as voluntary recruits. History does not bear out this statement, neither does the present war.

Finally, it is feared that conscription would introduce the spirit of militarism, the subordination of the civil order to a military caste, and that this would result in interference with freedom of speech and the liberty of the press. In Germany where education is entirely controlled by the State, and the military ideal predominant during the earliest and most impressionable years, it is true there is evident danger that the Spartan spirit may dry up the springs of individual liberty, but this is an extreme case. On the other hand, Russia, France, Italy and Austria-Hungary have adopted universal military service since 1860, and the march of liberty in these countries since that time is unprecedented in the world's history.

Service in a national army would bring masses and classes together to their mutual ad-

vantage and would foster a feeling of personal responsibility and a spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of the community, without which social life is little more than a name. The man who realizes that he has a definite share in his country's fate, thrills with truer patriotism than the one who grudgingly pays more taxes while others are fighting and falling to defend his life and liberty.

During the period of military training, the young men would learn the lessons of ready obedience to authority, the nobility of work, and the importance of organization and method, in dealing with the simplest practical matters. The physique of the nation would be improved, and men would return to their different avocations with better mental and physical equipment. This training of the whole manhood in discipline, manliness, and self-mastery, would prove an intellectual factor of untold value in the life of the people, while the officers, knowing that they were forming, not merely soldiers, but citizens, would keep before their men a high ideal of duty.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Remember that as surely as in that baby life at Bethlehem there lay the power which has run through all the world; the power which makes Judea burn like a star forever; the power which has transfigured history; the power which has made millions of men its joyous servants; the power of the millenniums yet to be; so surely in the humblest soul's humble certainty that it does love God there lies enfolded all the possibility of the most perfect sainthood.

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our best. It is a finely-trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness towards the goal which cannot be seen. A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but those who can both smile and wait, if they have that tenacity of purpose which never turns back, will surely win. The proper time for proving ourselves cheerful is when everything seems to go against us.

Niagara Rainbow

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As in the April number of the RAINBOW in 1914, so in the present number the responsibility for the greater part of the contents rests upon the students of Loreto Abbey College. The contributions are, in the main, samples of the work of the college year, so we beg the indulgence of our readers, and hope they come to its perusal with rosy-hued spectacles. We are growing in numbers and enthusiasm and will, at some day not too far distant, prove worthy of your interest.

The College, this year, sends forth its first quota of Catholic women to join the volunteer corps of the army of Catholic truth. At no period in the history of the Church have there been greater opportunities for men and women of great faith and zeal to wield a potent influence. The Church's standards are raised aloft in the midst of social, industrial and moral confusion, and all that is needed to ensure her triumph

is brave and enlightened men and women to gather close and stand firm for her standards. A university education should expand the sympathy and the understanding of the problems of human life—a Catholic education concentrates that understanding and directs that sympathy and forms the soldier of truth. An enlightened and educated Catholic woman knows that the social and moral conditions of her time are not a permanent power to which she must perforce submit, and that on the other hand the Church's teaching of right and justice has guided her forces through centuries of ever-changing warfare against evil.

*

Early in May, Loreto Abbey will celebrate its first College graduation by a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving, a Baccalaureate Sermon and address by a distinguished Catholic educator. Other

social and scholastic functions will be announced when arrangements are completed.

This event marks an epoch of advance in Canadian Catholic education. As explained in the RAINBOW of last year, Toronto University embraces a federation of four Art Colleges, all of which enjoy equal rights—University College, which is undenominational; Victoria, which is Methodist; Trinity, which is Anglican, and St. Michael's, which is Catholic. The first three are co-educational, and each maintains a women's residence in connection, viz., Queen's Hall, Annesley Hall and St. Hilda's College, respectively.

Owing to the principle of segregation which prevails in St. Michael's, as in almost all other Catholic Colleges, Catholic women have not until recently enjoyed the same advantages as those of other denominations. Now, however, they may register at St. Michael's College and attend the lectures at Loreto Abbey under a staff of teachers approved by the Faculty of St. Michael's, to which the University leaves their selection. The college professors personally conduct two of the lecture courses—Religious Knowledge and Philosophy. This year the English course likewise has had the personal supervision of a very distinguished member of St. Michael's staff—Mr. W. P. M. Kennedy, a former student of Trinity College, Dublin, of Oxford and of Heidelberg, with specialist degree in English and History from Oxford. Mr. Kennedy was till recently History Professor of the Antigonish University, and is already well known as the author of several historical volumes treating of the Reformation age in England, which show careful study of original documents and will prove a valuable and inspiring guide to students of the period.

The students of all the Federated Colleges must attend the lectures at the University in what are known as University subjects, e. g., Geology, Chemistry and Political Science. The practical

work in all the natural sciences is conducted in the magnificently-equipped laboratories of the University.

The Art Students at Loreto Abbey have thus a unique advantage, that of pursuing their studies in a Catholic College, and of obtaining their degree from a University whose high standing is recognized both throughout the British Empire and in the United States. It rests with the Catholics of the Dominion to correspond with the liberal opportunities for higher education thus afforded them.

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In the University of Melbourne, Australia, there is now in process of erection a Catholic College. The plan of organization of the Melbourne University is very similar to that of Toronto, consisting as it does of several federated Colleges of various denominations. In the present year the land set apart more than half a century ago by the Government for a Catholic College is at length being made use of. The Archbishop, Most Rev. Thomas Joseph Carr, D. D., and his coadjutor, Most Rev. Daniel Mannix, D. D., a celebrated Irish educator and former Vice-President of the Irish National University, have awakened enthusiasm in the cause and inaugurated a subscription list which ensures the rapid erection and equipment of a college.

The Most Reverend Archbishop in speaking of the need for it refers to the deplorable results of unguided secular education on clever young men, and goes on to say,—“We, the Catholic people, want a body of competent leaders. We have a splendid army but we want a larger number of highly trained officers. We look forward to the future of the students and hope to see in them a body of Catholic young men who will claim and receive the respect of their fellow men, not only of Catholics but of those who do not share their religious convictions.”

It is gratifying to Canada to see her sister colony providing for Catholic University education

along the same lines as she has done. St. Michael's for more than twenty-five years has held the position in the University of Toronto which this new Melbourne College will hold in Melbourne University. May the sequel of that College be also a provision, similar to that of St. Michael's, for Catholic women students, is our wish.

We cannot refrain from quoting from an account of Archbishop Mannix's views on the question of Catholic education as reported in a special college number of the Melbourne Tribune. It bears as valuable a note for Canadian Catholics as for Australian—

"In a community in which religious interests are at variance and educational ideas conflicting, Catholics cannot always secure that type of University education which they should desire. There must be a certain amount of adjustment of rival claims. There will inevitably be difficulties to be surmounted and dangers to be guarded against. But in a progressive age, and especially in a new and progressive country, probably the greatest danger of all would be, if Catholics were to stand aloof from the Universities, to contribute nothing to the atmosphere which the coming men are breathing in the formative period of their lives—to exercise no influence in shaping the thought and ideals of the Universities—to accept the status of an inferior cast in their own land. In the natural course, the men who will make their mark for good or ill in life will come from the Universities. Exceptions there will be for whom no rule can provide, but, for the most part, the leaders of thought and action, the captains of industry, the heads of the learned professions, the men that will control the press, the scientists who will claim to extend the confines of knowledge, and make war or peace with religion, the leaders of public life who will make or mar the well-being of the Commonwealth—all these will pass through the halls of the Universities. And

hence, I am in full agreement with you when you convey the hope that every inducement should be held out to Catholics to take their proper place in the Universities, with all due and sufficient safeguards for their faith and for the practice of their religion. They will, at the Universities, form those youthful friendships that often count for so much in the struggle for success in their after life. They will have a better opportunity of measuring themselves in early life with those who are later on to be their rivals and competitors for the bigger prizes of life, and, for that power and influence that will shape the economical, political, and religious destiny of their country. The Universities should profit by the leavening of live, active Catholicism, the Church unobtrusively would obtain a hearing in the seats of learning, and Catholics might justly hope to secure without fear or favour their due and proportionate share of the good things in public and private life."

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A very valuable work, and one of keen interest from many points of view, is our heritage this year—from the pen of Rev. Peter Guilday—"Docteur ès Sciences Morales et Historiques" (Louvain)—present Instructor of Church History, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

The book deals in a masterly and profoundly interesting way with the "English Catholic Refugees on the Continent—1558-1795."

The author has left nothing undone to render his work accurate in every detail, but,—thanks to his delightful style—not laboriously so, for the reader. The authorities he has consulted, a list so long, that none worth consulting could have been left out, the many who have aided him in his wide researches and the illustrious godfathers of the work put a seal upon it which renders its claim upon the enlightened reader quite beyond question.

The first volume is the story of the religious activity of English Exiles in the Low Countries principally. A wonderful and inspiring story it is indeed, and in view of the present desecrated condition of Belgium, how deeply pathetic a story!

Among the religious Orders whose archives have contributed their records towards the making of this book are the Benedictines, Carmelites, Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans, Carthusians, Bridgettines, *Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Austin Canonesses.

In chapter six of the Volume in question we have the very best account of the Institute of our Alma Mater and its Foundress, Mary Ward, which we remember to have read. The amount of real history which the author has packed into its fifty pages is a feat in itself, and many an intricate problem has been worked out with a minuteness of detail and clearness of judgment, very often found wanting in more exhaustive works bearing upon this matter. Yet no disparaging note has been omitted for fear of losing the reader's sympathy or faith in a Foundress of so brave a spirit and so captivating a personality.

The cloud of misunderstanding and suspicion is allowed to pass over her, in the narration, quite as it did in reality. We are spared none of the adverse criticisms dealt out to her by those who should have sought for the truth, which the sequel disclosed.

But a glorious vindication of her person and her cause came in God's own time. As a true Foundress her name is now venerated,—her Institute is approved,—and as the learned author says, one thing alone remains to crown the work of the great "pioneer of uncloistered religious, formed to meet the exigencies of modern times"—viz., that all the Houses with the branch Congregations be brought together again under one Chief Superior, with Assistant Superiors all over the world.

An outstanding characteristic of nearly all present-day movements is centralized co-operation. The strength of organized union is valued even in evil causes, and it is therefore well that it should also be sought by the children of light. To attain and substantiate such union in the cause of Catholic education and Catholic women was the end and object of a meeting of representatives of Catholic Alumnae Associations held in New York City in November last. An account of the meeting and its results, as given by Mrs. H. S. Kelly, Loreto Abbey Alumnae delegate, will be found elsewhere in this copy of the RAINBOW.

The movement is significant of the results of Catholic higher education for women. In the present state of society and industry, woman's influence extends actively beyond her home circle, her energies bring her into contact with public questions and social conditions which a simpler age would never present. Education develops her power of comprehension—it does not enlarge her sphere as much as it enables her to understand and fill it. In the same way co-ordination and organization of her possible activities is an intensive force—each educated woman works for the concentrated noblest ideals of the whole body.

The National Federation of Catholic Alumnae opens, thus, great possibilities for the future. Here can be clarified and emphasized the attitude Catholic women should hold towards such movements as social reform and even socialism itself. It is the plausibility and the superficial justice and philanthropy of many really unsound doctrines that give them an insidious influence.

Catholic women must often applaud the zeal and earnestness, and the practical results of such movements—they cannot always sift the underlying principles and false assumptions, and are dazzled by their non-Catholic sisters "doing something." Thus, a union of the forces of Catholic women of the American Continent ought to mean much for charity and zeal.

Notes on the War.

IN a small book by Mr. William Meynell, called "Aunt Sarah and the War," the young British captain, Owen Tudor, writing from the front, to his charming English cousin, answers her evident unconsciousness of the seriousness and the suffering with these—"This War isn't one of the events of the world—it's the only event. The people who're worthy to talk about it are only they who have somehow suffered in or by it." He speaks of the battlefield, or rather the area of trenches, as "All Europe's death chamber." We cannot claim to see the situation with the eyes of actual sufferers and feel with their hearts, yet the whole world is stirred, and pens and thoughts will not refrain. Let us only hope they are moved by patriotism and reverent sympathy.

Education.—The effect of the present war on education throughout the countries of Europe has been wide-spread and disastrous. The war is in fact a most appalling commentary on the relation between education and civilization. At the outset of the great contest the attention of all civilized nations was fixed upon the devastation of Belgium and the ruthless destruction of her foremost University Louvain. Louvain has represented Catholic European culture and ecclesiastical and secular education for centuries. The real horror of the crime was perhaps more æsthetic than educational, yet the loss of buildings and equipment was enormous, while the burning of the library with its collection of documents of rare import—for instance the unedited correspondence of Erasmus—has impoverished the history of Europe.

In France, Germany, and England, the activity of literature and education is at a standstill. Men think, talk, write nothing but war. Professors and students have abandoned their work to respond to their countries' need. Three native French professors of our own Toronto University are wielding swords in France this year rather than pen and voice in Canada. Yet the uniting force of disaster has its examples also. Louvain receiving the hospitality of Cambridge is a curious sequel to the history of English scholarly refugees of the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries finding space and scope for their study and their faith in the Low Countries.

In America the war has not so seriously interfered with the progress of education. Undoubtedly many students have not been able to pursue their studies on the Continent as they might wish, and even at home an undercurrent of unrest and wonder tends to break the even tenor of the student's path. In our own University there has been daily evidence of our Imperial connection. Since the beginning of the year the Varsity young men have substituted military drill for some part of their course. From four to six every afternoon the campus has been the scene of stirring transformations—the raw recruits of October, who were told off in small groups to be drilled, have now become a gallant military corps. As they form up and perform their morning march and manœuvres they are the object of many an admiring glance. The term has been shortened this year, too, to admit of the formation in May of a military camp for University students.

MARY DOWNEY.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

"The Devil's Own."—Men of education and profession are by no means the slowest to respond to the country's need in time of war. A curious exemplification of this fact is a regiment recruited from the lawyers and students of the staid and solemn Inns of Court of Old London. No spot in all England looks more peaceful and more remote from the rumors of war than Temple Gardens and Lincoln's Inn.

And yet in Temple Gardens, on the lawn behind the stone buildings, in strong contrast to the surrounding place, the young lawyers of England are preparing for active service. Lincoln's Inn is the headquarters of the Inns of Court Officers Training Corps, which is to-day justifying its existence by training and handing over officers to the service of their country. This training corps has been a feature of the life of Inns of Court for centuries, and its successive generations have given officers and men to the various wars, beginning with a volunteer corps in the days of the Armada. George III., once attending a review of the corps in 1805,

dubbed them the "Devil's Own," and the familiar nickname, a sign of honourable popularity, has endured.
E. F.

The War and Religion—Whatever may be the terrible evils attendant on this war, there is one truth which the world is beginning to realize, viz., that Materialism, Indifference and Atheism are of little avail now, we need Christianity. Only a divine power can undo the wrong which men have brought on themselves.

Yet nations as well as individuals have just claims in defending which force is inevitable. War is a national ethical weapon by the permission of Divine Providence—the responsibility for it rests upon the pilots of the state. War for aggrandizement is not allowable. War for defence or to aid the oppressed is a nation's chief means of enforcing justice. Only a later generation can definitely judge the causes of the present gigantic war. Germans claim to be fighting for Fatherland, and Britons for the integrity of international faith, history will call upon the aggressor to justify himself, and the aggressor is not Britain.

One remarkable good has already resulted from the war; for the first time in four hundred years every European state of importance is represented at the Papal Court. This fact leads many to think that once again, as in days gone by, the Sovereign Pontiff may be the Arbiter of Peace.

And surely that spirit of humanity which is now everywhere manifest, the terrible trials which have made kin, "Cook's son, Duke's son, son of a belted Earl," will bring on mankind a Divine Blessing in the form of Peace.

M. C.

Ireland and the War.—At this time when Ireland is so generously sending her sons to the support of the Empire and her allies—a fact which is especially laudable when one considers how she very nearly split in two by the Home Rule Question,—it is particularly interesting to notice that she is not doing more now than she did in the Napoleonic wars. This comparison was drawn to our attention in haphazard fashion and by a most unexpected champion of Irish Catholic Imperial patriotism. In the

preface to a volume of educational and historical essays, John Ruskin, in the cause of fair-minded justice in national affairs, comments rather caustically on an expedition of the Queen's Guards into Ireland in the eighteen-sixties, and then quotes the following from a speech of the Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords when the question of Catholic emancipation was being threshed out:—

"It is already well known to your Lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—at least one half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the throne and wrecked the institutions of every other people;—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

The present loyal and generous rallying of Irish to meet the disastrous need, fighting on the same ground as a century ago, will renew their title to the motto then inscribed upon their colours—"Semper et ubique fideles."

ELLEN MADIGAN.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Switzerland is at present "a small neutral State entirely surrounded by war." This would seem to be the actual state of affairs since neutral Italy takes up but a small part of the southern border.

Officially, Switzerland is absolutely neutral, but it is asking too much of human nature to

expect the individual to have no opinion. The fact, therefore, that French Switzerland sympathizes unofficially with France, and German Switzerland with Germany, had its effect on the Swiss mobilization, which called the French-speaking Swiss to the German border and the German-speaking to the French. This is one of the few facts known about the movements of the Swiss army. The secrecy maintained regarding it is absolute. Switzerland is "armed, mined, and barb-wired" along every foot of her frontier, and it has transpired that this perfect defense, and the fact that practically every soldier is a sharpshooter, led the Germans to give up their plan of breaking through Switzerland to attack France, and made them choose Belgium instead.

Switzerland has always been a sanctuary for refugees, principally political, and now, especially, she is full of all kinds of strangers. In the first days of the war a great number of Italians, suddenly thrown out of work in Germany and Austria, on their way home, passed through Switzerland in every stage of want and despair. All the large towns organized to help these and they finally arrived safely in their own country.

On the first day of the war Germany began to rid the country of Russians. Hordes of them poured into Switzerland with handfuls of ruble notes that no one would take, and with a growing hunger that they could not appease.

Finally, came the Belgian refugees. French Switzerland has the honour of having begun the movement which has made possible the bringing to Switzerland and placing in hundreds of households these innocent victims of the war. Subscriptions were opened in various papers, and thousands of francs were gathered and sent to this most unfortunate of nations.

Some of the Swiss papers wrote of this—"Switzerland's harbouring of Belgian refugees is a demonstration against Germany. Let Switzerland beware of doing anything to prejudice her neutrality. Finally, there are in our own country plenty of miserable poor people to exercise our charity upon."

Articles also appeared in the German papers expressing surprise at Switzerland's hospitality. Her reply to these was that if her charitable impulse was to be construed as a demonstration

against Germany, then she must reflect that any excuse will do, and that her neutrality has the same validity in Germany's eyes as had Belgium's. No country, thinking and acting objectively, could find in this movement anything to "prejudice Switzerland's neutrality."

It would be difficult to find a country whose charitable organizations are so all-embracing as hers. In times of peace there are committees who sew for the poor and otherwise look after every kind of human misery. Now during the war, when every available man is standing at the frontier guarding his Fatherland from invasion, the soldiers have been added to the list of charities, and not one of the old has been stricken off. If Switzerland can keep up her home charities and at the same time care so well for her soldiers, and still have the means and will to welcome and care for the poor and unhappy of a sister nation whose fate might very well have been her own, it is not a subject for adverse criticism, but, on the contrary, for encouragement.

C. S.

Italy and the War.—Through fear of France on the West and Russia in the East, Germany and Austria joined together in 1870. Italy was alarmed by the actions of France in the Mediterranean and joined with Germany and Austria in what is known as the Triple Alliance, in 1882. This agreement called for support from the contracting parties in case any one of the three were invaded. Because of the fact that in the present war Germany and Austria are the invaders, Italy claims she is not obliged to give them her aid and support. The conditions under which the treaty was signed were peculiar, as it was a well-known fact that Italy had not been accustomed to count either Germany or Austria as a friend. The pact has never been popular with the Italian people, and the weight of public opinion has not been brought to bear upon the Government in urging them to live up to the terms of the Alliance since the opening of the present war.

Italy is maintaining a position of strict neutrality, but she has completed mobilization and her navy is ready for the signal for action. She realizes that she is an important factor in the question of the balance of power and that she

will have a deciding voice in fixing the new national boundaries of Europe after the close of the war, should victory go to either side. Consequently she holds herself in readiness to grasp the opportunity to further her own interests. Italy's policy is purely Opportunist.

M. P.

The Portrayal of Character in the Novel.

THE immense scope of the novel, its freedom of movement, and its indifference to considerations of time and place give the novelist a special power of dealing with characterization. So far as modern fiction is concerned, "the slow shaping of character is the problem of the novel."

It would be difficult to name any really great novel in which that problem does not occupy the most conspicuous place. It is the element of character portrayal which distinguishes the true modern novel from the Mediaeval tale or the old popular romance. The latter primarily deals with incident and adventure for their own sake, while the novel concerns itself with these only in so far as they are necessary for a faithful picture of life or for showing the development of character.

There comes a time, naturally and inevitably, in the course of our reading when we are no longer enthralled by startling tales of the adventures of a fabulous hero, such as the legends which cluster about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The element of adventure or surprising incident grows less and less important as we come to realize that we live in a world of facts. At this stage we demand that literature shall express life as we know it by experience—not the life of extraordinary heroes or superhuman creatures, but the individual life with its struggles and triumphs and failures like our own. Here we drop the adventure story and turn to the novel. It was impossible that we should have the novel as distinct from the tale until stories acquired a subjective interest for us; until we began to look not only at outward actions but at the characters, of which these actions give evidence.

It was not until after a protracted period of tentative effort that the English novel reached its present stage of a more or less sincere attempt

to express human life and character. The modern English novel is the flower of a plant which had long been growing in a soil not upturned by any violent upheaval, but in which a deep movement of vitality had been secretly at work.

In the Puritan Age an advance is made toward delineation of character in the work of Bunyan. In the "Pilgrim's Progress," although the hero wanders through the world, meeting adventure like the knight errant of the old legend of the rogue of the Spanish picaresque novel—he has a high moral purpose; and as he narrates his own tale he has a subjective interest for us.

Bunyan's good work—his attempt at delineation of character and his emphasis upon the effects of individual action—was carried on by Addison and Steele some thirty years later. The essay of life and manners inaugurated by these two writers at the beginning of the eighteenth century, arouses our interest in contemporary types, and thus it heralds the dawn of the modern novel. We are introduced to Sir Roger de Coverley, the country gentleman, Sir Andrew Freeport, the merchant, and to a number of others, and then, in a series of essays we are made aware, one by one, of different traits in their character—each trait enshrined in an incident which illustrates it; and we come to know them gradually, as we would in real life. With these "Spectator" essays the novel in one of its forms—the portrayal of character in conjunction with the narration of a story—is almost achieved.

Daniel Defoe carried into the adventure story the element of characterization by attempting to exhibit the workings of the ordinary mind; nevertheless his "Robinson Crusoe" is perhaps a story of surprising incident rather than a real study of human life and character.

The first English novel in which incident is subordinated to the portrayal of character is Samuel Richardson's "Pamela." Richardson's works have a strong dramatic element and the reader is enabled to keep close to the characters and to see life from their different points of view. Richardson's contemporary, Henry Fielding, is an artist in realistic fiction. He was minutely acquainted with the vast and motley field of English society so strongly marked in his time, and he delighted in reproducing its oddities and peculiarities.

Tobias Smollett reverts to the old picaresque type of story, in relying for interest more on ad-

venture than on portraying of character. He seizes on some grotesque habit or mannerism and makes a character out of it. It was he who laid the foundation for that exaggeration of human eccentricities which reaches a climax in the caricatures of Dickens.

The odd characters in Lawrence Sterne's ill-regulated work, "Tristram Shandy," are portrayed with a certain amount of skill, and like Don Quixote or Falstaff, they belong to the great "creations" of our literature.

In Goldsmith's idyllic novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield," we are introduced to an immortal creation—Dr. Primrose, a country clergyman, who reveals his own character with an air of perfect naturalness. The "Vicar," however, is the only well-drawn character in the book. The other characters are shadowy forms of which we get but a glimpse as they cross the light of the Vicar's stately personality.

It is interesting to note the different methods of characterization employed by our nineteenth century novelists. Sir Walter Scott is unsurpassed in the variety of his creations, but we seldom find any development of character in his pages. His heroes and heroines have the brilliance and fixity of portraits. For tracing the logical consequences of human action he has usually no inclination. He sketches a character roughly, plunges him into the midst of stirring incidents, and the action of the story carries us on breathlessly to the end. Scott realized his own inability to portray the events of ordinary life and to follow the development of a character through its different stages, when he said of his gifted contemporary, Jane Austen: "That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful thing I ever met with. The exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me."

We need only read "Pride and Prejudice" or "Sense and Sensibility" and at once we confirm Scott's appreciation of Jane Austen. Her characters are true to life, and all her work has the perfection of a delicate miniature painting.

From Miss Austen's finely-drawn, delicately-shaded types, we pass to the creations of Dickens. This author presents in his novels four widely-different types of character. First, we meet the

innocent little child like Oliver, Joe, Tiny Tim, or Little Nell; second, the horrible or grotesque foil, like Squeers and Uriah Heep; third, the broadly-humorous fellow—the inimitable Wilkins Micawber "always waiting for something to turn up"—and lastly, a tenderly or powerfully drawn figure such as Lady Dedlock in "Bleak House." Dickens' child characters are natural and true, but his "grown-up" heroes and heroines usually possess some exaggerated mannerism, which, however, makes them live forever in the memory.

Dickens' contemporary, Thackeray, exhibits in "Vanity Fair" and "Henry Esmond" an incisive power of depicting character. However, he never isolates a single character and studies its development with long, close patience.

The art of character delineation reached its highest perfection in the work of George Eliot. She was the first English novelist to lay stress wholly on character rather than on incident. Her heroes and heroines differ radically from those of Dickens and Thackeray in this respect—that when we meet the men and women of the latter novelists their characters are already formed; while in George Eliot's novels, the characters possess the power to grow and develop. They, like real human beings, amid the struggles of life change for better or for worse. "Silas Marner" is typical of Eliot's ideals and methods. Once we have met with Silas, the weaver of Raveloe, Godfrey Cass, the well-meaning, selfish man, or Dolly Winthrop, the kind-hearted countrywoman, we can never forget them.

In "The Mill on the Floss" Maggie Tulliver plays out a complete drama in her own heart as she is torn between the impulse to take her joy as it is offered to her, and the unalterable conviction that she cannot seek her own happiness by sacrificing the happiness of others. It is in this sphere—following minutely the ebb and flow of decision in a person's mind and dwelling upon the triumph or defeat of a personality in a drama acted out on the stage of the human heart, that George Eliot is at her best.

TERESA O'REILLY, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Vices like weeds, sprout up at short notice, and beget a huge crop from very little nourishment.

Pope as the Poet of his Age.

ALLEXANDER POPE had one of the prime qualities of a poet in exactly answering the intellectual needs of the age in which he lived and in reflecting its life. In this period the literature of good society reached its culmination: the writers were "classically elegant and pedantically cold." When Pope died he was the acknowledged monarch of letters, his fame was European and the style which he carried to perfection was paramount throughout the cultivated world. Circumstances had prepared the way for Pope's popularity: Charles had introduced French manners, morals and tastes into England, hence the English writers followed the French ideas of "perfection in writing." The great mistake of the school of French Criticism lay in its tendency to confound what was common with what was vulgar, and in a too exclusive deference to authority at the expense of all free movement of the mind. This artificial method, which was adopted by the English men of letters in the early part of the eighteenth century made the spirit "lackey" the form and is best exemplified in Pope, who was the great poetic exponent of his age.

The classical school, of which Pope was head, was characterized by the poignancy of its satire, the lucidity of its wit and the resounding, if somewhat uniform, march of its numbers. It shunned as vulgar all exhibition of enthusiasm and strong emotions. It advocated polished regularity and preferred literary style to subject matter. Its partisans claimed that a masterpiece could be produced only by following set rules. The unpruned, shapeless and extravagant forms of earlier times were no longer tolerated. The writers of this age closed their ears to the great "symphony of nature," they despised the fire of passion which inspired the later poets. Their writings were generally satiric in character; no masterpiece of true creative imagination was produced in this period of English literature. The rhyming couplet was the accepted form of verse and each couplet usually made complete sense. Pope struck the key-note of the age when he said:

"True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

Alexander Pope fills a very important place in the study of English poetry. He represents one of those eternal controversies of taste which will last as long as the imagination and understanding divide men between them. As truly as Shakespeare is the poet of man, as God made him, dealing with great passions and innate motives, so truly is Pope the poet of society, delineator of manners, the exposé of those motives which may be called acquired, whose spring is in institutions and habits of purely worldly origin. He did in some not inadequate sense "hold the mirror up to nature." His poetry is a mirror in a drawing-room, but it gave back a faithful image of society powdered and rouged, and intent on trifles yet still as human in its own way as the heroes of honor in theirs.

The very earliest of Pope's productions give indications of that sense and discretion, as well as wit, which later so eminently distinguished him. The facility of expression is remarkable and there is found also that perfect balance which he afterward carried so far as to be wearisome.

In the "Essay on Criticism" the wit and poet become apparent, it is full of clear thoughts compactly expressed and contains many proverbial lines, e. g., "A little learning is a dangerous thing"; "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." This poem evidences that terseness for which Pope has never been equalled; it also shows singular discretion on the part of the poet. Pope's understanding was no less vigorous, when not the dupe of his nerves, than his fancy was lightsome and sprightly.

In the "Rape of the Lock," Pope appears more purely as a poet than in any other of his productions; in this he shows a truly artistic combination of wit and fancy; his genius has here found its true direction and the very same artificiality which in his other poems was displeasing, heightens the effect and adds to the harmony of the whole. The mythology of the Sylphs in this poem is full of fanciful wit. Its perfect keeping deserves admiration—except a touch of grossness here and there, there is the most pleasing harmony in all the conceptions and images. The action is confined to a world of his own, the supernatural agency is wholly of his own contrivance and nothing is allowed to outstrip the limitations of the subject. Lowell says of it, "The whole poem more truly deserves the name of a creation than anything Pope ever wrote. It

ranks by itself as one of the purest works of human fancy. The perfection of form in 'The Rape of the Lock' is to me conclusive evidence that in it the natural genius of Pope found fuller and freer expression than in any other of his poems. The others are aggregates of brilliant passages rather than harmonious wholes."

Pope's fame, strangely enough, rests on the "Essay on Man." It is a "droll medley of inconsistent opinions" and proves first that Pope was not a great thinker, and secondly, that wherever he found a thought, no matter what, he could express it so tersely, so clearly and with such smoothness of versification as to give it an everlasting currency.

Pope deserves the praise which he himself desires the most, in his "Moral Essays" and parts of his satires. This was,

"Happily to steer
From grave to joy, from lively to severe,
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason and polite to please."

As an accurate intellectual observer and describer of personal weaknesses, Pope stands by himself in English verse.

There is much evidence that artifice rather than insincerity lay at the bottom of Pope's character. Judging from his letters he would seem to have kept a commonplace book of words and phrases suitable to this or that occasion, and he transfers a compliment, a fine moral sentiment, even at times a burst of passionate ardour, from one correspondent to another with the most cold-blooded impartiality. He is even mean in his correspondence at times and thus appears dwarfish in soul as he was in body. Though he affected to call poetry an idle trade, nevertheless he devoted all his life to its pursuit.

The literary merits and defects of Pope's age are alike conspicuous in his verse, while he stands immeasurably above the numerous versifiers who are said to belong to his school. His merits are of a kind likely to stand the test of time—lively fancy, a power of satire almost unrivalled, and a skill in using words so consummate that there is no poet excepting Shakespeare, who has left his mark so strongly upon the language. He has said in the best words what all know and feel but cannot express, and has made that classical which in the weaker poets would be commonplace. His

sensibility to the claims of his art is exquisite, the adaptation of his style to his subject shows the hand of a master and if these are not the highest gifts of poetry they are gifts to which none but a poet can lay claim. His works are the apotheosis of clearness, wit and technical skill, of the ease that comes of practice, not of the fulness of original power, works characterized by good sense, elegant diction and the highest polish of style.

Pope's verse nowhere sings, but it would seem that the "abiding presence of fancy" in his best work forbids his exclusion from the rank of poet. The atmosphere in which he habitually dwelt was an essentially prosaic one. The language habitual to him was that of conversation and society, so that he lacked the help of the fresher dialect which seems like inspiration to other poets. He has few of the spirit-stirring thoughts which the noblest poets scatter through their pages with apparent unconsciousness. There are no depths in Pope and there are no heights; he has not the force and majesty of Dryden in his better moods but he has a grace, a finesse, an art of being pungent, a sensitiveness to impressions that incline one to rank him with Voltaire, with whom the gift of writing was primary and that of verse secondary. Pope was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing which in his hands was living and powerful because he used it to express an artificial state of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination he will be found wanting, tried by any test of merit, he is unrivalled.

EDNA DUFFEY, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

It is in the everyday of life that nearly all the world's best work is done. The tall mountain peaks lift their glittering crests into the clouds and win attention and admiration; but it is in the great valleys and broad plains that the harvests grow and the fruits ripen, on which the millions of earth feed their hunger. So it is not from the few conspicuous deeds of life that the blessings chiefly come which make the world better, sweeter, happier; but from the countless lowly ministries of the everyday, the little faithfulnesses that fill long years.

"Wit and Humour."

WIT and humour are words of many meanings and of strange fortune in their evolution. In the process of development which took place by degrees very difficult to mark with any accuracy, "humour" has acquired a very subtle distinction from the meaning commonly associated with "wit."

At first "humours" meant simply certain liquids present in the human body. These liquids, blood, choler, phlegm and melancholy, were generally supposed to give rise to corresponding temperaments. When equally mixed the result was a perfect disposition. Thus, the word at first was a technical term used by the old physicians but it gradually assumed a wider signification, namely, any predominant inclination, either mental or moral. Now, however, humour is recognized as a mental faculty, which tends to discover incongruous resemblances between things, essentially unlike, or essential differences between things put forth as the same.

An equally great number of meanings has been applied to the innocent looking word, "wit". Many instances of the variety of its uses are found in the productions of a single author. Shakespeare, for example, has employed it frequently in the sense of a superior degree of intelligence, but more frequently still to signify an imaginative and inventive faculty. The conception of wit, as Pope understood it, can be readily gleaned from his oft-quoted couplet—

"True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

The general impression of the present time is that an unexpected fitness seems to form the essence of wit. It is this unexpected fitness which characterizes the work of Gilbert K. Chesterton or even of Hilaire Belloc. Many combinations of ideas would be witty, if they were not sublime or beautiful, as the awe and reverence awakened by subjects connected with our faith and religion must necessarily destroy the impression of wit.

There is an intellectual sparkle of ideas, a play of words and expression in wit, which is not absolutely necessary to humour. Somewhat contemptuous of mankind, wit has not the patience to study men thoroughly, but contents itself with

noting superficial resemblances and differences. Humour, on the contrary, is patient and keenly observant, and penetrates beneath the surface. Hence, the sallies of wit are often one-sided and unfair, while those of humour are, as a rule, just and wise. Humour, moreover has deep human sympathy and loves men, while raising a laugh against their weaknesses, while wit, being deficient in sympathy, is more apt to be malicious.

In a great many writers, wit, unlike humour, has acquired a tendency to become cynical and bitterly satirical. This is always the case when political life is too intimately connected with literature. Satire, on the whole, is a destructive kind of criticism, whatever may be the motive of the author. The best writers of the eighteenth century were satirists, the first of whom, in order of time, was Samuel Butler. He enjoys a place of considerable distinction among English authors, on account of his terse epigrammatic style and witty phrasing. "If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure," Johnson says, "no eye could ever leave half read the work of Butler."

Dryden's satire, mostly political, often strikes us as cutting and revengeful, rather than witty. His "Absalom and Achitophel" is undoubtedly the most powerful political satire in our language. In this poem he satirizes the Earl of Shaftesbury thus:—

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
Else, why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son."

Ending with the following couplet,—

"In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or rule the state."

Pope, standing in the front rank among the poets of the eighteenth century, employed his poetic genius, chiefly to take relentless revenge on his many enemies. The "Dunciad", in which he flays and dismembers every writer whom he attacks, is incomparably the fiercest and most

sweeping personal satire of English literature. In it "the shafts of his satire rise sublimely, no poet's verse ever mounted higher than that wonderful flight, with which the Dunciad concludes":—

"Nor public flame nor private dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left nor glimpse divine,
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before the uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall
And universal darkness buries all."

Swift's satiric definition of happiness as "the art of being well deceived" is a characteristic instance of a combination of his humorous and pessimistic philosophy.

But the eighteenth century supplies examples also of the other types. We are glad to turn from the bitter satire and pessimism of the Dean to the humour of Addison and Goldsmith. Addison's humour is polished and elegant, quiet and demure almost to shyness. In his works he aimed to improve the society of the age. His was a gentlemanly, hinting satire, that only half says what it means, but is none the less effective. The gentleness of his rebuke would almost lead, unawares, those whom he criticises to condemn what is ridiculous and unworthy. He assails the follies, not the fools, of the age and hence his satire, with few exceptions, is free from malice or personal bitterness. His familiar picture of Sir Roger, the country squire, records the good qualities of the type, but shows up at the same time, in a mildly satirical way, his extreme self-importance—for instance—

"As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them up himself or sends his servants to them."

But it is among the Celtic race that one finds the truest wit and genial humour. In reading Goldsmith, we cannot fail to be charmed by the subdued, yet irresistible humour, which could flow only from the truly sympathetic nature of an Irishman. In all his work, kindly satire, softened by the witching simplicity of his style, lurks beneath gentle humour and genuine pathos. Every

one is familiar with his touching picture of the village schoolmaster whose "words of learned length and thundering sound amazed the gazing rustics ranged around".

GERTRUDE MCQUADE, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

St. Patrick's Dream.

A Master-hand sweeps o'er the strings
Of Life's rich Harp, and wondrous sweet,
The music of that life is waked
In pulsings evermore to beat.

O Erin! holy land of saint—
Of hero, sage and minstrel gray—
Awaiting touch of Master-hand
To wake its chords, thy spirit lay.

'Neath Druid spell; and, save the gleam
Of Baal-fire flashed from oak-crowned height,
No ray shone through the pagan gloom
To pierce the darkness of thy night.

Nor vocal yet thy song of praise
To Him Who made thy valleys fair;
Tho' dower'd with Nature's choicest gifts,
Thy spirit yearned for gift more rare.

Lift up thy gaze, O Land of Eire,
Whence cometh help!—O'er thy green hills
Hope's Star is beaming—Lo! one comes—
With Faith, with Love his bosom thrills!

From lone Croagh-Patrick's summit hear,
His prayer ascends:—"Into my hand
The fate of Erin's Children give,
O Holy God! and bless this land;

That, like to him who, 'neath the Cross,
Beside Christ's Mother faithful stood,
Her sons may stand, fate-firm and true
To Him Who died on Holy Rood.

Be mine to strike the answering chords
Of her Life's Harp, that, unto Thee,
Thro' weal or woe, its strains may rise,
To praise Thy Name eternally!"

In joy of answered prayer he stands
And blesses Ireland.—Thro' all time,
Thy sons, O Eire! shall keep the Faith,
And bear it unto every clime.

From shore to shore of that blest Isle,
Glad chants arise from holy fane;
And Faith's grand hymn finds echo clear,
In exiled hearts beyond the main.

St. Patrick still wakes Erin's Harp,—
The Master-hand still sweeps the strings,
Evoking richest harmonies
From holiest depths, from hidden springs

In Irish hearts! Where'er they be,
On Emerald shore—on alien strand,
They throb to-day with changeless love
For God—for Faith—for Motherland!

"PRO-OPTIMO!"

Did Hamlet Love Ophelia?

WHETHER or not Hamlet loved Ophelia remains one of the vexed questions of this inscrutable drama of *Hamlet*. The difficulty in reading this riddle aright lies in the intricate nature of the character study in the play. Holy Writ has not been more variously interpreted than *Hamlet*. Few critics are agreed on the character of the heroine; fewer still on the character of the hero, and on the issue of the character interpretation hangs the fate of the verdict regarding the love element. If we take, for example, the scene in Ophelia's closet (scene 2, Act II.), it is quite obvious that this incident is the crux of the love situation. No word is spoken, so each critic reads out of this scene what he has read into the character of Hamlet and Ophelia.

If we examine first the positive evidence we have of Hamlet's love, we find it consists, first, in Ophelia's declaration to her father that Hamlet has made tenders of affection to her, and has given countenance to his speech with almost all the holy vows of Heaven. Next in point of time comes Hamlet's extraordinary love-letter, directed "to the celestial, my soul's idol, the beautified Ophelia"—an epistle which, had Ophelia

been less gentle, might have moved her to exclaim—"methinks the gentleman doth protest too much." Lastly we have Hamlet's silent parting with Ophelia. This ends all manifestations of Hamlet's affection, if we except his assertion in scene 1, Act III.,—"I did love you once," which almost immediately retracts, and his declaration at Ophelia's grave that his love for the dead maiden matched that of forty thousand brothers.

Of positive evidence that Hamlet did not love Ophelia we can find none. So the verdict will depend on whether the weight of the positive evidence that he did so will overbalance the negative on the opposing side. This judgment we must glean from the context.

Obviously the weight to be attached to Hamlet's tenders of affection will depend on the character of the prince. Now there can be no question of Hamlet's high principles and rectitude, so we must perforce assume that Hamlet at least imagined himself in love with Ophelia while he was pressing his suit. The question then resolves itself into this—If Hamlet's attachment to Ophelia were true, not imaginative, why did he cease to give expression to it? Clearly the force of the passion may be measured by the strength of the cause which killed it—if it died.

Now, there appear at least three possible solutions of the problem. One is that Hamlet's love for Ophelia exists to the end, but his purpose of revenge overrides it. That is, he crushes all expression of it until he will have revenged his father. Read in the light of this hypothesis, Hamlet's silent leave-taking of Ophelia means a farewell—nothing more. Now it is true Hamlet's own words,—

"Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter";

give color to this theory; but on the other hand it does not fit in with all the facts. It was on the eve of the ghost's revelation that Ophelia was forbidden to receive Hamlet's advances. Therefore Hamlet must have pressed his suit and been repulsed after he had uttered the quoted speech. Again, if it were Hamlet who renounced Ophelia,

still loving her, why should he address her, and refer to her afterwards, with such bitterness and disdain?

Another solution is, that Hamlet, mistrusting, with reason, the whole court, sees in Ophelia's rejection of his addresses an evidence that she also had deceived him by a pretence of love, smiled on him as the king to be, but repulsed him when he lost the succession. Then he seeks Ophelia to discover if his supposition regarding her perfidy be true. Why does he not ask an explanation? Plainly because he feels he can read Ophelia's soul through her eyes—"He falls to such perusal of my face as he would draw it". One critic thinks that Hamlet, as a result of his scrutiny, finds in Ophelia neither response to his passion, nor sympathy of heart, and so his love dies. Now, this theory would be tenable only if Ophelia were the doll some commentators paint her. It may be conceded that Ophelia's intellectual powers were not strong. Growth in the Polonius family did not seem to run to intellect, but Ophelia could not have been lacking in heart or affection or she would not have lost her mind at her father's death. All evidence seems to show that it was not shock but grief, intensified doubtless by Hamlet's share in the tragedy, which caused the catastrophe. It is probable, if Ophelia's mind had been stronger she might have retained her reason, but if, on the other hand, her affections had been weaker she might have retained it also. However, if we examine the situation more closely one fact seems clear,—Hamlet doubts Ophelia. Now, Hamlet, *the lover*, would doubt only one thing, be concerned about only one thing—Ophelia's love for him. We would judge from the latter's admissions that she had responded in some degree to Hamlet's love. What then would Hamlet seek to discover? Assuredly, whether she had deceived him or ceased to love him. Now he could not have read guilt of either charge in Ophelia's countenance. There is absolutely nothing to show that her feelings towards Hamlet had ever altered. In every word of her soliloquy she reveals an attachment still unchanged (whatever its strength) for Hamlet:—

"And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
* * * * O woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

Such is Ophelia's confession of her sentiments. If Hamlet, then, had sought Ophelia as a fearful lover, would he not have read her aright, and would he have deserted her? Ophelia was timid certainly, perhaps even weak, but she was not unfaithful.

There is yet another solution; it is not Hamlet, *the lover*, but Hamlet, *the thinker*, who seeks Ophelia. Oppressed and distracted by the torture of the memories on which his melancholy broods, he seeks for some one whose spirit is akin to his, who can enter into his agony of soul. In this supreme moment, searching with superhuman vision the soul of Ophelia, he finds in it no response to his yearning. It is intellectual sympathy he seeks, and so Ophelia fails him in his hour of greatest need. Now, if this theory be true our question is answered. Hamlet never loved Ophelia. He loved, perhaps, a creation of his own fancy to which he gave her face and form. Nor does this theory justify Hamlet's conduct. If Ophelia lacked intellect when he left her, she lacked it when he wooed her. Besides, Hamlet surely had intellect enough for both, in fact his disease seemed to be largely due to excess of grey matter. However, not to press this point too closely it seems clear that whatever theory be true, we may deduce from the foregoing that had Hamlet really loved Ophelia at the opening of the play the offence given him was not great enough to overthrow his passion.

It is equally impossible that, as some critics maintain, it is in the next scene that Hamlet is disillusioned, when Ophelia awaits him to return his gifts. But manifestly let Hamlet be as astute as he may, all he can glean from Ophelia's set speeches and immediate production of his love-tokens is that the meeting is premeditated on her part, not, as at first appears, due to chance. Ophelia is innocent of evil intent so her face cannot betray duplicity, and Hamlet cannot see behind the arras. Even here it does not appear that the personal element predominates in Hamlet's invectives. It is rather his quarrel against the world which he exploits.

Now, when we come to examine the negative evidence that Hamlet did not love Ophelia, we

find it overwhelming. In scene 2, Act I., while Ophelia yet "suck'd the honey of his music vows" what does he say of the world?—It is weary, stale, flat, unprofitable. He meditates suicide. Is this the language of a lover upon whose suit his lady smiles? Granted he had some cause for woe, surely love would have silvered his clouds at least a little. Again, if Hamlet loved Ophelia at this time could he have uttered his famous invective—"Frailty, thy name is woman!"? Would not his belief in the truth of one woman have stood against his knowledge of the falsehood of the other? Again Shakespeare's lovers never cease to rhapsodize on the virtues of the beloved if she be true, or on her perfidy if she be false. Now, no hero of Shakespeare has ever given us so many self-revelations as Hamlet, but in them is never a word of Ophelia. He prates incessantly in his soliloquies of his revenge, never of his love. Love, for Hamlet, evidently was a thing apart, so far apart that it did not enter into his life.

But we have yet to account for Hamlet's diatribe at Ophelia's grave. That it did not spring from love seems self-evident. The key to this rhapsody can, I think, be found in these words of Hamlet, referring to this scene in the graveyard—"But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me in a towering passion." Every exhibition of strong emotion stirs Hamlet's remorse for his inaction,—mark his soliloquy in scene 2, Act II.:

"O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!"

Wherein did Hamlet display a love greater than that of forty thousand brothers? He kills Ophelia's father with never a deed or word to show that he thinks of her grief.

It may, indeed, have been that before his father's death, while still he loved nature and admired man, that Hamlet loved Ophelia. Why did his love cease? Perhaps Shakespeare wished to show that only one dominant passion can exist at one time, so that when Hamlet opened his heart to admit revenge, love vacated it, though

Hamlet did not realize it himself; or it may be Shakespeare wished to prove that love does not thrive in certain natures. Plainly love is not the pivot on which the action of the play turns, its part is quite subordinate, and so Shakespeare chooses for his lovers, Ophelia, too docile and timid a daughter to be brave and strong in love, and Hamlet, the psychologist, the dreamer, the philosopher, too fond of dissecting every emotion, of analysing every feeling, of classifying every sentiment, to prove an ardent lover. Is it that thinking too precisely on the event is as fatal to love as to action?

However this may be, it seems that Shakespeare wished to give us in this same play a standard by which to measure Hamlet's love, and so he throws for one moment the flash of his searchlight on another passion—King Hamlet's love for his Queen. Ophelia, taken at her worst estimate, is a thousand times above Gertrude at her best, yet contrast their two lovers. King Hamlet had red blood in his veins, if ever man had, and we cannot see that his enforced sojourn among sulphurous flames made it flow more slowly. He is fierce and bloodthirsty enough in his denunciation of his murderer, but for the wicked woman, whose face the winds of Heaven might not visit too roughly, could his love prevent, he has no word of reproach. Nay more, he warns her very son, "Nor let thy soul contrive aught against thy mother". He would leave her to her conscience, yet, when he looks upon her face his tenderness would shield her even from her own remorse.

"O, step between her and her fighting soul,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet."

Thus acts the wronged king. Beside such a love as this, Hamlet's passion for Ophelia is verily a love of shreds and patches.

UNDERGRADUATE.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He turns to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog and guides as faithfully in the tempests as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a power greater than any compass, greater than any pilot, a power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

The Friendship of Prince Harry and Falstaff.

"From a prince to a prentice! a low transformation!
In everything the purpose must weigh with the folly."

THE prince's purpose when first we meet him is to enjoy life. He had no liking for his father's Court, where the formalisms and state ceremonials cramped his too buoyant spirit. But he revelled in the freedom of tavern life, where Sir John Falstaff reigned supreme, and enacted the original rôle of the world's greatest comic.

The gay, reckless youth, utterly devoid of human respect,—"daffed the world aside, and bid it pass." And while the King, his Royal Father, saw "riot and dishonor stain the brow of young Harry," he indulged, to his heart's content, in the lewd, loose life of his boon companions at Eastcheap.

It must have been evident to the Falstaffian carousers, that, though among them he was not really of them; for although the utmost familiarity was allowed, he, on his part, did not forget that he was "Harry Monmouth". It was only after much persuasion that he, "a Prince", consented to join the party in the noted Gadshill robbery, where the arch-villain Falstaff and his companions, in the dead of night, ruthlessly fell upon the unsuspecting travellers, and despoiled them of their wealth. Were they not safe? Did they, "Diana's foresters", not feel their own security, when the prince "made one"? For he always paid back as far as his coin would stretch, and where it would not, he "used his credit".

It seems a most unnatural life for the young prince to be thus "playing the fool with time", living outside the pale of his rightful sphere; until he had fallen so low in the public mind that he knew he would be scorned as a hypocrite if he made any show of natural grief when his "heart did bleed inwardly", that his "father was so sick".

It is impossible to imagine the infatuation with which Prince Harry revelled in the atrocious exaggerations, unseemly jests and comparisons of the irresistible old punster, Falstaff. He has aptly said of himself, "I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men". But above and beyond all his fascination was his inimitable power and dexterity in extricating

himself from any difficulty. Time and again Prince Hal would bait him on for the pure joy of seeing him grasp at the last straw, and by a clever bit of word-play come out victorious when there seemed no possible chance of escape.

Thus, when persuaded that his part in the theft was to corner the wily rascal, the prince readily joined with Poins, for he knew he would not be disappointed. With his usual quick-witted effrontery, old Jack completely overthrew his own evidence, and declared, "I knew thee, as well as Him that made thee. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? I am as valiant as Hercules,—but instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct."

At Eastcheap, the Grecian motto was interpreted thus: "Drink, rob and be merry for to-morrow we die." But as for the old sinner, Falstaff, there was no to-morrow; he lived essentially in the present to supply laughter for the prince, and to procure an abundance of his favorite beverage. He thought nothing of running up long accounts with Mrs. Quickly, or of depending on the treats of his friends and the liberality of the prince. He was well content with himself and all the world, so long as he afforded merriment to others by his ludicrous appearance and inimitable lying.

Although no real depth of feeling can be attributed to the self-indulged old man, still it is quite true he loved his "most comparative rascalliest, sweet, young prince", in as much as his pride of wit was flattered by Hal's infatuation; and colour was lent to his deeds of darkness.

Once the call of duty and the reproaches of King Henry awoke the true prince, loftier ideals and deeds of prowess raised him forever from the coarseness of his former life into a higher sphere, more befitting his princely calling. Then the old Knight with the self-conceited egotism, in which he had strutted on with ever-lessening respectability, resented the little time the prince now spent in his hitherto all-absorbing company. So with some bitterness he described him as "a good shallow young fellow, who would have made a good pantler." But still he was not capable of realizing the gulf that separated the old Hal that had chaffed him so genially from the new king amid the plaudits of his people.

When the news of the old King's death reached Gloucestershire, Falstaff thought to ex-

ercise the old-time influence over the one who had once deigned to call him friend. As his hopes grew apace, he excitedly commanded his friends to choose what office they pleased, as he would be the man to make them great. "What! Is the old King dead? Let us take any horses; we'll ride all night. The laws of England are at my commandment. I know the young king is sick for me."

It was long before he could realize the truth. He alone of all the world could not understand the impossibility of the old familiarity under the new condition of affairs. In spite of the stern,— "I know thee not, old man," he tried to persuade his friends that this that they had heard "was but done for colour", and that the king would send for him "soon at night".

Surely it must be admitted that the king did all that within him lay, when, in accordance with his characteristic generosity, he saw that his "wonted followers" were "all very well provided for".

Only our great English dramatist could have drawn so bold a picture of the majestic bearing of the new king, when he rode in triumph amid the acclamations of his people, as to completely blot out any unpleasant remembrances of the mad-cap Hal.

That the latent sterling qualities of honor, integrity and fraternal affection had blossomed forth amid the chivalrous encounters and courageous deeds of the late campaign we need no further proof than his reassurance of his fearful brothers, and his reinstatement of the guardian of the law.

"For Harry lives, that shall convert these tears
By number, into hours of happiness,
For I'll be your father and your brother too."

And again—

"You did commit me for which I do commit into
your hand
The unstained sword that you used to bear."

He had indeed "mocked the expectation of the world," and frustrated prophecies, "which had writ him down after his seeming", for "England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness".

UNDERGRADUATE.

Romeo and Hamlet.

SHAKESPEARE has given us many heroes of various types forming sometimes interesting contrasts. The most vivid and even startling contrast for most readers would be between Romeo and Hamlet, yet Coleridge says "Romeo is Hamlet in love." It would not be easy to establish such a thesis since Romeo's development and fate come through love, while Hamlet's come through other issues which thwart and perhaps destroy love.

There is something of the half-reckless intuition of Coleridge in the remark, yet an examination of the evidence brings out some curious likenesses between Romeo and Hamlet in spite of very unlike circumstances.

Picture in sunny Italy in warm July "when the mad blood is stirring" the Kingly palace of the haughty Montagues, a family of Verona's ancient nobility. The present scion of this noble house is Romeo, a wealthy youth of princely leisure and upbringing, sentimental, ardent, passionate in the extreme and full of the poetry of a southern clime. He had no responsibilities and few motives in life other than his own gratifications. These included, however, the favorite pastimes and sports of the high-spirited young nobleman of his day.

Picture again very different circumstances—a clear, cold, northern clime and a frowning old castle on the shore of Denmark. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, has had, like Romeo, a carefree life, though it has been that of a student rather than that of a leisurely nobleman. Hamlet, like Romeo, has made his own interests in life; of a warm, enthusiastic temperament, he has developed an intellectual and philosophic idealism which is in need of living representation. The worth of life to Hamlet is in proportion to the admiration and trust he can place in other human beings. His enthusiasm spends itself also on the sports of a northern court and a northern student life. He is an excellent fencer, an artistic lover of the theatre and in touch with all the interests of his time. Had Hamlet lived in Romeo's surroundings might not his tastes and development have been similar to Romeo's?

In the different stages of his career Romeo shows a tendency to sink into an emotional self-contemplation. Until the news of Juliet's death brings his nature to the point of its full develop-

ment, he seems to be out of touch with life's activity and reality. Contented or dejected, he revels in his emotions with no thought of results. The balcony scene alone is sufficient to substantiate this statement. The Italian garden, with its fragrant orchard, a balmy night in summer, the silvery moonlight beaming on the vine-clad balcony and the fair Juliet, all seem a fitting environment for his poetic and imaginative nature. His rich passions respond to such a degree that recklessness supplants caution. In answer to Juliet's fears for his safety, if her kinsmen find him, he replies gallantly:

"Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity."

Hamlet, in surroundings that waken his distrust and strengthen his reserve, has learned to hide and check his emotions. He is even bitter at times. He has learned steep lessons in self-control, and, in contrast to Romeo, there is in him an assurance and self-possession coupled with a quick intelligence and rapidity of thought. On the occasion where the ghost made known to Hamlet its identity and mission, the snowy ramparts, the shivering sentries, the weird midnight hour on a November night where "the air bites shrewdly," are as much the fitting background and incentive for his mood as the Italian garden for Romeo's. Yet it is not into his emotional nature that Hamlet sinks as deeply into self-inspection and examination at each stage in the working out of his problem as does Romeo into his emotions. In Act III., Scene 1, having already planned the play scene to ensnare the king, he sinks back from thought of action near at hand to a general question of life. Again in Act V., in the graveyard talk with Horatio, he who has returned from dangerous adventures still able, and, one would hope, anxious to perform the sacred duty entrusted him, yet lightly follows the lead of a rebel intellect. Picking up an old skull, he finds matter sufficient for enlarging on the seriousness of life and expresses regret that the greatest of us will some day become no more than the least, hence sadly he says to his friend, "To what base uses we may return, Horatio." There is, thus, in both Hamlet and Romeo a fatal tendency to "the o'er growth of some complexion," "nature's livery or fortune's star." If

Romeo fails to retain a sense of fact and of the real world because the fact, as it were, melts away and disappears in a solvent of delicious emotion, Hamlet equally loses a sense of fact because within him each object transforms and expands itself into an idea.

Influence of circumstances may again account for the contrast between the seeming independence of Hamlet and the dependence of Romeo. On all occasions Romeo had been dependent upon others for help, for advice, and for sympathy, but Hamlet had stood alone, with scarce a friend to whom he might unburden the sorrows of his heart or in whom he might confide his woes. When we see Romeo in Friar Lawrence's cell, "on the ground with his own tears made drunk," grovelling in the dejection of his approaching banishment, we can scarcely resist calling to him with even greater vehemence than the nurse: "Stand up, stand up, stand, an you be a man."

The isolation in which Hamlet stands throughout the play has developed a self-sufficiency and tendency to thought however impractical, yet there is more than a touch of unrestrained passion in Hamlet when he unpacks his heart with words in some of the soliloquies and at Ophelia's grave.

Romeo is as unready for action as Hamlet. "He thought all for the best" but his plans invariably come to an unsuccessful issue and he exclaims in very truth, "O! I am fortune's fool!" What is here a seeming aversion is in reality only an indisposition to action. Romeo was sufficiently willing throughout, but lacked the initiative ability which would carry him to a positive achievement. It was Juliet who planned the marriage and it was Friar Lawrence who planned the escape. Thus, we see that it required the whole course of events to make Romeo a man. It is only when he hears of Juliet's death, that is, under stress of the greatest catastrophe that could befall him, that he is irresistibly urged to violent action.

Hamlet we find at the outset mature and developed, with a keen sense of duty before him but no plan for its execution. Hardly had the ghost completed its mandates when Hamlet, filled with indignation and enthusiasm, exclaims:

"Haste me to know't that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge."

The eager desire for action dies away almost at once and on his tablets he writes down that "one may smile and smile and be a villain." The impulse for action has dissolved into generalizations. Thus it is throughout the drama. It is not until the very end, for Hamlet as for Romeo, when driven to it by a violent conjunction of circumstances, that immediate action ensues.

Idealistic and inclined to self-absorption, both Romeo and Hamlet are the sport of circumstances and come to their tragic destiny through the impetuosity of a will unskilled in action.

AILEEN KELLY, '17.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Invocation to Contentment.

Fair smiling friend, Contentment, on whose cheek

Sits placid resignation, thee I call
To guard me from the wayward waves that break

Tremendous on the shore, well known to all;
The beach of human misery I mean,

Where without thee so many sink with woe;
Where quite incongruous to thyself, is seen
Pale Discontent—to man a mortal foe.

Come, favour'd maid of Heaven, and o'er me pour

Thy calm celestial influence, that I
May be prepared, in life's tumultuous hour,

To meet the tempest of the world, and cry
With heart exulting: "Earthly clouds may lower
But God protects me with a watchful eye."

W. R. H.

Festivities of Early English Days.

A CURIOUSLY quaint background to the study of Elizabethan drama and literature is formed by the investigation of popular festivities in the earlier days of Merrie England. Some traces of these celebrations remain even to the present day such as are known, in some remote Ontario villages, for Christmas and the Feast of the Epiphany. The people in the middle ages held many superstitions and beliefs, oftentimes a combination of pagan and Christian no-

tions, which they commemorated in some way or other on different days throughout the year. A few of the most common celebrations were May-day, Harvest-festival, Martinmas, Christmas, New Year's, Twelfth-day, and often Plough Monday. These customs are referred to in many of the plays of Shakespeare and even in the writings of a poet as late as Herrick, who says:—

"Here a jolly

Verse crown'd with Yvie, and with Holly,
That tels of Winter's Tales and Mirth,
That Milk-Maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule,
That tost up, after Fox-i' the hole,
Of Blind-man-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shooe the Mare,
Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes
Wherewith ye make those merry sceanes,
Whenas ye chuse your King and Queen,
And cry out, Hey! for our town green."

The May-day celebration was a relic of the Roman Floralia, in honour of the goddess Flora. The hours were generally spent in dancing, music, the weaving of garlands, strewing of flowers, and the like. Very often it was the custom, in the earlier days, for the young folk to rise shortly after midnight and accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, to walk to some neighboring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees and adorned themselves with nosegays and crowns of flowers. On returning home about sunrise they made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil. The latter part of the day was spent chiefly in dancing around a May-pole, which was placed on the village green and festooned as if consecrated to the goddess of flowers. After a time, however, when archery became a common sport among the people, the morris-dancers became very prominent figures. These dancers generally darkened their faces so as to represent the Moors from whom this dance was derived. Then again, at the time of Robin Hood, was introduced the fullest establishment of the May-game, in which were such characters as Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, Tom the Piper, the Hobbyhorse, and the Dragon, accompanied by morris-dancers or such characters chosen from the Robin Hood legends of the green woods and the highways.

After the May-day had come and gone the summer brought another festival, that of the Harvest, celebrated with the good fellowship and merriment which that season of the year enjoins. After the harvest gathering the last wagon-load of corn was crowned with flowers and, very often having an image of Ceres upon it, was drawn through the streets to the accompaniment of singing and great rejoicing until the barn was reached. Then old and young alike joined in the Harvest Supper, which was a scene not only remarkable for merriment and hospitality but for a temporary suspension of all inequality between master and man.

"In harvest time, harvest folke, servants and al,
Should make altogether good chere in the hal,
And fill out the black bal, of bleith to their song,
And let them be merrie, al harvest time long."

This festival of the year filled the minds of the old and young with fanciful superstitions. Of this we have an instance in the speech of Mercutio in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

"O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman.
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinner's legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams.
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers,
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains."

In the fall, Hallowe'en is a common festival of the present day, but in the old records we find more notice taken of the Martinmas celebration. This occurred on the eleventh of November and was devoted to feasting and conviviality, at which time a stock of salted provisions was stored away for the winter. In the evening the young folk amused themselves by singing and dancing while the old regaled themselves by the fireside.

And now comes the closing and the most splendid festival of the year, the celebration of Christmas, a period which our ancestors were accustomed to devote to hospitality and good cheer for at least twelve days. Christmas was always ushered in by a due observance of its eve, first in a religious and then in a festive manner. When the common devotions of the eve were over, candles of an uncommon size were lighted and large Yule logs placed upon the hearth, which illuminated the house, and, as it were, turned night into day. These illuminations were regarded as representations of the true light in the person of Our Saviour. Towards midnight and the early morning, many, especially the common folk, roamed about the streets chanting Christmas carols or pious chansons, and thus was ushered in the morning of the Nativity. This celebration was not only carried on in the city but the country also was distinguished for merriment, good-cheer and hospitality—

"Get wife and hull, woman deck up thyne house,
And take this same brawne, for to seeth and to
souse,
Provide us good chere, for the know'st the old
guise,
Old customs, that good be, let no man despise,
At Christmas be mery, and thanke god of all,
And feast thy pore neighbours, the great with
the small."

The devotions of the church were ended on Christmas morning, and the remainder of the day was given to the festive celebration. After revelry and dancing came the Christmas sports and games, and at the close of the day tales of legendry, love, or popular superstitions were related round the ruddy Yule-log fire.

"This done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep."

The ushering in of the new year or New Year's tide, with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was as cordially celebrated in the court of the prince as in the cottage of the peasant. To end the old year merrily and begin the new one well and in friendship with their neighbours, were the objects then as now which the common people had in view in the celebration of this festival tide. New Year's Eve, therefore, was spent in festivity and frolic by the men, while the young

women of the village carried about, from door to door, a bowl of spiced ale, which they offered to the inhabitants of every house where they stopped, singing, at the same time, some rude, congratulatory verse and expecting some small present in return. On the succeeding morning, the first of the New Year, presents, called New Year's gifts, were exchanged with mutual expressions of good wishes, the most popular being the still familiar one of our day, "A happy New Year." The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song, but more generally some young men and maidens, selected for the purpose, entered the house at a very early hour in the morning, presented the spiced bowl and hailed the inhabitants with the good wishes of the season.

The Christmas festival was generally completed on Twelfth-night, which is the twelfth day after the Nativity of Our Saviour and the day on which the Eastern Magi, guided by the star, arrived at Bethlehem to worship the Infant Jesus. In consequence of the prevalent idea, that the Eastern Magi were kings, this day is frequently termed the Feast of the Three Kings and many of the rites with which it was attended were founded on this notion. The evening was spent in social gatherings, from which was selected a king or queen, who usually attained this distinction by the fortuitous division of a cake containing a bean or piece of corn. The fortunate one was immediately elected to this honor, and choosing ministers and a court from the company present, maintained this distinction and character until midnight.

Sometimes however, especially among the common people, the Christmas festival was prolonged until Plough Monday or even Candlemas Day. Plough Monday was the first Monday after Twelfth-day and used to be celebrated as a holiday by the ploughmen, being the season at which the labours of the plough began. The entire day was usually employed in parading the streets, while the night was devoted to festivity.

And so the year passed round in the age of England's Youth. By Elizabethan times, England was growing conscious of her future and her greatness but we still find frequent reminiscences of the days of unconscious conviviality and unlimited hospitality. Shakespeare's Twelfth Night was probably written to celebrate in the

court of some nobleman that festival of the Three Kings. Midsummer Night's Dream appeals to the innocent belief in the fairies and their spells. In other Elizabethan dramatists and writers and even in Milton and in Herrick are many reflections, also, of the old folk-lore and its symbolism and its refreshing impression of a young, vigorous and believing world.

MARION SMITH, '17.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Ancient Ballad.

THE ancient ballad is a form of folk-lore or folk-poetry. It is thought that in its early stage it was the production of wandering minstrels, who went from castle to castle, and from fair to fair, singing or reciting tales, in verse, to popular audiences. It is supposed that these minstrels, who were skilled in music and song, frequently assembled the people to celebrate some great historic event or feat of warlike prowess, the hero of which was known to all. The minstrel improvised a few rude verses, giving out to the people assembled the refrain, which they repeated in chorus while he meditated on the next verse. Although the melody, and, very often, the words, emanated from the individual, the sentiments were universal and the poem, marked by the total absence of subjective element, showed no trace of individual authorship. Thus, to sum up the characteristics of the primitive ballad, it was a short, narrative poem in lyrical stanza form, written with a view to stir the deeper and more serious emotions, bearing no trace of individual authorship and preserved mainly by oral tradition.

Almost all the characteristics of the genuine ancient ballad as to structure, spirit and style, are well exemplified in "Sir Patrick Spens" and "The Braes o'Yarrow." When we examine these ballads as to structure, we find that they are written in the usual ballad measure, having four verses in each stanza, alternately tetrameter and trimeter iambic, the rhyme scheme being a-b-c-b. However, there are frequent variations in the iambic movement, for example, in the line "Up and spake an eldern knight," an unstressed

syllable is omitted in the initial foot. The rhyme is not perfect in either of these ballads. In "Sir Patrick Spens," assonance is occasionally substituted for rhyme. This is also true of "The Braes o'Yarrow."

"Two has he hurt, and three has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow;
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,
And pierced his body thorough."

In "Sir Patrick Spens" there is one instance of internal rhyme—

"Haf owre, haf owre, to Aberdour."

Both of these ballads deal with pathetic, even tragic themes. That of "The Braes o'Yarrow" is a common one in ballad literature; a husband is treacherously slain by the relatives of his lady, who bitterly resent his union with her. "Sir Patrick Spens" relates a tragic incident of a hero going to meet his doom, owing to the treachery of one who desires revenge. The sad ending which we find in both of these poems is characteristic of the best ballads. The subject-matter admits of no sentimentality or subjectivity and there is no moralizing. Notwithstanding this, there is an energy in their rude lines which, in medieval times, would stir up the audience to find, perhaps, only in the dance, an outlet for their emotions.

These ancient ballads are quite remarkable for the lack of poetic adornment and style. No effort has been made to produce a fine literary effect by means of metaphors and similes. The theme is developed in a charming and artless manner, the narrative often extremely broken by abrupt transitions from description to dialogue. This latter dramatic characteristic is well marked in stanzas two, three and four of "The Braes o'Yarrow," also in the opening stanza of "Sir Patrick Spens."

"The King sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking his blude-reid wine;
O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

In both poems the narrative is taken up without any labored introduction. In each, the story is told distinctly and simply, while all superfluity of detail is assiduously avoided. Another

feature in the treatment of the subject of these poems is the wonderful condensation of the tale involved. In "Sir Patrick Spens" particularly, the narrative is marked by a rapidity and boldness, and no time or word is lost in telling the story. We hear the actual words of the king, the captain, the old sailor. The wine is blood-red, the letter is broad, the Scotch Nobles wear cork-heeled shoes. Everything is concrete. Here, we have no refrain while, owing to the brevity of the poem, repetition, one of the leading characteristics of the ballad style, is rendered unnecessary. Both of these characteristics, however, are present in "The Braes o'Yarrow" and iteration is employed in this poem to a much greater extent than in "Sir Patrick Spens."

"O come ye here to hunt or hawk,
The bonny Forest thorough,
Or come ye here to wield your brand
Upon the banks o'Yarrow?
I come not here to hunt or hawk,
As oft I've dune before, O,
But I come here to wield my brand
Upon the banks o'Yarrow."

The setting of the Braes o'Yarrow is stationary. The narrative is here localized in the valley of the Yarrow, a beautiful tributary of the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In "Sir Patrick Spens" the story begins in the King's hall, goes to Sir Patrick on the beach, goes abroad with him and stays there. Such abrupt transitions of scene occur frequently in many of the ancient ballads and are indicated usually by a mere word or phrase.

"The King has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the sand."

The ballad is always concerned with the thing done rather than with the personality or personalities. Its aim, whether recited or sung, or sung and danced, is to tell a good story about anybody or anything, no matter what or whom. The characters might almost be labelled in algebraic fashion. They are there mainly to develop a dramatic situation, to bring about an effective dramatic climax. This is true of "Sir Patrick

Spens" and the ill-fated knight in "The Braes o'Yarrow." The personal appearance of each is left altogether to our imagination. The only information that is given about Sir Patrick Spens is that he is the best sailor "that sails the sea," which seems to make the effect of the poem more tragic. In "The Braes o'Yarrow" the husband is not described to us but the words uttered by his widow over his dead body:

"A better lord could never be
Than him that lies on Yarrow,"

are sufficient to bring out most forcibly the pathos of the theme.

Thus, in the two poems which we have been considering as typical of the Ancient Ballad, we have found exemplified all the leading characteristics of the ballad poetry as to structure, theme, poetic style and spirit. The vigour and vivacity with which these legends have been depicted by the minstrels in their rugged verse and lilting measure are among the many charms of the ballad which are well-nigh irresistible. It is the singing voice which appeals to us. "They make music with the splash of the fisherman's oar, and the hum of the spinning-wheel, and keep time with the step of the ploughman as he drives his team. They are a voice from secret places, from silent people, and old times long dead; and as such they stir us in a strangely intimate fashion to which artistic verse can never attain."

Among the many poets of the nineteenth century who imitated the Ancient Ballads was Scott. "The Lay of Rosabelle" and "Lochinvar," although only artistic imitations of the genuine ballads, have some of their leading characteristics. Note the vividness of narrative in "Lochinvar" in the few bold strokes:

"One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."

In these modern ballads there is more literary elaboration of style. These are more finished and polished and do not present such rudeness of structure. These imitation ballads do not contain the stock descriptive phrases which all the old ballads share in common. Such descriptive phrases were necessary in the early mediæval period to facilitate the memory of the unlearned populace, but in the nineteenth century the employment of this kind of diction was not an essential or characteristic feature of poetry.

In "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," which places Keats in the front rank of Ballad writers, and whose theme is drawn partly from the imagination, partly from the wild stories which float through mediæval tale-telling, we have an instance of the wondrous power the author possessed of entering into the thought and sentiment of the times and of catching the whole of the true mediæval romantic spirit:—

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild."

* * * * *

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried, 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'"

* * * * *

"I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gaping wide,
And I woke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side."

Miracle Plays.

THE religious drama, of which the miracle play forms a considerable part, had its origin in the service and liturgy of the Church. The growth of this phase of the drama is a very interesting study. Its real beginning may be traced back to the ninth century when antiphonal singing was first inserted in the Gregorian music, sung during the celebration of the Mass. An example of this is found in the *Concordia Regularis*, which was a book of ritual of the reign of Edgar, 959-975, and prescribed that,

during service in the night before Easter, an alternating song between the three women approaching the grave, and the angel watching over it should be recited.

The friar who represents the angel is to take his seat, clad in an alb and with a palm-twig in his hand, in a place representing the tomb and sing: "Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, Christicolae?" Three other friars, wearing hooded capes and with censers in their hands, are to approach the tomb at a slow pace, as if in quest of something and answer: "Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, O caelicolae." To this the first friar responds: "Non est hic; surrexit sicut praedixerat. Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro."

At first these plays were very simple and direct, based on the solemn devotions of particular festivals which occur throughout the ecclesiastical year. With gradual elaboration, however, they developed into the mystery and miracle plays as they have been transmitted to us, the former dealing with scriptural events, and the latter with legends selected from the lives of the saints.

Most of the earlier religious dramas centre about the festival of Easter. In the representation of the events of this time a great opportunity is afforded for display and brilliance in the setting of a play and in the costume of the actors. This doubtless would be very pleasing to the rather childlike minds of the people of that period, hence the great popularity of this particular festival.

With its increasing popularity, the miracle play gradually outgrew ecclesiastical control and emancipated itself from the Church. In time a severance between the scenic representations and the actual liturgy was made; plays dealing with scriptural events, although still written by the clergy, were given to secular performers. An event which influenced greatly the development of the miracle play was the institution, by Pope Urban IV., of the festival of Corpus Christi, which was celebrated from that time forward by elaborate religious processions and parade. The secularization of the Drama was complete when the festivals of the guilds and corporations were instituted and when the plays had migrated from within the sacred buildings into the streets and market-places.

The emancipation of the Drama from the Church and its popularization opened the door

very widely for new elements. One of the most characteristic is that of quaintness, which is most abundantly exhibited in the accounts of expenses which we must, of course, suppose to have been made out by the officers of the guilds or crafts by whom, in the main, the plays were produced and represented. These would be just the men to see nothing comic in "a link to set the world on fire," "paid for making 3 worlds, 3d.," "2 yards and a half of buckram for the Holy Ghost's coat, 2s. 1d.," and the like, or in the matter-of-fact descriptions of "properties" such as "Hell-mouth, the head of a whale, with jaws worked by 2 men, out of which devil boys ran."

Most of the English miracle plays have been collected in groups or series called cycles. There are four series of these composed for consecutive representation at Corpus Christi or some other high festival at some English town: the Chester, the York, the Townley and the Coventry. Every play was a stock piece. Since the subjects were Biblical, invention could only be shown in the introduction of expansion of subordinate characters. Comic divergences from the Bible story are frequent, as in "Noah's Flood" in the dispute between Noah and his wife when he is attempting to persuade her to go into the ark she replies:

"I will not oute of this towne;
But I have my gossippes everychone,
One foot further I will not gone:
They shall not drowne, by Sante John!
And I may save ther life.
They loven me full well, by Christe!
But thou lett them into thy cheiste,
Elles rowe nowe wher thee leiste,
And gette thee a newe wiffe."

This is also seen in "Secunda Pastorum" where the shepherd robs his companions of a sheep, and tries to pass it off as his own child in its cradle.

Occasionally passages of real pathos occur, as in the "Sacrifice of Isaac," when Isaac says:

"O deare father, wherefore! wherefore!
Seinge I muste nedes be dead,
Of one thinge I will you praie,
Seithen I muste dye the death to daie,
As fewe strockes as you well maie,
When you smyte of my heade."

Another passage of this kind is the wonderful burst of passionate grief, which can have left no eye dry, from the Mother of the Sufferer in "The Betraying of Christ" in the Coventry Play. Of a different sort is the pathos—a touch of that nature which comes home to the spectator in any and every kind of drama—in the salutation by the shepherd, who, reverencing in the infant Saviour, the victor over the powers of hell, is won by his smile into simple human sympathy with the Babe on His Mother's knee:

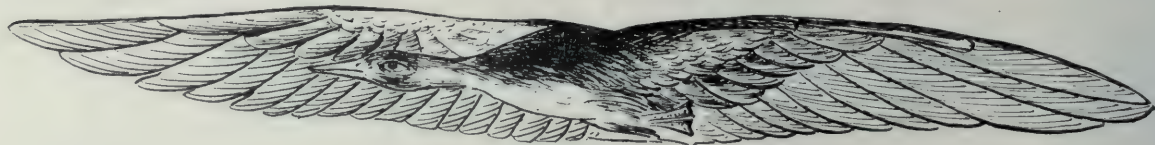
"Haylle comly and clean: haylle young child!
 Haylle maker, as I mene, of a madyn so mylde.
 Thou has waryd (conquered), I ween, the warlo
 (fiend) so wylde,
 The fals gyler of teyn (sorrow), now goes he
 begylde.
 Lo, he merys;
 Lo, he laghys, my swetyng,
 A welfare metyng,
 I have holden my hetyng (promise),
 Have a bob of cherys."

The dramas were so divided among the guilds of the town that each one became responsible for the representation of a particular portion of the sacred spectacle which in the popular mind harmonized best with its trade. For example, the shipwrights had the building of the ark, the goldsmiths played the gift-bringing Magi, and the water-drawers had the superintendence of the Deluge. Each play was repeated in several parts of the town at different times, so that a large number of people might witness the performance. The stage, or pageant, which was a movable scaffold, was drawn by horses from the station to

the station. The places where they were performed were called stations.

There were two rooms, a higher and a lower, to these scaffolds. A sixteenth century account explains as follows: "In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher room they played, being all open on the top, that all beholders might hear and see them. The places where they played them were in every streete. They begane first at the abay gates, and when the first pagiant was played it was wheeled to the highe crosse before the mayor, and soe to every streete; and soe every streete had a pagiant playing before them at one time, till all the pagiantes for the daye apoynted weare played: and when one pagiant was neere ended, worde was brought from streete to streete, that soe they mighte come in place thereof excedinge orderlye, and all the streetes have their pagiantes afore them all at one time playeing together; to se which playes was greate resorte, and also scaffoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to playe their pagiantes."

The fifteenth century may be regarded as the golden age of the miracle play in England. The festivals, although they still retained their democratic organization, were patronised by patrons of rank and the general appreciation endured well into the sixteenth century. The miracle play was easily understood by the least educated and within reach of the humblest. Its pretensions and its performances alike are insignificant, if regarded merely as literature but it preserved a conception of the drama in the minds of humble people throughout rude ages, it expanded their views and helped them to realise bygone times and distant regions of the world.



Loon.

There was once a ridiculous loon,
 Who soared like a toy-balloon
 Till his pinions were caught
 In the mesh of a thought
 Let down by the
 Man in the Moon.

O poor little pitiful loon,
 I think we shall hear very soon
 That a terrible gale
 Through those meshes so frail
 Will prove you, your
 luckiest boon!

Ruskin's Ideal of Work.

RUSKIN in his Lecture on Work, begins by definitions of work and play. Work, he says, is a thing done because it ought to be done and with a determined end, but Play is an exertion of body or mind made to please ourselves, and with no determined end.

Ruskin is wrong when he says play is not done with a determined end. It has a purpose, if nothing more than the pleasure we get from it. He also says that the moment we are told to do some kind of play it becomes work. On the contrary, frequently when we are told to take up some kind of amusement for our health, we become interested in it, enjoy doing it and we soon forget that it is compulsory. This is play and it has a determined end, our health. He remarks further that play is useful in a secondary sense. I think play is just as useful as work, that is if not carried to an extreme where it becomes all play and no work. Play is necessary in all cases; people are able to think better and work better if play is mixed with the work. If there were no play people would grow old more quickly and would lose their sense of humour.

While the majority of people work because they must and with a determined end, I do not think it is true in all cases. We meet people who work, and work hard, but they are not obliged to do so; they do it because it is a pleasure to them. They do not work at useless things, but at things which benefit themselves and others. We meet other people who work because they ought to and with a determined end. These people may be working to take care of those they love. These people do not think they are working in the sense that Ruskin thinks they are.

Ruskin tells us iron forgers, weavers, and jewel cutters are the people who know what work is, and the only play they have is when they are sick. These people do work hard and long, but we meet people among these tradesmen who do not think they lead a life of drudgery. People must decide these things for themselves, they know when they have worked too hard and too long, and they can tell when they need play. He says, "Everything needed for war is paid for in deadly work somewhere." I think the deadly part comes in where the things are used and not

where they are made. The manufacture of these things gives employment to needy people.

"Work must be done by the arms, or none of us could live. There must be work done by the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both. There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it." When Ruskin says, "work must be done by the arms, or none of us could live," it is the truest thing he has said. The brains think out the things to be done which will lighten the work and enable us to do more in a shorter time; but when it comes to carrying out these ideas the arms must do the work. It is very true that life would not be worth having if it were not for the work of the brains. Our brains grasp things and give us food for thought. Through the brains we think out new things and how to improve conditions which hinder the progress of others. We ourselves develop through the work of our brains. We cannot expect the same man to do both the brain work and the hand work, because in many cases the man who did the brain work would not be able to do the hand work, too. But I do not think hand work is ignoble, as Ruskin says. Work, good and beautiful, has been done by hand, and the doers are sometimes more noble than many a man whose brain supports him.

Rough work must be done in every undertaking, no matter what. The rough work must be well done before the fine and beautiful can be accomplished. There are men who enjoy this work, but this must not make us look down on them. These men may be better at heart and have more character than their brothers who do the gentle work. In fact, some of them who do the gentle work, do it because it is easier and they do not have to meet so many knocks and blows from the world. This does not make them nobler.

Ruskin later on says, "The lawful basis of wealth is, that a man who works should be paid the fair value of his work." This is every man's due, to receive the proper payment for his work. If a man is poorly paid he will not feel like putting his best efforts into his work, while a man who is properly paid will do his best work and in the end the employer and the employee both gain something. The working man should

be allowed to keep what he has justly earned, and not have it taken away from him by capitalists. If he keeps what he has justly earned and can spend it whenever he chooses, he will probably spend it to good advantage, for he knows how he has earned it.

But we should always place our work first and the fee second; generally the fee will be the result of our work, and if we work well we will be paid well. "Work first—you are God's servants. Fee first—you are the fiend's."

Work is only done well when done with a will, and when done with a will our work is honest, useful and cheerful.

FLORENCE BARRY, '18.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Higher Education of Women in India.

THE rapid progress of educational movement all over the West has come to be looked upon as the characteristic feature of the present day. Perhaps the most striking part of that progress has been made in the higher education of women. It is difficult to find a field where man's labour is not shared and lightened by the able help of woman and such rigid distinctions as Tennyson wrote of no longer exist:

"Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle she;
Man with the head and woman with the heart;
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion."

The poet would find few to agree with his opinion today—"all else confusion"! On the other hand there is a symmetry, an order, a regularity, a sense of proportion in the combined work of the cultured men and women of the day that cannot fail to impress those that contemplate it. The poet's "confusion" only results when the workers are not fitted for their labour, when the unskilled hand takes up the delicate threads of the loom and knows not how to weave the design; when the shuttle is roughly cast down and the warp is snapped ere the wool is ready.

But when the real work of education has been accomplished there is no danger, no fear that the

artistic perfection towards which all Nature tends will not be attained.

The position of women in the West has changed much since the Mid-Victorian Age. In India this change, though more gradual, is none the less startling. The West has had to carry out a project by which higher education has been extended to women. In that same period India has been engaged in the double task of extending first, elementary, and then higher education to her women. The problems which faced the early pioneers were manifold and complicated. The education of women seemed a revolutionary measure; racial prejudice, and the fear, sometimes inspired by ignorance, sometimes by hostility, that the decay of ancient custom was synonymous with national decay, were powerful antagonists. Further, the social conditions that exist in India, the enormous population so varied in its elements, swayed by most intricate differences in religion, in caste, in rank, nay even in nationality—for the Aryans and Dravidians are still as distinct as they were in the early centuries of the Christian era—were such as are not found in any other part of the world. Last, but not least, was the fact that the proposed education was to be adopted from Western methods before it could be assimilated by the people for whom it was intended. The work of preparation in such a case was necessarily long and laborious, and those who took part in it had to face days of unrelenting toil. The Government was soon interested in the great national movement and extended liberal help throughout the country wherever schools were opened. Once a beginning was made, the rapid growth, typical of tropical India, followed, and the wide-spreading branches of the tree of Knowledge were soon outstretched in many directions. With the impartiality of a good parent the Government had to provide for the needs of her other children, the Anglo-Indians, and schools modelled on European principles are aided in their noble efforts to share the culture and learning of the West with the distant East. The Universities of the different provinces generously opened their doors to women students, and a glance at the lists of girl graduates each year will prove how eagerly such a privilege has been sought after.

Far as the Indian woman has progressed, she is not yet free from the trammels which have been cast about her from earliest times, and she cannot share the freedom and independence of her Western sister-student's life. Often, too, she is the victim of what Chesterton so aptly calls "post-judice," and her career is suddenly ended by marriage and its attendant relegation to "purdah." Her sphere is now hopelessly limited, but only the pessimist would say that her work was completely at an end. Once again Chesterton's words define the situation, "A man's good work is effected by doing what he does, a woman's by being what she is." Therefore the cultured and educated purdah woman has a great fund at her disposal, and her contribution to the comparatively few now dependent on her is correspondingly large. There is one branch of higher education open to women in India which has given its devotees more opportunity for doing solid good work than any other. It is impossible to rightly estimate the extent of the work of the women doctors of India. They do not merely work to cure disease; theirs is the heavier and more arduous duty of preventing disease. The imperative need of such work has made the Government of India devote a special department to deal with the questions that arise in connection with this service. Special arrangements are made for the housing of the women students in the Medical Colleges. Endowments and scholarships enable these girls to benefit by the improvements of science. They are trained by the most expert men in the service and a very high degree of excellence must be attained before they are drafted to hospitals well equipped by Government.

In the matter of Technical Education, too, much has been done for Indian women, and the schemes of Government for this branch are extensive.

One proof that there is early fruit is the ready co-operation on the part of Indian women. Naturally patient and hard-working, amenable to guidance, they have been well fitted in the near past to cope with the difficulties of adapting themselves to foreign ways of thought. In the present day a certain independence of thought and even of limited action proves that the desired assimilation has begun. Higher education has also had one other benefit to confer.

It has turned the attention of the Indian girl to the contemplation of the treasures of her own nation. Her mind has learned to appreciate these, her patriotism has been fired; she is anxious that her foreign sisters should share her pride and delight and she sets herself eagerly to the work of research and exposition. Indian art, Indian music, Indian culture are terms whose connotation and denotation have both increased. Thus, in the words of a great Indian enthusiast, has education led the daughters of India to do good service to "that great parental divinity, the Motherland."

ESTELLE D' EÇA.

LORETO HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

The Little Priest of Soissons.

The little Priest of Soissons
Toils in the war's red wake,
His eyes are filled with sorrow
His heart is one dull ache;
But still he smiles most tenderly
For his dear Master's sake.

His frock is splashed and muddy
And weary are his feet;
But ever gentle are his hands,
His voice forever sweet.
And dying soldiers smile to hear
The prayers his lips repeat.

The little Priest of Soissons
Has met his people's need,
His is a soul beyond all caste,
All blood, or race, or breed;
He labors only to fulfill
The Saviour's simple creed.

The lands are torn with conflict,
The skies are bleak above,
But amid the desolation stands
The quiet figure of
The little Priest of Soissons,
Whose only thought is love.

B. B.

Philosophy—and Me.



"Ye banks and braes, o' bonnie Doon",
Sma' wonder ye are "fresh and fair,"
For mony a waesome hoore ye miss
Which I maun spend in irksome care!

Ma puir brain's racked! Ye couldna' guess
Though a' your waters stopped to think,
What wrastlin's goin' on wi'in
The head that bends above your brink!



"Ye bonnie birds" wi' voice sae free,
May weel your canticles prolong,
Ye hae no cauld philosophy
To gie lang names unto your song.

Your wits, unshackled by the "Schools,"
May flow in one oot-pourin' flood
While I maun haggle wi' ma ain,
To catalogue the slipp'ry brood.

Each sentence, nay each triflin' word,
Maun aye be weighed in scruple-scales,
Or teased and reasoned oot, until
Ye dinna ken the heads frae tails.

The canniest wits in a' the warl'
Are keekin' in behind the screen,
Their Maker hung this mony an age
To keep Him safe frae pryin' e'en.

He gae us bonnie pictur' books
A' filled wi' hill an' sea an' sky;
And though it is an unco' trick
To pester faulk wi' "what and why,"

His restless, wilfu', meddlin' weans
They will no peace nor quiet gie,
But prent great hefty books, a' filled
Wi' words as lang as land and sea.

They gie five heads to foolish things
That hae no bein' o' their ain,
They talk o' ten predeecaments,
Engraved on, guid kens! what auld stane!

They prove sic things as "I exist,"
By mony a deep and wise device,
By seelogeisms if ye weel,
To trap your reason like a vice.

"Cogito ergo sum," they say,
An' then they crack a learned smile,
An' strut wi' pride because they've proved
What weel ye kened this lang, lang while.

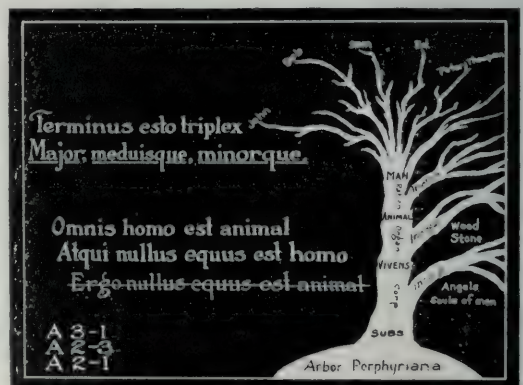
They split, an' label, an' divide,
An' prove that "a is a," an' such,
While ony auld wife in the toon,
Could aye hae prophesied as much.

An' as for thon Porphyrian tree,
Wi' names a' cut into its bark,
Wad ony birdie hang her nest
Amang its classic branches stark?

O bonnie Doon! I may na' be
What faulk wad ca' "a lad o' pairts,"
But somethin' mair like weesdom's self
I find concealed in Nature's hairt.

I wadna' gie the pearl she hides
Sae cunningly wi'in her breast,
For ony gem o' weesdom found
In Aristotle or the rest.

C. A. C.



From Prospective College Students.

MATRICATION and Graduation classes of the various Loretos have responded to the invitation of the editorial staff to contribute to the College RAINBOW that we may become acquainted with those who will form the best part of our future College classes. We congratulate them on the following productions:

The City of Silence.

He who first views Venice from the lofty Campanile, sees that the form of the Grand Canal, the main highway, is that of a huge letter "S." This is suggestive of the Italian word "Silenzio," for Venice is indeed the city of silence. No rumbling of wheels, no tramp of horses' feet, disturbs one here. Only the lapping of the water as it rushes against the quays, churches, palaces and prisons will remind the traveller, as he floats out upon the tranquil sea, that he is still in the world of the real.

The charm of Venice begins at the most prosaic of places—a railway station. "For to a city where there are no living horses, the iron horse has at least found its way; and by a bridge two miles in length Venice is now connected to the outside world." O what a feeling of delight fills the traveller as he sees in place of carriages a number of boats, and hears in the soft Venetian dialect, "Una gondola, Signore?" instead of the rasping American words, "Hack, Sir?" The joyous sense of novelty comes over him as he takes his seat in the dark gondola and floats away towards the heart of the ocean city. Here it would be well to say a few words about the Venetian means of transportation. The gondola belongs solely to Venice, and without the gondola Venice would be impossible, for it alone can wind in and out among the network of aquatic streets. At one time when Venice was at her best, thousands of these gondolas vied with one another for trade. They were beautifully decorated, and each gondolier tried to have his own the most conspicuous. To such an extent did this competition go, that the Doge finally issued a decree that all gondolas should thenceforth be black.

Knowing that Venice rests on a hundred islands, connected by four hundred and fifty bridges, the traveller naturally expects to see some embankment or boulevard between the

liquid streets and the houses. But no,—the stately structures rise as it were from the water, forming a great sea wall, against the marble surface of which the water ever gently flows.

As he floats in and out these liquid labyrinths, this question comes before him,—“How and by whom was this marvellous city founded?” The gondolier in his melodious voice will throw some light on the subject: “The district between Verona and the sea, known to the Romans as Venezia, seems in the early times to have been inhabited by the Etruscans. Later, however, it was held by the Veneti whose name still survives in that of Venice. Now when Attila and his Huns invaded Italy in 453, A. D., they destroyed Padua and also Altinum, but these were afterwards rebuilt. Subsequent waves of conquest had like results. Later on, in 568 the Lombards, a German tribe, invaded Italy and completed the ruin of Padua and Altinum. The relics of the Romanized and Christian Veneti then fled to the islands and after much work and time built the island city.” Thus we have the origin of the Mistress of the Adriatic.

The first object that arrests the tourist's gaze, as his gondola winds in and out the liquid streets, is the bridge of the Rialto. What thoughts this must stir in the minds of those who know its connection with the history of Venice! For centuries this was the only bridge that crossed the Grand Canal. Here the laws of the Republic were proclaimed; here was the vast exchange, where merchants of every race bought and sold, and the bent form of Shylock was seen passing to and fro, thinking only and always of his moneys and his interest. With all this, the Rialto will remain a place of interest, as long as there is a Venice, for it is one of the many structures that make the city unique.

After the Rialto comes the famous ducal palace. Here for hundreds of years the Doges lived, some bringing glory to their city, others shame. On the broad stairway of the palace known as the “Giants' Steps,” many scenes of joy and sorrow have had place. Here the Doges were crowned, and here one, a traitor, was beheaded. Byron has described the tragic end of Mareno Falerino thus: “The gory head rolls down the Giants' Steps.” The two giants, Mars and Hercules, standing at the head of this staircase and giving it its name, make a formidable appearance, but they must not stop the traveller, for the

beauty lies within. There are cloisters and galleries, famous in art and architecture, and gorgeous in the weird, luxuriant fancies of the East. Passing on, the traveller comes to the rooms which lead to the prison. This is separated from the palace by a lofty bridge, crossing a narrow liquid street and it is called "The Bridge of Sighs." How well this name suits! How many condemned; some innocent, some guilty, sighed as they passed over this from the court-house to their doom.

Behind the palace, are the piazza and the famous Cathedral of St. Mark. First, the traveller sees the piazza and its environments. What this square means to the Venetians only those who are connected with the inner life of the city can understand. It is the market square, the exchange, the station for the gondolas, and in fact the meeting place of all Venice, civil and political. Now the traveller turns towards the noble old Cathedral. How grand and imposing it is, either in golden sunlight or silver moonlight. What beauty of architecture, and what wealth are here. There are arches with innumerable statues and pillars of variegated stones. But this is only the exterior; how much more beautiful the interior with the soft dull light throughout the building; shed by the myriads of lights before the many shrines and the great high altar, the throne of the ever-abiding Presence. Egyptian, Byzantine and Gothic art are everywhere. Although it is impossible to find words to describe the mingled beauties, the indefinable impression will ever remain.

Once more the traveller is out on the silent, liquid street, dazed and bewildered by the sight of these wonders, but he cannot forget his trip to the ocean city. It is true the beauty of the Queen of the Adriatic is fast fading but the charm will linger on into the ages even though there should be left scarce a stone upon a stone of the one-time "world"—Venice.

GERTRUDE WALSH.

LORETO CONVENT, HAMILTON.

Many persons throw away their lives because they despise their small abilities, not realizing that God has a wonderful way of increasing "five loaves and two fishes" of talent into enough to minister to multitudes.

Our Class.

Seated in a remote corner of the study-hall, for a brief hour on this welcome holiday, I watch with interest my companions, as they pass to and fro, and decide to write a sketch of our class of 1915, whose members, for the past few years, have been my comrades in all the little joys and woes that give variety to the student's life at boarding-school.

Glancing up from my paper, I see two of the elect. They are from "dear Kentucky, far away," as their accent reveals. One is tall and dark and slender, possessed of a quiet, easy manner and a disposition not easily disturbed. She is enthusiastic about art and has completed several beautiful studies in pastel, oils, etc.—proof of her ability in this department. The other is of medium height and strikingly fair. Her laughing blue eyes bespeak a characteristic love of fun, and one feels that, with her sociable spirit, her love of music and song, she will be a welcome presence in any circle.

Next, I behold our dear, unassuming, brown-haired, blue-eyed, bonnie Scotch lassie. I wonder if she is not somewhat proud of the fact that she can trace her ancestry back to the Scottish royalty of old? She is the *prima donna* of our class, and we hope to hear, one day, of her great success as a vocalist.

But another has, now, crossed my vision—a tall girl of splendid form and carriage—one born to command. She excels in music and, possessed of a laudable ambition as she is, she will yet attain to high distinction in the art. Some of the far-sighted have prophesied that she will, one day, be a member of the Loreto Community. Who knows? The future is concealed as by a mist, that will presently roll away, disclosing many an unexpected vision.

And now I turn my gaze to her of the merry brown eyes. Before she speaks, one knows her as a highly intellectual girl, and she has, as a fact, distinguished herself in many branches of study. Though not tall, she is of the type that commands attention at all times. She is the fortunate possessor of a delightful accent, which enhances her charm, and one does not hesitate to predict for her a bright and useful career.

Lo! another claims attention! This maiden has a keen sense of humor and, rarely, is her horizon obscured by clouds. She is the bright,

particular star of our Virgil class and is gifted with extraordinary histrionic powers. When, at times, difficulties loom toweringly in her path, she becomes quite dramatic, threatening to surpass Julia Marlowe in her best impersonation of Shakespeare's most tragic characters; however, this does not prevent her applying a little philosophy and so surmounting all obstacles.

Then comes our demure, lovable little classmate, a universal favorite, a lily in deed as in name. Tact is hers, in no small degree, and she is capable of smoothing out difficulties with apparently little trouble. A future in the cloister is predicted for her. Be her vocation what it may, she will ever be a firm, self-reliant, helpful, noble woman.

Ours is not a mystic number but, as eight beatitudes, may we bring blessings and happiness to all with whom we come in contact; and, as the tide of years rolls on, may we and all Loreto's graduates be found amongst the valiant workers in the cause of Truth and Duty.

FLORENCE MULLIN, '15.

LORETO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

The Academic Course.

Looking into the future, on one's entrance to high school, the four years seem endless, but looking back over the past, one realizes how fleeting they have been. This can be explained only from the fact that the course is so interesting and absorbs one's mind so completely, that the student does not notice the days passing, until one fair day in June she arrives at her goal,—graduation.

The grammar grades having given her the impulse, on entering into the high school course the pupil is launched into deeper and more complex subjects. Arithmetic evolves into the difficult mathematical rules and problems of algebra and geometry; the mind is exercised and made accurate by the study and mastery of these. Closely allied to mathematics are the sciences of which physiography, botany, and physics are most generally studied. Through their requirement of deep and long study they make the pupil a thinker and an admirer of the great master minds who have penetrated their mysteries. She is introduced to science through physiography, a

subject which fosters the enjoyment of the beauty and greatness of God's firmament while traveling over mountains, hills and valleys, beholding the sun, moon and stars, watching with new interest the clouds, rain and snow, frost and dew. From the expansive objects she comes, in the study of botany, to the minute ornaments of the world,—plants—and learns their structure, the functions of each little part, how they are classified and the terms used in their denomination and description.

Does not this study make one realize the tenderness of God who planned and gave life, for our pleasure and happiness, even to "the meanest flower that blows"? Physics comprises a vast extent as it comprehends whatever can be discovered of the nature and property of bodies, their causes, effects, operations and laws. It is impossible to study these sciences without touching on others, as chemistry, astronomy and physiology.

The solution of scientific problems is always difficult and it is in overcoming these difficulties that the pupil secures valuable training in power of thought and action.

Seemingly the most difficult of the foreign languages taken up in the academic work is Latin. The first year the student labours over the rules of the grammar, and the second year applies them to Cæsar, the third year to Cicero's Orations, from which she gleans at least an appreciation of his fluent, rhetorical style, and finally enjoys translating Virgil, in which she benefits by exercising the brain and applying principles, is entertained by the story of Aeneas and receives a knowledge of mythology. The same labour, as in Latin, has to be gone through in grasping the rudiments of French, but after this work it is a constant delight to translate the classics of that language. Corneille's "Cinna," de Vigny's "La Canne de Jonc," a splendid character study of Napoleon, Labiche's "La Grammaire" and de Bornier's "La Fille de Roland," a development of the legend "La Chanson de Roland," are translated. Besides these classics are enjoyed many short stories of uncommon interest and excellent morals, along with exquisite little poems and sprightly fables.

The minor subjects of drawing and theory of music are of value as they add to general knowledge. The history course comprises ancient,

mediaeval and modern times accompanied by United States history and civics. The latter is very important at the present time, as the pupil realizes her necessity of voting in the near future, and she must therefore be acquainted with the government machine of her country. She derives from civic instruction sound conceptions of political morality.

The study of ethics is absolutely essential. From it she learns the fixed principles of conduct, how to analyze practical problems, her moral duties, and how to discriminate between "means" and "ends."

English is the principal subject. It is the culmination of all the others. Pursuing this study, the student is taken from the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon period to the present day. Through the ages she watches the changes which take place in the literature, at first crude and uncultured, but influenced by different events, becoming more refined until it reaches perfection of style in the Classic Age, animation and brilliancy in the Romantic, through the works of the Victorian writers becoming ideally meditative, until deep philosophy is reached in Browning. A delightful and novel way of impressing this subject on the mind is through dramatization and Literaries given frequently at the convent. Programmes given were on Canon Sheehan, Francis Thompson, Beethoven, Hamlet, Folk-lore, the Psychological Novelists, and the History of English Literature, giving the characteristics, the poets and their works, of each Age. During the Junior year Browning, Thompson and Shakespeare gave ample material for deep study, and Milton and Carlyle during the Senior year.

The academic course may be said to be only preparatory for further study which is most advantageously carried on in our Catholic Colleges, where such important subjects as history, psychology, and philosophy are taught from a Catholic standpoint. Even though she may be deprived of a higher course, the academic student surely carries away with her a desire for further knowledge and knows she can accomplish much by wide reading, which she is sufficiently educated to pursue. Each lesson tends to stimulate the memory, the will and the understanding, and in general, to broaden the intellect.

The academic course prepares its students to enter upon larger usefulness, to be more efficient,

and to be able to meet the demands of social, industrial, ethical and practical life.

DOROTHY HUGHES, '15.

LORETO ACADEMY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dartmoor.

"Haunts of wild beauty where the glowing mind
Drinks deep the fulness of some heavenly scene."

Devonshire has something to offer to all; tree-clothed hill descending to the sea; red cliffs that rise from restless surges; meadows where the scent of wild flowers floats upon the balmy air; villages that wear their old-time look; and in the midst rising in "haughty solitude," the granite-capped heights of Dartmoor. Those who look upon the wild grandeur of its coasts, its peaceful valleys, where streams hide themselves in summer beneath spreading boughs or run prattling in the sunlight by orchard and meadow, and who seek the quiet of its upland "combes" where the breeze rustles only the thorn and rowan, join in its eulogy.

There are few greater contrasts than those exhibited between "the Desolate Moor" and the fertile valleys by which it is enclosed. But it is the former that attracts all, in spite of a sense of loneliness which oppresses those who

"Find themselves alone
... with rocks and stones and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky."

Those who have once set foot on Dartmoor crave for it more and more. It is true that Dartmoor owes much of its grandeur to the scenery. In places where this is wanting one is impressed solely by the remoteness and loveliness of the region. But how different are the feelings inspired by those scenes in which a group of Tors form the chief feature. They arrest the attention and waken thoughts of the sublime in the mind of the beholder. In some parts of the moor the grouping of the Tors is remarkably fine, and the appearance of these rock masses is not a little striking and sometimes so weird in shape that it is quite possible that these rugged piles gave rise to many of the superstitious fancies of the old days. For instance, in one valley, on looking up to Tors we can trace some resemblance

to a human figure, while if we go to the valley beyond and turn, the gigantic rocks seem to be built in the shape of an enormous castle.

Nearly the whole of Devonshire can be seen from Dartmoor. In the southern part, one looks upon the cliffs beyond Exmouth and the Channel stretching far away down the Cornish coast; and from the northern boundary the view is bounded by the Bristol Channel; eastward, a part of Somerset is visible and in the west the granite hills of Cornwall.

But if the Tors impart to Dartmoor so much of its grandeur, it is the streams that give it its beauty. Rising for the most part in silent places where the melic grass grows luxuriantly in the peaty, and rushes border swamps beneath a treacherous covering of green moss, their course is at first slow. Then from the hollows in the hills, tiny streamlets roll down to lose themselves in the flood. "Bye and bye larger brooks seeking its companionship come hastening from the combs, and the mingled waters flow in a wider channel. Rocks rise up but offer no bar to its progress. It leaps aside and falls into foam that the morning light faintly gilds, and glowing sunset tinges with a warmer hue. Broom and gorse and heather line its banks and the mountain-ash waves over its rippling surface."

Clearness and swiftness of current, numberless small cascades and deep pools characterize all Dartmoor rivers. A reach of calm water, except in a few instances, is an unknown thing.

"Through glen and gorge thou lov'st to leap
O'er barriers tempest-strown,
To mingle with the heavy deep
Gushes thy torrent down."

It is where the rivers leave the moor that the finest scenery is to be found. There the valleys are deep and narrow, their sides often wooded, and in places they show more of the heather and boulders covered in grey moss than they do of the oak and birch, and even where the trees are thicker, grand and imposing masses of rock rise above them.

The dwellings of the hill farmers and warrens are a feature in a Dartmoor view, especially when they stand in lonely spots. Many of them still preserve their primitive look and round them all are seen the rough granite walls often of ancient date. Old-time associations cling to

some, particularly such as are found in those parts of the moor settled in early days, and this of course gives them an interest apart from their picturesque surroundings.

Beautiful as Dartmoor is beneath a clear sky, it is on a dull day that its wild grandeur becomes most impressive but it is when a storm is approaching that the "Old Moor" is most sublime. To watch the oncoming of the tempest inspires one with awe. At first there is a deep silence and a gloom settles over everything. The cattle heeding the warning seek the sheltered valleys and the birds disappear. Then from the great cloud sailing across the darkened sky a few raindrops fall, followed by a peal of thunder, the rain descends in torrents and the storm rages among the ancient hills.

The effects produced by the mists that at times envelop the moor are very strange. Well-known places can scarcely be recognized and a bush or rock or other similar objects will often present the most weird form. From elevated points the Tors will often be seen rising above dense, white clouds like islands in a sea. At others the mist wreaths float about their crests now hiding, now revealing the towering rocks.

Many books and poems have been written on this inexhaustible subject, and those who know and love the Moor have frequently compared it to "The Iron Crown of Lombardy." In a well-known book by an equally well-known author, we find the following passage:

"The Iron Crown of Lombardy consists of a broad circlet of gold, studded with precious stones cut by cunning artificers, and so dazzling are the rays shot from their facets that the iron rim to which the diadem owes its name is forgotten. In the Granite crown of Devon are also gems of rare beauty, yet as one looks upon them, they do not render him oblivious to the roughness of their setting. One is a clever work of art where brilliancy is made to conceal the less precious metal lest its too prominent intrusion should mar it; the other, the work of nature where the whole picture is revealed and in which there could not be an incongruous feature. In one, though the skill of man has accomplished much, the ideal is not and never could be reached; in the other there is perfection."

JANET STORY.

LORETO CONVENT, GUELPH.

The Rolling Pear at Sault Ste. Marie.

In the early October days when the troubles of College students are just beginning, the Senior Class of Loreto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, have already grown somewhat accustomed to their rôle as graduates. Not even a prospective B. A. can realize the awful dignity and responsibility attaching to a "Soo" graduate. To be addressed as "Miss" by all the minims, to sit at a special table, to preside when the nun is unavoidably detained, and even to perform the first matutinal, and the last nocturnal rites are among our duties and privileges.

While Loreto College students are seeking geological specimens at the heels of a learned professor and suffering all the inclemencies of the weather, sometimes losing their way, and sometimes being mistaken for a band of suffragettes pursuing a victim, we ride forth with "The Princess" and her maidens "to take the dip of certain strata to the north," mounted comfortably on Tennyson's Pegasus. How much more pleasant to roam these fields "with one that loves us" or "with fair philosophies that lift the fancy" than to scour the Don and Humber valleys for fossiliferous limestone and other things with strong, bony names; and after an excursion

in such charming company to rest within a silken tent and partake of a regal collation while Violet sings us "Tears, idle tears" and we are filled with tender sadness, thinking of "the days that are no more!" More pleasant it is and less wearing on the system.

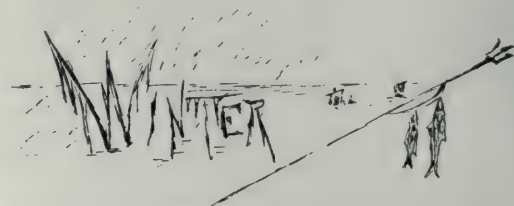
We prefer to keep our physical strength for pursuing the dun deer through the forests of Northern Michigan. At present, being still at school, we are debarred from that noble pastime in which our fathers and brothers engage during the few weeks that hunting is permitted by law. As the lake steamers pass down at that season they disembark, at nearly every port, deer to the number of sixty, seventy and eighty. Aeneas' exploit with his friend Achates is as nothing to the feats of our peerless hunters from the Sault. To celebrate "these so great deeds" was instituted the "Huntsmen's Feast." Baraga Hall, in which it is held, is appropriately decorated. The walls are covered with the heads of grinning wolves, grizzly bears, cunning foxes and gloomy-looking moose, over whose antlers are displayed the brindled hides of wild-cats,—all trophies of our gallant Nimrods of the Upper Peninsula.

Under boughs of evergreen, near a large open fireplace, stand certain fierce-looking youths, who slice great rashers from the carcasses of deer and other wild beasts piled around them, broil them on the coals and then hand them to the guests on the points of their long hunting-knives.

Next year we intend to fill our license and become close rivals of Diana. We hereby pledge ourselves to send a haunch of venison to Loreto College as a proof of our skill, unless the Germans declare it contraband of war. If we should happen to join the College classes ourselves we shall bequeath the commission to our next of kin.



Winter, though an attractive season at the Sault, is, in some respects a lonely one. The bears which, at other times, are our constant



companions, walking about the streets and saluting their friends in a characteristic way, now retire into their retreats to pass the winter like a

certain Mr. Van Winkle, a gentleman well known, no doubt, in College circles.

To make up for the lack of ursuline companionship, we are forced to betake ourselves to the society of our books with even more than our usual ardour and devote our thoughts to the serious things of life. Ethics claims a large share of our attention. Indeed, one girl is said to have become so worried over her last end (which previously she had never heard of) that she was forced to leave school and take a course in pure frivolity as an antidote. Hearing of our philosophic aspirations Rev. Father Douenberg and Mother Philippa spent a morning with us before Christmas. The number of theses we proved and the variety of questions we answered caused the *admiratio* to surpass the *expectatio*, as Cicero would say.

At four o'clock, when we set forth for our daily walk (the thermometer registering fourteen below), we have the opportunity of envy-

ing our more fortunate friends who are taking the air in dog-sleds. When we become ancient and wealthy Alumnae, it is our intention to endow this convent with an adequate number of these splendid equipages for the benefit of posterity.

In the winter, beautiful St. Mary's River is frozen over so that travel on foot between the two "Saults" is permissible. In the latter part of January comes the herring run when shoals of herring come from Lake Superior before the ice-breaking time. The river is a village in itself dotted with fishing shanties where Indians are busily engaged till late at night at the spear-hole, and early in the morning until sunrise. The younger generation does the soliciting and peddling. Professors from remote universities often visit this vicinity and, as a result of their explorations, send rare specimens weighing less than two and one-half pounds by parcel post to students interested in ichthyology.



But a few days ago the trees were bare, a keen north wind blew and winter was with us. Now the snow is melted on the hills and the long-hoped-for grass is welcomed. The frosts are slain and, blossom by blossom, spring unfurls her banner. The perfume of the trailing arbutus pervades every valley and the robin is heard sweetly chirping his love messages.

In this beautiful season when Loreto College girls are forced to "scorn delights and live laborious lives," a Sault girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of —, well, something sweet, anyhow—maple sugar and the approaching "First Saturday," when she shall go forth to visit a camp of sugar makers.

At last the longed-for day arrives and, after following the railroad track through many typical northern scenes, where, for the benefit of a southern girl, we point out the hole in which the wood-chuck spent the winter, and another where

the bear had that long winter sleep of his what time we missed him so sorely, we at last catch a glimpse of some bright object through the trees. Oh, joy! It is the sun shining on a bright tin bucket and lo! we are on the outskirts of the camp.

The maple sugar farmers have bored holes in the trees not far from the ground and driven little spouts into them. Before long the clear white sugar water, or sap, flows out drop by drop and is caught in buckets that are hung on the spouts. When the buckets are filled, which is perhaps once or twice a day, they are carried to the sugar house and the contents are put in large kettles or vats to be boiled. The boiling first turns the sap to a bright yellow and then to a darker hue, and finally it becomes a thick syrup. It is now poured off into moulds and left to harden into sugar. [We thought it best to be thus accurate regarding this operation as B. A.'s

are constantly turning up on the confines of civilization and showing a lamentable ignorance concerning this industry.]

On our return to the convent we are met on the threshold by our class mistress, who warns us that in one week our postponed debate is to take place. In vain do we urge that a "Newman evening," including "The Dream of Gerontius" and certain essays, has to be disposed of in the

meantime. She is inexorable to our prayers and adamant even to certain cakes of maple sugar with which we had hoped to mollify her stern disposition. So next week, before a board consisting of a Belgian, a German and a French ecclesiastic and several nuns of by no means neutral tints, we are to settle once and forever the question as to whether Belgium was right in offering armed resistance to the Germans.



No doubt students attending a university of such shockingly irregular habits as Toronto, where final examinations are often shifted back a whole month on the frivolous pretext of a mere world war, will think they surely have the advantage of us at least in the point of early holidays. Little do they dream of the delights of school-life at the Sault in the months of May and June! Our teachers have always seen to it that our lives harmonized with the natural beauties that surrounded us at that period, and the present "incumbent" has promised to surpass all her predecessors in this respect.

Every Saturday, when navigation opens, we shall board the *Jane S.*, a noble barque capable of holding one nun, three seniors (of the usual size), one lunch basket and a helmsman, and sail up the beautiful St. Mary's River to that delightful spot known as the "Shallows"—known, I say, but fortunately not too widely known; otherwise its peaceful and idyllic charm would soon be dissipated. In fact only one who has acquired the Sault temper can catch the inner meaning of the place. It takes certain people years to obtain this cast of mind, while

others have been initiated in a few brief months and have thus been allowed to "draw the bolt of nature's secrecies" here in one of her sanctuaries.

On board the boat and while spending the day at the "Shallows," we intend to improve our minds with "Operas Every Girl Should Know"—a very practical subject, as the Sault abounds in opportunities of hearing all the best operas and one likes to be well informed before attending. We shall name our little party the "Boat Study Shallow Club" or the "Shallow Boat Study Club" or the "Shallow Study Boat Club," according to our mood. We know you'd like to join us, gentle reader, but, when this most excellent issue of an excellent magazine reaches its subscribers, we shall have long since embarked and become quite ancient mariners. That no Albatross in the shape of an unfinished Chemistry or Cicero shall then be found hanging around our necks to mar our joy is the fervent wish of

DORIS CUMMINGS,
ANNIE WYATT,
LORETTO DUPUIS,
L. DES E.

In the Matriculation Class.

I entered the Matriculation Class at the Abbey on the ninth of September. In the afternoon of that day the experiment began!

Did it ever come into your head to make one—to select your friends by? It sounds like madness. Granted! And now for the method of it. I dressed as oddly as possible because I wanted to appear poor—poor as the patient man's turkey! If you were in search of a great mind and heart who would be superior to all externalities in the way of fashion, and money, and power,—someone who should be all soul and wonder, and should value you, for your sincerity and for your wisdom, do you think she would consider an old dress, or an old faded umbrella?

Impossible! She would be looking not at clothes and an old umbrella, but at the stars, thinking great thoughts. Surely she would!

Well, the experiment should be made in the Matriculation room at the Abbey! And there I was seated upon a high chair among young ladies dark and fair, with my old-fashioned dress, listening to the Sister and asking her questions like the others. Now drawing diagrams of flowers, and now "running unknown specimens down in the key"—until sidereal velocities seemed halting and crippled; and now prying into the microscopic world and sketching the wonders of it until I forgot what manner of Diogenes I was!

For I fully realized that to dispense with fashion in the modern world and offer no corresponding compensation would be ruinous to all desirable experimental results. Therefore I must try harder than all the others and keep abreast, or ahead, if possible, or what should become of the experiment? This was the question after all.

So I worked harder; and because I worked so very hard, and because they worked leisurely, after holiday time fashion, I began to gain ground and to appear wiser than I was. In time my little wisdom had established me; some even looked up to me as if I were an oracle and no Diogenes with a lantern. And one day an angelic-looking girl came to me and said: "Pardon me, may I sit here?" (*Here* was beside me.) And down she sat and helped herself to my book of drawings. "She was most welcome," I said—and I wondered the while, would I put away my lantern now?

She was very beautiful and stately! But the experiment, the experiment, and nothing but the experiment! Looks must not enter into the calculations, and with great sorrow and less strength I turned away from the *angel*.

Next day she fell! It made me sad, but it made me free. It was raining when she fell. No! no slippery street about it at all! Only a large door and I inside of it with my umbrella,—trying to open the door and hold my umbrella over my head, when a great noise from the rear like a tow-row of thunder fell upon my ear.

"They come"—a pell-mell rush of hurrying students and *she* was leading them.

Now! She turned aside ostensibly to read a notice on the brick wall. But I knew well how odd I seemed, and how many thoughtless, taunting beings passed behind, and how proud she was and how young! But the *weakness*—I didn't know this until she turned aside and left me to open the door the best way I could.

It was a pity!

Some of them would have made fun of her perhaps, but if she had been brave enough something would have blurred my eyes, and something would have blessed my life with a great inspiration. Who knows? One day some lovely compensation might reach her from my pen. If it had only been in the rain she fell.

It was a pity!

A Day in the Matriculation Class.

To how many of my readers will this bring memories? "Oh, memories that bless and burn!" Let your thoughts turn back to your happy school-days where real care and worry were unknown, and when each day brought some small pleasure to add its drop to the joyous tide of youth. To you the thoughts of a day in the Matriculation class may mean thoughts of long ago, but to me it is the thought of the living present. But has time wrought such a change in the work as it has in those who have done the work? I think were some of you whose school-days are long past, to visit the places where you were drilled in the three R's together with Latin and Geometry, you would think the lines which Tennyson wrote with regard to the Brook could be aptly applied to the Matriculation work:

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Nine o'clock and the first lesson, Latin! Poor Virgil and Caesar! It is well, if we are to believe Dante, that they spend (their) eternity in a place where their faces express neither sorrow nor joy, for could they be tempted to show their emotions they would certainly do so, on hearing the comments on their work made by the harassed Matriculants, as they gaze blankly at their books and try to translate fluently what seems to them a chaos of words. When you tried your Matriculation did you struggle blindly with the Gerund and the Gerundive? Could you differentiate between the various infinitives? Did not the proper uses of the periphrastic conjugations muddle themselves beyond recognition in your brain? It is with that last mentioned phase of Latin that I have struggled almost vainly. Even now I rely on my trusty red-covered text when it is concealed in some peculiar construction of Virgil or Cæsar. To an onlooker the vain efforts of the student to get sensible English from these works would be amusing, but to a member of the class the element of amusement is entirely obliterated by a tragic realization that she might be the next one called upon. Even the most ludicrous mistakes call forth barely a smile on the faces of the other students, for they know, in their innermost hearts, that they could do no better.

The faces of the pupils are studies in contrast as they leave the Latin class compared with their expressions when they entered. It is as if a great load had been lifted from their shoulders and they are once more free to move as they will. They troop merrily out feeling reasonably sure of getting through the rest of the day without serious mishap.

They wander about the halls and grounds, some chatting gayly, while others have their heads buried in Geometry texts. When the bell rings they file in, each girl vainly trying to remember whether A equals B or whether A equals D . If anyone were paying very strict attention, as they march by, she would hear such murmurs as: " $* * *$ and that is to that as this is to this because AG equals FC and therefore $* * *$ " However, all is order after they enter the class-room, and the lesson progresses nicely. The

teacher explains, and illustrates, and expounds the new theorem. Everyone is attentive, except one young lady seated near the back of the room, who is much absorbed in watching the antics of a small sparrow of the window-ledge. Her thoughts are brought back to the subject by a quiet but startling question, which, as far as she is concerned, might have been Greek. The reprimand administered for her lack of concentration is brief but to the point and thereafter that young lady is the acme of perfect attention.

The next hour is devoted to Chemistry. With the true feminine instincts to experiment and "putter around," the girls look forward eagerly to this. The different ways of going about the work indicate different natures. Some work carefully, and achieve fairly good results always; some go about it in a reckless manner and either achieve a brilliant result or fail utterly through the careless handling of test-tubes or flasks. The latter result is more common than the former to this style of worker.

After Chemistry comes the noon hour and recreation time. Immediately after this the students prepare for a lesson in Literature. Shakespeare is somewhat beyond the ken of the average Matriculant, and some of the scenes are apt to be most difficult if not carefully prepared. When there has been little or no preparation, the interpretations given to some of his finest passages would make him turn over in his grave. It must be a sore tax on the patience of a teacher to hear this good Literature mutilated. As a rule, however, the students manage to leave this class on very good terms with themselves, one another and the teacher.

Algebra, History and Composition follow one another in regular succession—each bringing its little bit of humour or sorrow to add to the day's results.

When at four o'clock the students pack up their books preparatory to leaving, it is with mingled feelings of regret and rejoicing—regret for the opportunities lost during the day and rejoicing for the fact that there is a to-morrow wherein they may distinguish themselves. We must not forget, however, that the number of to-morrows is growing less and less and that soon the shadow of examinations now looming over us will shape itself into grim reality.

It is not very long now until we will be saying, "To-morrow we go to our fate." Will Fate bring us failure? Let us hope and pray that it will not, but, most of all, let us work. We must neglect nothing that will help us along the road to success. To many of us, this examination will be a turning-point in our lives. If we get it, it means going on to College and later a career. If we fail, it may mean no more school-days and no possibility of achieving fame in a chosen line of work. Are we wilfully casting our lot with the many others dwelling in the realm of mediocrity? No; we strive for something higher and its attainment lies with us. Our teachers have done their part and the outcome of a year's work rests with ourselves, and ourselves only.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves
That we are underlings."

is one of the truest proverbs that ever came from the immortal pen of Shakespeare. So, therefore, those of you who are lagging begin now to work, and those of you who are working redouble your efforts, lest you some day may be called to the Judgement-Seat to answer for opportunities neglected and the chances of achievement carelessly passed by.

DOROTHEA E. PRATT.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO, ONT.

Notes on Our Year.

April the Ninth, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen—Easter and the RAINBOW—College number is out. How important we look in print!

April the Seventeenth—Emmeline home with the measles but she promises to shed the leopard spots and be back for the fray.

April the Twenty-eighth—Alas and alack! More measles. Claire S. fell a victim yesterday and Gertrude McQ. to-day. But nothing daunts the Vice-Principal—we hear rumors of exams, —even in quarantine with disinfected examiners and papers. Glad that misery has its proverbial desire.

May the First—Exams.—late leave,—early leave,—all sorts of leave for us, but, unfortun-

ately, also for our learning—oh! how this too, too chaotic mass does melt and resolve itself into a dew (apologies to Hamlet) as we face the fatal papers.

May the Second.—Exams.—syncope for the chronicle.

May the Twentieth.—College corridor lone and forlorn—almost,—a single Sophomore and a single Freshie remain to run the gauntlet of further examinations. Farewell till the autumn.

June the Eighth.—Aileen is evidently made of the gold that is tried in the furnace of tribulation. Just the day exams. were to begin she was unexpectedly called home by the sudden death of her dear grandmother. She has the sympathy of us all and our great admiration, too.

June the Tenth.—Results all out and an air of jubilation surrounds us—"Let the end try the man" in modern education becomes "Let the exams. try the student"—try, both as a test and as a tribulation, let us add.—The test has been creditable, may we say, without too much egotism. We want to record a fine standard for posterity, you see.—Not a single student failed to obtain her year. The entire Third and Second Year Classes in the general course obtained general proficiency, i. e., honour standing.

In the Honour Moderns of Second Year, among the seven who obtained First Class Honours in the entire University, two were Loreto students. Considering the fact that the entire enrollment of Loreto College is less than 20, as against 1000 enrolled at University College, 500 at Victoria and 144 at Trinity, this must be regarded as a quite remarkable showing. Scholarships, etc.

The winner of the Mary Ward Memorial Scholarship for 1914, value \$120.00, was Miss Gertrude McQuade.

The winner of Mr. Paul Hahn's gift of \$50.00 was also Miss Gertrude McQuade.

September the First.—Last to depart and first to return,—Aileen is not easily thwarted in her ambitions but is gallantly facing the Sept. set of exams.

September the Second.—Two more prospective Sophs come to gather up dropped stitches of last year.

September the Fourteenth.—Now we number four, and for the day, five. But we hear a sad rumour. Is the V. P. not coming home for the opening? Our attacks on Cicero and Horace are having some visible effect—the enemy are less formidable. This year all our thoughts, words and actions will be in terms of war, we fear, since it has become the most real of all historical images now.

September the Twenty-eighth.—An auspicious beginning it was for the Sophs., who make acquaintance this year with Shakespeare, and an enjoyable beginning for us all to have Mr. Griffith present "Henry IV." and "Twelfth Night" in the excellent manner with which we of the Abbey are now quite familiar. Mr. Griffith also read Francis Thompson's famous poem—"The Hound of Heaven." The spell of literature has caught us.

October the First.—Registration completed—our ranks all answer "adsum" with some more recruits. These "Freshies" are welcome among us and we trust, that after the embarrassing preliminaries are over, they will begin to feel at home. Picture one poor meek "enfant" rising from a bed of sickness to face for the first time the ordeal of registration at Varsity—Poor Frances wonders "how she ever lived through it." Some forgotten certificates create excitement—no registration without them. After a day's delay and an extra fee they are found reposing in the fair damsel's trunk.

We offer our congratulations to Miss Madeleine Smyth, who won the Alumnae Scholarship given to the Loreto student taking highest standing at Junior Matriculation. Miss Madeleine is below the College age, and so this year has entered the Honour Matriculation class.

October the Second.—Sept. results called out at the Registrar's office. If there is a possibility of a greater satisfaction than that of successful exams. in May it is the comforting relief afforded by success in September. Congratulations to our new Sophs.—they have won their title.

October the Third.—Saturday—free day and we spent it in so old a fashion that it was a novelty. We had often heard of "quilting bees" but when we were invited to attend a "knitting bee"

an observation lesson was the very most we expected. What astonishment when each wondering pair of eyes beheld a gift—a pair of steel needles and a skein of good old-fashioned grey wool. A wave of pessimism swept over us at the sight. Soon, however, the Common Room assumed the aspect of a Green class-room where stood the pedagogue beside her student. Individual songs were composed "Front, back, one, two," to accompany the click of the needles and only an occasional outburst of anguish "I've lost a stitch" could cause an eye to waver or a hand to cease. A chance visit from Reverend Mother caused a momentary lull and general discussion of the destiny of the woollen helmets. Reverend Mother suggested that we put in aspirations with the stitches and perhaps secure comfort of heart as well as body for the brave soldiers. It is a queer experience to be coming in contact with actual war volunteers—it did not seem as if we could come so close to the horrible experience of war.

How long will the ardour for grey-helmet making last? Little Treese and Gertrude M. bid fair to put us all to shame in this as well as in other occupations.

Friday, October the Ninth.—We, Sophomores, had heard rumours of Geology Excursions, Don Valley, Humber River, and the like—no freshman's experience could ever equal these, we were told. To-day was our first adventure. The Humber Valley was our destination, the afternoon was bright—we were each provided with a hammer, and a bag in which to bestow the specimens, and started off fresh and vigorous to follow an energetic leader:

"And then we turn'd, we wound about the cliffs,
the copses out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony
names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte."

Oh, where did that scientific man get his seven-league boots, we wondered, as he strode ahead—hopelessly and ever farther ahead, while our courage and energy oozed out and the bags grew heavy and the geologist seemed like the phantom with the beckoning hand.

A word to posterity—it is our turn to think of

posterity—Think twice or even oftener before you choose geology.

October the Twelfth.—Progressive Euchre in the Common Room to celebrate Thanksgiving Day. First prize for Miss Mary O'T., and last prize for Miss Lighthall, who traded it to Miss A. Kelly, who was deftly and diplomatically relieved of it by the young lady since known as *Rip Van W.*, for obvious reasons. The prize was a small ticket bearing the following inscription—

“Your prize you may take
But you may not keep,—
To-morrow remain
For an extra sleep.”

October the Fifteenth.—Feast of St. Teresa and the close of our first Novena.

October the Seventeenth.—The social season at Loreto College opened with the usual inter-class reception at which we had the honour of being presented to Reverend Mother Stanislaus, our Principal, to Mother Colombière, and to the members of the Faculty. The V. P. was very much missed. A few words of encouragement from Reverend Mother, contrasting our advantages with the broken prospects this awful war must mean to many a student, were deeply appreciated. The lecture hall and library presented a scene of festivity, tables decorated with smilax and stately vases of yellow 'mums. Miss Ryan and Miss Coughlan performed the mystic rite of tea-pouring and were assisted by the two freshettes of the corridor. A novel feature of the afternoon's entertainment was a guessing contest; each girl wore a symbol to represent the title of a well-known book, and “Our Mutual Friend,” “The Right of Way,” “Innocence Abroad,” “Ivanhoe” were among the many chosen and cleverly symbolized.

October the Twenty-seventh.—Full college course this year brings responsibilities, election of class presidents in order, and serious consultations taking place in the college corridor—Returns from the polls—

Fourth Year—Miss Mary Power—Toronto.

Third Year—Miss Edna Duffey—Lima.

Second Year—Miss Aileen Kelly—Detroit.

First Year—Miss Genevieve Twomey—Fenelon Falls.

All hail to the students' executive—Definite choice of mottoes and patronesses will soon be made also. If St. Expedit were not off the canonical list we might suggest him.

October Saturdays.—The weather man was very partial to the Rugby “fans” this season. The autumn days were bright and sunny and that proverbial adjunct of the game, a steamer-rug, was scarcely needed; besides, the excitement as we cheer for the “Blue and White” always provides much in the way of physical warmth. We enjoyed the games and rejoiced for the honour of U. of T. when Varsity won from McGill and regained the Intercollegiate championship.

October the Thirty-first.—Grey helmets and cuffs and mufflers growing rapidly. Knitting goes on at all the theater and concert performances outside, but not less ardently is it pursued within and even by members of our own Faculty who carry it to lectures and recreations, and, “’tis said,” to meals also.

To celebrate Hallowe'en in a very fitting manner the “St. Roquers” entertained the denizens of “College Corridor” at a card party held in their spacious apartments on the top flat. After cards a dainty lunch was served, Cecile and Mary D. manipulating the chafing dish in a very capable manner. The “St. Roquers” of this year are upholding well the reputation of those of last term in the matter of geniality and good fellowship.

November Tuesdays and Thursdays.—During the year 1914-1915, the Religious Knowledge Lectures are being given at the Abbey by Rev. Father Meader, C. S. B. The division of subject this year is Christian morals. Apart from our wise interest in the lectures themselves as subject matter for exams. so thoroughly handled, we have enjoyed the easy atmosphere which makes discussion possible, and the Reverend Father's ready encouragement and quiet humour. It is good also to be saved two trips per week, especially during the season of “winter and rough weather.”

November the Third.—“The Pioneers of Civilization” was the subject of a lecture given by Rev. T. Burke, C. S. P. A verbatim report of it appeared in the January issue, and it proves a

valuable heritage indeed to those who were privileged to hear it delivered, and who recall, through the written words, the wonderful manner of that delivery.

November the Thirteenth.—Feast of St. Stanislaus and a holiday in honour of the patron of Reverend Mother, who held a reception of students and pupils this morning in the handsome Abbey reception-room. This evening lantern slides and reading of "Miles Standish," "Thanatopsis" and "Merchant of Venice."

November the Fourteenth.—Essay ordeal—Congratulations to Ted—condolence to whoever feels the need thereof.

November the Sixteenth.—An interesting and valuable series of lectures on historical precedents and aspects of the great War is being given Monday evenings by the University Professors. The war will be a general topic for exams., too, but who needs to be urged to study it?

November the Twenty-sixth.—An American Thanksgiving Box, and consequently a patriotic party.

November the Twenty-seventh.—Out to Massey Hall this evening to hear the great singer, John McCormack.

November the Twenty-eighth.—The Juniors of 1914 have already proved their title as charming hostesses—We should hardly venture to be so patronizing as to praise the Seniors, but if our admiring appreciation is worth anything we offer it. To-night they held a pre-Advent "At Home" for the rest of the College, including Helen and Marian and Alice, St. Roque's dwellers, and even the members of the Faculty did honour to the occasion. Cards and music and dainty refreshments, and much increase of mutual acquaintance.

December the Fourth.—Advent, quiet and diligent preparation for term examinations. Late leave a difficult proposition—permission decidedly at a premium,—corridor lights uncertain.

December the Eighteenth.—A longer vacation than usual this year—Farewell at noon today.

January the Fifth, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.—Lectures resumed, promptness appreciated, some detained through illness and business.

Monday, January the Eleventh.—An artistic pleasure of no small magnitude was shared by all at the Abbey in the piano recital of Mr. Ernest Seitz. Mr. Seitz has been perfecting his great musical gift in Germany and is now making his first appearance since his return. Many exceptionally beautiful selections and strikingly perfect technique constituted the evening's program. One number—"Symphonic Variations from "Schumann" has never been heard in Toronto before. The years of determined devotion that have wrought him such success are the student's incentive.

January the Twelfth.—RAINBOW staff beginning to stir up the spirit of contribution. Must do credit to our First Graduation Year.

January the Sixteenth.—Fran's party and a most delightful one, as merry tones echoing from the Common Room announced at an early hour. Miss Curley with her usual fortune carried off the euchre prize. Miss E. Stasia F. the "other" prize. How many tables did E. C. grace with her presence?

We finished with the College girls' delight, presented in most appetizing fashion by the charming hostess and her youthful assistants.

January Evenings.—Some glorious nights for skating—the rink on the grounds is in fine condition and seven p. m. finds us in varying numbers making our way thither—some of the Faculty likewise. Great prospects for hockey teams next year.

January the Twenty-fourth.—First Years had the honour for the second time of a trip to the Little Sisters who provide for the foreign poor, to present our donation.

January the Twenty-sixth, Tuesday.—An opportunity to-day to attend the pipe-organ recital in Convocation Hall. These recitals occur every week, given by some prominent artist from the various Canadian and American centers. The hour was a convenient one so that many of the girls were able to attend and were by no means the least enthusiastic part of the audience.

January the Twenty-eighth.—The gay skating party was of short duration to-night. For some time the tragic seemed to predominate in the close but now that the injured ankle is well bound up and the unfortunate damsel safely

ensconced for the night the toboggan-stretcher episode has its funny side. The procession went not by the most direct route, and intense earnestness, even lugubriousness prevailed in the ranks.

We attended, this morning, at St. Basil's Church, the Funeral Mass of Rev. Fr. Meader's mother.

February the Third.—Some private lessons in astronomy.

February the Fifth.—Mr. Cecil Chesterton, a lecturer of note, and brother of Gilbert K., the well-known English author, delivered one of the most interesting lectures on the recent war in Massey Hall on February the fifth. Special enthusiasm was centred in his appearance here on account of his having been so lately in the war zone. Mr. Chesterton presented some novel ideas on the events leading up to the declaration of the war, lightening the tension with flashes of wit. It seems hardly fitting, "hic et nunc," to review the field of his lecture since war topics have been discussed at length elsewhere in this issue. Let it suffice to remark that L. A. C. students thereby received an additional supply of patriotism.

February the Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth.—Ex-President Taft gave a series of lectures in Convocation Hall on the duties, executive, judicial and legislative, of the President of the United States. His geniality is proverbial since his first visit to Toronto, and he is an ever welcome visitor, especially among the students. He handled his subject in his usual capable manner and added much to our appreciation of him as an orator of pleasing personality. Besides imparting much information to Canadians, these lectures were a source of particular interest to our American students.

February the Twelfth.—Exams. a month early this year on account of the military camp for University students in May.

February the Fourteenth.—Valentines distributed at breakfast—saints and virtues—not the least interesting sort. This evening the nuns entertained a number of Toronto girls who were formerly "Falls" boarders. One of our College girls belonged to the group and our seniors were also invited to extend the hospitality of the house. It was a reminiscent gathering, one may

say. Tea was served in the library where pretty lights twinkled beneath coloured shades, sending a soft glimmer about the room. We lingered long and called up old memories.

In the evening, very opportunely, Miss Julia O'Sullivan played for us for the first time since her return from Russia. Her letters published in the RAINBOW from time to time had kept up our interest in her sojourn and course in Petrograd. To-night our admiration for her violin numbers was enthusiastic—she has undoubtedly developed her great talent and become one of Canada's foremost artists. Vocal selections were given by Miss Jean Sears and Miss Cecil McLaughlin, two graduates of Loreto, Niagara. Miss Mona Bates accompanied the artists and in this, as also in several piano solos, proved herself a pianist of unusual gift and individuality. The recital was a treat for the music lovers, among whom was Rev. Father Murray, C. S. B., who moved a vote of thanks. Mrs. O'Sullivan also spoke a few words with the obedient willingness of her school-days, as she said. She spoke, as she always does, with singular genuineness and felicity, of the advantages we all have at our Alma Mater.

February the Fifteenth.—Pre-Lenten gaieties keep us busy. This evening our Seniors had the privilege of attending the last Newman Hall social event. Evidently it was a brilliant success and will form matter for many a "gossipy minute" of pride in our Seniors.

February the Sixteenth.—Having been solemnly warned by the President of Second Year to keep an open date for Tuesday, February 16th, we all waited, filled with the most delightful expectation, but realization even surpassed anticipation. Tuesday night each College student was presented with a ticket for the "Prince of Pilsen," which was playing at the Princess Theatre. As the "Prince" is a revival of a once very popular play, the curiosity of everyone was considerably aroused—and amply satisfied. Since then we have all been keeping a sharp lookout for anyone who may have been in "Zinzinatti" where every man's a king. "Sweets" were provided by one of the esteemed Sophomores, and much enjoyed by all. A light luncheon, served on our return, was by no means the least appreciated of all the pleasures of the evening. We

consider ourselves highly honoured to repeat now "Three Cheers" for Loreto, '17.

February the Seventeenth.—Amongst the five thousand who heard Josef Hoffman in concert with the New York Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall, on February the Seventeenth, were fourteen of Loreto College Girls "sitting in a row." For many of us it was the first time to hear the great pianist and we more than enjoyed his concerts, while his solo numbers were wonderfully executed, with his characteristic "sane-ness." The orchestra work was beyond our criticism and the concert will ever remain in our "Chronicle of Red Letter days" at L. A. C.

February the Eighteenth.—Military parade of our Second Contingent, infantry and cavalrymen, this morning, and along Wellington Street at noon. How stirring the sight and what loyalty and pride it awakened in our hearts to see Sons of Canada ready to take their ranks as "Soldiers of the King," to fight for the Mother Country! Yet there was an impression of sadness, too, that gallant young men in such numbers must even at this stage of the world's civilization walk into the jaws of death in so barbarous a fashion for justice and liberty.

February the Nineteenth.—A most inspiring address by Rev. Father Finn, C. S. P., leader of the famous Chicago Paulist Choir, was our privilege this evening. The Reverend Father spoke of the great need among college students of a high aim, and of some definite accomplishment. Why is it that so few University and College graduates rise above mediocrity in their later path of life? They do not accustom themselves to seizing and using their opportunities to the utmost, but are content with "passing." It would be impossible however to do full justice to the inspiration we derived from the address—it seemed just the tonic one needs at this stage of the term and work.

February the Twenty-third.—Rev. Father Meader, during his visit to Europe last summer, had the good fortune to see Belgium before the outbreak of hostilities, and on February the twenty-third, gave us the benefit of his travels and observations. For a couple of hours he took us in spirit through the interesting cities of Belgium, pointing out by means of his complete set

of lantern slides, spots worthy of note here and there. It is indeed sad to think that many of the once flourishing cities are now razed to the ground, so that not a vestige of their beauty remains. We are indebted to Father Meader for giving us a glimpse of Belgium in that glory in which now we can never hope to see her.

February the Twenty-fifth.—University degrees were bestowed to-day on Fourth Year men to the number of one hundred, who have donned khaki and joined the Canadian second or third war contingent—a ceremony one viewed with mixed impressions, patriotic pride tinged with sadness.

March the First.—Third Year evening—the Juniors show great expedition and executive power. They show no tendency to emigrate to "the land of the lotus-eaters where 'tis always afternoon."

March the Second.—At the Monthly Meeting of the Loreto Alumnae, this afternoon, Rev. Father Finn gave a lecture on the "Morality of Music." The thesis of the lecture was that music has in itself and objectively no morality, —but can become the expression of the greatest and noblest ideas through the psychological attitude of the performer. It was most eloquently discussed and demonstrated, Miss Murphy giving several exquisite violin numbers.

March the Seventh.—RAINBOW goes to press.

What is it that forms the constant enjoyment of life? Is it not the daily and hourly graces, physical and moral, of those with whom we live? The moral grates particularly, those undefinable and evanescent beams of goodness, sympathy, kindness—and their name is numberless. All our language is poor. Nature is infinite. What is the most precious part of a conversation, of a visit? Is it the things that are spoken? Never. It is the things unspoken, but seen, felt, perceived by the intuitive powers and sympathies. Little graces of speech which are not speech, tones of the heart which are not articulations, words half spoken; silences, mere motions of the hands, eyes, head; no motions at all, but mere rest and inertia; all speak, and what is not said by the tongue beggars its eloquence.

Ye Funny Page.

Before entangling the gentil reader in the intricate mazes of such a labyrinth as the "Wit and Humour" section of a college annual wherein the last page but one is reserved for the said section—the last page being left for late advertisements—it will be well for the benefit of the uninitiated to expatiate a little on the difficulties of such an undertaking. Though the editor has received assistance in various ways, even to the proverbial brain food—a box of fish from the northern wilds having been sent to the rescue—still these "finny monsters of the deep" were only the cause of wit "in Se" and not as Sir Jack Falstaff in other men as well. A sophomore by way of assisting "Ye funny editor" has defined humour as the "seat of the passions." The spontaneity of this definition will appear to the majority of readers at once and if it does in no way tend to their enlightenment they will remember that this would-be Webster has but lately left the ranks of the Freshettes and will have mercy. Another dangerous pitfall for the unwary editor in this department is that he take care "ne temere." The harm that might be done by a book with such a vast circulation as the college number of the RAINBOW is irreparable. With this foreword the writer of the last page but one begs clemency from the reader and that he will consider the end in view.

"Since none can compass more than they intend."

* * * *

As the time approaches for the annual "seclusion and elimination" prior to examinations, we hear rather irresponsible remarks from some of the black coffee fiends which show how totally unconscious they are of the world about them. One studious young lady did look up the other day to remark—"How grass the green is!" Another, a student of Shakespeare, to obtain a better grasp of the situation, wants to know if John of Gaunt is Henry VI.! All answers to this query must be directed to "Ye funny Editor" before April Ninth.

* * * *

Our attention has recently been directed to a sign in a modiste's shop—"Dressmaking done by ear."—May the lady's auricular projections never grow less!

A Mobie in Fibe Acts.

Act I. Two seniors enter their sanctum, one assists the other to dress as "Sis Hopkins" with a high moral purpose—to divert the restless spirits of St. Theresa's.

Act II. A junior receives a message that an officer and his bride-of-a-day await her in the parlour. Great jubilation over the meeting, though the usual decorum is preserved befitting the presence of such an illustrious personage.

Act III. "Sis" duly installed in the Common Room where the evening collation is spread, has succeeded in diverting the aforesaid "restless spirits." Her audience appreciates her attempt to reproduce Madam Hopkins—not neglecting to notice the minutest detail—the parti-coloured ribbons creating great merriment.

Act IV. In the parlour it is proposed to show the distinguished visitors through the house. Of course in a "tour de la maison" the Common Room is not to be omitted.

Act V. Mr. and Mrs. Newly-wed, conducted by a member of the faculty, enter the room where "Sis" is still furnishing harmless amusement at the piano. The one in charge of the little party is just speaking of "our seniors" in such a stately way when lo! she beholds—"Sis" seeks the umbrage of a neighboring chair but, to her chagrin, is pulled out, greatly to the amusement of all.

Passed by the Loreto board of censorship.

* * * *

Of all the recent poetical productions the following, lately published in the last section of a college magazine, has been most widely read and generally appreciated—due doubtless to its reëcho of our own sentiments. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

THE MODERN SPENSER.

We begge for heete bvt in colde and icee tones
His answere comes yt he hath navght to spare;
And freezinglee we sitte, chiled to the bones,
Colde, colde! upon yt iceberg of a chaire.
The radiatore laffs for it don't care,
It'd ivst as soone be colde for evermore;
But we, poore folke, mvst stand this North
Pole aire,
While fires downe in the fvrnace rage and roare.
O how canne we do avght bvt hate the ianitore!

Various comments such as "thin," "wooden," "gushing," "incomplete," "simple," etc., have been appended to several of the essays this year; and as essays reflect the inner man or woman, in this case we have come to the conclusion that we have a college of human prodigies—also that it's a long way to Parnassus as well as to Tipperary.

* * * *

Heard before the second year theater party—
H. M.—How about Shea's?

A. K.—Do you want to bring some of them home on stretchers?

* * * *

The subject of a recent Religious Knowledge lecture was "The causes and effects of love." Was it to clear up personal difficulty on the subject that Miss Teresa O'Reilly arose to turn on the light?

* * * *

Mr. R—r (arranging group of college girls for photograph): "Now don't think of yourselves at all; think of something pleasant."

* * * *

Said to have been found on a tea-caddy in the seniors' larder: Tu doces (Thou tea-chest).

* * * *

Surreptitiously abstracted from the Livy translation note-book of a zealous young soph. who has adjured "aids":

Hannibal agmine quadrato amnem ingressus:

Hannibal, having formed himself in a hollow square, entered the river.

Bestitus nihil interaequales excellens:

He (Hannibal) was distinguished among his contemporaries by no clothing.

Tunc quoque ad extremum periculi ac prope perniciem ventum est, dum cunctatur Hannibal.

Then, even though the wind blew the pernicious prop from the end of danger, still Hannibal delays.

Alumnae Notes.

The first meeting of the Loreto Alumnae for the scholastic year of 1914-15 was held in the large and spacious drawing-room of the Abbey, on Tuesday, October 5th, at four o'clock.

Despite the rainy afternoon, a large number was present. Bright lights and happy faces

within made up for the dullness of the weather outside.

Miss Alma Small read the minutes of the last meeting. Afterwards Miss Evaline O'Donahue favoured us with two selections—"I Hear a Thrush at Eve" and "Orpheus with His Lute." She was accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. John O'Donahue.

Tea was afterwards poured by Mrs. Frank Hughes and Mrs. Cluff, assisted by a bevy of girls in pretty light frocks.

Miss Madeleine Smythe of Tormore is to be congratulated on winning the Loreto Alumnae Scholarship.

Miss Gertrude Taylor of Hamilton was the guest of Miss Gertrude Sullivan for a few days.

Miss Lauretta Moore, who had been spending some weeks in Chicago, was a frequent visitor at the Loreto Convents there.

Miss Julia O'Sullivan, who had been studying music in Europe for the past two years, was fortunate to arrive home before the war broke out.

Mrs. Maloney's Tea.

On Tuesday, December the twenty-ninth, Loreto Abbey was en fête when Mrs. John Maloney, President of the Loreto Alumnae, entertained the members at tea. Mrs. Maloney was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. Edward Sullivan and Mrs. Lalor. Rev. Mother Stanislaus was also present. A musical programme followed. Mrs. Mallon contributed a piano number. Miss Middleton a vocal number, accompanied by Miss Mabel O'Brien, and Miss Charlotte Ramsperger rendered two vocal selections, accompanied by Miss Louise Foy. Afterwards Mrs. Hugh Kelly spoke of the Organization Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Associations, which has just closed in New York. The Federation has the indorsation of the three Cardinals, six archbishops and twenty-three bishops. Mrs. O'Sullivan moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Kelly. Tea was served from a table, bright with Christmas flowers and red-shaded lights, in charge of Miss Hynes. Miss Mallon and Mrs. Doane were assisted by the Misses Maloney and the executive,

Misses Alma Small, Gertrude Kelly, Bertha Boland, Edna Murphy and Irene Finn.

At the Twilight Musicale, Newman Hall, the Loreto Alumnae were asked to be the Tea Hostesses. Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Lalor received the numerous guests. The artists contributing to the programme were Mrs. Mallon and Miss Collins. Tea was afterwards served.

The executive committee of the Loreto Alumnae entertained Mrs. Hugh Kelly at luncheon at the "Laura Matilda" Tea Rooms to congratulate her on being appointed first vice-president at the International Federation of the Catholic Alumnae Association, which took place in New York.

The monthly meeting of Loreto Alumnae Association was held in the Auditorium of Loreto Abbey on Tuesday, December 12th, at four o'clock. The minutes of the last meeting were read by Miss Alma Small. A letter was read by Miss Boland, in which the members of Rosary Hall Association asked the Loreto Alumnae to co-operate with them in a Sewing Society for the poor of the city and the Belgians. The meetings are to be held once a week alternately at Loreto Abbey and St. Joseph's Convent. A very interesting musicale followed. Miss O'Connor of the Toronto Conservatory of Music rendered two piano solos. Miss Jean Root's recitations were very enthusiastically received, as were Miss Gertrude Heck's two vocal solos. At the conclusion Mrs. Maloney moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Hynes for the splendid programme she had provided on a very short notice. Tea was served from a table bright with daffodils. Mrs. Phelan and Mrs. Lamb poured tea and were assisted by Miss Katherine Lamb, Miss Beatrice Fitzgerald, Miss Daisy Dorrin and Miss Lalor.

Wedding Bells.

The marriage was solemnized at St. Mary's Church, Berlin, Ont., by Rev. Father Theo. Spitz, of Elva Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hartman Krug, to Mr. Leo McLaughlin, Winnipeg, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James McLaughlin, Toronto. The Rainbow extends heartfelt congratulations.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto, on Sep-

tember 21st, when Miss Kathleen Cosgrave, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cosgrave, was married to Mr. Edwin McDonald, of Chatham. The happy couple spent their honeymoon in Atlantic City. We wish them long life and happiness. Mrs. McDonald is a former pupil of Loreto.

The programme given at Loreto Abbey on Tuesday afternoon, February 2nd, by Miss Angela von Szeliska and Mr. Fritz Thiele, both of the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, was one of great interest to music lovers. Miss von Szeliska sang "Michaela's Song," from Carmen, in very fluent style, her intelligent interpretation receiving most sympathetic support from Mr. Thiele, who accompanied throughout the programme. Miss von Szeliska's excellent French was heard in two Chaminade songs, which, with Wolf's "Weyla's Song" and "Routendelein's Song," by Mr. Lautz, of the Toronto Conservatory, completed a charming group. Drummond's "Red Canoe" and Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve," read by Miss von Szeliska, with musical collaboration composed by Mr. Thiele, were very enthusiastically received.

Mr. Thiele's numbers were the exquisite, though little known, "Six Bagatelles," by Beethoven, the beautiful Schubert-Liszt transcription of "The Rose," and the A flat Major Prelude, by Chopin, all of which were given in a tenderly artistic style, which proclaims Mr. Thiele a pianist of exceptional merit.

PROGRAMME.

- Bizet Michaela's Song—Carmen—
Miss Angela von Szeliska.
- (a) Beethoven Six Bagatelles, Op. 126
(b) Schubert-Liszt The Rose
(c) Chopin Prelude A flat Major
Mr. Fritz Thiele.
- Chaminade (a) Love's Garden
Chaminade (b) Two Hearts
Hugo Wolf (c) Weyla's Song
H. J. Lautz (d) Routendelein's Song
Miss Angela von Szeliska
- Drummond "The Red Canoe"
Tennyson "St. Agnes' Eve"
Miss Angela von Szeliska,
with piano accompaniment by Mr. Fritz Thiele.

Personals.

Miss Reta Wheaton has returned home after a visit of many months with Mrs. Roger Strickland, Saskatoon.

Miss Helen O'Brien, of Renfrew, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. German, for a few weeks.

Miss Helen Hagan, Buffalo, spent a few days at the Abbey with her former teachers and school companions.

Those who have recently visited their Alma Mater:—Miss Gladys Wilson, Montreal, Que., Miss Katie Goulet, Vancouver, B. C., and Miss Lauretta Moore, Oakville.

We wish to offer our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Peter Rooney in her recent deep affliction, occasioned by the death of her aunt, Miss Sarah McCaffery. "May her soul rest in peace."

Miss Maloney was the hostess of a card party in honor of Miss Florence McGillis of Port Arthur and Miss Helena Murphy, Fort William, two of Loreto's former graduates. Miss Edna Murphy also entertained them at tea.

We are glad to learn that the Alumnae enjoy our notes. It is always a pleasure to receive an item, particularly from out-of-town members who have not the advantage of our social gatherings.

Notes on International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

An Organization Convention was arranged for, early in March, and about one thousand Alumnae notified. The dates, November 27th, 28th, 29th, were selected, and the "Hotel McAlpin," New York, made headquarters.

The object of convention was to help the cause of Catholic Education by joining the forces of Alumnae in a federated body. It is hoped thereby to constitute a moral, religious, and social force. The object of this Convention was submitted to the prelates of the Church, and received the approval of three (3) Cardinals, six (6) Archbishops, and twenty-eight (28) Bishops.

Upon convening in New York it was found that only seventy-eight (78) authorized delegates had responded. They were representatives of fifty different orders, and practically hailed

from all States in the Union, from Maine to California, and from Montreal and Toronto, Canada. The first evening in New York a reception was held, where Mrs. James J. Sheeran and Miss Claire I. Cogan, A. M., were hostesses. These ladies are officers of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae, Emmitsburg, Maryland, now residing in Brooklyn, where they have established a New York Chapter of their Alumnae. It is to their untiring efforts that the Catholic women of America owe their gratitude for the establishment of the "International Federation of Catholic Alumnae." On the evening of the reception, the meeting was addressed by Rev. M. Reilly, New York City; Rt. Rev. Mgr. B. Bradley, LL. D.; Rt. Rev. P. J. Hayes, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

Early Saturday morning His Eminence John Cardinal Farley celebrated Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral for the success of the Federation. The ladies were much impressed by this gracious mark of appreciation for their undertaking.

An important business meeting was then held at "Hotel McAlpin," where Rev. J. L. Belford, Brooklyn, N. Y., presided as chairman, and able addresses were made by Rt. Rev. J. A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, on "The Benefits of Federation," and by the ladies who organized the movement: Mrs. M. Wade Kalbach, Honorary President of Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; Mrs. J. J. Sheeran, Regent of New York Chapter of the Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; Miss Claire I. Cogan, A. M., Vice-President of the Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md. All addresses were attentively listened to, and thereby much information gleaned regarding the movement of federation. After some time given for open discussion, and hearing suggestions from different points of view, a vote of confidence was reposed in Miss Clare I. Cogan's care. She was elected by acclamation President of Federation, and she chose a nomination committee of five members. A motion then carried that the selections of nominating committee be carried unanimously. Following the unanimous election of Mrs. J. J. Sheeran as President of Organization Committee, the meeting adjourned for luncheon.

The luncheon, served in the large sun-room, bedecked with flowers, and attended by about

four hundred women banded together with a sole purpose, will ever stand forward as a memorable event. The "Invocation" was asked by Very Rev. J. F. Moore, C. M., President St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y., and then followed discussion, exchange of ideas, proposals of plans for federation, and so on until time for announcement of results from nominating committee, viz:

President, Miss Clare I. Cogan, A. M., Alumnae Association, St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg.

First Vice-President, Mrs. Kelly, Loreto Alumnae Association, Toronto.

Second Vice-President, Mrs. Frank Hahne, Notre Dame Academy, Dayton, Ohio.

Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hester Sullivan, St. Elizabeth's College, New Jersey.

Secretary of Finance, Miss Irene Sullivan, St. Joseph's Academy, Brentwood, N. Y.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. John McEnery, National Federation of the Alumnae of the Sisters of Charity of B. V. M.

Treasurer, Mrs. William Muldoon, Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Brighton, Mass.

Press, Miss Regina Fisher, Mt. St. Joseph's Collegiate, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

This slate of officers of the executive having been accepted, all was now in order to proceed with business systematically. The nominating committee also selected a Board of Governors by States and Provinces, and also decided upon a Permanent Organization Committee to draw up a Constitution and by-laws to be submitted at such Convention.

Moved and carried that the next Convention be held at Chicago, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday following Thanksgiving Day, 1915. The hope of the Federation is, that by example of integrity, culture and charity, to combat and destroy, as far as possible, bigotry and prejudice. It is considered that by an interchange of ideas we may also serve our schools. The intention is to compile a complete descriptive catalogue of Catholic schools, to establish an eligible list of Catholic Normal Graduates, and, by union of all Alumnae, it is expected to strengthen the social life of its members. Last, but not least, one of its strongest appeals is to encourage Catholic reading. That this Convention was

attended by four hundred members at its first meeting presages that Federation is destined to take a prominent part in the life of the century, by reason of its influence. This very successful Convention closed on Sunday with a sacred concert, held in the Winter Garden, "Hotel McAlpin." Many of the artists were members of the Alumnae in convention, which added much to the interest taken in the programme. A farewell address by Rev. John Burke, C. S. P., was given in his own inimitable style, full of force and encouragement for the undertaking of the Federation.

Duties of Governors:—To report once in three months; to send report of standing of school (no elementary schools eligible); to notify all schools and encourage them to join; to report attendance at school; to solicit the appointment of an emergency delegate; to procure names and addresses of all Alumnae; business record to be typewritten and forwarded; to establish classes on elementary procedure.

M. K.

February the first, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

Easter.

3OY to the world! the Lord has risen! The grave is empty but for the white linen which clothed His body. Mary, His Mother, rejoices and gives thanks to the Father Almighty! His followers worship! Unbelievers believe! Oh, ring the bells and chant the Easter psalms, for Jesus Christ has risen from the dead!

The garden is full of crocuses and hyacinths and anemones, symbolic of the new life. Yonder in the valley, the violets are thrusting their heads through the soft springy turf. Across the street in a sick man's window there's a big Easter lily just bursting into bloom. Oh, ring the bells, I say, and give praise to the Lord; for the suffering is over; Christ is risen from the dead!

The world is filled with a new love, the love born of sacrifice. The heavens are bathed in a new glory, the glory of Resurrection.

The sunshine has chased away the clouds and the sky is all blue with never a darker spot to stain its beauty.

The sea is still and contented, mindful of the day when the Master stretched His Hand above

the waters, saying, "Peace, be still," and the winds and the waves were quieted.

The city street is crowded with people on their way to church, little children with happy hearts and smiling faces, and old men, with the kindly wisdom of age written upon their faces.

The country is bedecked in all its spring finery. The trees are preparing to open their fresh tender buds, the ice is broken on the brook in the meadow, and there is a smell of warm earth in the air that seems to say, "Yes, spring is here, for Mother Nature has lifted our snow-blanket, and the flowers are coming up to see why!"

All Nature and all mankind raise their voices in the glorious "Hallelujah!" Hearts and voices throb with passionate love for the Saviour Who shed His blood for us!

And surely we can offer up some little sacrifice to Him! Such a little thing becomes glorified in His sight when offered in the right spirit.

Then let us carry our spring-time flowers to His altar and with them our prayers and our loving words and deeds sweeter far than any blossom, for

"Death, where is thy sting?
Where, grave, thy victory?"

Our Master was crucified and we rejoice that He is risen from the dead!

And ring, O bells, your message sweet and true; let joy be in every home and love in every heart! The world is warm with a sweet content, for every man to-day is blest with His love, and for rich and poor, righteous and erring, alike, He gave His life upon the Cross!

ANNIE SUTHERLAND,

LORETO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

The Holy Hour.

Sadly the wind through Gethsemani sighs;
Trembling the olive boughs bend o'er their God,
Who 'neath our weight of iniquity lies
Bruised, while the Precious Blood chastens the sod.

Over His Spirit the dark waters roll
Downward from Eden and swelled by each fall,
Breaking in fury 'gainst one sinless soul,
Keeping the Father's dread wrath from us all.

Vainly he looks for the face of a friend,
One heart that beats in accord with His own.
Where those late vows, to be true to the end?
Where now are Peter and James and 'loved John?

Sleeping. Their love, 'though sincere was so weak.

Poor human nature! What art thou when tried!

Lord, when temptation draws near may we seek
Strength in Thy love, where the frail must abide.

Mother Immaculate, thou wouldst be near,
Comfort imparting, if such were His will—
Absent thou sharest His sorrow and fear,
Bidding fond nature's wild throbbings be still.

Harsh voices break on Gethsemani's calm—
Judas, with treachery darker than hell,
Gives to the ravening wolves the meek Lamb,
Wounding the Heart that has loved him so well.

"Then the disciples, all leaving Him, fled (Matt. xxvi., 56).

Jesus, fond Lover of souls, left alone!
See 'mid those furies, one light-'circled head,
Kingly and calm, the All-Beautiful One.

Sadly He watches e'en Peter depart,
Who for Him erstwhile would lay down his life—

John, too, the 'loved one, that leaned on His Heart,

Craven has turned, to be true would mean strife.

Those wounds smart keenest, inflicted by friends;

Jesus, permitting them pass through His Heart,

Drains of its bitterness all that He sends
Ere of this chalice He bids us take part.

Help us, O Jesus, stand firm to the last,
Weakness or passion, a traitor may hide,
Lurking unnoticed as time hurries past,
Rising in strength at the ebb of life's tide.

Still down the ages He watches His friends
Falter and fail when some trial is sore.
Patient He waits till the fierce tempest ends,
Then calls them back to His love as before.

Still from the altar as ev'ning shades fall
Comes a low voice and it pleadeth with thee—
List, thou that reade'st, and answer His call,
"Could'st thou not watch e'en one hour with
Me?"

S. M. I. H.

**Loose Leaves from Samuella Pepps Her
Diary When a Sophomore at
Loreto College.**

(With Apologies to F. P. Adams)

January the twenty-eighth.—Rising betimes I do find the fire hath been let to die out, whereupon I made as to return to bed, for in such cold weather I am loth to rise at all but must to my labours, what with finals so near and the hard questions of everybody. Comes one to tell me that my Deutsche Lehrerin tarrieth for me at the clock, I being already a matter of thirteen seconds late. Much fine discourse at English this morning from Mistress Downey; saith it liketh her not how Ophelia did advise with Polonius anent her behaviour to Hamlet; saith she (Mistress Downey) would not so have taken the mind of her father in matter of love; opineth that Ophelia had not much brains to lose.

January the eleventh.—To Shea's play-house and there saw much excellent drollerie.

November the twenty-sixth.—This being the night of John McCormack and eke of the Mock Parliament, I do find myself in doubt whether to hie me to Massey Hall or go see the students do their anticks, but am fain to go to the latter, being cheaper.

November the twenty-eighth.—Bid by the Seniors to a game at cards, where we supped on a cold pullet, a pipkin of beans and a cake. I was much contented to be received among such noble company and to hear discourse of four high Seniors on sundry publick and private matters. It was a great content and joy to me.

November the nineteenth.—This night a frolick, being mighty merry, took us. We must needs dress the hair of Mistress Curly in the fashion of Topsy with a many small braids sticking out all sides her head, who entering into the sport did also make certain changes in her dress, and so to the common room, where a dish of

coffee and some skittles. She to the harpsichord and all the company in a mighty vein of singing. Hither cometh an old girl, passing through, with her brand-new husband in a military coat, and she uncommon proud of him. Mistress Curly is pushed forth into the open and made known for a Senior, greatly to her mirth and content.

November the fifteenth.—Mistress Barry much affrighted in the night by a rat, which did walk across her face but taking no more than a small nip of her nose, which yet continueth a very noble feature, whereat much outcry, Emmeline thinking the Kaiser hath come to take us in our beds. In the morning we learn that a pair of kid gloves is eat, which turns out to be Mistress McQuade's, at which I am inwardly glad—I mean that they were not mine.

December the first.—This afternoon the proctor did surprise us sitting too long over a jorum of cocoa and carried us all to a lecture, leaving the cocoa but without much regret, it being a sorry, poor drink which little Schmidt had made shift to brew with water.

November the ninth.—Up pretty betimes and abroad to the University where a lecture on geology. Thence to read in the library till four. I to the Abbey with Mistress Mullens, who do prefer always to walk thither for sundry private personal reasons. Bid to a collation for Second Year in Mistress Aileen's chamber, who is in marvellous high esteem by reason of a chafing-dish which she possesseth. We found therein Mistress Duffy who, being invited to stay, saith she hath no hunger but would tarry by, but presently fell to right heartily upon a cake of maple cream and a box of fudge and other things which must have cost Mistress Kelly 2s. and more, whereat I did laugh at her full fore. Thence and away to read a German play wherein no great wit or language.

November the twenty-sixth.—This night, the bellman having passed, and all being dark, the whole corridor put into disarray by Mistress Twomey, who did cry out cruelly to Mistress Duffy that she is undone by reason of a rat. Ted, who hath a pretty wit, declaring she saw it not, addressed herself again to sleep, but the shrieks continuing, she made as to go get a lanthorn. Anon, drawn thither by the so great outcry, we did find her in a most pitiful plight

and taking, with one small foot thrust through her open umbrella and she looking as cheerful as a *body* could in that condition; whereupon we did come quietly away, being resolved neither to meddle or make with her.

December the seventh.—To the painting-room to see Mistress Ettée's pictures, who now begins to do brave things. This night Frédéric did give us a very pleasant show in the common room, of a wandering minstrel and also of a naughty scholar in a country school, wherein Curly and Ted made shift to assist her—all to my infinite content; for them I can laugh at greatly an they did nothing more than to mouth the alphabet, their manner being the drollest ever I saw.

December the tenth.—High words and pulling off of periwigs between the town and gown men anent two professors who, the former say, must be driven out into the wilderness and the latter wish to be held blameless. The gown men do hold together as one man, confident of the deadly high principles of their head. I protest it is very strange to observe the temper of the city at this time.—O tempora! O mores! as Mistress Alice truly saith.

January the eighth.—Some of the girls I begin to perceive do wear a French roll upon their heads, which becometh them not at all. The wearing of ears has now become mighty general, though it is not seemly. A pocket hath also appeared on the person of Mistress Duffy.

January the twentieth.—Much cold and like to continue. Undergraduates and some dons very merry sliding on their skatees, a very pretty art. Hence home to a posset of chocolate in the common room. I to my chamber again and there to read in a pretty French book and so to bed.

January the twenty-second.—Egerton Percival Merrie-Power hath this day saved the index finger of little Liebling Duffy by a timely carrying of her to the chyrurgeon, this being the fifth that oweth life and limb to the aforementioned Egerton Percival.

January the twenty-third.—Mistress Twomey would this day go slide upon the skatees and hath fallen down, the ice being slippery, and hath broke her ankle, for which I am mightily grieved, she being a noble and a gallant maid. 'Twas pity

to see her carried up by Frédéric and others on a litter.

January the twenty-fourth.—Betimes to the First Lecture Room and pleasing myself with admirable good discourse of Mistress O'Reilly, who brought many fine expressions of Milton which she doats on mightily, but it arouseth envy in me to see her so great learning, so I have newly taken a solemn pledge to seclude and eliminate myself from henceforth, under pain of giving three-pence to charity every time I do find myself in a frolick, making merry during working hours.

January the twenty-sixth.—Went to Mistress Madigan's chamber, where I have not been now a pretty while, to see how she do, and find her pretty well and ready to go abroad again. I have also in mind to take discourse of her in the matter of Religion, but fear she be now mightily possessed of a good opinion of herself having at the last posing wrung ninety marks from a most hard-hearted professor. Thence and away to the common room, where I have a beaker of coffee and so to bed.

January the twenty-seventh.—To the pewterer's to buy a poore's box to put my fees in for breach of my late solemn vow.

February the third.—This day each of the Seniors sat for her face to a limner, being minded to get printed in the *Torontonensis*, St. Michael's *Year Book*, the RAINBOW, and any other gazette that hath a fancy for pretty maidens.

February the fifth.—Mistress Claire Smythe of Tormore, County York, Ontario, doth some strange tumbling tricks,—it is generally thought, in order to her becoming an acrobat in after life, which mightily vexeth Mistress Duffy, who hath took much pains in the education of her posterity in English and History. However, she is now in a most melancholy taking, being this day visited by a leech, which may cure her of that folly.

February the sixth.—Girls merrily practising the dance which Mistress Vernon Castle Kelly hath begun to teach them against the students' rout at Newman Hall February the fifteenth, but I fear, they will hardly do any great good at it, being conceited they know it already, though I think no such thing.

February the tenth.—Mistress Duffy and Mistress Downey did this day receive a mess of prawns caught by a northern explorer of their acquaintance, with which they did make good chere at breakfast, but there was not enough to go around, which troubled us mightily. Next year they have the offer of a venison pasty which, they say, will make a noble large dinner for all.

February the sixteenth.—Last night great dancing, I hear, and abundance of students at Newman Hall. Certain Loreto girls, amongst them Mistress Mona and Curly, exceeding popular, though there was store of other pretty women. Very noble, they say, it all was and great pleasure to see. I to my chamber to read melancholy alone, not being bid; whither cometh Sister Victoria with a jorum of hot lime-juice against the cold, which did cheer me mightily, and so to bed.

February the seventeenth.—We of the Second Year in a frolick did carry all the others to the Princess play-house to hear *Robert Mantell* do "The Prince of Pilsen" (which he do very well), and eke to see the Varsity youths act their drolleries—to our very great expence.

February the fourth.—The proctor, coming to call us, did this morning by an accident drop a stoup of water on the head of Mistress Curly and did humbly apologize therefor, but she to sleep again, not caring.

March the first.—Up and very betimes at six o'clock. To church and then to read in Madigan's Handbook of the Christian Religion against the examination, which cometh on apace, and so presently to dinner, and very merry over a brave collar of brawne and a familiar striped plum pasty, which, of old, we did so doate on and do still. Great talk among the girls how some do say the end of the world is at hand—Emmeline being in a most melancholy taking and pickle over it—against which, when it shall come, Heaven fit us all!

April the second, nineteen hundred and fifteen.—At the end of this year I do live in Loreto College, as a member of the Sophomore year, the college consisting of about twenty maidens of studious habitts and passably religious, myself in constant good health and in a most handsome and

flourishing condition—I take myself to be worth 4s., 3d. clear in money and all my goods and all manner of debts paid and I in a good design and resolution of sticking to my studies and gaining the best repute I can for my college. So ends the old year.

Book Review.

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: "Popular Sermons on the Catechism," by Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg, edited, with a preface, by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. Net, \$1.50. Post-paid, \$1.70.

We are confident that this new volume will receive the same favorable reception accorded to the first, of which the following notice appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review*:

"Simplicity of language, lucidity of thought, homely illustrations—these are the chief qualities which reveal, as Father Thurston will express it, the inspiration of the born teacher, and they are found in this collection of sermons. Nor are they simply instructive; there is in them something of the soul of piety, which gives the lessons imparted a certain warmth, so that they are appropriated and cherished, and, after all, that is the chief object of preaching."

"Popular Life of St. Teresa of Jesus": 16mo., cloth, 50 cents post-paid. (Benziger Brothers).

The book is sufficiently full and comprehensive to furnish a lucid and correct idea of this glorious Saint, of the wonderful work she performed in life, of her invaluable writings, and of the miracles wrought through her prayers and intercession. It is written in a very attractive style, is concise, yet graphic, in its descriptions of incidents, scenes and characters.

"Commentary on the Psalms" (Psalms I.-L.). By Rev. E. Sylvester Berry (Benziger Brothers); 8vo., cloth, net, \$2.00—postage extra.

The present work has been undertaken for the purpose of supplying an explanation of the Psalms sufficiently complete for practical purposes, yet free from the technicalities of Hebrew grammar that frequently render such works distasteful to many readers. Consequently, all reference to Hebrew words and constructions has

been omitted except when really necessary to bring out the correct meaning.

The text of the Latin Vulgate has been taken as a basis because it is the official text of the Church, and because it is the text most familiar to those accustomed to the Divine Office. The text of the Douay Version is also given for the benefit of those who do not know Latin. Whenever the Hebrew text differs from the Latin, due note of it is made in the explanation, and reference to the Hebrew text is often made to get the true sense of the Latin.

A synopsis of each psalm is given, showing at a glance its purpose and general meaning. This is followed by an explanation in which the meaning is usually brought out by means of a paraphrase. With few exceptions, only the literal sense of the psalm is given, because this is the foundation of all other interpretations, and without it they are likely to be forced and fanciful. A thorough insight into the literal meaning of these spiritual canticles is an essential prerequisite for the due understanding of their liturgical use, and of their prophetic foreshadowings, as well as of their inexhaustible wealth of mystical lore. Having the literal sense for a guide, each one can apply the words of the Psalmist to his own needs, for these inspired songs express sentiments that are universal in their application. Their mingled strains of joyful thanksgiving and praise, of earnest supplication and childlike trust, of unbounded love and heartfelt contrition, should find a response in the heart of each and every one.

The introductory chapter has special regard for readers who have not had the advantage of a course in the science of introduction to Sacred Scripture; for this reason many things have been explained more at length than would be necessary.

"Roma"—Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture, by Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. (Benziger Brothers).

This splendid historical panorama of ancient and modern history has now reached Part VII.—that is to say—the work is now one-third completed.

We have already indicated the great value of this work, and its richness in pictorial illustrations. Few of those who have not been in Rome

can form an idea of the variety and multiplicity of her treasures in sculpture, painting, and decorative art. No other city vies with it in these fascinating possessions.

This fine work of Dr. Kuhn will be an immense help to the realization of the Rome of the Caesars, as well as the earlier one of the Alban fathers, and later, to the Christian Church in the Catacombs and outside.

A year's subscription, entitling a subscriber to six parts, is \$2.00; the subscription to the complete work in 18 parts, is \$6.00.

"Roma"—Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture.

PART VIII.

The following notice that appeared in *Moody's Magazine*, the financial paper, gives one an idea of the effect this work is causing throughout the publishing world:

"Roma" is possibly out of place under the department heading, "Financial Book World." But so many of the readers of *Moody's* are interested in the Eternal City, if one may judge from their comments on the semi-classical editorials which appear from time to time in the magazine, that we don't want them to miss the announcement of this remarkable publication, into which Father Kuhn has put the results of a lifetime of study, and Benziger Brothers some of the finest specimens of printing and engraving that we have seen in a long time. No student of Roman History and no traveller who has ever felt the spell of the old city can fail to find Father Kuhn's work a source of unending pleasure.

"The Elder Miss Ainsborough," by Marion Ames Taggart; 8vo., cloth, net, \$1.25 post-paid.

Two sisters of distinct physical and moral types—"all that was left of the solid New England family, with roots reaching back to the beginnings of the Massachusetts Bay Colony"—are the center about which Miss Taggart weaves a serious yet none the less pleasant and interesting story. It is a study of sister love—the love of an older for a younger sister who, in return for constant and affectionate devotion, visits upon her benefactress dissimulation, contempt, and, finally, the most cruel ingratitude. The

various characters—the conscienceless beauty and breaker-of-hearts, the equally beautiful yet wholly noble “Elder Miss Ainsborough,” the New England professional man, the love-lorn young minister, the scoundrelly trifler with female honor, the frivolous yet honest young society man, the highly principled man of integrity, the tactful priest grasping his opportunities in the sombre aloofness of an old Puritan village—these and other equally well-drawn characters contribute to the making of an excellent novel.

The spirit of days and loved ones that are dead—the haunting melancholy that is the chief charm of Hawthorne—is found here and there through the story like the faint fragrance of a pressed flower that breathes a world of memories; but, unlike Hawthorne, Miss Taggart breaks the spell with hearty humor, keen comment, and unfailing manifestations of her steadfast hope in a blessed hereafter.

Easter Lilies.

O lilies, Easter lilies,
 You come from out the gloom
 Of winter's cold and darkness,
 As Jesus from the tomb.
 Your fragrance breathes of heaven,
 Your fair white robes, of God,
 “Who feedeth 'mongst the lilies,”
 E'en those of earthly sod.
 How meet it is to place you
 Upon His altar throne,
 To shed for Him your sweetness,
 To live for Him alone!
 Then lilies, favored lilies,
 A message from me bring,
 I'll place it in your chalice,
 Please, waft it to my King.
 Dear Risen Lord, I greet Thee,
 Who lived and died for me.
 Henceforth my life and labor
 I consecrate to Thee.
 Accept my humble off'ring;
 'Tis all I have to give.
 But, help me, like Thy lilies,
 A spotless life to live.

S. M. I. H.

School Chronicle.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

The close of 1914 brought but little lightening of the dark war-cloud hanging over us. Even we, school girls, felt our usually irrepressible spirits sink under its influence.

The last day of this momentous year brought round the Golden Jubilee in religion of Mother Mary Scholastica. The daughter of the late Major Taylor, of Gibraltar, this venerable nun was born at Corfu, then a British possession, her father being at that time stationed in the Ionian Isles.

As a child, she remembers going through the Straits of Gibraltar, en route for England, in a sailing vessel. Later on she was to return, and the busy and warlike fortress was to be the scene of her long and arduous labours. Her special attraction was for the poor. To them she devoted her life, and her work was recognized by a special High Mass in St. Joseph's Church, at which the Lord Bishop pontificated.

Congratulations, in accordance with the religious nature of the festival, poured in from all sides.

In February, the Examination of the London Royal Academy of Music was held. Hard-working teachers and ambitious pupils were alike satisfied by all who entered passing in their respective grades. Special congratulations must be given to Lourdes Izola, who worked up for the Local Centre in an incredibly short space of time. Her brother, who went to Stonyhurst, last September, is favourably mentioned in the *Stonyhurst Magazine* for his skill in debating.

We have had a visit from the Right Reverend Dr. Phelan, Lord Bishop of Sale, Australia; and also from the Mother General of the Irish Bridgettines, who was accompanied by several members of her renowned order, on their way to Australia. In these sad times, it is pleasant to note that the missionary spirit of Ireland is as strong as ever, and that while the Irish soldiers of the King are distinguishing themselves in the great “Battle of the West,” the soldiers

of the Heavenly King are not behind in zeal and loyalty.

Colonel Forbes, father of Angela and Marjory, is, I am sorry to say, a prisoner in Germany. The girls, who correspond frequently with us, are with their mother in London. Marie Patron's brother, having performed feats of valour at Ypres and having sustained severe wounds, has been invalided home and is now in Gibraltar, so you see we are not untouched by the calamities of war.

I must not conclude without thanking you for the RAINBOW, which keeps up its well-earned reputation, and to which I wish all kinds of prosperity.

Just now we have heard of the safe arrival of the Canadian contingent in France. How good you are to send your soldiers to defend the mother country! I hope when our next contribution is published in your magazine, we shall be once more at peace.

ANGELA DE LOS RIOS.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

As a bright afterglow to the Christmas atmosphere surrounding Mount St. Mary, was the presence of our beloved Bishop in our midst, on the eve of a period of renewed activity, thereby giving new joy to the hearts of his children.

It was a gracious and thoughtful act on the part of His Lordship thus to manifest his paternal interest in each individual student, and by words of encouragement which ever tend to uplift by appealing to all that is best and noblest in us, to smooth the rugged path of knowledge.

In a fervid discourse His Lordship reminded us that education without religion is of no lasting benefit. The heart, as well as the mind, must be trained—where the mind expands, the heart is drawn closer to God. Too many of the young girls of to-day, His Lordship said, think to make themselves attractive by being extreme in their dress and forward in their manner, forgetting that modesty and innocence of soul impart a beauty and a charm far beyond what fashionable garments or so-called knowledge of the world can give.

His Lordship then exhorted us to go, in spirit, with the Magi and make an offering to Our Divine Lord of what He prizes above all other gifts—an offering of clean hearts—pure with a purity akin to that of His Blessed Mother—pure from association with Him in the Sacrament of His Love.

It were needless to dwell in detail upon His Lordship's many claims to our gratitude—a gratitude that cannot be translated into the language of mere words.

February the eighth—The school attended "The Orphans' Festival" at the Temple.

The programme was well received and creditably presented, as was evidenced by the spontaneous applause given to each number. While appreciating the work of the artists who appeared, our chief interest centered in the performance of the dear little folks who, to the delight of the audience, were heard and seen in the opening chorus, "The Frolics of the Bees and Butterflies," and a scarf drill. How bright and happy they looked! No wonder their efforts were greeted with repeated applause and that we were loath to see them depart.

February the tenth—In honor of the Patronal Feast of M. M. Scholastica the pupils gave an entertainment that was the more enjoyable in that it deviated from the beaten path of programmes, and was from first to last a delight—a fact easily observed by a glance at the interested expression of countenances in the audience.

Instrumental solos were effectively contributed by Miss Oles, Marie McCarthy, Louise Yates and Gertrude Murphy; and a duet by Miss Doucette and Estelle Walsh. Miss Oles, Gertrude Murphy, Jessie Bradley, and Kathleen Conn were heard in vocal solos. Miss Celestine Stafford, Estelle Walsh and Gertrude Murphy acquitted themselves admirably in the recitation numbers.

A unique finale by the following eminent artists:—Herr Gertrudus (Director), Sigismund Waldvogel and Carl Rakoczy (first and second Violins), Georg Eggeling (Viola), Gustav Matinsky ('Cello), Signor Salammbo Spaghetti (Harp), F. Bazzini (Bass), Carl Bossi (Flute), Eugen Oles (Clarinet), Rocco Orlando (Clarinet), Srta. Liliana (Zither), Mlle. Celestine and Madame Louise Yates—rivals of Madame

Carreno—(Piano)—fairly brought down the house.

February the sixteenth—Mardi Gras festivities—the social event of the week.

With a sense of elation and expectancy, not unmingled with curiosity, we entered the hall, there to await "The Assembly of the Nations." Involuntarily our gaze wandered to the elaborate decorations, flags of every nation, gay bunting and green garlands, the effect heightened by a blaze of electric light. No one could have dreamed of a war-cloud somewhere in the sky, or given a thought to "Der Tag." Neither was the possibility of an approaching Zeppelin matter for serious concern. So we closed our ears, for a brief space, to the sound of the guns and the tales of the battle-field and maintained a dignified reserve in harmony with our surroundings.

A burst of music!—and the glittering pageant appeared, led by the rulers of the warring and the neutral nations, radiating the spirit of invincibility and impressive nonchalance—notably the Teuton who aspires to the rare privilege of sainthood—but looking so guileless that no one would undertake to describe them.

There was a touch of humor in this spectacle of absorbing interest. Had a truce been proclaimed? Had Peace waved her olive-branch? Had Fate decreed that we were to be arbiters of human destinies? No, councils of war suit us not, so "here will we sit, and let the sounds of music creep in our ears."

PROGRAMME.

1. Grand March.
Great Britain.
2. Rule Britannia.
England.
Miss Doyle, M. Oles, M. Boylan, C. Harris,
E. Marks and P. Syer.
- Ireland.*
3. The Harp That Once.
Miss Monica McGowan.
4. When St. Patrick Raised the Cross.
Miss Stafford, I. Sweeney, M. McGowan,
H. Carson, M. McCarthy and
A. O'Donohue.

Scotland.

5. Auld Lang Syne.
Miss Austin, C. Harris, S. Doucette, G.
Murphy, C. Stafford and M. Burns.

6. The Highland Fling.
Miss Doucette and G. Murphy.

Canada.

7. O Canada!
Miss Yates, A. Storey, G. Melody, M. Taylor,
L. Miller and D. Clarke.

United States.

8. O Columbia!
Miss Walsh, G. Smith, E. Walsh, M. Fahey,
S. Dwyer and B. Bowdoin.

France.

9. Marseillaise.
Miss Goodrow, V. Foyster, M. Case and M.
Campbell.

Italy.

10. Hurrah for the Banner!
Miss Findlay, S. Hamilton, M. McCarthy
and M. Hiscott.

Spain.

11. Spanish Melody.
Miss Melody, M. Bailey, A. Callaghan and
I. Sweeney.

Russia.

12. Russian National Anthem.
Miss Hurd, M. Stuart and E. Dunn.

Belgium.

13. The Belgian National Anthem.
Miss Clawsey, S. Kirk, H. Conley, M. Rodgers,
L. Joyce and H. O'Reilly.

Japan.

14. Japanese Love Sing.
Miss I. Cook, C. Massey, H. Taylor, M.
Reding, J. Bradley, K. Conn, E.
Murphy and E. Springer.

An appropriate finale to the spirited programme was the singing of "God Save the King." Then we were bidden to a banquet—the thought of which—let me whisper—frequently recurred—to Canada, at least—in the midst of the preceding splendours.

The tables were arranged in the form of a T—sprays of maidenhair fern extending the full length—the decoration being beautiful daffodils, first harbingers of spring, and tall snowy callas, with hearts of gold, that rose spotless over all the glitter and gleam of the banquet table. And what an array of delicacies! What an assembly of bright, cheery students, more like a happy family gathering at a festive board than a picture from school life.

Reverend A. J. Leyes and Reverend F. Hinchey were guests of honor. Later, Very Reverend J. J. Craven, Dean, honored the concert hall with his presence, and, to show appreciation of the favor, both singers and Japanese maids repeated their performance.

The votaries of Terpsichore were evidently immune from fatigue if one may judge of the number of "hours danced in gladness away," and the grace and finish with which each measure was executed. Though we have been told that a festivity is a discord in these days of tragic simplicity, we found it perfect harmony—after all, only a school girl can drink deep the delight that bubbles in every holiday hour.

The warmest appreciation of the delightful evening was expressed by all.

April the second—The springtime is here, with its undefinable charm—its golden promise of something happy and joyous for us all. The first bird-notes are trilling from the eaves, and from the treetops float songs of returning warblers. All Nature seems to speak of a wonderful passage from death to life. Soon the exultant cry—*Resurrexit sicut dixit*—that gladdened the infant Church on the first Easter morn and which, throughout the centuries, has thrilled her on every succeeding anniversary of its delivery, will be heard again, turning our thoughts to the glory and the promise which bring the sunlight of God into the human heart.

May the true message of Easter, the uplift of its hope, the sustaining strength of its divine promise, bring peace to our souls as with Magdalen we seek the rock-hewn tomb, and, kneeling at the feet of the Risen Lord, give Him the love of our hearts.

ANITA.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquaintance is that of good books.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

"Memory, like the sun, paints to me bright pictures of golden days; *I* can see them, but how shall I fix them for *you*? By no process can that be accomplished. It is like a story that cannot be told because he who knows it is tongue-tied and dumb."

Returned from the pleasures of Christmas vacation, we, naturally, looked eagerly forward to our promised sleigh-ride. On two, several, days, the sleighs were ordered and we were in blissful expectation up till noon, when, on both occasions, a gentle but persistent rain made a postponement of the pleasure necessary. Just as we fancied that no drive was to be ours this winter, an ideal day dawned, and every moment of our transit over the dazzling snow proved delightful. To one, at least, of the party it was a novel experience as she had lived, heretofore, in a southern clime and had never been for a sleigh-ride.

Song and repartee—and pies and cream-puffs—all contributed to the afternoon's enjoyment, as we glided along, far from the scene of our daily occupations.

Miss Louise Golden's many friends amongst us were pleasantly surprised by a visit from her, on her way home from Toronto, where she spent some weeks with former schoolmates of Loreto, Niagara, now residing in that city. Our only regret was that she could not remain longer with us.

Amongst our most helpful spiritual and intellectual helps in the new year have been the several sermons by Reverend Father Jerome, O. C. S., and one by Reverend Father Rosa, C. M.

Shrove Tuesday.—At five o'clock, the graduates, gaily attired and masked, received in the drawing-room, the juniors, likewise variously disguised.

At a signal all took their places in the procession and descended to the dining-hall, where a banquet had been prepared.

The tables were most attractive—each with its central wreath of smilax, within which stood a vase tied with crimson tulle bow and containing richest red tulips and snowy narcissi.

Small crimson baskets, filled with sweetmeats, served as favors.

Toasts, in metrical form, were given to our gracious Superior, Mother M. Leocrita; to our dear Mistress of Schools; to the Faculty; to the Class of '15; to the Post-Graduates present.

At half-past seven the grand march took place, after which a short but prettily-planned programme was presented.

Amongst the many pretty and striking representations in the evening's pageant, special men-

tion should, perhaps, be made of the following: "La Belle France," "Spring," "The Polyphemus Moth," "The Globe," "The News," "Red-Cross Nurse," "Oriental Maid," "Colonial Dames," "Gipsy Queen," "Highland Lassie."

We extend our sincere sympathy to Reverend B. J. O'Neill, O. C. C., whose father has just died; also, to our dear former schoolmate, Miss Kathleen Baulfe, British Columbia, who has recently lost her devoted father.

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NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XXII.

JULY, 1915.

No. 3

A May Day, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.

Loreto's Greeting to His Lordship Right Reverend
T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton.

A shining dawn that opened on
A day festooned with flowers,
And blessed with smiles and afterwhiles
Through all its golden hours.

FOR the inmates of Mount St. Mary a fairer, happier day than the anniversary of the Consecration of their beloved and revered Bishop never dawns.

Despite the dismal echoes of strife through a world filled with sorrow and the harrowing appeals that come over the water from the fields of war and to which we have lent an ear of tenderest sympathy, God's May-time comes again in beauty dressed, bringing with it fragrant memories, days of holiest joy and gladness, and to us, Loreto's children, the precious privilege of offering a tribute of reverent gratitude and affection to the gentle Shepherd of our souls on the twenty-eighth anniversary of his elevation to the Episcopal See of Hamilton.

Reviewing in appreciative recollection the fruitful years of His Lordship's career from the hour of his ordination to the priesthood—which has ripened into the golden year—and later his elevation to the sublime dignity of the episcopacy, what a record of noble achievement, untiring energy in the cause of Christian education, constant and assiduous devotion to high ideals, and intense devotion to the Church and all things pertaining to it, meets our gaze! Assuredly, the Master's care for the souls of men is apparent not only in the call to the vineyard but in the length of days that have been vouchsafed to our esteemed

Bishop for the exercise of those exceptional gifts with which he has been endowed.

His Lordship, bearing the appearance of the robust health that we should wish him—though the snow is upon his venerable head his heart is still young and his soul still sings in its lofty work—entered the Hall, accompanied by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D., Very Reverend J. J. Craven, Dean, and a number of the clergy, to the triumphant strains of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." After the welcome and addresses by Genevieve Doyle and Margaret Marks, representing, respectively, the seniors and juniors, Helen O'Reilly, Monica Goodrow, Madeleine Yaldon, Monica Brydges and Anna Flynn presented their symbolic floral gifts, the perfume of which, rather than our words, seemed to express what we would wish to say of our appreciation, gratitude and devotion.

Then the following programme was rendered:

PROGRAMME.

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.....*Beethoven*
Ecce sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo.
Ideo jurejurando, fecit illum Dominus crescere in plebem suam.
Benedictionem omnium gentium dedit illi, et testamentum suum confirmavit super caput ejus.

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Address and Floral Presentation.
Chorus, "Oh! Steer My Bark to Erin's Isle
..... *S. Nelson*
Little Children's Greeting.
Recitation, Her Son's First Mass.....
..... *GERTRUDE MURPHY.*
Pantomime, The Last Rose of Summer.

Piano Solo, Valse, Opus 64, No. 2.....*Chopin*
MARY OLES.

Chorus, Will o' the Wisp.....*Spross*

Recitation, King Conor MacNessa.....

.....*T. D. Sullivan*

AGNES O'DONOHUE.

Piano Solo, Novelletten, Opus 21, No. 7....

.....*Schumann*

LOUISE YATES.

Ave Maria Loreto.....*Rieger*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

At the close of the programme His Lordship graciously complimented the students on the excellence of the entertainment and expressed his pleasure in being present on the occasion. He reminded us of our privileges here, which, if diligently and earnestly recognized, will bear rich fruit in the cultivation of the gentler graces and prepare us for woman's place in the world—this sad old world which to-day, as perhaps, never before, has need of "Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

"You have been confided," His Lordship said, "to wise, learned, devoted teachers, who know exactly what is necessary for you, whose aim is to see you leave your Alma Mater young women of faith, principle, culture and refinement. But, remember, education does not consist merely in knowledge, for many well-educated people are far from being good, but principally in laying the foundation for character-building. While times and methods change, the ultimate purpose of Catholic education remains the same—the development of personality equipped to meet the emergencies of life, to face its problems, and fight its battles successfully. The more numerous your acquirements and accomplishments, the more extended becomes your sphere of activity and usefulness. But beware of that unwomanly ambition which lures from the God-given sanctuary of the home to the arena of the spectacular, where clamorous self-assertion and a desire for emancipation from legitimate authority seem to end only in failure."

His Lordship then paid a tribute to Mayor Walters as being the youngest Chief Magistrate in his memory, and he had been in Hamilton over sixty years. He alluded to the kind interest always manifested in the Institution by Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Moore, also present.

Mayor Walters spoke highly of the performance he had witnessed, adding "I could not but be touched by the words of His Lordship to one of the little girls—'Do not touch the thorns on the roses.' It must be a great blessing to him, as Bishop of Hamilton, to have been able to shield these little lambs so long from the thorns of sin."

His Lordship then called on Col. Moore to speak. The latter said that the years had grown old since first he had had the privilege of speaking at Loreto. He referred to the activities of the Religious in many lands, the credit their labors reflect on the Institute, and concluded by remarking that if those who have had the good fortune of receiving an education here live up to the principles instilled into their minds, they cannot but do well in this world and attain eternal life in the next.

Colonel Moore offered most sincere congratulations to His Lordship, eulogized the great work that he has accomplished during his many years of faithful service—he could remember when there was only one church in Hamilton. Now, thanks to His Lordship's zealous endeavors, churches are convenient to all.

That His Lordship's years among us may yet be many and rich in fruit to himself and the souls entrusted to his care is the fervent prayer of his devoted children of Loreto, Mount St. Mary.

Cardinal Mercier of Belgium as Rev. J. J. Wynne, S. J., Knows Him.

REVEREND J. J. WYNNE, S. J., the eminent editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, was given the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the Belgian Primate, some few years ago, in London and Brussels, and he has graciously consented to give our readers his impression of the personality of this Prince of the Church.

"When I met Cardinal Mercier," writes Father Wynne, "I knew, of course, of his work, his scholarly achievements, but I was deeply impressed by the affable charm of his personality. He is very tall and very thin, with a great dignity of bearing. His face, with the wide forehead and that peculiar paleness which tells of

uninterrupted study, is that of an ascetic. But it is with his eyes that he holds you most when he looks at you. They are wonderful eyes, thoughtful and comprehending, piercing, though most kindly, glowing with solicitude and interest, not only in a general but in a quiet personal way. His look upon you makes you feel that he would not scorn, nay, would encourage the confidence of your most trifling joys and woes. He is truly a shepherd, with an equally sympathetic heart for any lamb that comes his way.

"There were other Cardinals at the Eucharistic Congress, where I first met Cardinal Mercier. They had the dignity of bearing, the affability of their calling; but in none did I find the subtle note of personal solicitude with which all who came in contact with Cardinal Mercier are warmly impressed.

"I believe it is the particular gift of his race. Everywhere in Belgium, as nowhere else, have I seen it manifest among the peasants, the shopkeepers, the great merchants, the scholars. They have a way with them to make you believe that your own welfare is the uppermost of their considerations, at least for the time while you are their guest. They put themselves out for your sake in the most natural manner, as if it could not occur to them to do otherwise. Such hospitality and such active brotherly love that bears no trace of self-consciousness is very beautiful indeed, and I believe it is nation-bred in the Belgian people out of whose midst Cardinal Mercier has sprung.

"A notable thing about the Cardinal is the humbleness of heart he has preserved through all his eminent achievements in the realm of thought, and despite all the high honors which have fallen to his lot in recompense. However lowly his interlocutor, he is never made to realize that he is standing before a great scholar and a chosen Prince of the Church. But he cannot fail to feel that he is facing an exceptionally fine personality.

"The home life of Cardinal Mercier is of the simplest, as is that of the Belgian clergy generally. Their rooms are quasi-monastic in their bareness, and meals are usually provided by a housekeeper, engaged by several priests who pool together, and in that respect lead a community life. My little office here at the Encyclopedia would be considered quite luxurious by most of

them. Comforts are rare, even stoves are rare, and radiators are not dreamt of. Though their cities are lighted by electricity and have electric street-cars, they don't even always have gas in their parish houses, and are reduced to oil lamps and open fireplaces, as of old.

"The Archbishop's palace at Malines is far from what we Americans would call a palace. There was, of course—before the destruction—the throne-room and other chambers of state. But the Cardinal's private apartments are as simple as those of the lesser clergy. It has been said that if Cardinal Mercier were thrown into a prison cell, he would hardly notice the difference, would not be incommoded by its lack of comfort, and would pursue his thoughts and studies as serenely as ever. I can quite believe that. He lives in the body as we all do, but he has kept his bodily wants reduced to the minimum. It is only in mind and spirit that he lives intensely, with all faculties unfurled.

"The activity of his brain has not only been keen and wide-spread, but significant in its constructiveness. He has become the principal protagonist of neo-scholasticism.

"As far back as 1879, Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical, 'Aeterni Patris,' recommended the study of the medieval scholastics, and particularly of the greatest among them, St. Thomas Aquinas, as a reaction against the materialistic trend of philosophy started by Lord Bacon, and still in vogue. The study of the scholastics was to have the purpose of reviving their philosophic system, based on the Greek masters, Plato and, more especially, Aristotle, and making it accessible to modern minds by illuminating it with a light of modern knowledge and achievement.

"The study recommended by Leo XIII. was taken up in Italy, France and Germany. But Mercier was the first to put it on a working basis, and for this he deserves all credit.

"For many years he had been teaching theology at Malines and Louvain, when he turned to a more particular study of metaphysics and was appointed to a chair at the faculty of philosophy and letters of the Louvain University. Thence he went, with his friend, P. Colinet, on a sort of scientific mission to Rome to lay before Leo XIII. wide-reaching proposals for a recasting, on a broad and liberal scale, of the university teaching, par-

ticularly in the direction of scholastic philosophy and the philological sciences. The most tangible result of this mission was the creation of the Thomastic Institute, or, as it was since called, the Pontifical Institute of Leo XIII. The Pope donated one million francs for its creation, and Professor Mercier, as he was then, became its Rector.

"In this post he remained until 1906 when, to the surprise of the Catholic world, Pius X. promoted him from his university chair to the Archbishopric of Malines and the Primacy of Belgium, within but a week or two of the funeral of his predecessor, Cardinal Goossens. Until then he had been exclusively known as a student and professor, and had seemed destined to spend the whole of a worthy career in academic circles and literary labors.

"When the new duties of an Archbishop were laid upon him, and when he was awarded, a year later, the new dignity of a Cardinal, he did not renounce his student's habits, but merely crowded his hours with double work, showing himself as well fit for the supreme pastoral and administrative office in Catholic Belgium as he had proved himself to be in his former activities.

"He may well be content with his work in Louvain; the institute that arose from his suggestion and became prosperous under his direction, has acquired not only national but world-wide fame. He has seen to it that not only pure philosophy was taught there, but that it was coupled with other studies which help the student to understand and develop it, like physiology, biology, modern psychology, sociology, pedagogy, and so forth.

"The old scholastics taught, for instance, logic without exemplifying application, but through pure mental reasoning—much as grammar used to be taught without its application in composition. The Neo-scholastics, under Cardinal Mercier, on the other hand, consider that a knowledge of all branches of human science is necessary for the effective study of philosophy, in general and in particular. The biological laboratories of the Pontifical Institute, for instance, have a world-wide reputation and the professors—laymen as well as clerics—are authorities, each in his branch.

"This is, in a way, a reform due to the initiative of Leo XIII. and some great clerics like Car-

dinal Mercier. But it is more exactly a transformation, an evolution. The Church though fundamentally stationary, has continually endeavored to adapt itself in form to the needs of the time and to take into account all the achievements of science. Nowadays we have come to know, scientifically, a great many more things than were known at the time of St. Thomas of Aquin. The Neo-scholastics study those things and develop with their aid the philosophy of the middle ages. Faith is not touched thereby. It is above philosophy and outside of it. One need not be a cleric nor even a Catholic to be a Neo-scholastic philosopher, as is, for instance, the foremost English philosopher of the present, Dr. Bertrand Russell.

"Neo-scholasticism has simply introduced common sense into philosophy. And it is Cardinal Mercier's merit to have substantially furthered this movement. It was a deserving thing to do, and it took a far-seeing mind, clear and unimpeded by conventionalities, to do it. Such is, essentially, the Cardinal's.

"Here is an example of his unconventionality. He had taken quite a special interest in the campaign against alcoholism. He was the originator of a proposal, submitted to the Holy See by many bishops, of an alternative abstinence from intoxicating drinks in place of that from flesh meat on Fridays. The proposal was never carried out, but it shows Cardinal Mercier's spirit of initiative.

"As for the breadth of his scope as a philosopher, one may perceive it in the very titles of his published works, even to the exclusion of his numerous conferences, letters and special articles. In the list you find such books as these: 'Modernism,' 'The Relations of Experimental Psychology to Philosophy,' 'Logic,' 'General Metaphysics,' 'Psychology,' 'Criteriology,' 'Cosmology,' 'Theodicea,' 'Moral Philosophy and Natural Right,' and 'The Origin of Contemporary Psychology.'

"He lays stress on the 'perennial functions of philosophy,' and on the fact that every new discovery in the field of science should make the philosopher face his problems from a new angle—in short, that it can never be said that the last word in philosophy has been spoken as long as the scientific mind is at work.

"This seems a long way from the old scholastics, but it is said that Cardinal Mercier would sign his name to the sentence pronounced by the German, Dr. Ehrhard: 'Thomas Aquinas should be our beacon, not our boundary.'

"Much comment has been made on the boldness of Cardinal Mercier's latest Pastoral Letter. Certainly, the fearless patriotism of the man stands out luminously when he says, for instance: 'Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation?'

"And again: 'The religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot.' Or: 'If I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that, without any doubt whatever, Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. Greater love than this no man hath, said Our Saviour, that a man lay down his life for his friends. The soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity.'

"And he is even bolder when he says in the face of the German occupation of the greater part of Belgium: 'I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.'

"The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.'


"Courage, indeed, speaks through every paragraph of this Pastoral Letter. But to those who knew Cardinal Mercier before, either personally or through his works, this new manifestation did not come as a surprise, but was expected. In former Pastorals he expressed himself with quite as much vigor, as, for instance, in one about the human rights of the laboring classes, and another about race suicide, in which he upbraided the leading classes of Belgium for restricting their families to comfortable numbers. These Pastorals aroused much resentment. Because of them the Cardinal was violently attacked, but also unanimously admired.

"Nearly thirty years ago, Professor Mercier was offered a chair at the newly-established Catholic University at Washington, D. C. But Pope Leo XIII. refused to bring any pressure upon the young professor's acceptance, not wishing to deprive the Faculty of Louvain of so promising a member.

"Belgium is surely in great need of the finest among her children now. And though we may be sorry that Cardinal Mercier did not carry his teachings personally to our country, we must rejoice that his own countrymen are now given the benefit of his imposing presence and his gently powerful personality."

The Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The Story of the Rise and Development of a Great Teaching Order.

 ON the 3d. of April, 1911, a gathering, somewhat unique in character, took place at the new De La Salle College, Manila, P. I. The occasion was the arrival of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who, at the urgent solicitation of His Grace Archbishop Harty, had come to open their first school in the Philippine Islands. Naturally the Brothers had expected to find themselves as strangers in a strange land, and great was their surprise when, on being ushered into the new College building erected for them, they were warmly greeted by a crowd of "Brothers' boys" from all quarters of the globe. In fact, all the former pupils of the Christian Brothers resident in Manila—business and professional men, government officials, and tourists—had organized a reception in the form of a surprise

parfy for the newcomers. In their words of welcome, one told of his school-boy days at Manhattan College, New York; another, of the Brothers who had taught him in St. Joseph's College, London; still another spoke of his training at the Brothers' College at Hong Kong. Paris, Brussels, Constantinople, Barcelona, Madrid, and Singapore were all represented in that little gathering and the speakers testified to the influence upon their lives of the teaching and example of the Sons of St. De La Salle. Love, gratitude, and reverence towards their former teachers had brought them together and the magic words: "a Brothers' boy" had shattered the barriers of race, language, and nationality and made them all kin. What organization of teachers is this with influence so strong and widespread, and pupils in every clime? To the many concerned about the grave educational and social problems of the day the answer to this question cannot fail to be of interest.

Foundation and First Years.

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools (familiarily known as Christian Brothers) was founded in France in the 17th. century by St. John Baptist De La Salle, a priest, Canon of the Cathedral of Rheims, and Doctor of Theology. Seeing that one of the greatest needs of society in his time was the Christian education of youth, and particularly of the working classes, he resolved to devote his life to this work. His ideals of teaching were sound and practical. He was unusually gifted intellectually and, having a first-class knowledge of the educational needs of his day, he was guided by Providence to create an Institute that would have no other mission than that of Christian education. For this purpose he associated several devoted laymen with him and they began their Apostolate in 1680. In 1682 they took the name of "Brothers of the Christian Schools" and in 1684 opened their first regular Novitiate. From the commencement of the Christian Schools, the Holy Founder inspired by God, understood that in order to perpetuate his new-born Society it was necessary to bind the teachers by the ties of community and the obligations of Religious Life. Realizing the dignity and importance of the profession of the Christian teacher, he felt that the Brothers should be attached permanently to the work of education and to that work solely. Therefore, with far-

seeing wisdom he made it an essential rule that no priest be admitted to the Society. Free from the obligations and responsibilities of the clerical state, the Brothers are enabled to concentrate on the problems of pedagogy and to become, in a correct sense, specialists in educational work.

For forty years, St. De La Salle laboured manfully in the vineyard of the Lord. He originated Primary Schools, properly so called, Normal Schools, Technical Schools, Reformatory Schools and Sunday Schools. In this way he outlined the wide scope of his Institute in the future educational field and, even in his own lifetime, put to practical test every phase of the work. He died at Rouen in 1719 leaving 27 houses and nearly 300 Brothers, educating 9,000 pupils. He was canonized by Leo XIII. in the Roman Jubilee Year 1900 and declared by that Pontiff to be the Model for Christian Teachers, the Patron of Christian Schools, and the Protector of youth.

The mustard seed planted and tended so carefully by the holy Founder developed and strengthened under his immediate successors who were deeply imbued with his spirit. Up to the period of the French Revolution the Institute was governed by five Superiors-General: Brother Bartholomew (1719-1720); Brother Timothy (1720-1751); Brother Claude (1751-1767); Brother Florence (1767-1777), and Brother Agathon (1777-1798). The most prominent of these was Brother Agathon, who was a religious of strong character, a distinguished educator, an eminent administrator, and the author of that well-known work, "The Twelve Virtues of a Good Master." In 1725 by the Bull of approbation, Pope Benedict XIII. admitted the Institute among the Congregations canonically recognized by the Church. At the time of the French Revolution, seventy-three years after the death of St. De La Salle, the Institute numbered 123 houses, 920 Brothers, and 36,000 pupils.

During the Revolution and After.

The revolutionary laws that doomed the monastic orders in 1790, threatened the Brothers of the Christian Schools by imposing on all teachers the civic oath. The Brothers refused to take the oath and were everywhere expelled. In 1792 the Institute was suppressed after it had been decreed that "it had deserved well of the country." The storm had broken upon the Brothers. They were arrested and more than twenty were cast

into prison. Brother Solomon, the Secretary-General, was massacred in the Carmelite Monastery at Paris; Brother Agathon, the Superior-General, spent eighteen months in prison; Brother Monitor was guillotined in 1794; eight Brothers were transported to the hulks of Rochfort, where four died of neglect and starvation. At the peril of their lives some Brothers continued to teach in order to save the faith of the children. By 1798 the Institute seemed ruined. It reckoned only twenty members wearing the religious habit and exercising the functions of teachers.

When in 1801 Napoleon signed the concordat with Pius VII., the Church of France began a new era and the Institute of St. De La Salle sprang into new life. The first regular community reorganized at Lyons in 1802; others soon followed. Everywhere the municipalities recalled the Brothers, and besought the survivors of the woeful period to take up the schools again. In fifteen years the Institute had reached the same prosperous condition in which the Revolution had found it in 1789. The hour had now come for a greater expansion. Fortified and rejuvenated by trial, augmented by yearly increasing numbers, the Institute could without weakening itself send educational colonies abroad. Belgium received Brothers in 1816; Canada in 1837; Asia Minor, 1841; Baltimore, 1846; Alexandria, Egypt, 1847; New York, 1848; St. Louis, 1849; Kemperhof, near Coblenz, 1851; Singapore, 1852; London, 1855; Vienna, 1856; Rangoon, 1860; Bucharest, 1861; and Quito, S. America, 1863. The period of this expansion is that of the generalship of Brother Philip, 1838-1874. This renowned successor of St. De La Salle, by his eminent sanctity, his administrative ability, his long term of office, and the numerous volumes of his writings, left a lasting impression upon the Society over which he ruled and was one of the leading figures in the Church in the nineteenth century. This venerable superior saw the number of houses of his Order rise from 313 to 1149 and the number of Brothers increase from 2317 to 10,235.

The Institution in Our Own Day.

Under the generalship of Brother Irlide, who succeeded Brother Philip in 1874, the Province of England and Ireland and that of Spain were organized. In 1884 he was succeeded by Brother Joseph, an educator of rare distinction and of

exquisite charm, who received from Pope Leo XIII. the important mission of developing in the Institute societies for young men, so that their faith and morals might be safeguarded after leaving school. One of Brother Joseph's great delights was to transmit this direction to his Brothers and to see them work zealously for its attainment. With this view, patronages, clubs, alumni associations, boarding-houses, spiritual retreats, etc., were established and became everywhere prosperous. One of the most flourishing was the Association of Saint Benedict Labre, founded at Paris in 1883. In twenty-five years it brought together 41,600 young Parisians at the Brothers' house of retreat.

During the administration of Brother Gabriel, who became Superior General in 1897, the normal progress of the Institute was not obstructed until 1904. The following quotation from the official reports of the Universal Exposition of Paris in 1900 gives an idea of the condition of the Institute at that time: "The establishments of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, spread all over the world, number 2015. They comprise 1500 elementary and high schools; 47 colleges; 45 normal schools or scholasticates for the training of subjects for the Institute, and 6 normal schools for lay teachers; 13 special agricultural schools; 48 technical and trade schools; 82 commercial schools or special commercial courses." At this Exposition the international jury awarded to the Institute of the Christian Brothers: 4 Grand Prizes, 13 Gold Medals, 22 Silver Medals, 14 Bronze Medals, and 7 Honorable Mentions.

Such was the activity of the Order of St. De La Salle when it was doomed in France by the legislation that abolished teaching by religious. Not the services rendered, nor the striking lustre of its success, nor the greatness of the social work it had accomplished, could save it. Its glory, which was to conduct Christian schools, was imputed to it as a crime. In consequence of the application of the law against teaching congregations 805 establishments of the Brothers were closed in 1904, 196 in 1905, 155 in 1906, 93 in 1907, and 33 in 1908. Nothing was spared. The popular and free schools to the number of more than a thousand, the boarding-schools, the technical schools, the agricultural schools,—all were swept away. The blow was a severe one, but the

beautiful tree of the Institute had taken root too firmly in the soil of the whole Catholic world to have its vitality endangered by the lopping off of a principal branch. The remaining branches received a new afflux of sap, and on its vigorous trunk there soon appeared new branches. From 1904 to 1908, 222 houses were founded in England, Belgium, the islands of the Mediterranean, the Levant, North and South America, the West Indies, Cape Colony, and Australia. In 1913 Brother Imier succeeded Brother Gabriel as Superior General and 14th successor of St. De La Salle. Having held important positions in the Institute both in Europe and America, the present Superior is well qualified to direct the destinies of his great army of religious teachers at this trying time of war and desolation.

With so many establishments in the belligerent countries it is not surprising that the work of the Brothers has been greatly disturbed by the present war. Some of their number have been obliged to take their places as soldiers in the ranks, while many are now devoting themselves to the care of the wounded in the military hospitals and ambulances. According to advices lately received, thirteen Brothers have already fallen upon the battlefields while engaged in this work of charity.

Schools in Europe and the East.

Long before the crushing blow fell upon the Institute in France it had been firmly established in almost every country in Europe and in the East. In heroic Catholic Belgium the Brothers have 96 houses, most of which have so far escaped the terrible ravages of war. These include two State Normal Schools and the celebrated Art Schools of St. Luke. There are houses in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Bohemia, Galicia, Albania, Bulgaria, and Rumania. Spain, including the Canaries and the Balearic Islands, has over 100 houses of the Institute. In Italy there are 34 houses, 9 of which are in Rome. In the British Isles the Brothers have 31 houses. These include colleges at London, Portsmouth, and Plymouth; an industrial school at Manchester; and the De La Salle Training College at Waterford, Ireland, the 200 students of which are King's scholars who are paid for by a grant from the British Government. For over fifty years the Brothers have been established in the Levant, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. In India they

have large schools having upwards of 800 pupils. Those of Colombo, Rangoon, Penang, Moulmein, Mandalay, Singapore, Malacca, and Hong Kong, in China, stand high in public estimation and are all assisted by government grants.

Schools in America.

In the New World, too, the sons of St. De La Salle have prospered in their noble work of Catholic education. They are to be found in almost every part of North and South America and the West Indies. They are in Panama, Colombia, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Ecuador, Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Cuba and Porto Rico. There were over 150 Brothers in Mexico until the recent persecution when some of their number fell martyrs at the post of duty and the rest escaped with difficulty to the United States and Cuba.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools first came to Canada in 1837 and established themselves in Montreal. In 1846 they opened their first house in the United States at Baltimore. From this small beginning have developed six flourishing Provinces of the Order, four in the United States and two in Canada, the last formed being that of Toronto, designed to meet the needs of Ontario and the West. The De La Salle Training College at present in course of erection a few miles north of the city of Toronto, is for the training of Brothers for this new and vast field of labor.

In the United States the Brothers have 94 houses spread over 33 dioceses and divided into four Provinces having their centres at New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Manhattan College, New York; Clason Point Military Academy; St. Louis College, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.; the New York Catholic Protectory; the Lincoln Agricultural School; Mount St. Louis College, Montreal, are a few of the many flourishing institutions conducted by the Brothers on this Continent.

Intellectual Activity.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools throughout the world are generally too much absorbed by the work of teaching to devote themselves to the writing of books not of immediate utility in their schools. But for the use of their pupils they have written a large number of works on all the specialties in their courses of studies. Such

works have been written in French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Turkish, Anamite, etc.

In the limited space of this article we can mention but very few of the many distinguished men among the followers of the great Teacher-Saint. We have already spoken of Brothers Agathon and Philip, whose names loom large on the roll of the Superiors-General. Of the many who have died in the odor of sanctity, Venerable Brother Benilde, whose cause is progressing at Rome, and Brothers Exuperien, Scubilion, Arnould, Leon, and Brendan are best known. Belgium has produced Brother Alexis, a noted geographer and member of the Royal Geographical Society of Brussels, and Brother Achille, whose "Methodology" places him in the front rank of masters of pedagogy. Brother Eugene, director of the Agricultural College at Beauvais, was in his day regarded as one of the leading agriculturalists of Europe. In South America, Brother Miguel of Ecuador, a distinguished linguist and author, won by his brilliant writings a place in the Spanish Academy. Brothers Facile and Patrick, who had most to do with the early development of the Order in Canada and the United States, were men of great piety, learning, and influence, and are prominent figures in the work of the Church in America. Another son of St. De La Salle who will long be remembered as a fearless champion of Catholic education and as one of the foremost educationalists of his time, is Brother Justin, for many years at the head of the New York Province, and the founder of the houses on the Pacific coast. The noted author and lecturer, Brother Azarias, whose word and example did so much to break down the prejudice against the Church too often found in American literary circles of his day, has left a lasting monument in his brilliant essays.

We may fittingly close this sketch with the following words of that eminent American prelate, Archbishop Quigley of Chicago:

"To instill into the hearts of youth the love of Christ; to educate young men according to the principles of Christian virtue is surely a divine mission and this is the work, by profession, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Without the worldly honors and dignities of the ecclesiastical state, the lowly followers of De La Salle bear many of the burdens and will surely

reap in the life to come rewards like unto those promised to such as shall be found faithful in the priesthood of Jesus Christ. God seems to have raised them up especially for this our day, when all the forces of unbelief are in a conspiracy to banish God from the minds and hearts of men and whose nefarious work begins by endeavoring to banish Him from the education of the young. May the Brothers of De La Salle prosper! May vocations among our boys for their Institute increase!"

Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain to the Colegio De La B. V. Maria, Castilleja De La Cuesta, Seville, Spain.

THE following letter from the Colegio de la B. V. Maria (Loreto Convent) Castilleja de la Cuesta, Seville, is of such interest to us that we are sure it will be equally so to our readers.

"Her Majesty has again honored us with a visit—we are still rejoicing! It was the third day of our extern children of Mary's spiritual retreat—which in one way was fortunate, for we could not have had time to summon them from Seville to meet Her Majesty as we got only about half an hour's notice of her coming. Shortly after two o'clock, an official arrived with a document requiring the signature of the Superior. It announced that the Queen intended to honor us by a visit at three o'clock.

You can imagine the excitement of the pupils. Girls went rushing along the corridors to don their best dresses, merit bands, etc., and to make themselves as smart as possible in a very limited time to meet the Queen. Violins and other stringed instruments were borne along in hot haste to the salon where the Queen was to take tea, and where the orchestra had to be in readiness to greet Her Majesty on her entrance, with the strains of the "Marcha Real." The nuns were all busy decorating the entrance hall with flags, plants, etc., and a crimson carpet was laid from salon door to motor. This was done hastily, for the appearance of the motor coming up the road was momentarily expected. However, there was time to spare in the end, for Her Majesty did not arrive until just 3.30.

To our disappointment and surprise, the motor turned into the grounds by the garden gate instead of driving up to the front door, where all

mourning for her loved brother. She had been ill also, suffering from an attack of scarlatina.

Her Majesty was accompanied by the Ba-



QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AND PRINCE JUAN.

was a rush from one door to the other, and we were just in time to meet her as she stepped out of her motor. She was sweet and gracious as were waiting to receive Her Majesty. There usual, but looked paler and thinner, attired in

varian Princess Salm-Salm, whose husband is detained in Gibraltar on account of his nationality. The Queen and the Princess proceeded at once to our large salon, where they were greeted by the orchestra with the "Marcha Real." Her



her husband, so she lives in a hotel in Gibraltar and is allowed to visit him some hours daily. She and all the family are good Catholics.

The Prince is under guard in what is called "Governor's Cottage," the summer residence of the Governor. It is delightfully situated, commanding a view of Mediterranean, Straits, and Bay, and has rather extensive grounds; but a lonely spot, for it is far from the town and few people go out there except on fine Sunday evenings when the families of business men enjoy a ramble in that direction.

The little Princesses did not come this year as they did last spring when they walked in holding up their little hands to be kissed—such little



Majesty conversed most graciously, spoke very feelingly of her brother, whose death she feels intensely. He had always been so delighted to spend a time with her in Seville that she cannot but miss him when she comes here.

There was question of our Mother Provincial going to Rathfarnham in May for the double Jubilee of Reverend Mother General. The Queen said to her, "Do go, you will get there all right." And she did.

Princess Salm-Salm is very charming, bearing her anxiety with a bright face and with great conformity to the will of God. A devoted wife, she has left her children—even a tiny baby—with their grandmother in Bavaria in order to be near

darlings as these Infantilas are! They were a picture, dressed in pink satin, trimmed with fur. This month they had only got through their quarantine after scarlatina and it was feared the journey might be too much for them. The Queen hopes to bring the Prince of Asturias to Seville next spring. She says he is kept very close at his studies now.

After tea, Her Majesty, Princess Salm-Salm, the Duke of Sotomayor and the Duchess San Carlos went to our chapel and remained some time in prayer. The Queen drew the attention of the Princess to the beauty of the church.


Just as Her Majesty reached her motor she noticed a group of girls from the village standing near, who, on account of being more or less employed about the convent, had gained admittance. Her Majesty walked over to them, said she was pleased to see them, inquired about their families, and said many kind things. The poor girls were delighted and cheered her most enthusiastically.

Her Majesty then said "good-bye until next year," and drove off amidst the deafening "vivas" of all assembled.

Our beloved Queen is indeed a Queen in every respect. It is well known that in her private life she is even more lovable than in public. An ideal wife and mother, her greatest happiness is to be with her husband and children, while her gentle kindness and thoughtfulness for those around her have won their deepest affection. Long may she reign as Queen of Spain and Queen of the warm, loving hearts of her subjects!

M. J.

Notes from the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Madrid, Spain.

 ON the 14th. May, four little children, Bernarda Lavin y del Rio, Adela Garcia de la Matta, Milagro Daza y Pérez de Madrazo, and Antonia Aracijo y Alvarez, made their First Communion. Don Javier Vales Failde, Auditor of the Rota, officiated in the morning and preached a most touching sermon, which went home to the hearts of the parents as well as of the little ones themselves. The parents of the little first-communicants also received Holy Communion.

In the evening, the usual ceremony of renewing the Baptismal Vows, with the hand laid on

book of the Gospels, was also impressive. This act was presided over by Father Leguina, S. J., who also preached an appropriate sermon.

Our annual concert took place on the 26th. and 27th. of May. Enclosed is the programme. It was a complete and absolute success, from every point of view. The girls were especially praised for their nice bearing, the quiet and ease of their movements, and their efficiency at the various instruments, etc., etc.

The Infanta Doña Isabel honoured us with her presence, but she did more, she charmed everyone by her graciousness. She came accompanied by her dama, Señorita Margot Belstran de Lis, who almost rivalled her august lady in her charming manners.

The Infanta, who is an aunt of the present King, a sister of Alfonso XII., and a daughter of Isabel II., has a very charming personality. She had tea when the concert was over, and then she must go everywhere. She went all over the house—even to the upper story and out on the terrace or flat roof, from which she admired the view. The nuns' sleeping apartments, the children's refectory, dormitories, schools—and even the kitchen—were visited. She addressed each child—the parents of some are known to her—and when they shouted in deafening tones, "Viva Infanta Isabel," and the nuns wished to stop them, "Oh! let them shout," she said. She speaks English perfectly. Among the other guests were the Papal Nuncio, the apostolic secretary, Mgr. Apap, the Bishop of Madrid-Alcala, Don Javier Vales Failde, Auditor of the Rota; the English Ambassador and Lady Harding, Duchess de T'Serclaes, the Marquises and Marchionesses de Benicarlos, de Ververde, de Casa Leon, de Boil, de Prado Ameno, de Marvais, Gonzales-Quirós, de Gomar, de Valdeiglesia, the Condés and Condesas de Val de Prado, de la Torre, Villar de Felices, Vizconde and Vizcondesa de Eza, Minister of Gracia y Justicia, Señores de Cavestany de la Torre, de Alba, Pérez de Pulgar, Maura, Manso de Yañiga, etc., etc.,—over three hundred guests in all.

On Sunday, the 6th. June, the little children of the Dominical school made their First Communion. This school, which is open on Sundays for the poor children of the district, is the work of the extern Children of Mary, mostly former pupils, who come on Sundays for three hours to

instruct the little ones, at which the nuns also help. A priest gives them instructions and carries out the teaching of the nuns and young ladies. These little children go for the most part to godless schools, where they have, every day, breakfast and dinner, a weekly bath, good secular instruction—everything except what relates to God and to their immortal souls,—so the Children of Mary of the various congregations throughout the city try to gather these little ones together on Sundays, prepare them for confession and Communion, and then, with the help of the nuns, keep them on afterwards, so that as they grow up they may not forget what they have learned. It is sad to see so many of these godless schools, well equipped and endowed, but in which the name of God is never heard, being multiplied throughout the large cities of Spain, when so much could be done for the souls of the children, with scarcely and additional outlay, and in order to make them more attractive, they go by the name of “Las escuelas de la Reina Victoria.”

The next event of importance will be the breaking up of school. On the eve of that day we generally celebrate the feast of St. Aloysius, —you know what that means. Then the long vacation begins from the 1st. July till the 1st. of October.

M. C.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Juvenile Action Song, Chorus and Dance.....
 Happy Little Japanese.....*J. B. Tomlinson*
 THE MISSES S. MARTINEZ, C. CARRASCO, P. Y B.
 LAVIN, M. BLASCO, M. Y M. REGLA ARROS-
 PIDE, C. GALLAN, P. MENÉNDEZ, A. G. DE LA
 MATA, A. ESCOLAR, M. A. URIBARRI, C.
 MORALES, C. MOLINERO, P. GARNICA, R.
 ITURRALDE AND V. PARRA.
 Orchestra, Sinfonia*Mozart*
 Chorus, Snow*Elgar*
 Harp Duet, Sonambula (fantasie)....*Oberthür*
 THE MISSES M. SUARDIAZ AND M. DE LA TORRE.
 Orchestra, Minueto*Godard*

PART SECOND.

Orchestra, Shepherds' Dance*E. German*
 SERENADE.

Violin solo and Orchestra*A. d'Ambrosio*
 Soloist, MISS ANGELITA DE LA TORRE.
 Harp and Orchestra, Loreley.....*Oberthür*
 Soloist, MISS MARCIANA DE LA TORRE.
 Violin solo, Capricho Español.....*G. Papini*
 Soloist, MISS ANITA SUARDIAZ.
 Chorus and solo, Nueva Patria.....*E. Grieg*
 Soloist, MISS ADELA HUELIN.
 Orchestra, Ein Albumblatt.....*R. Wagner*
 Solo, Chorus and Orchestra, Plegaria.....
*M. Trillo, Pbo.*
 Soloist, MISS A. DE LA TORRE.

Nicklegate Bar Convent, York.

Founded in 1686 Through the Generous Support of Sir
 Thomas Gascoigne.

Hospital for the Wounded.

(Extract from a Letter from Mother M. Loyola,
 I. B. V. M.)

“AS soon as it was known that there would be wounded in York, we offered the Convent Hall as a military ward—it makes a splendid one. After midnight the first batch of poor fellows arrived—all Belgians and Catholics. The photograph will interest you. On the stage is a statue of Our Lady with the scroll ‘Welkom’ in her hands. Below on the platform an altar was arranged on Sundays and Mass was said. The Blessed Sacrament was carried to each bed. The men go to Confession and Holy Communion every week, and now that they are better (there are twenty in the ward), come to the chapel for daily Mass. Last night they sang the Benediction.

“On three afternoons the people of York are admitted to see them for two hours—Generals of Regulars and Territorials, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of the city, clergymen’s wives, heads of Protestant Institutions, English Tommies—who fraternize wonderfully with their Belgian confrères, and manage to make themselves understood; little children bringing flowers and cigarettes, etc. Cigarettes are the favourite present, but fruit, clothes, walking-sticks, newspapers, English and foreign pictures of their heroic King Albert, etc., etc., are also brought. Yesterday there was a deputation of Protestant

working men who had got up a concert and brought the proceeds for them, with the Belgian colours. The ward was gaily decorated yesterday for King Albert's birthday, and the men had a grand tea. It is touching to see their devotion to their King. Some have fought in the trenches close to him. Sometimes they get invi-

tion not one of them knows where his wife and children are.

"We shall be losing them soon. They must be off to the front again as soon as they can, and we shall be having probably some of our own men to replace them.

"All England is proud of Australia, and in-



HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED AT MICKLEGATE BAR CONVENT, YORK.

tations to tea, to the Mansion House and elsewhere. People rightly feel they cannot do enough for them. One afternoon there were six motors in the garden waiting to take them for a drive. The chaplain says morning prayers for them in Flemish. Night prayers are in French, which most of them speak, with a decade of the Rosary for 'La Patria'; 'la Réunion des Familles'; 'les Alliés'; et 'la Paix.' With one excep-

tensely grateful to her for disposing of the 'Emden.'"

From the same Convent, M. M. Bernard writes:

"We have a Belgian school now, besides ten Belgians who are in the boarding-school. It is conducted by the Belgian Ursulines, whose convent in Liège was burnt to the ground, and fifty-one of these Sisters arrived destitute at the

Princethorpe Convent. After a three months' stay there Cardinal Mercier desired that as many as were able should go out and help in visiting and looking after the many refugees all over the country. As we have five hundred in York, four of these sisters came here.

"Now, may I ask you to do this little favour and kindness for a Belgian soldier, now a refugee? He was in our ward six weeks and composed there most of the enclosed poems. The printed one was sent to Queen Alexandra and it was much appreciated by her and was bought up like wild-fire by the many visitors to the ward. His wife begs me to try if there would be any sale for these in America. Mrs. Pollaius has a sweet little girl, Marcella, who now comes to school here. She is making her First Communion, and looks so like 'The Little Flower.' The poem, 'Deux Anges,' relates to her and another little one, Eva Milner, who on the day of her First Communion prayed that the poor Sergeant Major might find his child. A week after he received a letter from her, after four months' painful and anxious separation. In the poem dedicated to the First Communicant, after asking her to pray for blessings on her unhappy country and its just cause—the poor soldier implores a prayer for his own little girl:

'Dis-Lui tout doucement mais du fond de ton
coeur
Vous pouvez, Vous devez exaucer ma prière.
Cette petite fille, ô mon Dieu, c'est ma soeur,
Rendez-la, bon Jésus, voulez-vous, à son père?
Afin que toutes deux nous tenant par la main
Nous vivions près de Vous, loin des bruits de la
terre
Au pied de Votre autel!—Et qu' à genoux
demain
Nous unissions nos coeurs en la même prière!"

The charitable zeal which the good Sisters of this time-honored Institute are displaying so actively in England, is emulated as far as possible by their Community in Canada. The little Belgian girls, Hélène and Jeanne Maréchal, who arrived in Toronto but a few weeks ago, have already found a home and friends at Loreto Abbey.

If the love of God is a fire, zeal is its flame.

Silver Jubilee of Mother M. Colombière, Local Superior, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

ON June 13th., Feast of St. Anthony, the Abbey was in festivity. The Jubilantes pealed forth at a very early hour from the organ loft, and the chapel was exquisitely decorated to honour the King of kings, and commemorate the entrance to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, twenty-five years before, of His devoted spouse, Mother M. Colombière. The singing of the students and novices during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was soulful and devotional, and doubtless, many fervent prayers went up from stalls and benches for the Jubilarian who had laboured so faithfully in the Master's service. Floral offerings shed their grateful perfume through chapel and shrine and hall, and from far and near came hearty congratulations. Among the first to send greetings was her brother, Doctor White, of the Normal School, Ottawa.

During the afternoon many visitors came to express in person their felicitations, and they remained to assist at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a fitting close to a truly religious celebration.

"Prometheus Unbound" as an Expression of Shelley's Outlook on Life.

SHELLEY was distinguished by two characteristics which shaped his whole life. He was a dreamer, an idealist, and has given beautiful expression to his yearnings in "Alastor." He was also a violent reformer, a rebel against authority, a vindicator of wrongs real and imaginary, and has given forceful expression to his opinions in "The Revolt of Islam," and "Queen Mab." In his "Prometheus Unbound" he reveals both sides of his personality. Prometheus is "the human vindicator of love, justice, and liberty, as opposed to Jove, the tyrannical oppressor, and creator of all evil by his selfish rule," (Symonds) and the choice of such a character gives Shelley full scope to pour out all his sentiments on subjects of vital importance to him. We have, then, in this poem, his outlook on life: what authority seemed to him and his view of submission to that authority.

We find also, in this poem, Shelley's airy dreams and soul longings, worked out by the machinery over which he has wonderful control. Spirits and echoes and fawns and furies and ideal creations are at his beck and call. "The strife is removed," says Symonds, "into the reign of abstractions, vivified by mythopoetry." The dainty handling of these aerial beings shows Shelley's marvellous power, as Mrs. Shelley puts it, "to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind."

With the knowledge that "Prometheus Unbound" has a twofold interest, revealing as it does, the dual character of Shelley, we set about tracing the application of the poem to the poet's life, with sympathetic eagerness. We find all Shelley's principles of revolt embodied in Prometheus. The Titan addresses the "Monarch of Gods and Daemons" with the utmost scorn:

. "this Earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
requisitest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope."

Chained to the icy rocks, he endures the most inhuman punishments:

. "the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones."

Yet he welcomes the day and the night and "the wingless, crawling hours," for he feels that the time will come at last when he will be free, when Jupiter will kiss the blood from his pale feet, which then might trample him

"If they disdained not such a prostrate slave."

Such is Shelley's view of life: Humanity a chained Titan, Supreme Power a merciless oppressor, the Earth an accursed soil. His sympathy is all with his hero: he tells us in his preface that "Prometheus is, as it were, the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest ends." This, then, is Shelley's ideal, and the spirit of revolt which animated his whole life shows that he lived up to this ideal of "highest perfection," from the days of his early refusal to fag, to his defiance of Oxford professors, resistance against

parental authority and open violation of the laws of God and man.

Prometheus is sustained through his excruciating sufferings by the thought that one day he will be victor:

"Let others flatter Crime, where it sits throned
In brief Omnipotence:"

he says, and again when Mercury refers to the slow years which he must spend in torture, he says with calm hope:

"Perchance no thought can count them, yet they
pass."

Shelley took the side of the oppressed, and no time was too long to wait, provided retribution came at last. He was not a systematic reformer; his bursts of rebellious enthusiasm were spasmodic and occasioned by the social and religious upheavals of the passing hour. Whether it was the French Revolution or the question of Catholic Emancipation, or the personal grievance of some individual, he could say, like Prometheus:

"I weigh not what ye do, but what ye suffer."

During the lull between these agitations, Shelley always the dreamer, the visionary, easily put aside his schemes of active reform. He wrote poetry, studied philosophy, formed new friendships, broke old bonds and believed he had found his ideal in Mary Godwin, and all the while he had vague hope that crushed humanity was going to be liberated, that Love would rule the world, and one day impose on Tyranny the shackles with which it fettered mankind. So in "Prometheus Unbound," while the mechanism of the poem demands the prolongation of the hero's suffering, Shelley's full range of poetic power is brought into play. He revels amidst abstractions, he answers the call which comes

"As a wingèd car,
Driven on whirlwinds fast and far,"
and which takes him away

"From wide cities, famine-wasted
Kingly conclaves stern and cold,
Where blood with gold is bought and sold."

He is in the land of spirits, yet not wholly disembodied ones, as in his own life there was ever the interweaving of the abstract and the concrete. Not satisfied with fanciful ideals, he tried

to find them in flesh and blood as his numerous impulsively formed friendships show.

No mere visionary Fury could utter such substantial sayings as:

"The good want power, but to weep barren tears.
The powerful goodness want, worse need for them.

The wise want love; and those who love want wisdom;

And all best things are thus confused to ill."

Prometheus, after listening to the spirits who thronged around him,

"On their sustaining wings of skyey grain,
Orange and azure deepening into gold:"

exults in these air-born shapes, so beautiful that they recall the form of his loved one, Asia, and this remembrance fills him with grief and depression.

. . . . "alas! how heavily
This quiet morning weighs upon my heart; . . .
There is no agony, and no solace left;
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no more."

The thought of Asia is the only comfort left:

"I said all hope was vain but love:"

Love was the ruling law of Shelley's life, every other law was subservient to this, as we see in his unrestrained affections.

In Act II. we have Shelley, the lover of nature, at his best. The enchanting vision of the delicate beauty of the Spirits traced so exquisitely by the Fauns, the "music-tongued" echoes, which reveal the airy sprites living

"Under pink blossoms or within the bells
Of meadow flowers or folded violets deep,"

are fit accessories to the glorified Asia in her transcendent loveliness. This fair being is too ideal to be the counterpart of Shelley's earthly love; she rather coincides with his pantheistic ideas of a spirit animating all nature, a spirit which he worshipped from afar, but too ethereal, too impossible to be embodied in human form. In this fanciful rhapsody Shelley allows himself the full enjoyment of what he knew could never be his in real life.

The rest of the poem gives Shelley's speculative outlook on life—the unbinding of fettered

humanity, the hurling of authority down from its heights, the earth no longer oppressed, but rejoicing that

. . . . "all plants
And creeping forms, and insects rainbow-winged,
And birds, and beasts, and fish, and human shapes,
Which drew disease and pain from my wan bosom,
Draining the poison of despair, shall take
And interchange sweet nutriment."

Finally comes the union between the human spirit and his ideal, his mate, his kindred spirit.

The fourth act, which Dowden calls "a sublime afterthought," and Mrs. Shelley, "A sort of hymn of rejoicing in the fulfilment of the prophecies with regard to Prometheus," seems to us the outlook on the life Shelley might have lived, had not an untimely death taken away his chances of enjoying "the years that bring the philosophic mind."

According to his biographer, Symonds, this is what we might have hoped for him, for even in his thirtieth year, "his self-knowledge was expanding, his character mellowing, and his genius growing daily stronger. . . . At that moment, when life at last seemed about to offer him rest, unimpeded activity and happiness, death robbed the world of his maturity." Although he might have echoed Earth's rhapsody:

"The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness!
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,"

we find his visionary outlook marred by his old spirit, a spirit assuming powerful tangibility and giving utterance to his indomitable views:

"To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

DOROTHY B.

Let us welcome the tragedies of life, for they are meant to educate us. Out of their depths have come the finest poetry, the finest music, the finest speech, the finest characteristics of the world.

Closing Exercises at Loreto Academy.

From the Daily Record, Niagara Falls, Ont., Friday, June 18, 1915.)

Pupils Give Enjoyable Entertainment.

Yesterday afternoon the 54th. Annual Commencement Exercises were held at Loreto Convent, and were largely attended by the parents and friends of the students.

The spacious room looked very beautiful—the platform half veiled by palms and ferns, a note of colour at the front being given by large vases of magnificent roses and peonies, whilst sheafs of marguerites surrounded the middle pillars. The windows were gracefully festooned with evergreens and white flowers, the whole being a pretty setting for the sweet, white-robed students.

The programme was as usual highly enjoyable, reflecting great credit upon the pupils themselves, and upon the Sisters, who evidently devote so much time and care to their training.

The opening chorus was peculiarly appropriate at this time, with its strain of patriotism, and was rendered most harmoniously and in perfect unison. The other choruses which followed were equally charming.

The instrumentals, consisting of pianoforte and violin duett, and pianoforte solos were excellent, and a treat to all lovers of music, showing the performers to be masters of their instruments.

"The Crown of Glory," the very pretty little morality playlet given by the class of 1915 (a description of which appears in the programme), was cleverly acted, all the students taking their parts most realistically and their enunciation being clear and distinct.

The juvenile classes with their "songs for little girls" did their parts very prettily and won much applause.

The conferring of honours followed in which the students received their well-merited rewards for their year's work as follows:

Papal Medal for Church History, awarded to Miss Elizabeth Dant. Honorable mention, Miss Margaret O'Malley, Miss Florence Mullin, Miss Angela Duffey.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, presented by Very Reverend Dean Morris, awarded to Miss Mary Elizabeth Carroll. Honorable mention,

Miss Mary Curnen, Miss Gertrude O'Neil, Miss Gertrude Reardon, Miss Jeanette Belvoir.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness, the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Florence Mullin. Honorable mention, Miss Angela Duffey.

Gold Medal for Latin, Miss Angela Duffey. Honorable mention, Miss Florence Mullin.

Gold Medal for Prose Composition, presented by Mr. C. E. Griffith, Chicago, obtained by Miss Florence Mullin. Honorable mention, Miss Angela Duffey, Miss Euphemia Rogers, Miss Lillian Corcoran.

Gold Medal for First Class Honor Standing in Senior Piano, awarded to Miss Florence Peterson.

Gold Medal for General Proficiency in Art, awarded to Miss Euphemia Rogers.

Gold Medal for Excellence in Painting, awarded to Miss Elizabeth Dant.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Painting, awarded to Miss Edmonia Gardiner.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in China Painting, awarded to Miss Louise Scully.

Prize for Elocution, awarded to Miss Margaret O'Malley. Honorable mention, Miss C. Barringer, Miss L. Corcoran.

Prize for Darning, obtained by Miss Gertrude Reardon. Honorable mention, Miss Mary Murray, Miss Mary Curnen and Miss Ynez Allen.

Prize for Sewing, equally merited by Miss A'Deane Millar and Miss Edmonia Gardiner. Honorable mention, Miss Mary Bampfield, Miss Louise Scully, Miss Ynez Allen and Miss Margaret Bracken.

Prize for Personal Neatness, equally merited by Miss Mary Dawson, Miss Edna Bennett, Miss Mary Bampfield, and Miss Kathryn Kuehl, obtained by Miss Kathryn Kuehl.

Prize for Amiability, awarded by vote of companions to Miss Edmonia Gardiner.

Prize for Good Conduct and Fidelity to School Rules, awarded to Miss May Dawson.

Prize for Prompt Return after each vacation, equally merited by Miss Mary Dawson, Miss Anita Mulqueen, Miss Ynez Allen, Miss Mary Bampfield and Miss Edna Bennett, obtained by Miss Edna Bennett.

Diploma for Stenography and Typewriting, obtained by Miss Helen O'Brien.

Dean Morris of St. Catharines addressed the pupils, in the absence of the Archbishop of Toronto, who could not be present through stress of work.

The Dean said how much he had enjoyed the programme, which reflected not only credit upon the pupils themselves, but upon the devoted Sisters who lavished so much time and care upon them. Not only at the present time would the results of their labours be felt, but in after life, through whatever responsibilities they were called upon to pass, the lessons and morals they had learned in that beautiful convent, surrounded by the scenic beauty of the Niagara River would, he trusted, always be remembered.

He heartily congratulated the Senior Class on the honour and distinction they had won, and hoped that the life opening up before them in a broader sphere would be a very happy one, and best of all, that the grace of God would rest upon them.

He also congratulated the younger classes on the step higher to which most of them had been raised, and on the prizes which they had won and which he knew were always keenly contested for. In closing he wished them all a very happy holiday.

"Ave Maria Loreto," followed by "God Save the King," brought a most enjoyable programme to an end.

"What are ye ringing, ye bells,

Now what do you ring for me?

For my soldier lad, he is home from war,

My ship, it is home from sea?

Now what are ye ringing, ye bells,

With your voices brave and wide?

Are ye shouting a paean for those who live,

Or an anthem for those who died?

O we are ringing for peace to-night,

On either side of the sod!

And we'll ring and swing till our shouts are heard

To the utmost realm of God!" —*Coombs.*

CROWNING OF THE GRADUATES.

My Old Kentucky Home

Irish Airs—

(a) Silent Oh Moyle.....

(b) The Minstrel Boy.....

Hark, Jolly Shepherds.....

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Piano, Liebesträume, No. 3.....*Liszt*

Two Rose Songs—

(a) Roses Everywhere*Denza*

(b) Lovely Rose*Vincent*

Piano Transcription*Rossini-Liszt*

"THE CROWN OF GLORY,"

A morality playlet in which Rosalba, a young artist, desiring to surpass her rivals in competition for a prize for the best painting, is overcome by a boundless ambition for earthly glory. The Spirit of True Glory appears to her in a dream, and shows her the folly of striving after only worldly honours. Wealth, Beauty, and Erudition sue for the Crown, offering her earthly gain. At last, Fair Sanctity and Lovely Innocence appear, to both of whom are awarded a Shining Circlet. Rosalba, awakening, realizes the emptiness and vanity of all things under the sun save what is done for God, which alone merits an everlasting "Crown of Glory."

Presented by the Class of 1915, as follows:

Genius.....*MISS CORNELIA BARRINGER*

Wealth and Omission.. *MISS LILLIAN CORCORAN*

Erna.....*MISS ANGELA DUFFEY*

Spirit of Mercy.....*MISS ELIZABETH DANT*

Rosalba.....*MISS FLORENCE MULLIN*

Spirit of True Glory.....

.....*MISS MARGARET O'MALLEY*

Sanctity.....*MISS EUPHEMIA ROGERS*

Beauty.....*MISS JOSEPHINE SPALDING*

Songs for Little Girls—

(a) "Happy Day"

(b) "June"

CONFERRING OF HONOURS.

AVE MARIA LORETO.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Classes resumed Tuesday, September 7, 1915.

Good breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life it often does what good nature will not always do—it keeps both wits and fools within the bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress and which the latter never know.

Travel-Talks.

"TRAVEL-TALKS," a new book by Dean Harris, is a rare volume, exceptional not only for the author's well-known classic diction but for the general as well as particular information imparted by every page.

Truly, all fields of knowledge overlap.

Our priest-author, who has sojourned in many lands, this time takes us to Mexico, the land of famous adventure, exploration, enterprise, and latterly, of mystery.

We use the term "mystery" because so many present-day scribblers and preachers in the employment of their poisonous pens and tongues, would have us believe that because there is constant strife in Mexico among the Indians, Mexican half-breeds, and the inhabitants of pure European origin, it is the fault of their religion—that religion which, from 1539, had done so much for Mexico until 1834, when its arm was shortened by an ungodly, avaricious government; that religion which had made of Mexico the Sion still cherished in loving memory by the Indians of Mexico.

What lettered reader or traveller, especially of the New World, does not delight in the history of the missions of Mexico and California!

Our Reverend author takes us through Mexico, Arizona and Southern California, introducing us first to the "Fighting Yaquis" of Sonora, north-west Mexico, the very Indians who at the present moment, are giving trouble to the United States. Of them the broken-hearted Montezuma said to his conqueror, Cortez—"You may take possession of all my empire, and subdue all its tribes—but, the Yaqui, never."

These Indians were converted by the early Catholic missionaries.

The Reverend writer not only describes with the inhabitants the flora and fauna of those regions, but he brings before us the quiet of unfrequented solitudes, and their grandeur of scenery, as the man of God whose tongue is attuned to that reverence which recognizes their Creator in all earth's wonders.

Dean Harris follows lovingly over this territory the self-sacrificing, lonely, but fruitful, lives of the early mission fathers, viz.: Padre Junipero Serra; Fathers Garces, Martin de Arvide, Juan Diaz, Pierre Cousin, Diego de Landa, and Father

Kino, the discoverer, in 1694, of the now famous ruins of Casas Grandes, southern Arizona.

The Casas Grandes are magnificent, palatial ruins which were old when, in 1521, Cortez conquered Mexico.

In connection with these ruins our author mentions an earlier author, Padre Marcos, a missionary who, in 1539, visited Casa Grandes, then known by its Indian name, "Chichilitical."

Every word of our author carries conviction; he has come to his subject with all due preparation.

As to the charm of the book nothing could more fittingly suggest it than a few lines from the author's "Short talk with the reader":

"The romance and weird fascination which belongs to immense solitudes and untenanted wilds, are fading away, and, in a few years, will be as if they were not. The intangible and the immaterial leave no memories after them. The march of civilization is a benediction for the future, but it is also a devastation, before which savage nature and savage man must go down. Unable or unwilling to adapt himself to new conditions and to the demands of a life foreign to his nature and his experience, original man of North America is doomed, like the wild beast he hunted to extinction. For centuries he stubbornly contested the white man's right to invade and seize upon his hunting grounds; he was no coward, and when compelled at last to strike a truce with his enemy, he felt that Fate was against him, yielded to the inevitable and—all was over."

Sweet Briar Rose.

Sweet Briar-Rose, of all blooms most rare,
Fair is this world that you make more fair!
Life is a song of the gladsome spring;
Duty, the burden of bird on wing.

Dear little rose, is your promise pain!
There's sunshine that blasts, and there's blighting rain;
Life's summer has mysteries not in tune
With your beauteous being; our old-time June.

Come, little rose friend, come away!
Your meed is a longer, a fuller day:
Ah, well may your briefest hour suffice;
For you herald the roses of Paradise.

IDRIS.

**The Late Reverend Mother Mary Gonzaga
Barry, First Provincial of the Irish
Branch of the Institute of the
Blessed Virgin Mary in
Australia.**

Panegyric by Reverend J. Ryan, S. J.

WIDE-SPREAD regret has been expressed at the lamented death of Reverend Mother Gonzaga, who passed away on Friday, 5th. inst., at Loreto Abbey, Ballarat, Australia.

The deceased lady came to Australia forty years ago, and was well known and highly esteemed among a wide circle of friends. She was born in Wexford, Ireland, in 1834, and was consequently in her eighty-first year. She entered the Institute to which she was such an acquisition, in 1853, and gave to God and the advancement of His work sixty years of a beautiful and noble life. With seven others she went to Ballarat from the head-house of the Irish Branch of the Institute, Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, in 1875, at the invitation of the late Dr. O'Connor, first Bishop of Ballarat, and in that city laid the foundation of her great Institute, which has to-day no fewer than ten branches within the Commonwealth.

Mother Gonzaga was a woman of bright intellect, and possessed exceptional talent for the transaction of business affairs. Her charity and sympathy for the poor and suffering were unbounded. The convent at Mary's Mount and the beautiful church attached thereto are in themselves a striking monument to her memory, but it may be justly said that the best results of her saintly and devoted life are to be seen in the fine stamp of Christian womanhood which she and the members of her Institute have sent forth from their schools, trained to fight the battle of life. Among those especially is her memory dear, and by them will her death be much regretted.

Numerous telegrams containing words of appreciation of the venerated Religious and of sympathy for the irreparable loss to the Community were received by the Superior. His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne—Most Reverend Dr. Carr—in a touching tribute, said: "Melbourne mourns the death of a great Religious and a great educationist."

Requiem Mass was celebrated at Loreto Abbey, Mary's Mount, on Saturday morning. The function was of a very solemn and impressive nature. At the conclusion, Very Reverend J. Ryan, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuits, preached in the following simple and touching words the panegyric of the venerated Mother Mary Gonzaga, choosing for his text: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and appointed you, that you should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." (John xv., 16.) Father Ryan said:

These words were addressed by Our Lord to His Apostles, whom He was sending forth to teach the nations, and to establish the Kingdom of God, which would last to the end of time. In the eyes of human wisdom the Apostles were utterly unfit for such a gigantic work—they had no earthly means at their disposal, no battleships to sweep the seas, no armies to enforce their decrees. They had no worldly learning to meet the philosophers and sophists of the day. They had no persuasive words of human wisdom to sway the minds of men. They had no experience of statecraft to combat the intrigues of rulers and statesmen. They had no riches to bribe the covetousness of the human heart. Their only arms were patience and humility; their only statesmanship, simplicity; their only riches, poverty; their only eloquence, truth. But they had been carefully trained in the school of their Divine Master for the great work which they were destined to accomplish; and, armed with His Divine Commission, and upheld by His Omnipotent Hand, they succeeded. They taught the nations and gathered them into the universal empire of the Church of Christ. Their teaching changed the face of the earth; it knocked the fetters from the hands of the slave; it tamed the savage barbarians and moulded out of them the modern nations of Christendom; it elevated woman from a degraded being to her rightful place as man's equal and partner; it has given us a new calendar of time. Long before there were any Education Departments it founded our universities, and established schools for the children of the poor. It has filled our cities and towns with charitable institutions. It has, in a word, given us the civilization of which the modern world is so justly proud.

Nor was the work of the Apostles to be confined to one age or generation. Their Divine Master meant that work to be carried on in His Church to the consummation of the world. To secure this end in every generation, He selects chosen souls and prepares them and appoints them for apostolic work according to the needs of the times. In the fourth century He raised up Athanasius to withstand the onslaughts of Arianism. In the fifth century Augustine was chosen to combat the Donatists, and, later on, Dominic, Francis, and Ignatius were raised up to withstand the heretics of their times.

Nor was the apostolic work of the Church confined to men. Some of the most brilliant pages of Church History are adorned by the deeds of heroic women. Who has not heard of the sainted Empress Pulcheria, of St. Brigid of Ireland, of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, of St. Catherine of Siena, of St. Teresa of Avila, of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, of Blessed Mother Barat, of Nano Nagle, of Mother Macauley, and of hundreds of others that might be named?

And, speaking to you, Religious and children of Loreto, which of you has not been stimulated to noble deeds by reading the Life of Mary Ward, the foundress of the Institute of Our Lady—that noble woman who, through evil report, and amidst a jungle of crosses and contradictions, held on with such superhuman constancy to the great work which Our Lord appointed for her in the founding of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Irish members of which are popularly known as “Loreto nuns.” Here I shall make a slight digression to explain the name “Loreto nuns.” In 1644, Mary Ward founded a convent of the Blessed Virgin Mary near York. The community moved later to the house in York known now as St. Mary’s Convent, Micklegate Bar. There, early in the last century, Frances Ball, a young Irish lady, sent by Doctor Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, was trained in the religious life, made her profession as a member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and, with her companions, sailed for Ireland to establish there the same Institute. Having great devotion to the Hidden Life of Our Lord, she named her first foundation “Loreto Abbey,” hence the popular title “Loreto nuns” given to the members of the Irish Branch,

to which Branch belonged the venerated Religious whose loss we mourn.

I need not say, my dear Sisters, that in your late beloved Mother you had a striking instance of a noble soul, chosen and prepared by Divine Providence to accomplish a great work, the fruit of which remains in the flourishing Australian Province of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of which Province she was the foundress, and, for so many years, the guiding spirit.

If I were to consult my own feelings on this occasion of your great sorrow, I would say but a few words of sympathy and condolence; but His Lordship, the devoted friend of your Mother Provincial, Mother Mary Gonzaga Barry, has thought otherwise, and has asked me to give some details of her edifying life.

Chosen, as Mother Gonzaga was, to do a great and lasting work for the glory of God in this new land, she was carefully prepared from her infancy for its successful accomplishment. The Holy Ghost took possession of her soul from her entrance into this world, being in danger of death at her birth, she received private baptism. Her childhood was passed in the environment of a truly Catholic home, where from the dawn of reason her thoughts and affections were raised above the things of earth and directed to things of heaven. The saints were to her living realities, with whom she held affectionate converse. She delighted in hearing stories of their lives. That tender, filial devotion to Our Lady, for which during her long life she was so remarkable, was a kind of instinct with her from her earliest childhood; and her chief recreation was to cull the sweetest and most beautiful flowers she could find to decorate the little altar of Our Lady in the nursery.

The foundation of a liberal education was laid in her home, and a natural taste for elevating literature was cultivated. She continued her studies at Loreto Abbey, Gorey, and finished them in the mother house of the Irish Institute at Rathfarnham, which then, as now, held foremost place among the most successful schools of Ireland.

Her school-days ended, she returned home, and devoted herself to works of charity among the poor of the surrounding district. But already the call of Our Lord to devote herself entirely to His service resounded in her pure young

heart. She was not deaf to that heavenly call, but prompt and diligent to accomplish God's Holy Will, and in the nineteenth year of her age she bade eternal farewell to the fascinations and hollow joys of the world and entered the novitiate of Loreto Abbey, Gorey. In this school of sanctity, under the guidance of Mother Benedicta Somers, the young novice advanced from virtue to virtue, and gave evidence of those extraordinary gifts for which she was remarkable in after life. Conspicuous among these gifts was her talent for government. After her noviceship, she was chosen to fill the most important offices of the community—when quite young she was appointed Mistress of Novices—and when a new foundation was made at Enniscorthy, she was appointed its first Superior. So successful was her administration that her memory is still held in benediction there. In this way the Providence of God prepared Mother Gonzaga for the great work of her life in Australia.

In 1874, this new diocese of Ballarat was established, and Dr. Michael O'Connor was appointed its first Bishop. As he had been parish priest at Rathfarnham, he was well acquainted with the zealous Religious of Loreto Abbey, and asked the Superior for a community to help him in the pioneer work of his distant mission. His request was granted. Mother Gonzaga was chosen Superior of the new foundation, and, on the 20th. May, 1875, the little band, consisting of eight nuns and two postulants (several of these generous souls are still living) left the shores of Ireland, and, sailing from Plymouth, on the 24th. of the same month, landed at Melbourne on the 19th. of July.

The presbytery at Ballarat East was placed at their disposal as a temporary residence; but within a few weeks this most beautiful and suitable property on the shores of Wendouree was purchased. Mother Gonzaga dedicated it to Our Lady under the title of Mary's Mount, and her life-work in Australia, for which she had been chosen and prepared, began. As in all great works, undertaken for God's greater glory, difficulties and crosses were not wanting. The new foundation was penniless. A crushing debt had to be incurred in the purchase of this valuable property, and in the building and appointments of a superior school suitable to the needs of the times. But Mother Gonzaga's confidence in God,

which was one of her chief characteristics, never failed her. She spared no expense in making the school a first-class educational institution, and pupils came in, not only from the diocese of Ballarat, but from various other parts of Australia. Within a short time the high reputation, which has been maintained and increased up to the present day, was established; and, what was still more important, many excellent postulants entered the novitiate, and, as the community increased, many offshoots were sent out, not only through the diocese, but also to Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Western Australia.

It is unnecessary to say that all this extraordinary activity and expansion were due, under God, to the wonderful foresight and management of Mother Gonzaga, who was the heart and brain of every new development, not only in the mother-house at Mary's Mount, but in every one of the convents under her jurisdiction.

So far we have only been considering the external activity of Mother Gonzaga in laying the foundations, broad and deep, of her Institute in a new land. But what shall I say of herself, and of those rare gifts of hers, both natural and supernatural, which she possessed in such an eminent degree. I can say, with all truth, I have never known a woman of more varied gifts, and all so admirably blended that it is difficult to analyze them. She had the rare faculty of assimilating and retaining all she learned, and from a child she was endowed with powers of observation of a peculiarly refined order. Nature was to her an open book, and she looked from Nature up to Nature's God. She found tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing. She delighted in poetry, and as a child learned by heart many passages of the most beautiful and inspiring poems of our language. She read deeply all her life, and each one of her thousands of letters testifies to the literary treasures of her well-stored mind. Her language is always simple, graceful, elevating, and appropriate to the subject. If she had written books they would undoubtedly have found a very wide circle of sympathetic readers. Her letters to her old pupils especially are gems of epistolary composition.

Another of her rare natural gifts was foresight. She seemed instinctively to anticipate the wants of the times. I have heard she was one

of the first, if not the first, in Australia, to introduce into her schools the kindergarten system which is now so universal.

Years before the law for the registration of teachers was introduced in Australia she foresaw that registration was sure to come, and brought out an expert from Cambridge to instruct her nuns in all the latest and most improved methods of education. Thus, when the Registration of Teachers Act became law, she was already prepared for the emergency. As early as 1884, Mother Gonzaga established a Training College at Dawson Street for the training of teachers, and it supplied excellent teachers to many Catholic schools in various parts of Australia, and also gave many excellent subjects to different religious Orders.

In 1905, the Bishops of the State of Victoria entrusted her with the work of establishing the Training College at Albert Park, which is now so well known as one of the foremost educational institutions of the kind in Australia.

Another striking characteristic of the Reverend Mother was her sympathy—who ever conversed with her even casually and did not feel it? Her hand went out to all God's creatures, especially to those in trouble. "The human heart," she would say, "is capable of great expansion—there is room in it for all God would have us love, if only He holds the first place." This golden sentence, which is worthy of St. Teresa, gives us a true picture of her all-embracing sympathy.

Is there one of all her nuns or pupils that has not felt the magnetic influence of that sympathy? Can any one say that she ever forgot a friend? An old Roman poet has said that while you are in good circumstances you will number many friends, but when poverty or reverses come upon you, they will give you a wide berth. Such was not the friendship of Mother Gonzaga; on the contrary, it was precisely when sorrow or adversity was severest that her friendship was deepest and most sincere. To this hundreds can testify. Her love, like that of her Divine Spouse, was strong as death.

It was this universal sympathy which drew all hearts to her, and knitted them to her soul with bands of steel. It was this that gave her that wonderful influence over all who came within the circle of her acquaintance; but over her nuns

this influence was quite phenomenal. Her least word was obeyed to the letter, the slightest indication of her wishes was immediately translated into action. Nor was her sympathy confined to the members of her own Institute; it extended to all the Orders of the Church that are doing the work of God. She heartily rejoiced in their success, and sorrowed with them in their trials.

So far I have only been dealing with those characteristics which adorned her outward life. But what shall I say of her interior virtues? The beauty of the King's daughter is from within. Notwithstanding her many duties and cares, it might be truly said of her that she was buried with Christ in God. His Holy Will was her Polar Star, to which she ever looked for guidance. "Remember," she would say, "it is the pure intention that merits the eternal reward, before which all that is earthly pales and fades into insignificance." It was this constant union with God that gave such efficacy to all her words: It was this which made her a link between souls and God. It was this which gave her that superhuman courage that made her undertake works which to human prudence might seem reckless folly. It was this that made her lay the foundations of this exquisite church. She knew that God would not fail her, and He did not. In a wonderful way funds were supplied, which enabled her to erect and complete this graceful temple—a gem of ecclesiastical architecture.

In all her cares her soul clung to the Strong Living God whose Omnipotent Hand always upheld her. "Cling to God, my children," she would say; "cling to Him as a wise and loving Father who knows what is best and always gives it to His children, even though that best may not always be the pleasantest." In her heaviest trials this confidence never failed her. Truly, we may apply to her the words of Our Lord to the Canaanite woman, "O woman, great is thy faith."

It was this confidence also which made her so uncompromising when she considered principles were at stake, and this same confidence made her sunny-hearted and brave. No wonder, then, she had such power to inspire others with hope and trust in darkest hours. Hers was a sensitive nature, but she had her feelings under control. "People think," she remarked once, "that troubles sit lightly on me, but sometimes when I

laugh and talk at recreation there is a lump in my throat, but I smile, for I cannot afford to let myself be downhearted." "We should remember," she wrote, "that the failure of our dearest hopes will appear as success in the light of eternity."

With this absolute confidence in God was united a most tender and childlike devotion to Our Lady. All through her long life the Feasts of Our Lady were as landmarks to her; and she ever sought to inspire her nuns and pupils with her own tender love for Mary Immaculate.

Like the heroic foundress of the Institute, Mary Ward, love of the Institute was an absorbing passion of Mother Gonzaga. To consolidate that Institute she devoted all her talents and prayers for many years. To help this work she undertook five voyages to Europe, and her fervent wish was that she might live to see that work accomplished. Here, again, her confidence in Our Lord and His Blessed Mother was amply rewarded, and, I believe, the happiest day of her life was that on which she received a cable from Mother General announcing that the Holy See had confirmed the new Constitutions of the Institute.

After a long life, devoted wholly to God, the death of Mother Gonzaga was such as we should expect. It was the death of a saint. During her long and painful illness no word of complaint ever escaped her; her patience and resignation were truly admirable. We read of St. Teresa that when the Viaticum was brought to her on her death-bed, she cried out in an ecstasy of delight, "O my Lord and my God, the long-wished-for hour is at last come when we shall see each other face to face!" Such, too, were the sentiments of Mother Gonzaga. Shortly before the end she said, "I feel like a child going home for a holiday." And yet, with all that longing desire for death, she was full of tender thoughts for others. The day before Christmas Eve, she was very weak and asked to see me, as she had something to say to me. What was it? "Father," she said, earnestly, "do ask Our Lord not to take me before Christmas; it would be so sad for the dear nuns." I know she prayed earnestly for that, and her prayer was heard.

During over forty years in the sacred ministry, I have stood by many a death-bed, but never have I witnessed a death-scene more consoling, more

edifying, more saintly, than the passing of Mother Gonzaga Barry.

My dear Sisters, great as your sorrow must be at the loss of such a Mother, yet it is not without some consolations. Is it not a consolation that the long-continued agony which, for the past half-year, has constantly wrung your hearts, has come to an end in a most peaceful, happy death? I know well that, while there was a gleam of hope, there is not one of you that would not gladly have sacrificed her life to retain your Mother among you; but is there one of you who at this moment would wish to bring her back to her bed of suffering?

She has fought the good fight, she has finished her course, she has kept the faith, she has completed the noble work which God had appointed for her, she is now within reach of that incorruptible crown of glory which her Divine Master has prepared for her (if she has not already actually attained it). Which of you could wish for an instant to withhold from her that well-earned crown?

But, devoted as was her life, and saintly as was her death, still we must not fail to recommend her to God's infinite mercy. Instinctively we may feel disposed to ask her intercession before the throne of God rather than to pray that God may grant her that eternal repose which we may hope she already enjoys. But filial duty and Christian charity, and the universal practice of the Church demand our earnest prayers that, should any of the dust of human frailty still remain on her pure soul, it may be quickly washed away in the precious blood of the Lamb, that eternal rest may be granted to her, and that that light which knows no decline may shine on Mother Mary Gonzaga Barry, the foundress of the Australian Province of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The walls that lie across our paths, the circumstances that hem us in, are part of a divine plan which stretches through boundless time. Faith shall be more than justified when, beyond these shadows, we shall stand in the light. We shall know in that day that every calamity that swept away life or happiness, every blow that smote the heart and emptied the life, was love's messenger.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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JULY, 1915.

What irony there is in history! A century ago, at this very time, all the Monarchies of Europe were hurrying their legions for conflict with the hated Corsican, who had seized a crown, crushed Kings under his heel, and, defeated at last, had escaped from confinement, raised fresh armies, become an emperor once more, and was preparing to stake his fortune on the issue of battle. His sun went down at Waterloo. A fugitive, not without terror for his life, he threw himself on the hospitality of the British nation. He was taken to St. Helena and there was kept under watch and ward till death released him from captivity. Had it not been for his own discontented soul, ever dreaming of the splendid past and the glories in which he had played the creative rôle, he might have found on the island

a comfort and repose such as fall to the lot of few men on earth. But his was a caged spirit. An eagle that has soared above inaccessible mountains and sped with unbroken flight across boundless plains is not gladly mewed. Only as the months became years did time succeed in plucking out one by one the feathers of pride and power.

We ask ourselves what Napoleon's life meant for mankind. He won battles and lost them. He overturned thrones and saw his own overturned. He was, if not absolutely responsible at least a direct party to the slaughter and murder of thousands upon thousands of men. Of all he did, nothing but the glory or the shame of it—view it as we will—remains. The England he hated and the Russia he attacked and the Belgium he overran are to-day the allies of the country of which he once was sovereign lord and emperor. Such is the change of but one hundred years. How small the greatest conquerors are! Napoleon at St. Helena is a satire on earthly splendor and human pretension.

A glance at the map shows how ephemeral are the boundaries of empires, how hollow are the splendors of fame. Vanity of vanities. Will men ever come to admire and praise only those heroes who live to benefit their fellow men, not to slay them?

*

A fact that dominates the mental attitude of the French people with regard to the war is their absolute confidence in the talent and conscience of General Joffre. "Joffre the Silent," as he is often called, has gained their confidence, not by high-flown phrases or theatrical demonstrations (indeed, the reticence of his official "communiqués" has often been a trial at crucial moments). It is what they know of his acts that makes them trust him as one can trust a single-hearted, determined, conscientious leader, whose whole mind is bent on achieving the one object that he has in view, and who is absolutely imper-

vious to secondary considerations and to personal motives.

From another standpoint, General Joffre deserves the sympathy of Catholics. It is no secret that, although he was always a man of high character, whose public and private life was above reproach, he was not, before the war, a practical Catholic. His views in this respect, say those who are best qualified to know, have undergone a change. It is a blessing in the present and a happy omen for the future to possess a leader whose fearless pursuit of the highest duty is backed by the finest qualities of heart and mind, and who is helped by the illumination of religious faith.

General de Castelnau, one of General Joffre's best-known colleagues, is a fervent Catholic; of his five soldier-sons, two have been killed since the beginning of the war, and the superhuman courage, born of Christian submission, with which their father received the news, without interrupting for a moment his arduous task, will never be forgotten by his comrades.

*

The names prominent in the war news have many memories for good Stevensonians. For was it not on the river Sambre, the scene of so much fighting, that R. L. S. and Sir Walter Simpson made the famous canoe journey described in an "Inland Voyage," being mistaken alternately for lords, spies, and pedlars? And who can read of Mauberge without recalling the driver of the hotel omnibus, "or mean-enough-looking little man," who, recognizing a fellow spirit in R. L. S., confided his burning ambition to travel the far places of the earth, and inspired a purple passage on the joy of such as can be tramps, "and sleep under trees, and see the dawn and the sunset every day above a new horizon."

*

Among the touching ceremonies witnessed in Belgium during Easter week were the pilgrimages made by the poor people of the invaded dis-

tricts to many Calvaries now marked with shot and shell, around which sleep unnumbered dead. The churches in Brussels were crowded with mourning thousands on Good Friday, but were shorn of much of their usual brightness and splendour on Easter Sunday.

There were no decorated shop-windows, and no pyramids of flowers for sale at the street-corners. The little children who had been accustomed to go out into the gardens to listen for Madame La Cloche, the great bell of Rome, which, with all the other bells of the world, rings out on Holy Thursday, and which is imbued with a personality, by an old Flemish Legend, did not seek for cadeaux this year cachéd amongst the flowers, and Madame La Cloche was silent.

But one beautiful and touching ceremony took place as usual, and most touching of all was it in ruined parishes behind the firing line and within sound of the guns. This was First Communion in the villages, on Easter Sunday, with all the customary solemnity. It was indeed one of the most tragic contrasts of the war to see the long lines of little girls in white and little boys in black with shoulderknots, and all carrying lighted tapers, making their way to the semi-ruined churches which had been repaired as well as rough material would permit, and there receiving the Bread of Life.

The children paid the customary visit in the villages also, although instead of the sweet bell of peace days one could hear the boom of guns which told of the terrific struggle unrelaxed so close to them.

*

René Bazin, the famous French novelist, has been in Rome and has had an audience with the Holy Father.

"I have had the great honor," he says, "of being received by the new Pope. I have seen restored the old ceremonial which so well suits that universal spiritual power which alone has

kept up the habit of judging without delegation the great causes of the world. I have seen a benevolent Pope, and I found myself full of joy that I had come to him. Were I to describe him I should say that, unlike many Italians, he has not expressive features, but that thoughtfulness and the wish to know the miseries of the world, have sculptured his face. Rarely have I encountered a look so intelligent, so grave, so intensely full of attention. The Pope wants to know. He wants to understand completely the causes that are brought before him; one feels that he has a most loyal heart, and that he will not change when he has given his word, or in his friendship, or, above all, in what God commands and sustains him for the defense of the truth. I shall not relate my audience—that is one of those things that respect and refinement should prevent. But what I can say is, that in the conflict which divides the world, I found him as clear-sighted as I had hoped, and that in his great soul I recognized not only the desire for peace, but that most perfect of the blessings of peace: a keen sense of justice, pity for suffering, and power of divining causes. I left him truly happy and thanking God for having given another good Pope to the Church.”

*

Our millinery modes come from Paris—on pain of being *demodé*—but our fashions in thought flow chiefly from those who set the intellectual styles.

Of course, not all of us can move among the *élite*. We have not the mental means to enable us to go the pace. Only the intellectually opulent can afford to enter the ultra-fashionable circles.

Scientific consciousness is being developed. Nothing else is *comme il faut*. Business, language, food, politics, dress, religion, even wanton, unenthralled art itself, everything bids fair to conform to the scientific design. It is inevitable. Science is the vogue. You cannot keep up intellectual appearances without it.

In the days of military civilizations consciousness was military. Our language is still steeped with martial terms, reminiscent of our ancient bellicose habitudes. In the era of the chase we had a hunting consciousness, as our psychologists inform us. And in its memory we still use phrases like “the pursuit of truth.”

Nowadays we are developing a scientific vocabulary. When we wish to express our feelings about a thing the erudite portion of us speaks of our “reaction” on it.

The laboratory is settling everything. And what it cannot settle is taboo. God Himself is being subjected to experimental methods, and all that part of Him that does not bear scientific observation, analysis, and conclusion, is made short shift of.

Last century the scientific viewpoint had been introduced only to a few stars of intellectual fashion. It was *recherché*, exclusive. That is why we did not hear much about it. But in the twentieth century this scientific style, that was first worn by the upper ten thousand, is passing, as styles always do, down to the masses. Now everybody can have one, can wear a scientific bonnet, can talk in scientific technology.

That is why the scientific consciousness is looking important. But it is only a fashion. It will pass. All fashions do. The permanent thing is the clothes. In following different fashions from season to season we are relieved of monotony and permitted to exercise, and therefore to cultivate, our ingenuity—an invaluable achievement.

But our inventiveness is sorely taxed, so we are bound in time to resort to our discarded patterns. The modistes allow about seven years for the return of a style. In the mental realm it takes longer.

Some of our latest contemporary ideas point to the revival of views entertained by the ancient Greeks and the more ancient Hindoos.

After science has run its course, and after

some yet unborn mode of thinking has developed, and established, and become obsolete, then who knows but that the old-fashioned Christian, nowadays growing increasingly antiquated, may find the simple garments with which he is mentally clad coming again into favor and setting the fashion?

*

"Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother," by Arthur Christopher Benson.

Although the public life of Mgr. Benson as preacher, controversialist, lecturer, novelist, man of letters, maker of "miracle" plays, even writer of a patriotic scena for a music-hall, was lived entirely during the eleven years from his conversion to his death, and the full-length official biography of him is to be written by Father Martindale, S. J., yet his elder brother feels, very naturally, that there were facts of a brilliant and engaging personality appreciated and admired more understandingly by those who knew Robert Hugh Benson, not as a Catholic ecclesiastic, but as a child, a boy, and a man in the warm intimacy of home life and in the familiarity of close relationship. So Mr. Arthur C. Benson, the well-known essayist, has thought it well "to draw in broad strokes and simple outlines" a picture of his brother's personality. Never was a loving desire more amply justified by fine achievement. Never did a writer set himself a more gracious or a more difficult task. A. C. B.'s own preface reveals the difficulty:

"... the one characteristic which emerges whenever I think of him, is that of a beautiful charm, not without a touch of wilfulness and even petulance about it, which gave him a childlike freshness, a sparkling zest, that aerated and enlivened all that he did or said."

To depict a beautiful charm, a childlike freshness, a sparkling zest is a task for a supreme literary artist. Like a true artist, Mr. Benson has relied on candor and sincerity to achieve his aim. The result is a work of exquisite grace,

beauty, and feeling—a tribute that matches its object in frankness, lovingness, courage, and charm. One thing will gratify Catholics greatly in this book. As we all know, Mgr. Benson's public life was lived entirely as a Catholic, but Mr. A. C. Benson's gracious work reveals the fact that even in such a personal matter as intimacy with his own family the flowering time was after his conversion. Not that anything could increase the wonderful mutual love which bound Mgr. Benson and his mother together, but his family generally saw him more frequently and more intimately in his Catholic days than before, and Mr. Arthur Benson's "own close companionship with him really began when he came first as a Roman Catholic to Cambridge." His conversion gave him freedom and happiness, and his being grew in sweetness and strength until the end that to his brother "was not like an end: it was as though he had turned a corner and was passing on, out of sight but still unquestionably there. It seemed to me like the death of a soldier or a knight, in its calmness of courage, its splendid facing of the last extremity, its magnificent determination to experience, open-eyed and vigilant, the dark crossing."

*

Serenity is so good to see—so restful, so comforting, so helpful! Why cannot we have more serene women—gentlewomen of an age, alas, that is past and gone? Doubtless this lack, like many others, can be laid at the door of age—this successful, hurrying, rampant, raging age after accomplishments, pleasures, money, good times, preferment, what not. And as the sower must reap the tares with the wheat, so the children of this age must bind in with their finished sheaves, the tares of lost illusions, vanished refinements, and ruined dispositions. That is, if they are in the race.

Some there are whose philosophy enables them to sit by the roadside and watch the endless procession, finding in the scene an enjoyment the

travellers wot not of. These are the serene people of life.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. "The Catholic's Ready Answer," a Popular Vindication of Christian Beliefs and Practices against the Attacks of Modern Criticism. By Reverend M. P. Hill, S. J., 8vo., cloth, net, \$2.00 (postage extra).

There exist several volumes of answers to questions asked by those seeking information upon Catholic matters but "The Catholic's Ready Answer" is by far the best and most complete work of the kind published.

Timely, to the very hour, is the subject-matter of this valuable work. While the very old objections against the Faith are cleverly refuted, it is to the objections of to-day that the author brings the stress of a remarkably keen mind.

The number and the variety of the questions treated enable the reader to give apt replies to all manner of objections against revealed religion and the teachings of the Church. Mixed Marriages, Divorce, Workingmen's Conditions, Labor Unions, Strikes, Socialism, Eugenics, Cremation, Evolution, Science and the Bible, Free Thought, Free Love, The Higher Criticism, Christian Science, are some of the titles which show how very much up-to-date Father Hill's book is.

It is a strong, conclusive, and convincing book—invaluable for the Catholic and just the thing to present to a non-Catholic friend.

*

"The Message of Moses and Modern Higher Criticism," a Lecture Given in Houston Hall, University of Pennsylvania, by Reverend Francis E. Gigot, D. D. 8vo., paper, net, \$0.15 (Benziger Brothers).

Within its small compass this work supplies the information required for an accurate comprehension of the main points at issue between the

traditional position concerning the message of Moses and the theories of Modern Higher Criticism. It likewise sets forth in a brief, yet it is hoped sufficient, manner the principal grounds which can be appealed to in order to vindicate the correctness of Jewish and Christian tradition concerning Moses' literary work and monotheistic message.

*

"Roma"—Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture, by Reverend Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. (Benziger Brothers).

Subterranean Rome, which has been so graphically described by Dr. Kuhn, comes to an end with this issue, to the regret of many readers, we are sure, for Dr. Kuhn has described the city of the Holy Martyrs of our Faith—the Catacombs—with special affection, drawing his information partly from the best and latest authorities and partly from his many personal investigations.

Part IX. contains, approximately, forty illustrations printed on a special coated paper, which brings out clearly the fine details of the picture.

*

"The Mad Knight." From the original of O. von Schaching. 16mo., cloth, \$0. 35.

This story is adapted from that famous classic, "Don Quixote." Those to whom the reading of the entire work would be too tedious will find the very cream of Cervantes' masterpiece between the covers of this modest little volume.

*

"Like Unto a Merchant," by Mary Agatha Gray (Benziger Brothers). Net, \$1.35. Post-paid, \$1.45.

Mrs. Gray's fame as a novelist will be enhanced by this book, the plot of which is fresh and unhackneyed, and the language as sweet and simple as the heroine of the tale. An olden English village is the locale wherein moves a world of action, and here the intense soul-searching of serious people—old and young—as they grope to

find "the pearl of great price"—the story and the title hinging on Our Saviour's parable—makes a dramatic appeal that could not be excelled by any phase of city life. There are thrilling episodes, humorous touches, and pathetic passages, and, as the plot evolves, a very beautiful love story is unfolded that will delight even the most prosaic reader.

The story is one of strong contrasts. In it we meet many people of widely different views and dispositions. We become acquainted with the shallow and narrow-minded, sound the depths of a good man's heart in its struggles toward the light, and witness the emergence of a soul from the thralldom of doubt into the freedom of faith. Without pause or halt we enter into a mystery that gradually unfolds the lives of nearly all the characters, while at the same time we are following their individual efforts for the truth. One by one, for various motives and in ways suited to their different characters, the good folk of Bars-tow seek and find "The Pearl of Great Price."

*

"Miralda." A Story of Cuba. Adapted by Katherine Mary Johnston. 16mo., cloth, 35 cents (Benziger Brothers).

The reader is made acquainted with Miralda, a young girl who, having been freed from slavery herself, bends every effort to obtain her father's freedom. The picture of Cuban life under the Spanish régime is well drawn and gives us a glimpse of a time but rarely treated in literature.

There is always a certain amount of enchantment about a beautiful character. We all know what it is to meet those whose quality and beauty of character we admire and esteem. How it thrills us with the dignity of its gracious mystery, its rare, delicate sympathy, its natural charm! Every one in this transitory life of ours has in his or her mind the ideal of what he or she would like to be, and the loftier and nobler the ideal, the more beautiful will the character become.

Robert Hugh Benson.

AT midday on Monday, October 19th., I was standing outside Victoria Station with a newly-bought war edition, turning hurriedly to the stop-press page for news from the front. Instead, I found a dozen or so words that left me stunned. "Monsignor Benson, the famous Roman Catholic preacher and novelist, died suddenly at Salford early this morning."

It seemed so impossible. Young, and boyish at that (he was only 43), his very name spelt in one's mind vitality—overflowing, effervescent, irrepressible. A bare hour earlier I had been in the middle of one little set of his activities—discussing arrangements for a performance of the "patriotic scene" he had just devised for the benefit of the Belgian refugees; manipulating a begging appeal he had written for a friend's charity; talking with an American priest lately back from a visit to Hare Street House and full of stories of its host and his queer, engaging ways. True, one had heard that he was "fagged," and later that he had had to cancel all his engagements for the rest of the year. This ought to have alarmed one seriously; Hugh Benson without engagements! But somehow one had never thought of him and of death together, though one had talked of it more than once, without at all realizing or meaning what one was saying. How many times in the last ten years friends have begged him, friends (and relatives) have written to other friends to ask them to beg him, to draw in a little bit. It could not last; he would burn himself out before he was 45; and so forth. It was really more than human nature could bear—sermons and lectures booked up, three or four a week, in two Continents for two years to come; a new book always coming out next week, a full-length novel, or volume of sermons, or devotional book, or verses (the day after his death I got the publisher's announcement of a new book, and two days later of yet another as in preparation); endless magazine articles, interviews, prefaces to other people's books, appeals for other people's charities; openings of bazaars, charity speeches, after-dinner allocutions, talks to schoolgirls, talks to Eton boys; a correspondence perfectly absurd in its proportions, in which every sort of crank expected and obtained a painstaking

diagnosis and prescription for his or her complaint (and what illimitable patience he had in real life for the types he dissected so mercilessly in his novels); and above and before all this, the one thing that mattered—the work of a priest, in the interior life, in the confessional, at the altar.

That all this meant burning himself out, Hugh Benson probably knew perfectly well, and realized far more vividly than we who talked about it. But life was far too interesting a thing to leave any room for rest. It was a wonderful thing to stand between God and men at the altar; also to play “chop-sticks” on the piano. It was a wonderful thing to have a couple of thousand people hanging on one’s words; also to carve poppy-heads for the choir-stalls at Hare Street House, or devise weird decorations for the bedrooms, to scare one’s guests if they woke in the small hours. A month in a nursing-home and a surgical operation was quite extraordinarily interesting—it produced *Initiation*. So was the common or garden Cambridge undergraduate—he produced *Algy* and *Christopher Dell*, though I am sorry to say that in such cases the life-portrait generally ends about the middle of the book, and the subsequent wonderful things are what might have happened if matters had turned out so. Everybody, everything, everywhere was far too interesting to be passed by; it must be probed, investigated, dissected on the spot, and then talked over into the small hours of the night. Places or people, it was all the same. Tremans, the Sussex home of the best-loved of mothers, the nearest approach he allowed himself to a haven of rest, is the setting of a great part of *By What Authority?* Hare Street is the doctor’s house in *None Other Gods*. Mallory Abbey, of which more later, is the convent of *The Light Invisible*, and its gate-house, with the chapel where in old days the chaplain used to serve the passing Canterbury Pilgrims, is the old priest’s house. The sheer quantity of small, exact detail, of persons and things alike, on Hugh Benson’s canvases (and none are more crowded) is evidence enough of the pace at which he was working his imagination and his brain. And the emotional strain was as great. Everyone knows his passionate concern about occultism in every form—no book of his came straighter from his heart than *The Necromancers*—and in merely talking about such things late at

night or, still more in seeking out “haunted rooms,” sleeping in them at night, and lying in wait for their ghostly visitants to exorcise them, he made great inroads on his nervous force. I remember him talking to me once about those things (late at night, of course), and saying how earnestly he wished that ecclesiastical authority would allow a few selected priests to go to spiritualistic *séances* in order to frustrate the evil spirits and save the unhappy victims. They would have to go disguised; the danger would be extreme; the most violent manifestations would result; and so on and so forth. He would be the first to offer himself, not in the least out of curiosity this time, but because he was quite convinced that just now this would be the post of greatest danger in the Church’s fight against the powers of evil. It is but one point out of many, but it brings me back to where I started from. Everything, I think, goes to show that Hugh Benson knew quite well what the pace he was living at meant, and deliberately chose to, or felt he could do no other than burn himself out in that consuming fire which was his love for his Friend of friends, and in that Friend for all fellow-men.

For that, after all, was the point of the whole thing. No one who knew him can ever have had the slightest doubt about it, nor anyone who read his books with any intelligent understanding. Some of the very good people who were shocked at some of the things he wrote, may shake their heads and talk wisely about the evils of multiplicity, restlessness, desultoriness, and point out how many unwise things may result from not stopping to think. But they do not know their man. The difference between Hugh Benson’s never-resting diversity and that of people who merely gad about, physically, mentally or spiritually, was exactly the difference between the moth and the flame. He was all flame. That is the key to his character; that is “the secret of Benson.” We who have as much as we can do to nurse one tiny spark dare not dissipate it. He could spend himself on everything he came across minute by minute, because everything to him was the fuel for the flame. To dine out and talk to queer people, to hear the latest music, see the latest art, discuss the latest fashionable philosophy, to go into the heights with a preface about St. Teresa, to go down into the depths to catch

hold of unspeakable people, it was all one to him. He had to set others afire, anyhow, anywhere, and that was all that mattered. It is a small thing, but characteristic, that one of the reviews that pleased him most was that of *The Conventionalists* in the *Westminster Gazette*. "As a novel it is so fascinating that not even the knowledge that it is the deadliest kind of tract can spoil our delight in it." And that flame, which was his life, consisted essentially in a certain special devotion which was his in an eminent degree—a vivid, passionate, personal affection for Our Blessed Lord. You will find it best described in his two masterpieces, *Richard Raynal* and the little book on *The Friendship of Christ*. It was all the stronger that it came to him not very early; to a soul literally starving after it. He has been very frank on the subject in his own *Confessions of a Convert*. The Benson domestic circle must have been in many ways a difficult one, as Mr. A. C. Benson's too frankly revealing biography of the Archbishop makes plain. Everything was certainly strenuous, and very ecclesiastical, with the special marks of being "reverent, sober-minded and anti-Roman." *The House of Quiet* and *Dodo* were among the remarkable results—especially *Dodo*—which left his Grace "absolutely bewildered." Hugh alone, "our little sheltered boy," who in his little purple cassock was so delighted to strut about behind his father in Truro Cathedral, was the ecclesiastical hope of the family. "I always reckoned on this one to be my great friend as I grew old." That "this one" was starving all the time, how little the old man knew; or that it would be he who should make the completest severance of all from the father's predilections—for anti-Romanism was almost a passion with the Archbishop, the more so by reason of his High-Churchism. Still all went well. The Archbishop ordained "my son whom I love" (Canon Mason, by the way, preached a violent diatribe against Cardinal Vaughan on the occasion), saw him safely at parish work, and then passed suddenly away to where the eyes that were holden are enlightened.

Hugh Benson's pilgrimage to the Church, so frankly described in his *Confessions*, was always and pre-eminently a search of the soul for God. His brilliant handling of the "paradoxes of Catholicism," his very subtle apologetic of "the

plain man," these things were all outworks; essential of course and intensely interesting, but only of meaning as leading to the Citadel. When once he got inside, "ecclesiastical politics" became as little interesting as anything was capable of being to him. He would only trouble with them when it was a question of using his influence to help a friend out of some difficulty. As he wrote in a private letter, "As to the Catholic Church, there is simply no question at all. *It is it*, and that is an end of the matter." The matter that had no end, that seemed to be always a new beginning, a fresh revelation, was the interior life; under the aspect, first of all, of a personal passionate love for Our Lord, and following upon that, and forcing it from the limitations of what is simply human, a search deeper and deeper every day after that interior union of the soul with God, which is the substance of that Mystical Theology he was so fascinated with. He was feeling after both, long before he became a Catholic. The first time I saw him, long before I knew him, was on one Good Friday, sitting as a boy in Canon Liddon's stall in St. Paul's, next to his father in the Archdeacon's—it was a non-choir service. Old Archbishop Temple, then Bishop of London, was preaching the Three Hours. Twenty years later I asked him if he remembered it, and we spent half an hour capping quotations from those addresses. They had made an enormous impression on us both. That grim old man, so antipathetic in churchmanship to us both, had in fact the heart of a child and the simple devotion of a child. He let himself go that day, and preached the Story of the Cross quite simply, but with what fire! Hugh Benson told me he had tried to preach those sermons many times since. In fact he was, in his later High-Church days, accused of being a "compound of Romanism and Wesleyanism," all of which he took as a great compliment.

And his search for the Mystical Union also went back to Anglican days. Malling helped greatly, though he speaks in his *Confessions* rather of the intellectual perplexities that were beginning to come thick just then. The contemplative life of the Anglican nuns there, now the Benedictines of St. Bride's, set going all that train of thought that is writ large in *The Light Invisible*. That chapel in the transept of the otherwise ruined Abbey Church saw great things

pass in his soul. And much, too, was owing to the then chaplain, a young Oxford man of his own age, the son of a Low-Church missionary in India. His real name could not be mentioned in the *Confessions*, as he was still alive, but there is no harm in recalling it now—Father David Richards, O. P., a man of no special brilliance, but of singular charm and of wonderful clarity of soul. He found his way into the Church, after great vicissitudes, not so very long before Benson, and it was largely through him that the final decision was hastened, and that Woodchester was the scene of the reception. As Father Benson wrote to a convert-friend with Dominican interests: "All that country is bound up with my happiness in my mind; the great hills and valleys, and the miles of table-land at the top—like the life of prayer, monotonous, with sensational approaches, but *high up*."

A character like Hugh Benson's may seem contradictory. Is it not contrary to all precedents for such multiplicity to co-exist with real directness and depth? We all know, and he himself proclaimed with engaging candour, that he sacrificed a good deal in surface matters. He wrote too fast; simply slung his ink upon paper. He would often be inexact in the scholar's sense; though his extraordinary *flair* for reality, his power to get straight at what was vital in the books he read, made his historical novels as alive in detail as they were essentially sound in history. He was incorrigible in the matter of "blazing indiscretions"—the horrible passage about the cats in *The Necromancers*, that *corpo santo* that was brought over from France in a box in *A Winnowing*, the execution for heresy in *The Dawn of All*, and so forth. He never could see why the poor people at Mirfield, who got the Kensitites down on them in consequence of the revelations in the *Confessions*, should have been so cross with him; they ought to have thought it a compliment. Also he always saw things magnified. The abnormal was what really fascinated one; to be normal was to afford an interesting study in pathology. Those impossible spiritual geniuses from Chris Dell to Mr. Cathcart and Mr. Morpeth were his pet creations. He was firmly convinced that some great cataclysm was imminent, whether a general conversion or a general apostasy he could not make up his mind. He wrote the two eschatological novels to see

how each alternative would work out on paper. It is pleasant now to recall that when a writer in *The Month* cast the cold eye of pure reason over these glowing documents, and pointed out their purely tentative character, he received a charming letter of thanks, testifying that anyhow *The Month* had appreciated his meaning better than most other papers, and had his approval of nearly all its criticisms. In *The Month*, too, appeared what I for one have always thought one of the greatest artistic triumphs of a great literary artist—*The Papers of a Pariah*. But I have digressed. The things that made good people hold up their hands were to those who knew him simply of no significance, though undoubtedly he was apt to give rather restricted scope to that very sound maxim, *toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire*. The indiscretions were simply those of the *enfant terrible*. As for pillorying in a novel anything ludicrous, or stupid, or *gauche*, that one finds in individual Catholics—why, what conceivable connection had such things with the Church herself? Just because one was so sure of the latter, one could deal freely with the former. So, too, his adventures in strange waters, among the fascinations of abnormal psychology, among the dangers of the spirit-world, were so absolutely safe; safe just because he had the utter confidence of the child holding its mother's hand. But one feels ashamed to talk like this of Hugh Benson, though the explanation may be well for the sake of some who did not know him. To know him was to have come within the circle of an influence above all things positive, sure of itself, single and direct of purpose. I seem to have said nothing in this article of his actual accomplishment, writ large in his long shelfful of books—the actuality and brilliance of his controversy, the extraordinary fertility of his literary gift, his enormous emotional power in the pulpit or with the pen—for to me they were swallowed up in the overmastering impression of his personality. Now that he is gone, a light seems to have gone out of life. And the circumstances seemed so very sad. When one thinks of the most perfect of human relationships, that of mother and son, a relationship which in his case had been marked, especially through the long days of doubt and darkness, by an unclouded sympathy and mutual understanding, one cannot but feel that in dying

away from home at Salford, *paucioribus lacrimis compositus es, et novissima in luce desideravere aliquid oculi tui*. But he was not one to shrink from the last sacrifice, he who had so gladly, so gaily accepted the sacrifice for so many years of life, the hidden sacrifice of the temperament that was all nerves, of the ailment that was a perpetual inconvenience with always the shadow of possible danger behind. He lived for the hour in which he died. With two quotations which seem to me to show what both things were to him, I will close. The one—of Life—is from a letter to one of his spiritual children, quoted in the American *Rosary Magazine* for May last.

What is needed . . . is a letting of all else drop, and falling into God. If we picture God as a vast, still abyss in the depth of our soul, with cliffs round and winding ways leading to it, it is a help. The simpler way, if only we have faith, is to throw ourselves off the cliff into Him (or of course we may climb, by "acts," laboriously down). Then our restless self begins to climb up the cliffs again into the common day. Then repeat the process of letting go. It is so much simpler and less tiring than climbing down.

And death! he has described his own, I think, in the last page of his last story but one:

And as there met him from above that piercing breath of the world to which he went—as clean and sharp and radiant as light reflected from snow—these two tides mingled in him like a chord of sorrow and love and ecstasy. Every image faded from him; every symbol and memory died; the chasm passed into nothingness; and the Grail was drunk and the colours passed into whiteness; and sounds into the silence of Life. The Initiation was complete.

H. S. DEAN, in *The Month*.

Would you look across the plains of Time and see where earth and heaven meet? Broaden your horizon by standing on higher ground. Stand upon the high ground of great thoughts; stand sometimes upon the mountain tops of faith where all the forests, rivers, lakes and plains of experience meet and mingle in pictures of moral beauty; stand there and God will speak to you and you shall know the mystery of the transfiguration.

Crescent Vale.

VES, forever! Though we enjoy our summer vacation in other and varied spots, as the years roll by, Crescent Vale ever and anon lies nearest our hearts, and fragrant but sorrowful with the changes of years are the memories of our old-time meeting place, as we return to its solitude after years of separation, there to gaze with misty eyes upon the—oh, so empty!—spot among the trees, where once our camp was pitched.

Perhaps forty feet down at the foot of a slight incline, a dilapidated gate rests heavily upon one rusty hinge. This is the entrance to the grounds, and I can remember being reproved as a child for using it as a street-car. The old gate has witnessed a great many meetings and partings. Here is where we would drive off in hilarious joy, on some sunny morning, for a picnic, and return at dusk, singing our beloved camp song or dear old "Home, Sweet Home"—bodies tired, baskets empty and hearts light. Here we children of the camp welcomed the big surrey which brought our cousins for the Sabbath day, and here also we would stand and "guess who was coming," at the sight of a buggy moving along the crossroads, the distance of three or four fields away.

The camp was bounded on three sides, but at some distance, by the river, giving it its name, "Crescent Vale." Near it, however, on the east, was a large vegetable garden; on the west, a field of grain, and back of the tent, a worn path, branching from the one leading to the farmhouse; and perhaps fifty feet away, a very old log barn, once the village schoolhouse where grandfather Saunders reigned supreme over a class of sturdy boys and girls, with his birch and hickory rods, whose severity was tempered by the kindness in the eyes of the person whose duty it was to use them.

The farmhouse itself was quaint, clean, sunny and cheerful; built of wood and made beautiful by the great clumps of lilacs and nodding rose-bushes which grew by its doors. Yellow steps, crude and obviously home-made, but scrubbed painfully clean and with a tell-tale hollow in the centre of each one, led to the doors; and a large pump and platform adorned one side of the house.

Inside, the floors, like the steps, were yellow and worn, the curtains fresh and crisp, the ponderous stove brightly shining, and the whole house spotlessly clean and inviting.

And the owners? Never were such a dear old pair. Trusting in their Creator and their friends, happy in their simplicity, heart-whole and generous and true to each other in trouble or joy; and many were the golden pies that appeared to challenge our appetites in the course of the holiday from Mrs. Welshford's thoughtful hand. And Mr. Welshford—beneath his somewhat brusque exterior, never a kinder heart existed!

The tent was square, made of red and white canvas and divided by canvas into five parts, a hall and four bedrooms. There were platforms on the ground with sacks for mats. Our beds were old sets of springs set upon boxes and our quilts were of varied colours and sizes. The pillow-covers were of red figured print but oh, so good to weary heads, and our trunks were our wardrobes.

For some time before our little cooking-house was built, we had only a very rough shack for shelter on rainy days, and often had our meals outdoors.

The little village of Paisley, founded by the writer's great-grandfather, was about a mile and a half away, and our trips were made either by cariole or on foot till we got our canoe and our little pony, Minnie, who was fat, slow, good-natured and a great favourite.

Almost the first store on the main street was a small ice-cream parlour, and here we had fresh ice-cream at the end of our drive. Here, also, were chocolates purchased for the fat little traveller waiting outside, and often dimes would fly at sight of cream puffs or such delicacies.

Another small and not too clean store belonged to an ambitious if rather persistent gentleman, generally nicknamed, "Old Abe," and his daughter Nellie.

Old Abe, crippled with rheumatism, hobbled around on his crutches, thrusting papers in the eyes of passersby and calling eagerly, "Morning Star, Ten Cents!" In the dusty little shop Miss Nellie sold marbles, magazines, all-day suckers and city-made bread, not strictly free from the flies which buzzed around.

In the Gazetteer of 1881, this town was en-

tered as a flourishing post-village, and it has not risen in glory but faded to what it now is, a friendly, sleepy, gossipy little village, but healthy and pretty and ideal for a country holiday.

And oh! the joy of going to sleep at night to the music of the wind rushing through the trees, with the scent of evergreen in your nostrils, with the electricity of country air in your lungs, with the long, sad wail of the lone raccoon across the river in your ears and the thought of a sweet to-morrow in your brain!

And oh! the joy of waking in the morning with the song of the birds and the lowing of the cows, waking to revel once more in the beauties all around you and rush down the hill to a breakfast of wild raspberries and cream and rich milk and fresh bread and butter, and even perhaps a boiled egg, just gathered in the barn yesterday from under the fat old speckled hen.

And then we were off for a glorious cool plunge or a walk in the woods or up the lane to the sandpit, scene of childish joys, or else it was to accompany father to the river bank to watch the carp bob up and down and shriek in excitement over the "pike" that he landed. There was poison-ivy on the bank mingled with the sweet briars, and often a burning bee-sting would have to be comforted with a slab of cool mud, and the sun might shine down mercilessly upon youthful heads, but oh! wasn't it worth all this to see father land that fish!

Camp life wasn't all pleasure! Oh, no! Those captive fish had to be cleaned, those inviting beds must be arranged, somebody had to prepare those breakfasts, and, on a hot night, there were swarms of mosquitoes to discourage us; but at the end of a long ten months in the city, as we rode, on our return to Paisley, through fields of fragrant clover, and felt that fresh, life-giving country wind blow against our cheeks, always we felt that we could endure anything—just anything—for the sake of the holiday and the country again, for the sake of dear old Crescent Vale!

Father grew strong and ruddy and sat content with yesterday's paper in his hand, mother had the light of gladness in her eye, and though dresses were torn and arms were tanned and little bare feet were scratched and bruised, their small owners cared not when cheeks were round and rosy and hearts were light and free from care!

The days were full of delight for all the campers, and if sometimes there came a day when circumstances prevented some little outing, we sat around the tent door and sewed, or swung in the hammock beneath the trees, or we, younger ones, took some cushions, books and apples to a certain hook-branched tree in the orchard and there "whiled the happy hours away."

At night we sat around—no, not the customary romantic camp-fire—but a concoction of tough grass and hay in a big iron pot, smoking to keep away our troublesome neighbours, the mosquitoes, and known by the homely name of "smudge"—and talked cheerily or "had a concert," or sometimes sat in dreamy silence, a silence punctuated by the vicious clapping hands intended to make short work of the mosquitoes, who purred and z-z-zed tantalizingly in our ears. Sometimes we listened to the music of the phonograph, a stirring band record, a southern love song, where the negro lover spoke to his sweetheart in a soft, twangy voice and often played a serenade upon his "ole banjo," or a dreamy sonata in accordance with the soft June darkness, while the crickets kept time and prolonged the music when the record stopped.

Sunday was our "gala" day; not that we did not hold it sacred still—how could we forget that with God's beautiful country all around us—but this was the day when the cousins came from Paisley to spend their Sabbath with us. While the older ones sat at home and talked, read or listened to the phonograph, we cousins generally had a pleasant walk along the river bank or to the woods and returned home at the call of the old dinner-bell, loaded with pinky-purple or salmon-coloured shells and a bunch of the "bonnie bluebells" which dotted the river banks with blue like bits of azure sky, cut out to show the stars.

Sometimes our bouquet would be of Christmas berries and ferns, of regal blue flags, of sunny marigold, or clumps of maidenhair; and for three blissful weeks, each morning, fresh bouquets of blushing sweetbriar.

Some of our happiest times were spent on little expeditions wherein only the youth of the party were included. A favourite one was to the "Haunted House."

This was a dilapidated structure just across the river, and a source of delight to youthful

hearts. The doors, all but one, were boarded up, but to us these were no barrier. Generally, "via the windows" was our mode of entering. At the rear of the house an old shed had partially collapsed, leaving a pile of shingles, etc., barricading the door (the only one not boarded) and once we climbed these and entered the kitchen directly; but this new method was hardly a success, and was so uncertain and required so much balancing and "hanging on" that we did not try it again; but returned to the windows.

It was great fun to pretend that the broken window-panes were caused by the shadowy spectres rising at midnight to play football; and it made our trips more exciting to know that the village folk of some years back actually believed that the house was haunted.

One memorable day, however, we were really excited. It was the occasion of our first visit that summer, though we had, in previous years, paid many calls to the ghosts. I was a little ahead of the others, and, in consequence, reached the window first. I do not know whether it was a trick of the wind, a playful mouse scratching within the wall, or maybe a freak of fancy; but as I stood there I heard a succession of queer, rustling sounds coming from within. Now I was old enough to have recovered from childish fancies about ghosts and "bogie men," but the thought did occur to me that a tramp or an intoxicated man might be within.

So the other members of the party on their journey towards the house were startled by the sight of a figure flying down the hill and shrieking in fright. With one accord they all turned and joined me, but after a few minutes' running, ashamed of their fears, stopped and determined to retrace their steps and discover the cause of my fright. This time the noise had stopped, but the first object which met our eyes on entering was an unused door resting lengthwise against the wall, from which protruded *a man's leg!* Only a long rubber boot was visible, but the sight of it was enough to petrify us. At last, one of the boys, putting fear in his pocket, grasped the door and pulled it away from the wall. The next minute the old house rang with laughter. With the removal of the old door we saw that the rubber boot was empty!

We ran all through the house, chalking and

scratching our names upon the walls and gathering bits of brick for souvenirs.

Well, it was all very well to laugh, but I am convinced that had I not had that awful experience at the end of the holidays, I should have weighed five pounds more!

On another of these expeditions, as we were returning home, we passed a field of young green peas. Filled with our zest of adventure we entered the field stealthily and filled our mouths and our pockets. At the end of the field was the barn belonging to the farm and I, looking up, experienced an awful sensation. There, in the open doorway, body erect, face inscrutable and unsmiling, stood the owner of the farm. In a breathless undertone the word was passed from one to another. The next instant, regardless of tell-tale pods which fluttered from our laps, half a dozen vines appeared to sprout frightened boys and girls. We climbed the fence and made off down the road, feeling the man's stern eye upon us.

I remember being rather disgusted with that man afterwards. At least, thought I, he might have chased us, instead of ending the adventure so tamely; and I was more than ever disgusted when, as we neared the canoe, we heard a loud masculine laugh come from over the hill and knew that the owner of the field had not been angry but amused at us. However, we returned after a few days with a suspicious-looking basket and filled it brimming with peas.

Maybe the principle of the thing was bad. Be that as it may, I am sure that none of us after "the pillage of the peas" were any nearer to leading a thieving life than before.

Then there were the big picnics when perhaps twenty people would fill the cariole. Though our picnic spots were always beautiful, though we enjoyed to the full the long tramps around the surrounding country, and though the lunches were delicious in the superlative degree when eaten in the open air, with the little feathered songsters for our orchestra and Nature's beauties lovelier far than the elaborate walls of any café, I think the journeys there and back to me were most enjoyable of all! Jolting along the roads in that roomy old cariole, with God's blue sky above us and God's green world around us and the joy of June within us—ah! that was best of all! To see the narrow roads bordered by green grass,

dotted with many a star-like daisy, and sprinkled with dusty-blue corn-flowers; the barn-yards full of gentle sheep and timid lambs, or mild-eyed cattle, or a fat, homely old pig wallowing in mud with her young ones; a glossy, skittish mare or a farm-horse and colt; the fields of young green growth; to know that everywhere was the Creator's hand behind all beauty and all value—oh, it was worth the staying up the night before to pack the lunch; it was worth the hot sun now beating down upon our heads!

Oh, you eternal faultfinder, you everlasting pessimist, go back to your smoke-stained city, go back to your dirt and your grime and your toil and heat and smoke and ill-health!—but give to me God's free and blessed country and never shall I ask for more!

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Loreto Academy, Guelph.

The Lotus-Eaters and The Hero— The Valley of the Shadow.

AFTER reading Mr. Lloyd George's speech I interrogated myself. "Do you," said I, "realize that we are at war? Not merely as a journalist, but as a citizen, do you feel the urgency and ardour that burn in the great Welsh patriot's breast? Are you eaten up with his zeal? Are you devoured by his passion? Is the war like molten fire in your veins? Has the peril of your country purified you? Are you a stronger and better man than you were last August before the nations were hurled into the melting-pot of an inscrutable destiny?"

A speech which compels one to put these terrible questions to oneself is not a trite and jejune thing. It is a spiritual force which can fitly be compared with those great poems, those great plays, and those great novels which plough the moral soil and fill its furrows with living seed. Although one may be only the last lame ant in the old Welsh parable that limps along with the last grain, one is convicted of the sin of lethargy. One feels that upon each citizen the duty is laid to be his best and to give his best, no matter how small his best may be.

There is health in the old notion that prescribed a day of humiliation for a nation in time

of trouble. To be humiliated is to be in touch with reality, and to emerge from the dream-world of shame and delusions and illusions which charms and lulls the born lotus-eater who dwells in it. How many of us are eating the lotus of drowsy indolence? How many of us are murmuring:

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

How many of us are saying:

Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore tasks to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars!

Too many, I fear, and we who have eaten so many leaves of the lotus, listening to sweet music that softer falls than petals from blown roses on the grass, hear the bugle blown in the Welsh hills with sharp dismay and shame.

THE MAN WHO WAS FEY.

While the notes of the Welsh bugle were still echoing in my imagination the bell of the telephone rang, and a friend gave me a bitter morsel of news. Young So-and-So had been killed in action a week ago. The sombre passion of the great Welshman's warning had shocked me, but this flash of reality from the trenches drove the shock home. Five weeks ago I had shaken the dead hero's hand, looked into his eyes that are now closed for ever, heard his voice that is now for ever silent. He was home on leave for a few days, and I scarcely recognized the boy I had known for years. The war had made of him a stern, worn man. The nearness of death had sharpened all his features and hollowed his eyes and sobered his soul.

As I talked with him I felt a new strange awe chilling me. He was a denizen come from another world, with an aura of knowledge floating

round his flesh—a nameless garment clothing him with mystery. There is no word in any language to express the indefinable air that Death breathes upon his familiars. Perhaps the Scottish word "fey" comes closest to this icy strangeness, but it connotes a kind of supernatural exaltation or ecstasy, and not the grey cold wisdom that one discerns in young warriors who flit for a few hours amongst us before they go back to the Valley of the Shadow.

The quiet gentle sadness of my young hero forbade all trivial talk between us. I could not help regarding him with a kind of wondering reverence as he made light of his daily intercourse with danger. He told me that they could do nothing in the trenches but hang on. Joffre, he said, could do no more. French could do no more. For himself, he laughed darkly, and said that no shell had burst nearer him than twenty yards. There was neither optimism nor pessimism in his mood. It was simply a calm, stark acceptance of an enduring enigma, the only solution of which was "hanging on."

THE SLAUGHTER STONE.

Now that he is sleeping in a hero's grave I begin to imagine what the business of "hanging on" means for those men apart who have uprooted themselves from the land of the Lotus-Eaters and dedicated themselves to danger and death for your sake and mine. The long monotonous casualty lists are aflame with a tragic message. Every obscure name in them is a fiery reproach to us who "steep our brows in slumber's holy balm." This boy who grew into a grim austere warrior in a few months was once as gay and mirthful as a boy ought to be. Tall and straight and slim, he had been the light of his mother's eyes, the pride of his father's heart. At a great English public school he had been a splendid athlete, with a clean, sound mind in a clean, sound body. I could take you to his old "House" and show you his name painted on the board that records the names of victors in the games. And now all that grace of youth is a poor handful of dust in Flanders.

Five weeks ago he was looking at me with eyes mysteriously saddened by the knowledge that soldiers never speak of, and I think it was more than knowledge—it was foreknowledge. These young heroes foreknow the sacrifice, the offering,

the oblation, which is their portion. They march to the slaughter stone with eyes unbandaged and limbs unbound, and the only ray that falls upon it is the invisible ray of that unseen sunrise which is yet so far below the dark horizon. These young foreheads ache with a future dawn. They die in order that we and our children may live.

It is not hard to surprise in their hearts a governed scorn of the mild-eyed Lotus-Eaters who live in a languorous land in which it seems always afternoon. They live in the land of reality, and to them we appear to be living in a fantastic realm of phantoms. Our self-indulgence bewilders them. Our pettiness irks them. Our childish feuds fill them with pitying wonder. They are lifted far above our toys and play-things. Shall we "lie beside our nectar," and . . . smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking
ships, and praying hands?

JAMES DOUGLAS.

To-day

O when the world is dark with dreadful trouble,
And untold horror hovers in the air,
And all our gain breaks like an empty bubble,
Still God is there.

What woe were ours, what fear of things abhorrent,
What suffering sense of sorrow everywhere,
While slaughter, plague, and famine use their warrant,
Were God not there!

Fear not that after all our happy hoping
Man is but beast returning to his lair,
Still in the dark of savage regions groping,
For God is there.

Be sure that over agony and sinning,
Over blind passion, over black despair,
As it is now and was in the beginning,
Still God is there!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Poetry and Music.

ART may be defined as that which, unlike science, seeks to realize not only the true but also the beautiful. This, in a word, is the mission of all art, sculpture, painting, poetry and music. Art includes truth as well as beauty, and it is only such art that makes a Phidias, a Raphael, a Shakespeare or a Beethoven. Both poetry and music are branches of art, and it is generally conceded that poetry supersedes music, ethically and aesthetically. Matthew Arnold says: "Without poetry our science will appear incomplete, and most of what now passes for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry." Wordsworth calls it "The breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Poetry is, plainly, a rhythmical expression of man's thoughts and feelings in words and involves a very definite conception of ideas. But language is limited and there are, undoubtedly, times in each one's life when one is beyond all expression of words, all bounds of any book ever written, soaring to the heaven of joy or the abyss of grief. Then it is the great office of music to offer solace, to offer an outlet to intensity of feeling. The word Music, means literally, "like the Muse or Muses." Thus its very meaning points it out as the Mistress of the Muses, the medium of expressing everything which art can express. To have a great national literature, it is necessary to have a great national language by which he who wishes may speak his greatest joys, his deepest sorrows to an understanding multitude who hear and are enrapt. But we have not such a language—unless it is Music!

Glancing at the past of poetry and music, we gain a greater insight. Before the time of the Egyptians, very little is known definitely concerning Music. At first, catering only to the savage love of rhythm, born of the tribal dance, we have the drum, which gradually was supplemented by the pipe. Finally, the advent of the lyre, introduced into Europe by the great Aryan race, bespeaks a far higher culture than the two preceding stages. The first definite word we have of music is in 1350, B. C., when the power of Egypt had reached its height, and the Egyptian harpists were considered the greatest musicians in the world. In slow succession we have the martial music of the Assyrians, the chant of

the Hebrews, with whom instrumental music was insignificant, being merely an accompaniment to the "Minstrel Poets," the sensuous and weird music of the Mongolians, the beautiful song of the Ancient Peruvians, "which the reapers used to sing in the maize fields. . . . All the motions of their bodies in time to the measure of their songs," and lastly, the gay Greek music of the days of Homer, Sappho and Pythagoras. Up to this time, music was to art what an accompaniment is to a song, painting, sculpture and poetry taking the lead. The literature of the ancient world, beginning with the "Books of Stone" of the ancient Egyptians, and the unsurpassed literature of the Hebrews which found its zenith in the Bible, finally blossomed into the exquisite lyric poetry of the ancient Greeks, recording the heroic deeds and glories of the golden past. Greek literature is divided into three great epochs, the first an age of epic and lyric poetry in all its perfection, the second, the Golden Age, finding expression in history, oratory, and the dramatic arts, while the third was one of decline, lacking originality and the creative spirit. All the glories of Greek art, its exquisite sense of proportion and symmetry, its austere purity, have been handed down to the modern world by the missionary. Rome, who, owing to an inborn practicality and absorption in conquest, was led to produce an imitative literature, echoes only of the perfect Greek type. The music of Rome at this time was merely a blending of all the music of the pagan nations, with as many instruments, but pagan music died with the death of Nero, and, "A belated wayfarer, coming home at night through the Flavianian or Latin way, or other road on the outskirts of the city (Rome), might have seen lights among the tombs, or glimmering from the catacombs underground; and muffled voices would strike his ear, as of men engaged in secret prayer and forbidden rites. The Christians had come and these were their assemblages. . . . In their psalms they were unconsciously forming a new music of the world." Thus Christian music, upon which modern music is founded, unlike the gay sensuous music of the pagans was born "in subterranean vaults, among desperate men to whom sorrow was a sister and fear their familiar." But the fall of Rome and the birth of new nations, with all its feud and strife, left no time for the cultivation of art, the only at-

tempt being made by the wandering bards and minstrels who preserved the tales of heroic deeds and long past glories in the strings of their lyres and the words of their stirring ballads. Music, at this period, was comparatively at a standstill. On the contrary, Mediaeval Literature, while not of intrinsic artistic merit, is fascinating and important as a link between the days of antiquity and the Renaissance. It would seem that in the "Ages of Chivalry and Faith," when Battle, Persecution and Romance filled each day and hour, when Lords and Barons, fortified in their hoary strongholds, fought each with each and knew not a moment's security, when grey-armoured knights rode ceaselessly on their spirited steeds, and the cry of battle and the clash of the tourney resounded throughout the land, it would seem that such an age of Romance would produce great art. But not so. The barons, the knights and the lords were the sole actors in this fascinating life. The people, in whom art is cradled, were oppressed, ignorant, helpless and despairing but for their wonderful Faith. Romance alone does not make art, which must be constituted above all by sincerity, truth, and perfection in every detail. The Greek classics being for the time lost, perfection and symmetry were not possible to any extent but sincerity characterizes Mediaeval Literature which is mirrored in the stirring ballad, with its vigorous simplicity, brevity, pathos, and rapid dramatic narrative. Moreover, all great literary epochs are the result of the stirring of the very depths of the life of a nation, but in the Middle Ages there were really no nations, no united peoples, only petty kingdoms under rival lords who cared nothing for an oppressed people. It was the great world upheaval of the seventeenth century, the New Learning, that restored the ideals of classic antiquity and produced the Golden Age of modern times. It was at this time Shakespeare was given to the world and following him the excessive conventionality and sentimentality of the eighteenth century, culminating in the genius of Wordsworth and Tennyson, the former idealized reality and nature and marks a great epoch in Literature, the latter, moderation and self-control, with a strong touch of modernity. The hour of the triumph of music was at hand. A complete artistic revolution brought in its wake, Opera, Oratorio and a new instrumental music, brought to their

highest perfection by the giant masters, Wagner, Händel, Bach and Beethoven. To quote an interesting article: "With the birth of the modern romantic school of literature and music in the early decades of the nineteenth century, a new idea became suddenly dominant; . . . that henceforth, in all art work *expression* must dictate terms to form."

So poetry has long been the medium of expression, both in the days of the classic Greeks and in the Middle Ages, when the classics were buried in the heart of ancient monasteries and preserved by the learned monks; while music, on the contrary, is young, and has made marvellous strides in two centuries.

From an æsthetic point of view, music holds, almost undisputed, the highest place. As a thing of beauty, it is unrivalled. Plato considered that the joy caused by beauty is "a faint reminiscence the soul possesses of a preëxistent state." Wordsworth thought similarly. Just as we all have a yearning for something, we know not what,—a yearning that is never satisfied in this world because it is the inborn desire for perfect happiness, which is heaven—so, the joy experienced by the presence of beauty can be attributed to the conception of beauty and perfection implanted in each soul by God when He made it. This craving for beauty is satisfied by no other art as by music. The three kinds of beauty exist in music. The physical is presented in music in so much as it brings before the mind something definite, as in programme music. Its intellectual beauty consists chiefly in its form and can be appreciated only by a musician. But its moral beauty is a point of conjecture. Of course, music, like literature, can be virile or effeminate, in itself, but even "good" music, while regarded purely as music, has no moral value, but depends entirely on the disposition of the listener. If his disposition be proper, music is more ethical than literature. Bach is an example. To quote an authority: "He was more a moralist than an artist. His music was not to him an end in itself so much as an engine for the saving of men's souls. He sings his Maker's praise, not for the joy of singing, but as an act of thankfulness due from man to God. He tells the story of the Passion not as the most tragic and moving episode in the world's history, but as a means of grace to lost sinners." Surely, the story of

the Passion told graphically would convert all but the hardest; and to many music is more graphic and truly soul-appealing than the greatest literature. We naturally connect music with immortality and eternity, though it has been said that music picture painting is unsatisfactory because so much more indefinite than other forms of art, but this argument favours music. Its very limitations add power "Just as the very unnaturalness of the cold white medium gives to sculpture a certain spiritualistic import."

Another objection to music as a means of expression and beauty is its want of meaning to the uninitiated, just like "a page of Greek to one who has never studied the language," we are told. This is easily explained. Music, as has been said before, is the youngest of the arts; painting and sculpture are of long standing, and poetry is older still; so they are understood and cherished, while music, the Mistress of the Muses, has been taking a very secondary place. She does not seek to displace her sister arts, but she must go hand in hand with them, and in many instances supersede them.

The existence of logic, upon which literature and science are based, is denied in art. This is absurd. All great thinkers agree that thought takes various forms, pictorial, architectural, sculptural and musical, therefore where there is thought there must be logic. But the logic of art cannot be learned by heart, as the laws of Aristotle; it is not contained in a few written laws, but can be known and understood only by an exhaustive study of the masters. It must be felt.

But thus far music appears to be, unlike literature, a means of expressing emotion on stated occasions, not for "human nature's daily food," but, on the contrary, a passionate expression of intense feeling or a transposition to an unreal world, which, according to Azarias, leaves one only more sensitive to the cares and thorns of commonplace existence. Regarding the passionate element, which scientists, for the most part, would eliminate entirely, we are told: "Passion blinds and misleads, but it is the fire which gives warmth, and vigor to thought and action. The aim, therefore, is not to weaken it, but to bring it under the control of reason." To the everyday man or woman who spends most of the time breadwinning, music is more necessary than any

other form of art. It is the most sympathetic, the most personal and sincere, and finally, the most restful and the purest of all art. Lord Lyttelton once said of his works, that he wrote "no line, which, dying, he could wish to blot." Is this true of all literature? The atheism of a Voltaire has ruined many souls. With music this is impossible. Music cannot, *of itself*, inspire a single unworthy thought or action. It is the purest of the pure and, for this reason, if for no other, it should be an immense factor in every-day life. While it may make one more sensitive to sorrow, it does the same to joy, and increases one's human sympathy. It strengthens and soothes as a prayer. It is the only art mentioned as existing in heaven, so it must be an essential to happiness. Literature is said to have a greater influence because of wider circulation and the fact that it is more easily understood: in other words, because it is within the reach, actually and intellectually, of a greater number. Granted that the majority reach literature more easily, music, once it is understood, reaches the people more truly, because it influences not only their hearts and their heads, but also their souls. One may be illiterate and yet find a great source of strength and inspiration in a patriotic song or a simple ditty or folk-song. A recent writer said: "Its power to evoke an inner dream of beauty is greater and more immediate than any of its sisters."

To conclude: Poetry and music are inseparable. Tennyson's poetry exemplifies music in poetry, as Liszt introduces poetry into music. The musical element, that is, the rhythmical melodiousness of verse is more than half its charm. So unpoetical music, that is, music lacking harmony, rhythm, proportion and sincerity, is really not music, only a succession of notes. The future of poetry and music is immense because they will, as never before, be an antidote against the terrible wave of materialism surging over the world at present, but music's influence will be the greater because the storm is in men's souls and, while literature no doubt will play a great part, music reaches the human soul more surely than does any other medium in art. Consequently, all that remains is for the earnest musicians of the century to exert themselves in making the enjoyment and appreciation of

good music as widespread as poor literature, and a victory will be won.

"It (music) is the medium of expressing the greatest feelings of the soul! . . . It surpasses literature because it is not tangible and has the hundredfold greater interest of diverse interpretation, that as each one's joy or sorrow is different, so is there an expression of music that will fit that joy or sorrow."

M. EDNA DOOLEY.

LORETO CONVENT, GUELPH.

London.

By Impressions.

"**L**ONDONERS know little of London." Scarcely a man in what is usually called "society" has the slightest idea of what there is to be seen in his own metropolis, and the architectural and historical treasures are unknown to him. Strangers, especially foreigners, do not discover its hidden resources, and yet every street has its reminiscences, every turn is a picture, the history of London is almost the history of England and a measure of the greatness of our country.

There are many supposed derivations of the name London, but the one most generally accepted is Llydùn, "the fort by the Lake," which commemorates the existence of a British stockade among the tidal marshes of the Thames.

Much of the geography and history of the city lies hidden in the names of the streets. They tell their story where history is dumb, where documents speak falsely, where natural features are obscured. The termination -ea or -ey points to the former existence of a little island on the river. Thus, Battersea, Chelsea, Bermondsey. Fleet Street ran down to the little river Fleet, Sea-Coal Lane and Ship Court prove that the Fleet was once navigable. The ending -hithe means a landing-place, as in Rotherhithe, Greenhithe and Lambeth. The Strand and the streets near it are full of historical names. Villiers Street keeps alive the name of the favourite Buckingham; Exeter Hall and Burleigh Street those of Elizabeth's great ministers. Covent Garden was Convent Garden and formerly belonged to the Abbot of Westminster. London Stone in Cannon Street was the milestone from

which the Romans measured distances along their famous roads.

To those accustomed to the open country London, at first, is bewildering, so many places of interest to see, so much to be learned from them. There is the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, here the ancient Abbey of Westminster, here again the Tower, in fact, on all sides one finds some points of interest. Sight-seeing, merely for its own sake, is not to be commended; it is not the scene that benefits, but the meaning of it. At the tombs of great men we ought to feel more than a consciousness of their memorable deeds and words—rather a realization that Art is permanent, that the lesson to be learned is not of death but of life. Although London has changed and many of her relics have been destroyed, there is much to impress the sensitive mind. The Tower of London is one of the most ancient and historical of English fortresses. A tradition ascribes the first building of it to Julius Cæsar.

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

It was much enlarged by William Rufus and adorned by Henry III. The parts generally exhibited to the public are the Armoury and Jewel Tower. The usual entrance is through the Traitor's Gate. The walls at the side are perforated with little passages from which the Lieutenant of the Tower could watch, unseen, the prisoners. Here Sir Thomas More was led to prison, with the fatal sign of the reversed axe carried before him, and "thither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, leaders of parties, the oracles of senates and the ornaments of courts."

Immediately opposite is the Tower known as the Bloody Tower, from the belief that here the sons of Edward IV. were murdered. In the Armoury the gallery is decorated with weapons and in the centre are figures in suits of armour, illustrating the different reigns. After viewing the regalia the next place to visit is St. John's Chapel, the most perfect example of Norman architecture in England.

Down the Tower Hill, farther east, is the Royal Mint, and near is an interesting street

called "Sailor's Town." The shops are all devoted to the sale of nautical instruments and all equipments for the sailor. The population is made up of sailors, ship-builders and fishermen.

Westminster Abbey is in truth only a part of the original Abbey. When first built it formed part of a Benedictine monastery. The finest view of the interior is obtained by entering at the west door, between the towers, where the whole body of the church reveals itself in all solemnity, from the lofty roof and pointed arches to the noble range of pillars which support the building. The side aisles are crowded with monuments, as are the nine chapels. Within these walls are the remains of fourteen kings and fifteen queens, and with them statesmen, philosophers, authors and poets. In the "Poets' Corner" are the remains of Chaucer and nearly all the English poets whose works live to-day.

Under the storied screen are two chairs, one in which all our sovereigns have been crowned. In this chair is set the sacred stone of Scone of which it was said—

"Except old saws do fail,
And wizard wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find."

We see tombs and monuments on all sides, "some are warriors in armour, prelates with mitre and crozier, nobles in robe and coronet—it is a city of stone"—so wrote Washington Irving.

If Westminster has its Poets' Corner, St. Paul's has its Painters' Corner. There is a statue of Joshua Reynolds, and near him lie Van Dyck and Turner.

Both edifices are mausoleums of heroes, St. Paul's the "Militant"; Westminster the "Pacific." In the nave of St. Paul's hang tattered banners, relics of battles fought and won for the honour and freedom of our country, and as we look on the place where the Duke of Wellington lies, there comes to us the memory of Tennyson's lines—

"Here in streaming London's central roar,
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."

Other places of great interest are the British Museum and the National Gallery. The British

Museum was built in 1823. The Roman and Græco-Roman rooms are filled with wonderful sculpture. We possess in England the most precious examples of Grecian power in the sculpture of animals. There are many life-size horses and a colossal lion of Doric origin. The libraries full of ancient books do not appeal to the ordinary visitor although they are priceless in value. Among them may be mentioned the Domesday Book.

In the National Gallery there are specimens by every name of importance in the arts. From one master's canvas to another: from Cimabue—some style him father of modern painting in Italy—Titian, Murillo, Botticelli: the sunny landscapes of Cuyp, the marvellous power of Rembrandt, the masterly compositions of Van Dyck, and the delightful charm of Turner. In the British and Modern School we find the simple English landscapes of Gainsborough and Constable, the figure subjects of Reynolds, and the satirical representations of the society life of his day by Hogarth.

The parks of London have called forth the admiration of foreign visitors. Hyde Park, St. James's and Regent's are the largest, and, with Hampstead Heath, Wormwood Scrubbs and Victoria Park, complete a circle of open-air enjoyment all round London.

In all changes of generations and men, the truth of the old proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," has been proved by the way men of the same nationality or those who have followed the same occupation have inhabited the same district. In London the French live in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, the Italians in Hatton Garden, the Germans in the east; the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn and Temple, the doctors in Harley Street, booksellers in Paternoster Row, butchers in Clerkenwell and tanners in Bermondsey.

Such is a brief description of London's points of interest, that city which exercises such vast influence, one may say, over the whole world. May that gloom which now enshrouds this beloved city soon change into a brilliance that will envelop, animate and encourage her sons to uphold her honour and maintain her increasing influence.

MARY MARSHALL.

LORETO CONVENT, GUELPH.

Woman as Pictured by Benson.

ALTHOUGH the majority of the heroic rôles in the late Monsignor Benson's books are played by men there are among his characters some very noble women. In all Benson's descriptions of women, as in all his descriptions of everything, is visible that nice attention to detail which makes him, among the writers, what E. Blair Leighton is among the painters. Benson always places his characters in appropriate settings, and his pen-pictures, whether portraits or studies from still life, are always vivid in colouring.

Let me first show you the picture of Beatrice Atherton, the heroine of "The King's Achievement," as Margaret Torridon saw it when she entered the parlour at Overfield, where Beatrice was with the rest of the Torridon Family. "A tall girl . . . her hands lying easily on the arms (of her chair) and her head thrown back almost negligently. She was well dressed, with furs about her throat; her buckled feet were crossed before the blaze, and her fingers shone with jewels. Her face was pale; her scarlet lips were smiling; and there was a certain keen and genial amusement in her black eyes." So much for the personal appearance of Beatrice. She had been the ward of Sir Thomas More, who had lately been executed by Henry VIII. She had some time ago broken her engagement with Ralph, the elder son of Sir James Torridon, who, as Cromwell's agent, had been instrumental in causing the death of Sir Thomas More. Beatrice was ignorant of her lover's guilt in this matter; besides, hers was a very loyal nature, and she continued to trust the man she loved, even when appearances seemed very much against him.

As King's visitor, Ralph had assisted in the spoliation of the monasteries. His brother, Chris, a monk at Lewis Priory, and his sister, Margaret, but newly professed at the little Benedictine Convent at Rusper, were among the religious who were victims of Henry's greed. When Beatrice was at first forced to realize that Ralph was an enemy of the Church, she refused to marry him. About eighteen months after these events, Beatrice was asked as a favour by Sir James to come to Overfield for a visit to cheer poor Margaret, who had been in low spirits ever since her enforced return to the world.

Margaret's mother was a cold, cynical woman who mocked at the religious fervour of her son and daughter. The only person she really loved was her son, Ralph, and she could not forgive Beatrice, whom she had never met until she came to Overfield, for rejecting her son. She determined to make the girl's visit miserable, by cruel, sarcastic remarks, but Beatrice was always so ready of wit, and withal so good-tempered that she always got the better of Lady Torridon in the word-duels that frequently occurred. Moreover the girl soon guessed the reason of her hostess's dislike of her and sought for an opportunity to win the sore heart of the mother. That opportunity soon came. Lady Torridon was taken suddenly ill, and to the dying woman Beatrice confessed that she still loved the wretched Ralph. So touched was Lady Torridon that in response to Beatrice's appeals she consented to be reconciled with God in the Last Sacraments, and to beg pardon of her husband for the many unkindnesses she had shown him during their married life.

On hearing of Cromwell's fall, Beatrice, in response to an interior voice which she thought to be Ralph's call,—“Beatrice, Beatrice,”—went to him and persuaded him to burn some private papers of his master, containing evidence against him. Although Ralph could not save Cromwell by so doing, Beatrice urged him to be true to the last shred of manly feeling he might have, and be faithful to the man who, bad though he might be, had still shown him a thousand and one kindnesses. In consequence of his refusing to give evidence against Cromwell, Ralph was sent to the tower to be tried for his life. After some days of waiting, a release was obtained from Henry, but too late, for Ralph had been taken ill with a nervous disease, and when Beatrice came with Sir James and Chris and his brother-in-law, Sir Nicholas Maxwell, he was already at the point of death. The only consolation poor Beatrice had was to assist at the death-bed scene of the man she so faithfully loved, and to know that he died in a state of repentance.

The part of the book which treats of the friendship of Beatrice and Margaret constitutes fascinating reading. Of Margaret Torridon herself, I shall only say a few words. She was a shy, timid little soul, a little white flower that was intended to blossom in the quiet cloister

garden, and found it hard to withstand the rude winds of the world. She reappears to better advantage in “By What Authority.” The following passage concerning her “romance with God” will find an echo in the hearts of many who have also had their own sweet romances with the great Lover. . . . “It seemed as if the convent shone glorified in a haze of grace. The discipline of the house had ordered and inspired the associations on which memories afterwards depend, and had excluded the discordant notes that spoil the harmonies of secular life. The chapel, with its delicate windows, its oak rails, its scent of flowers and incense, its tiled floor, its single row of carved woodwork and the crosier by the Abbess's seat, was a place of silence instinct with a Divine Presence that radiated from the hanging pyx; it was these particular things, and not others like them, that had been the scene of her romance with God, her aspirations, tendernesses, tears and joys. She had walked in the tiny cloister with her Lover in her heart, and the glazed laurel leaves that rattled in the garth had been musical with His voice. It was in her little white cell that she had learned to sleep in His arms and to wake to the brightness of His face.”

“By What Authority,” the sequel to “The King's Achievement,” has also two heroines. The time is the Reign of Elizabeth.

Isabel Norris was a young girl of seventeen, “growing up, if not into actual beauty, at least into grace and dignity . . . pale with dark hair, and the great gray eyes of her father.” Isabel lived with her father and younger brother, Anthony, in the Dower House, adjoining the estate of Sir Nicholas Maxwell, near the village of Great Keynes. Mistress Margaret Torridon, now an old lady, the sister of Lady Maxwell, formed one of the household at the Hall. The Norrises were Puritans, but the two families were on the most excellent terms of friendship. Hubert, the handsome, hot-headed younger son of the Maxwells, was in love with Isabel, while Mr. James, the elder, spent most of his time abroad in France, and it was rumoured that he was to become a priest. Isabel returned Hubert's affection, but the difference in religion seemed an insurmountable obstacle to her serious Puritan mind. Isabel had inherited the strong piety of her father, “. . . the very centre of (her) religion was the love of the Saviour” which was

"even romantic and passionate." "It seemed to her that He was as much a part of her life, and of her actual experience, as Anthony or her father. It was indeed a trouble to her sometimes that it was a less worthy kind of love altogether—kindled and quickened by little external details. Whereas her love for Christ was a deep and solemn passion that seemed to well, not out of His comeliness or even His marred face or pierced Hands, but out of His wide encompassing love that sustained and clasped her at every moment of her conscious attention to Him, and that woke her soul to ecstasy at moments of high communion. These two loves, then, one so earthly, one so heavenly, but both so sweet, every now and then seemed to her to be in slight conflict in her heart. And lately, a third seemed to be rising up out of the plane of sober and quiet affections such as she felt for her father, and still further complicating the apparently encountering claims of love to God and love to man."

Mary Corbet, lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, and a Catholic, was a type very different from Isabel, whom she met on the occasion of a visit to the Maxwells. She is described as having "a lively bright face, a little pale, with a high forehead, and black arched brows and dancing eyes, and a little scarlet mouth that twitched humorously now and then when she was speaking." Isabel, the simple country maiden, when she first saw Mary, "looked in astonishment at the elaborate ruff, and wings of muslin and lace, the shining peacock gown, the high-piled coils of black hair, and the twinkling buckled feet."

The following passage brings out well the contrast between the two girls:

"Miss Mary Corbet stayed a few weeks—but Isabel was scarcely nearer understanding her. She accepted her, as simple clean souls so often have to accept riddles in this world, as a mystery that no doubt had a significance, though she could not recognize it. So she did not exactly dislike or distrust her, but regarded her silently out of her own candid soul, as one would say a small fearless bird in a nest must regard the man who thrusts his strange hot face into her green pleasant world, and tries to make endearing sounds. For Isabel was very fascinating to Mary Corbet. She had scarcely ever before been thrown so close to any one so serenely pure.

She would come down to the Dower House again and again at all hours of the day, rustling along in her silk, and seize upon Isabel in the little upstairs parlor, or her bedroom, and question her minutely about her ways and ideas; and she would look at her silently for a minute or two together; and then suddenly laugh and kiss her—Isabel's transparency was almost as great a riddle to her as her own obscurity to Isabel."

Space will not permit our dwelling on the trials of Isabel,—her sojourn in the Torridon household, her father's death, her love-affair with Herbert and its sad termination consequent on his renouncing Catholicism for love of her, at the very moment when the light of truth was beginning to shine in her soul, until that Holy Saturday when she and Anthony were received into the Catholic Church together. The chapter entitled "Easter Day," which tells of the joyful surprise that came to brother and sister when each learned that the other intended that very day to embrace the one true Religion, is full of charming bits of description.

Nor may we pause long over the details of Mary Corbet's life. During her visit at Maxwell Hall, Mistress Margaret often talked seriously with the girl who, convinced Catholic as she was and intensely loyal to her Faith, seemed in danger of losing her spirituality in the midst of the corrupt society of Elizabeth's Court. And Mary began to entertain in consequence a more serious idea of her responsibilities as a Catholic in the position which she occupied.

On the occasion of this same visit to Great Keynes, fifteen-year-old Anthony Norris became hopelessly fascinated by the combination of glitter and friendliness of this fine Court lady, and Mary on her side conceived a strong affection for the lad. This friendship was destined to be revived when, a few years later, Anthony entered the service of the Archbishop at Lambeth, and Mary invited him to call on her at Whitehall Palace. When James Maxwell, now a priest in England, at the peril of his life, was entrapped in a snare which Anthony unwittingly helped to lay, Mary did not swerve in her loyalty to her young friend. Anthony explained how he had been used as a tool. The two friends schemed and contrived to obtain a pardon from Queen Elizabeth for poor James. The interior life which Mistress Margaret had been afraid

of Mary's losing had deepened. No wonder Anthony, himself grown serious and influenced by the claims of Catholicism, felt that "Mary Corbet was not just a rainbow on the foam that would die when the sun went down, but both she and he together were human souls, redeemed by the death of the Saviour with His work to do and no time or energy for folly."

And bravely and well His work was done by these two gallant souls, until that dreadful day when the priest hunters got on Anthony's track, and Mary gave her life in a vain attempt to save her friend and God's priest. One could hardly find a more beautiful scene in Benson's work than that in which Anthony gives up his only chance of life to turn back to give the last absolution to poor Mary whose life-blood is fast ebbing away from a bullet-wound in her side.

One last look at Isabel as she watched with Anthony in prison where he lay dying after the fearful rackings he had endured. In spite of her sorrow, Isabel's soul was calm, for she realized that she was a privileged soul in being permitted to give her brother to God as a martyr. She herself intended when the end came, to re-join Mistress Mary in her convent at Brussels and there to enter the Religious Life.

Marjorie Manners, the heroine of "Come Rack, Come Rope," was the daughter of an elderly couple that lived in the little manor of Booth's Edge near the town of Derby. The events described in the book took place during the reign of Elizabeth. Marjorie, just seventeen, had promised to marry young Robin Audrey, son of Squire Audrey of Matstead, when the apostasy of the Squire brought them face to face with the first great trouble of their lives. "These two . . . were as simple as children, and as serious. Children are not gay and light-hearted, except now and then (just as men and women are not serious, except now and then). They are grave and considering; all that they lack is experience. These two, then, were real children; they were grave and serious because a great thing had disclosed itself to them in which two or three large principles were present, and no more. There was that love for one another, whose consummation seemed imperilled, for how could these two ever wed, if Robin were to quarrel with his father? There was the religion which was in their bones and blood,—

the religion for which already they had suffered, and their fathers before them. There was the honor and loyalty which this new and more personal suffering demanded now louder than ever; and in Marjorie, at least, as will be seen more plainly later, there was a strong love of Jesus Christ and His Mother, whom she knew, from her hidden Crucifix and her beads, and her Jesus Psalter—which she used every day—as well as in her own soul—to be wandering once more among the hills of Derbyshire, sheltering at peril of their lives in stables and barns and little secret chambers, because there was no room for them in their own places. It was this last consideration, as Robin had begun to guess, that stood strongest in the girl; it was this, too, as again he had begun to guess that made her all that she was to him, that gave her that strange air of innocence and sweetness and drew from him a love that was nine-tenths reverence and adoration."

As the result of the consultation, of which the foregoing quotation opens the description, it was decided that Robin should tell his father that he could not follow in his steps by renouncing the Catholic Faith. This he did when the occasion presented itself. Marjorie was deeply spiritual, and the thought came to her like an inspiration that Robin should offer himself to God to be his priest, in reparation for the dishonour done him by Master Audrey's apostasy. This the girl dared only hint at, but she also prayed—and most courageously even desiring in her love and generosity that God should confer this great grace of an ecclesiastical vocation on her lover. For, as she explained to her mother, after her sacrifice had been accepted by God: "To love is to wish the other's highest good, as I understand it." She coveted for Robin that higher degree of glory in heaven which she felt sure would be his, if he served God in this life as a priest, aye, even the martyr's palm, though this thought came as a swordthrust in her heart.

In answer to her supplications, Robin heard the divine call and answered it. After receiving the news of his decision to depart for the Seminary at Rheims, Marjorie's feelings were mixed, and while she wept, her soul was flooded with an interior joy. "When she was at her prayers (which was pretty often just now), and at other times, when the air lightened suddenly about

her, and the burdens of earth were lifted as if another hand were put to them,—at those times which every interior soul experiences in a period of stress,—why, then, all was glory, and she saw Robin as transfigured, and herself beneath him all but adoring. Little visions came and went before her imagination. Robin riding, like some knight on an adventure, to do Christ's work; Robin at the altar, in his vestments; Robin absolving penitents,—all in a rosy light of faith and romance. She saw him even on the scaffold, undaunted and resolute, with God's light on his face, and the crowd awed beneath him; she saw his soul entering heaven, with all the harps ringing to meet him, and eternity begun—and then, at other times, when the heaviness came down on her, as clouds upon the Derbyshire hills, she understood nothing but that she had lost him; that he was not to be hers but Another's; that a loveless and empty life lay before her, and a womanhood that was without its fruition."

These visions were realized one by one, even to Robin's tragic death, but the last act of his priesthood, the words of absolution pronounced over his contrite father at the scaffold, had not presented itself to Marjorie even as a possibility, but it came to crown her sacrifice and to sweeten the years she was still to spend doing God's work after Robin had entered eternity.

HILDA VON SZELISKA.

LORETO ACADEMY, WELLESLEY CRESCENT,
TORONTO.

Sub Rosa

THERE was once a professor who used to close his lectures with the pathetic words: "Priests and monks are good for nothing; they always hated science, art and progress; their schools are poor and all the books published by Catholics are of no value, and when the young man cannot become anything else, he studies for the priesthood."

One day, after school, a student by the name of Sepp called on the professor. Sepp was a bright and intelligent young fellow and could not be easily bluffed. He went to the professor's room and said gently: "Professor, I have some difficulties that worry me ever since I attended

your lectures. Will you kindly help me to remove them?"

"Why not, dear friend, with the greatest pleasure. Certainly I will."

"Only some questions, professor. Who preserved for us the classics? How is it possible that those valuable writings of the Greeks and Romans did not get lost during the barbarism of the Dark Ages?"

"Monks copied them, and thus they have been saved."

"What, professor? Monks, you say, copied them?"

"So monks copied the old codes and saved them for us. Indeed, that must have been a very troublesome work. Was it not? And probably many a monk caught consumption from the library dust? Well, I am surprised. Strange times and curious monks to spend their lives copying letter after letter, from Livy, Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Demosthenes, etc. And how those codes look! Carefully written, and just as if they were painted. The initials are, in fact, a fine piece of art. Oh, these monks! Wait, professor, is it true that without the priests we would not have a Columbus and a Vasco da Gama? A monk, Fra Mauro, history tells us, made that costly map which gave Columbus the first impulse to the discovery of the New World?"

"It is true, but somebody else could have drawn such a map, too."

"Of course. Why should the monks and priests alone have those great ideas? Listen, professor. I also read that a Pope introduced the graceful Arabic figures in arithmetic and abolished those clumsy Roman characters."

"Well, my boy, Pope Sylvester II. introduced them, but somebody else could have done the same thing if the Popes were not always so ambitious."

"Again, history teaches that a monk invented the telescope and the microscope, but this hardly can be true? The monks want to claim all inventions."

"Well, my boy, it is believed by many authorities that the theory of both the telescope and microscope was known to the Franciscan Roger Bacon, but remember, he was an exception and what we style a 'modern' Franciscan, and not one of those bigots and cowlbearers."

"He died in 1292."

"He, then, was up-to-date very early, wasn't he? Besides this, professor, not long ago I read of the man who first taught that the sun is stationary and that the earth revolves around the sun, and even you, professor, do not know whom I mean."

"Copernicus, I suppose."

"No, sir. Copernicus was not the first one. Before him the Bishop of Ratisbon, Regimontanus, was teaching that theory of planetary revolution."

"That may be possible."

"Excuse me, professor, why do we call the age in which literature, arts and science flourished, the golden age of Leo X.?"

"Why? Because Leo X. was an ardent admirer of classic literature and a magnanimous patron of the arts and sciences."

"You don't say! Leo, a Pope, and at the same time took a great interest in fine arts. Well, I declare!"

"It seems to me, fellow, you are fooling me?"

"Not at all! Those are only doubts, intolerable doubts. I would kick against the monks if I had reasons, but these doubts do not let me rest. Now, professor, is it true that the first free schools were opened by De La Salle?"

"Yes, by the Frenchman, De La Salle."

"I understand you mean to say by the Catholic priest, De La Salle. And the first monk who cared for the deaf-mutes—was it not that Spaniard Pedro de Ponce and, after him, the priest L'Epee?"

"Yes, and now stop, you blockhead!"

"Don't get hot, professor. It is not our fault that history is full of these 'black devils.' Moreover, I read that a monk by the name of Schwarz invented gunpowder; the monk Guido d'Arezzo the gamut and laid the foundation for harmony; a monk from Bavaria the process for glass-painting; the Jesuit Secchi is especially distinguished for his discoveries in spectroscopic analysis and in solar and stellar physics; the Jesuit—"

"Shut up! You are guying me. Do not take me for a lightning-rod."

"You're right, you're right, professor. The first lightning-rod was not made by Franklin, but it was invented by the Premonstratensian monk Divisch. You can read that in any up-to-date cyclopedia."

"For heaven's sake, hold your tongue. You are too talkative."

"Ah, the greatest polyglot of modern times was Cardinal Mezzofanti. He was a talker! He knew only seventy-eight languages and dialects, and talked fifty-six."

"That'll do, you silly goose. Get out of here."

"In what direction? The deacon Favã Gioja, who improved the compass, about the year 1300, could certainly tell me."

"What's the matter? You're getting brain fever, fellow."

"What, if I have brain fever, go and get the fire-engines, which were first introduced by the Cistercian monks, and the Capuchins were, down to the seventeenth century, the first firemen of Paris."

"If you don't shut up now, you'll fly out the window, you infernal rascal."

"In aerial heights. Oh, truly. The first balloon was made by the monk Berthold Gusmac, sixty years before Montgolfieri, and, in 1720, this monk ascended with his balloon in the presence of all the lords and courtiers of Portugal. What do you clean your eye-glasses for, professor?"

"They are also an invention of the 'black devils,' and were invented in the thirteenth century by the Dominican Alexander Spina. Are you in a hurry, that you look at your watch? You shouldn't do that, because it is an invention of the priests. The first clock is from the ecclesiastical writer Cassiodorus (505), but his invention was improved upon by Sylvester II., whom I mentioned before. The first astronomical clock was made by the Abbot Wallingford, in 1316. Now I'll go. I see you're hot, professor, and the gaslights down town are turned on. Oh, yes, professor, I almost forgot to tell you that the Jesuits invented the gaslight, the Jesuits this 'natio lucifuga.' Without any doubt the Jesuits invented and introduced it, in 1794, at Stonyhurst, England; and the Jesuit Dumm established the first gas company, in 1815, in Preston. Now good-bye, professor. Kindly excuse. Oh, I see you bought a new bicycle? By the way, the first bicycle was built by the priest Planton, in 1845. Good night, professor."

* * * * *

Chesterton is certainly a man about whom people take sides. There must be something in a

writer about whom such extremely opposed views are possible; but what that something is, is just the point under dispute. Of Chesterton's books we have read three: *Heretics*, *Orthodoxy*, and *What's Wrong with the World?* and on them alone our own verdict of his qualities rests. Passing articles we have read galore, most of them current pot-boilers—that is, hurried contributions to the weekly press. In every one of them we have detected brilliance combined with slipshoddiness, and often a good deal of straining to work out something catchingly clever. Here we find Chesterton at his worst. But even at his worst, we have always found him penetrating and suggestive, at least, in parts. He has a strange way of making the reader feel the sensation of being turned upside down for the moment. But after the first feeling of giddiness has subsided, the inversion-process always seems to leave one the better for it. Always one has gained sudden insight into some new and unexpected way of looking at some old platitudinous thing; and that unexpected way of looking always means a sort of shaking out of a groove, and an enhancement of the thought-potentialities of the subject handled.

But taking the three serious works already mentioned as a foundation, we must confess our personal impression has been one of wonder and admiration. It is true that Chesterton must never be taken too seriously; but then nobody and nothing ever ought to be taken *too* seriously. The question is all about the "too." That there is seriousness in his thought, and even of a deep and sincere kind, I have always been convinced. The secret of his idiosyncrasy seems to be that he enjoys the truth he has discovered so exuberantly that he cannot help misbehaving himself over it. He goes on just like a high-spirited schoolboy on the announcement of a half-holiday: "Cap in the air, three cheers, Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurray!" A boisterous jubilation accompanies his epigrams and paradoxes, which gives the impression that he is buffooning on a stage. But I confess—at the risk of being called "a fool" for "burning incense to a brilliant sophist"—that underneath this hilarious fooling I detect a profundity of thought and an intuitive penetration into things which is my constant delight and edification. Would you believe it? For more than two years I have had on my list of "works

to be done" a series of articles in which Chesterton's deeper thoughts and St. Thomas's deepest principles put in parallel would form a prominent feature—both thinking the same thing, but both saying it in a polarically different way. I do not know whether, when this work is tackled, I shall find my impression confirmed. But it is at least my intention to give the matter a good try.

* * * * *

I have just witnessed one of the most pathetic, but at the same time, inspiring home-comings of this war. It was the arrival on Belgian soil of the Queen of the Belgians, the consort of the noblest King a brave and indomitable people have ever had.

The Queen, bearing in her beautiful features all the care which this devastating war has inflicted upon the Belgian people, came from England through France. The Channel was at its worst. Its troubled waters reflected the story of a troubled nation, but the brave Queen stood the awful seas with a calm composure which astonished those in attendance.

When her Majesty, dressed in black velvet and wearing a set of sables, landed in France the French and British military authorities rendered the fullest homage. On the quay she was received by French and Belgian officers, and motor-cars were in readiness to convey the Royal party to the Belgian headquarters at the front.

Nothing that I have seen in this awful struggle of nation against nation has made more impression than the womanly figure of the Queen bravely facing toward Belgian soil and her devastated Belgian home.

From a Queen's example every woman in England may take courage. We have passed the stage when the heart stood still while the fate of this land was in the lap of the gods.

* * * * *

Imagine, lost from view between the sand dunes, a handful of villas clustering on the shore, on all sides, to the north, as to the south, the same jagged line of sand-heaps stands out, and in the distance commingles with the white and grey festooned waves of the North Sea.

Doubtless, this place, destined to world-wide celebrity, arouses but few memories. A little seaside resort in ordinary times, without preten-

tion, without ostentation, without casinos, where the good Belgian "bourgeois" loved to come for their annual rest in July and August, to relax, surrounded by their families; that was this place before the war.

To-day it is another matter. It has become a military city, a camp where the Belgian soldiers pass and repass, a centre of the General Staff, a place of rest for the wounded, and above all, a haven of refuge, on the dolorous Belgian soil, for those two august refugees, the soldier-king and his beloved wife.

After their retreat, so courageous and so sad at the same time, after the abandonment which destiny obliged them to make successively of all their towns, of all their villages, after the procession of cavalry when their eyes said, one after another, an anguished good-bye to the peaceful countrysides over which they had gone so much, loved so much, the two sovereigns, come to the last edge of their land, stopped. They could not abandon all, lose all at one time. They clung to this strip of seacoast as a drowning man clutches with hands and teeth to a floating bit of wreckage. They said "No further!" And answering their last hope, their brave soldiers, of whose heroism enough can never be said, echoed also "No further!" They hid themselves in the mud of the flooded Yser, and waited. They placed the multiple of obstacles of the trenches between Germany, vowed to carnage, and their King and Queen. They held without food, and worse, almost without ammunition, for thirteen times twenty-four hours, without leaving, day or night, their muddy ditches, waiting for the arrival of the French. Thanks to their splendid bravery, to their tenacity, their Sovereigns are not in exile.

* * * * *

Margaret is not in the least vivacious or self-assertive. Rather, she is undemonstrative and restrained. She has even been called cold by friends who believe that they know her intimately. But no one has ever called her dull, and I think she is the most restful young woman I know.

Restful young women are not very common in these days. The enormously energetic, perfectly competent, and flauntingly self-assertive woman one meets everywhere, and that is why it rests

and refreshes me to see Margaret. She is thoughtful, and, in her own shrewd way, humorous. And she can do things. She is not of the helpless, dependent type, unable to get through life without constantly leaning upon others. It is her perfect quiet that makes her so attractive, her absence of any accomplishments that in itself is her greatest accomplishment.

Most young women would be hopelessly ill at ease without their little drawing-room tricks. Margaret can be still for hours, perfectly happy, joining in a conversation with a terse little observation, listening interestedly, while other girls are wondering how they are going to get into the limelight. There is Daisy, sitting restlessly in the corner. She is wondering when on earth Violet is coming to the end of that Chopin impromptu so that she can get her chance to sing her very newest song. Margaret would be perfectly at ease in a room with no piano, and where bridge was unknown. But these others! They would not know what to do if their conventional accomplishments were taken from them. They would flounder miserably.

And it is not self-confidence that makes Margaret so restful. I think it is the lack of it. She is too well bred, too natural to be unhappily self-conscious. But one realizes that Margaret, at twenty-one, has not made up her mind about everything under the sun, that she is still growing, still anxious to learn, still a little distrustful of her judgments and impressions.

Possibly she goes to the extreme. But it is a very welcome extreme after the arrogance and clearly defined opinions of most modern girls.

"I suppose," she said one day, a little tentatively, "that I am rather timid compared with most young women, and I dare say I am something of a disappointment to my friends. Friendship with me is always a slow growth. I can't enthuse very easily."

"Don't try," I said promptly. "It's your restfulness that is your greatest charm, and a day will come when the friends who think you cold and indifferent will be grateful for your quietness and peace."

"And so, as you happen to have a restful temperament, why not be content? It's the most treasured possession you could have in these days of turmoil and unrest."

In Catholic Flanders A Year Ago.

IT is half-past six on the sweetest, sunniest morning in May. What an unusual hour for such a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament to leave the church! The old parish priest with his assistants, several young clerics, and many torch-bearers, are reverently wending their way towards a cheerful farmhouse. On the green lawn are kneeling the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the hundred-year-old Grannie whose double Golden Jubilee it is to-day. Grannie's first visitor is Our Lord Himself! For she is hale and hearty, and has hardly ever missed her weekly Communion from the day she received her first, ninety years ago.

* * * * *

The sun rises higher in the sky, and the whole village is astir. Flag after flag is displayed, and the houses are made gay with flowers. All the country around sends its sympathizers. Old friends and young are lining the festive way.

The church bells ring their merriest chimes, and a procession is forming. The Jubilarian will soon be escorted to church, where a Solemn High Mass—a Jubilee Mass—will be celebrated. First come the school children, all carrying tricolour banners, symbolizing in this way that Grannie saw the awakening of Belgium as an independent country. Then comes the communal band, playing its merry march, and expressing the feelings of the crowd who are cheering the venerable heroine on her way to church—to the church of her baptism, of her marriage, of her whole simple and noble life. All the civic authorities are there, with the guests, the friends and the relatives. Many priests and nuns, as well as radiant young families, are among Grannie's nearest and dearest.

And, at last, an open landau comes in sight, and there is Grannie herself! She is seated at the burgomaster's right hand, and her rosy old face is wreathed in happy smiles. "How fine it must be to live so long," says a chubby boy in the crowd to his companion, "to be able to remember what we learn in our history book!"

The cortège arrives at the church, which is packed to the doors. Filled also is the sanctuary near which a prie-dieu is prepared for the Jubilarian. The celebrant, a White Father of the

Congo Missions, is her grandson, and her nephew and grandnephew are deacon and subdeacon, while the cantors are two younger grandsons. Throughout the church the feeling is one of faith, of sympathetic joy. They all pray, but they also look, and from the lower part some even stand on their chairs to have a glimpse of the heroine near the sanctuary. She is bending over her prie-dieu, with her short gilded staff laid beside her.

* * * * *

They are coming out of church. What crowds surround the landau, and how warm and friendly the hum of voices that congratulate Grannie as she is placed in her carriage! Then the return journey home, under the waving flags, through the loving crowd of children, of friends and sympathizers. A great banquet is prepared in the old farm. The Jubilarian, seated between the curé and the burgomaster, welcomes her dear guests one by one. How merry it all is! How heartfelt the speeches! And the band outside was playing all the time!

* * * * *

That was last May. Where is Grannie now? Where is the curé? Where are the merry school children, who waved their little red, yellow, and black tricolours? And the church?—the church of Grannie's baptism, marriage, and double Golden Jubilee, whose bells rang out so joyously on that heavenly May morning!

L. T.

The Shining of the Shepherd's Face.

AFTER awhile there will be a lull in the sounds. In the silence I shall lie upon the grass on the hillslope and watch the stars. All day my eyes have sought the sheepfold and the sheep. All night I shall look higher than the sheep. I shall watch the everlasting stars. Who cares for them? Who is their great Shepherd? How common is our life in the air, on the earth, and how utterly insignificant in the eternities.

When I was a child I counted the stars in Ursa Major for a charm. When I was older I found the north star, and the Lyre, and Andromeda, and Orion, and so forth. The knowledge of the constellations has not changed the wonder I feel

when I watch the night. How far away they are and how silent in their course! Shall these stars be the home of good men after death?

He Sleeps!

Upon the side of yonder hill the trees look black. In the dark shadows of their branches a tramp has laid himself down and is sleeping peacefully as Adam slept in Paradise,—or dreaming of new lands where he has not yet roamed. Some one whom he once knew smiled on him there and he must go on—on. He is a tramp. Let him alone! The small serpents creep near but do him no harm, the crickets sing his lullaby and the spruce trees enshadow his prostrate form from the moonbeams. The dew-drops moisten the little leaves about his thirsty lips. He is Nature's nursling and she is disposed to treat him humanly. Thirty years ago his mother wept over his cradle because he suffered as a child suffers from a swollen gland. Where is his mother now? Is there no one to weep for him or to watch for his return? He does not think about these things. The grass is soft and the summer night is quiet, the air is rich with the perfume of fading flowers and he suffers no loss for he knew no one to love or care for. And he dreams on like a tramp—of a corner and a crust, or of the probabilities of a stolen ride to Indiana, where some one smiled.

On the opposite slope sleeps the shepherd of the sheep. Into his dreams come the wolf, and the rescued lamb from the briary, and he rejoices in his sleep under the dizzy roof of the night. His outlook spreads not to Indiana but it goes over his head from the meadow to the stars.

All day the quiet light made its way from the sun and lighted his face; the gentle agitated air ruffled his hair and his shepherd garments. Night has altered the aspect of the meadow. He is sleeping now away from the light and the wind, alone on the cool grass, save for the presence of the sheep scattered at intervals over the field. In his dream he sees a larger meadow, and a greater number of sheep, and higher hills, and taller trees, and nearer stars. He is a shepherd dreaming. And one comes to him tanned and freckled and smiling.

"Old Fancy Trip!" said the shepherd, and Fancy Trip ceased smiling and pointed his finger to where the sun went down!

"I am going into the land of the sunrise," said Fancy Trip. And the day's flaming car took him up, and the world grew lonely and the shepherd wept in his dream.

"Call his name!" said another shepherd in his ear. And he called "Fancy Trip!" three times in a loud voice. And Fancy Trip heard and wondered. And he wished to come to the shepherd but he could not.

The mother of Fancy Trip prayed that night: "Keep him safe, O God!" And God looked into the shadow where he lay and touched his heart with fire, and Fancy Trip feared God in his sleep.

In the dawn he was awakened by the shepherd calling his name.

"Fancy Trip! Fancy Trip! From the dead!" The tramp shaded his eyes from the sun, or from the shining of the shepherd's face, or from the tears that dimmed them.

Strange lazzaroni!

The shepherd turned away. From the black sheep? Oh, no! From his *brother's* abasement!

"Low he lies who once so loved you,
Whom you loved so,
Pity me!"

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

St. Teresa's Fourth Centenary.

ON Friday evening, April ninth, the students of the Woodlawn Loreto Academy presented to an appreciative audience a delightful and strikingly original entertainment. In response to the Catholic spirit in celebrating the fourth centenary of St. Teresa's birth the entertainment was exclusively in honour of this great mystic, saint and poet. The choral class opened the programme with a hymn to St. Teresa, and concluded it with "Ave Maria." The instrumental selections were: Rakoczi March, Liszt; Romance and Kyllikki No. 3, Sibelius; Kamennoi-Ostrow, Rubenstein, and Rondo Capriccio, Beethoven. "The Child of Carmel's Queen" and "Flowers from St. Teresa's Garden" were made most enjoyable to the audience by the first-year pupils, while the second-year charmed with their "Homily on St. Teresa," written by a member of the Institute in Ireland, who enjoys wide-

spread popularity for her sweet poems under the pseudonym of "M. G. R." The violin and piano interludes were very effective, especially the melodious strains of "Palms." The seniors gave the synopsis of St. Teresa's "The Interior Castle," in a manner that delighted everyone. The seven mansions were described in succession, exciting keen interest in the listeners, who marveled at the power of memory and the intelligent interpretation of such lofty spirituality on the part of the youthful speakers. "The Spirit of Carmel," a beautiful poem written for the occasion by a member of the Woodlawn community, was a very lovely tribute to the Carmelite Order, giving in poetic tones the biblical story of Elias and tracing his spirit through St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, to the Carmel of to-day. "Quel Beau Jour" was rendered as a solo, and was most appropriate, having been composed for the reception of a Carmelite nun in Montreal. In the audience were a number of Carmelite fathers, and following the entertainment Reverend L. C. Diether, O. C. C., added a few well-chosen words in which he commended the students on their efforts and expressed his appreciation and enjoyment of their performance. "You have ascended lofty heights this evening," he remarked, "and have enjoyed the pure air peculiar to those heights." The evening closed with generous applause, and all expressed their delight in the spiritual as well as the literary treat.

OUR CLASS ROOM.

"This is a garden where a seed is sown."

In one corner of the great bustling city of Chicago, is an institute of modest dimensions and in one corner of this building is a small room which might escape the notice of the chance visitor or even fail to attract the attention of the inmates of the house, but to its occupants, this little room offers many a charm hidden from other eyes. There may be some with "souls so dead" as to see nothing beyond four green walls, three windows, rows of straight-backed wooden chairs, desks that lack similarity of construction, and a refractory clock. To freedom-loving youth the room may be but a hamper on buoyant spirits and rising energies, especially during the waning hours of the afternoon session when lectures seem to have a somnolent effect, and "tired eye-

lids on tired eyes" have a drooping tendency. To the teacher, however, "this is a garden where a seed is sown," a rare, beautiful corner of "Queen's Gardens" blessed with perpetual sunshine and springtime promises. There is no garnering, no aftermath in this region, it is always seedtime, but the sower's vivid imagination helps her to see in the great beyond a wonderful harvest. Just as the gardener prepares his soil, the teacher has tried to prepare the minds of her pupils by putting before them models worthy of copying. To encourage intellectual soaring, groups of the world's most famous writers are hung high around the walls—those who have honoured the United States by rivalling their predecessors across the ocean in every form of literature; the dear English poets and prose writers who have moulded and fashioned our language, who have taught us to love "the meanest flower that blows," to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," who have cheered us in our sorrow by persuading us that "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," who have cultivated our artistic tendencies by proving that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," or pampered our lazy moods with the poetic creed:

"Give me a spark o' nature's fire:
'Tis all the learning I desire";

who have made us delightfully optimistic with the assurance, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," and broadened our horizon with the prospect: "The world is all before us where to choose, and Providence our guide." The group of foreign writers encourages us to labour through linguistic labyrinths, for who can speak with Homer and Virgil, and Goethe and Tasso and "le grand Corneille," without making their languages ours?

A few poets' ideals next attract our attention, chief among them being Sir Galahad, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure, teaching us all to look beyond the sordid things of earth, and onward ride until we, too, shall see the Holy Grail, the Beatific Vision in the Celestial City. The well-filled book-case surmounted by a bust of Dante, furnishes wholesome food for the young minds. "Kings' Treasuries" are there and with Ruskin's

advice how and what to read, the open Sesame is easily found. A large bust of Shakespeare in the opposite corner gives a classic tone to the little room. Is this all? Does the room furnish only intellectual delight?—No, but the best are kept for the end. Facing the pupils is a large calendar warning us that time flies, and ornamented with the beautifully suggestive picture, "The Soul's Awakening." We know its meaning, we know that a psychological crisis will come in our own lives, we know that there is another higher, fuller life than merely "eating, drinking and being merry," and we are watching for its dawn.

The question of vocation is ever before us in apt illustration. On one side is "The Rich Young Man," who went away sad from the call of Christ, because he had great possessions; on the other is she who loved much, "in contemplation rapt at Jesus' Feet"—she who chose the better part, depicted in contrast with her more active sister and teaching the consoling truth:

"The waves forever move;
The hills forever rest;
Yet each the heavens approve,
And Love alike hath blessed
A Martha's household care,
A Mary's cloistered prayer."

The beautiful picture of St. Teresa tells its own story to young maidenhood, encouraging us to seek admission into "The Interior Castle," and not to be satisfied until we reach the seventh mansion. She teaches us the admirable lesson of self-possession: "Let nothing trouble you, nothing affright you"; she warns us of the instability of all created things: "All things are passing"; and finally gives us the best motto that could guide our lives: "God alone suffices." "The Little Flower" smiles on us from the opposite wall as if to say: "The spirit of Carmel still lives"—there can be saints in the twentieth century as well as in the sixteenth.

Raphael's Madonna reminds the Children of Mary that we will always find a mother in her; Hofmann's "Christ" beams on us as if reminding us that "He did all things well," that He was subject to Mary and Joseph, that He could say of His life work: "It is consummated." The picture of the Sacred Heart fills us with love and

trust, and the wayworn Traveller knocking at the door must surely gain entrance to every heart.

All these artistic symbols are very interesting, but they are only symbols and in no way compare with the real charm of the class room—its inmates; the works of God's own Hands, made to His image and likeness, the dear young girls in the fresh bloom of maidenhood, on whose brow is mirrored innocence, as yet unspoiled by the world's baneful influence. No wonder the teacher's heart is ever young, and her hopes are high as she spends her days in our midst, trying to sow such seed as will spring into flowers of perpetual bloom when we leave her care to seek, "Fresh woods and pastures new."—From "The Class Record," 1915.

Why Canada Is At War.

WAR! The very word is charged with subtlest meaning, and breathed with feelings of fear and awe. For years it has been to many of us merely a word associated with our Histories when we tried to learn troublesome dates, causes and results. It has been woven into thrilling tales of daring and adventure, which we devoured eagerly, little thinking that this terrible bugbear would one day become a reality to us, touch us closely and leave the imprint of its devastating hand.

Many quiet Canadian households were thrown into a state of excitement and suspense in the latter part of July when the news came that England had declared war. Of course, this meant that Canada, her eldest daughter, would voluntarily give her assistance to the mother country. And why was England going to war? To protect the rights of suffering Belgium, and to keep her promise of assistance to France. Germany had declared war on France, and, in order to reach that country quickly, proposed to pass through Belgium. The sturdy little kingdom refused to allow this, and Germany, breaking the pledge which she with England and France had made, to respect the neutrality of Belgium in any European war, marched through the country, cruelly slaying, burning and destroying with the ruthless hand of a tyrant anything that opposed her plans.

If all her schemes succeeded, Germany would destroy the power of Britain, France and Russia, in fact, conquer Europe, and become the supreme mistress of the world! What an ambition! And in order to do this she must turn herself into an inhuman monster, break all her promises and pledges, forget mercy and moderation, and shock the world by her atrocious deeds.

England, France and Russia, the Allies, stand for right and justice. They are fighting to avenge the wrongs of Belgium and uphold the honour of their alliance—the Triple Entente. And so, Canada courageously and unselfishly has thrown herself heart and soul into this great conflict and put forth her bravest and best for the cause of right.

How proud, and justly so, are we of our khaki men! They are our heroes and have won for Canada a glorious name which will be passed down to future generations in the annals of history. Stories of their bravery in the battles which have been fought since Easter have come home to us and the flower of the country has perished. Hearts have been broken, and homes have been bereft of father or brother, but the suffering ones are consoled by the thought—"he is a hero; he died for his country." And this is one of the grandest things which could be said of a man, for love of country is next to love of God.

MARIE MCCARTHY:

LORETO CONVENT, HAMILTON.

A Half Hour With My Friends in the Cloister and Outside It.

Faith is not a dream—an inlet from the real world into shadow-land; but the very gate of reality. As it is something deeper than sense, subtler than fancy, keener than intuition, wider than reason, it plunges farther than these four powers of mind into the things that meet our sight or our insight. It is a two-edged sword, cleaving through phenomena, or the things we see and touch, to the very frontiers of soul and spirit, and therefore reaching the truer reality. For reality is not with the things of the world, which are seen and pass away, but with those inner, unseen, abiding forces that give the world

of fact and phenomena its worth and strength and coherence, changing it from a pastime or a puzzle into a song of creation. Faith is the *Te Deum* of Time chanting to the Eternal.

* * *

The call comes to each of us. It is that summons which is sounded from within; which makes itself felt in the still moments when the world and its glow are paled like the moon by the morning sun. Such times come to each of us. We see the hollowness of what we have worked for. We see the vanity of the quest after it all. It is a game of bubbles and baubles that shine with iridescence and break into nothingness when the fingers would close upon them.

* * *

You have made mistakes—you have miscalculated, overestimated yourself, neglected your opportunities—but this all happened in the past—it is a part of yesterday—dead, gone, buried in the graveyard of time. Tears and fears will not resurrect your losses—they merely raise the ghosts of inefficiency. You continually wish that you could get a fresh start. You sit day-dreaming and thinking how different results would be if you could go back to the beginning and start your career anew—but you can do far more with the future than with a second-handed yesterday. To-morrow is always bigger. The world is always bigger. The world is always a better place than it used to be.

* * *

The women who have been really great, whom we could not spare out of their place in history, have not been the student women or the remarkably learned. The greatest women have taken their place in the life of the world, not in its libraries; their strength has been in their character, their mission, civilization in its widest and loftiest sense.

* * *

Emerson says that a weed is a plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered. Many are the human weeds, too, whose virtues might be discovered and developed by patient cultivation. Some time—in the millennium, perhaps—there will be no weed-grown spaces, no weed-choked swamps, no vice, no crime, no slums, no prisons, and in that time, foreseen by every visionary, all the world will be once more an Eden garden

of roses in a perpetual June. That will come to pass at the season of the Greek calends, or, as the ironical Gaels of the Hebrides say: "Thus will it happen at Nevermas!" Yet great miracles have happened and little miracles are happening every day, so—who knows? Let us work on, each in her own little garden patch, to help the gray old world to bury its sorrows and its sins under the heavenly roses.

* * *

The habit of self-control may be regarded as the primary essence of character and this habit is the result of the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial. You deny the body with its passions, or you deny the soul with its aspirations. Deny the body and the soul comes to the front and floods your life with sacred splendor. Gratify the body with its instincts and desires and the soul retires, and its hot tears fall in the hearing of the angels.

* * *

Courage! That's the great, big thing that every one can get out of life, no matter what's against him. Courage! We all need it—all the time. If we have it, life's worth all it costs and more. If we haven't courage, life's a treadmill—a galley—a chain-gang.

* * *

Who shall say what is pain and what happiness? The door to happiness is so narrow we bruise ourselves in crushing in. The door to grief is so wide we never see that other people are going through it with us.

Art Exhibit, Loreto Convent, Mount Saint Mary, Hamilton.

THE Art Exhibit at Loreto Convent, on May 11th., was an interesting event. The two days that preceded the Exhibit would remind one of varnishing days at the Salon so much activity was displayed by the young ladies bustling about, anxious to select advantageous light for china and pictures, and touching up, arranging and rearranging until all was completed; all this being of intense pleasure to the fortunate ones who had made such marked strides in the artistic during the past year. Well, the day dawned bright and beautiful at the Mount and

the young artists were more than pleased at the numerous friends and distinguished personages who viewed their achievements with wonder at the excellent work done by such young students.

Miss E. Blake exhibited six oil paintings, "Autumn Scene," "Beech Trees in Northern Michigan," "High Park, Toronto," "Early Spring," "Evanston Road," a "Bowl of American Beauties," also a painting on tapestry, "Ruth and Naomi," all of which were greatly admired.

Miss Teresa Campbell displayed "Sheep in Pasture," "Autumn," "Jaqueminot Roses," and "Hydrangea," "Cows Drinking." This latter one was splendidly worked out, showing the perspective development of the four distances.

Miss Erma Ashton (the gold medalist of last year) exhibited only china this year. A beautiful Stork Vase; a Tea-Set, Conventional; Japanese Cake Plate, and several small pieces.

Miss Gertrude Radigan's Scenic Vase was truly a work of art. Luncheon Set done in rambler roses; a Tea-Set in violets and many other pieces were skilfully handled by this amateur artist.

Miss C. Stafford's "On the Severn," represents a very warm day, cattle wading in water. This scene is remarkable for its clear reflections and soft coloring. Among Miss Stafford's collection were several dainty aquarelles, an initial Dinner Set with band in gold, and a Fruit Dish in water lily design.

Miss B. Goodrow's display of Ceramic Art was very fine. A Tea-Set in gold and white; several small vases, natural treatment in briar roses and blossoms, Dressing Set in the brown shades, Conventional Cake Plate, a Satsume Teapot in antique design, Oyster Dish, shell design, a couple of landscapes in oil. We were pleased with the modest sketch of the old vine-clad workshop and brick wall of convent grounds.

Among Miss C. Hanrahan's collection we noticed an elaborate Lemonade Set, Conventional design; a large vase ornamented with yellow roses; a delicate tinted ribbon plate, lilies-of-the-valley, natural design; a very pretty water color landscape, and a winter scene in oil.

Miss E. Harris' beautiful lilac vase attracted much attention and a smaller vase, "birds and blossoms," was exquisite. Miss Harris exhibited several other pieces and a very beautiful pastoral scene, with sheep in the foreground resting under

the apple-trees, which were laden with blossoms. A couple of aquarelles completed this display.

The needlework display was a credit to the industry of the young ladies concerned. Special mention may be made of the more elaborate work accomplished by Miss Genevieve Doyle, Monica McGowan, Agnes O'Donohue, Marie McCarthy, Misses Stafford, Misses Walsh, and Sadie Doucette. Very excellent work was done by the pupils of the junior classes.

College Commencement Week at Loreto Abbey.

Warm congratulations are due to the Sisters and Faculty of the Loreto Abbey College for the successful termination of the year's work. The conferring of degrees upon four of its students—Miss Mary Power, Miss Teresa Coughlan, Miss Gertrude Ryan and Miss Mona Clark, at Convocation Hall, on Friday last, was a source of gratification and joy to the friends of this Institute, whose affiliation with Toronto University through St. Michael's College, is amply justified in these, its first fruits, so to speak.

We learn that an equally creditable showing distinguishes the work of those who are in the line of similar honours. The results already obtained warrant the fullest confidence in the educational training of Loreto Abbey.

On Thursday the Loreto Alumnae Association held their annual luncheon and reunion at the Abbey and the four first college graduates were entertained as guests of honour. The gathering was one of the largest and most enthusiastic the Alumnae have ever had. Among the after-luncheon speeches was an address of congratulation to the first graduates of Loreto Abbey College by Mrs. H. J. Kelly, delivered in her usual happy manner. It was responded to by Miss Mary Power, B. A., in a way which did great credit to the use these young ladies have made of their unusual opportunities.

The Baccalaureate Celebration was an event of real importance. It opened with grand High Mass on Friday morning in the Abbey chapel, celebrant, Monsignor Whalen; deacon, Dean Downey of Windsor; subdeacon, Reverend J. O'Connor; master of ceremonies, the Reverend chaplain, Father Melville Staley.

A sermon of great eloquence and spiritual unction was delivered by Reverend Thomas Burke, C. S. P. The College graduates and students were ranged in cap and gown directly in front of the sanctuary, and their demeanour lent a new grace to the solemnity of the occasion. Other features of the programme followed at intervals during the two succeeding days: notably among them, a learned and interesting address by the President of St. Michael's College, Reverend Robert McBrady, C. S. B. He was introduced by Reverend Dean Harris, after a few highly commendatory remarks to the graduates and Faculty. The following distinguished gentlemen upon the platform lent their voices to second the praise and good advice contained in Father McBrady's address:—D. R. Keyes, M. A., of Toronto University, Hon. Justice Blachford, Hon. Justice Kelly, J. F. White, LL. D., of Ottawa, and Reverend Father Meader, C. S. B. They added much interesting data of their own, and provided brief sketches of the history, leading to the present status of women in connection with Toronto University, and convent-trained women in particular.

Tennyson's "Princess," arranged in dramatic form, was produced in a delightful manner by the College students, before an immense audience, on Saturday evening, and on Sunday evening the event closed with a luncheon tendered to the College students and their friends.

The cast of characters for "The Princess" was as follows:

Princess.....	MISS TERESA COUGHLAN, B. A.
Prince.....	MISS GERTRUDE RYAN, B. A.
Florian, friend of Prince.....	
.....	MISS MONA CLARK, B. A.
Lady Psyche.....	MISS MARY POWER, B. A.
Lady Blanche.....	MISS AILEEN KELLY
Cyril, friend of Prince.....	
.....	MISS ELLEN MADIGAN
Melissa, daughter of Lady Blanche.....	
.....	MISS IRENE LONG
Ipsé, a nobleman.....	MISS MARION SMITH
Gama, King, and father of Princess.....	
.....	MISS HELEN MULLINS
Violet, a pupil.....	MISS GENEVIEVE TEIRNEY
Students, Courtiers and Messengers.	

Prize List, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

Graduating Medals conferred on Miss Amanda Barthelmes, Miss Margaret Flanagan, Miss Ettie Flanagan, Miss Madeline O'Reilly.

1—Papal Medal for Hagiography, obtained by Miss Madeline O'Reilly.

2—Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto, obtained by Miss Bertha Schuman.

3—Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, presented by Right Reverend Mgr. McCann, obtained by Miss Marcella Gibbons.

4—Gold Medal for Bible History, presented by Very Reverend J. T. Kidd, D. D., obtained by Miss Eleanor McIntosh.

5—Gold Medal for Church History, presented by Reverend G. A. Williams, obtained by Miss Madeline O'Reilly.

6—Bronze Medal for English Literature, graciously presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Mertis Donnelly.

7—A Scholarship of fifty dollars, in the Arts Course of University of Toronto, at Loreto Abbey College, presented by the Loreto Alumnae Association, and obtained by Miss Madeline Smyth.

8—Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Mrs. Gertrude Foy, obtained by Miss Mertis Donnelly.

9—Gold Medal for Mathematics, donated by the late Eugene O'Keefe, Private Chamberlain to the late Pope Pius X., obtained by Miss Mertis Donnelly.

10—Gold Medal for Latin, presented by Reverend W. McCann, obtained by Miss Helen O'Connor.

11—Gold Medal for English Literature in Junior Matriculation Class, presented by Reverend M. Staley, obtained by Miss Esme Cosgrave.

12—Gold Medal for First General Proficiency in Junior Matriculation Class, obtained by Miss Madeline Smyth.

13—Gold Medal for China Painting, presented by Reverend J. Brennan, obtained by Miss Margaret Flanagan.

14—Silver Bracelet for Primary Piano, First-class Honour Standing in Toronto University Examination, obtained by Miss Helen Brennan.

15—Silver Cross and Chain for Elementary Piano, First-class Honour Standing in Toronto University Examination, obtained by Miss Evelyn Lee.

16—Prize for Domestic Art, presented by a Friend of the Community, equally merited by Miss Ettie Flanagan, Miss Lucille Gorman, obtained by Miss Ettie Flanagan.

DEPARTMENTAL EXAMINATIONS IN JULY, 1914.

Entrance to Faculty—Miss Madeline O'Reilly, Miss Frances Galligan, Miss Mary Fee, Miss Mary Davis (honours), Miss Kate Cray, Miss Genevieve Roach, Miss Helen O'Connor, Miss Catherine Coleman, Miss Elfrida O'Brien.

Entrance to Normal and Junior Matriculation—Miss Madeline Smyth (honours), Miss Barbara Farrell, Miss Nano Hayes.

Music Matriculation—Miss Amanda Barthelmes, Miss Margaret Burns.

Lower School—Miss Hilda MacTavish, Miss Rita Woods, Miss Tilly Canning.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT, JUNE, 1914.

Junior Piano, Second-class Honours (University of Toronto)—Awarded to Miss Marjory Murphy, Miss Alice Fitzgerald, Miss Leila Rodway.

Pass Standing—Miss Colette Herbert, Miss Frances Mitchell.

Primary Piano—First-class Honours, Miss Helen Brennan; Second-class Honours, Miss Sheila Doyle.

Pass Standing—Miss Ellen Fournier, Miss Edna McCarron.

Elementary Piano—First-class Honours, Miss Evelyn Lee; Second-class Honours, Miss Mary McIntyre, Miss Evelyn McLaughlin, Miss Muriel Bryan.

THEORY.

Intermediate Theory—Second-class Honours, Miss Phyllis Leatherdale.

Junior Theory—First-class Honours, Miss Phyllis Leatherdale; Second-class Honours, Miss Loretto Kelly.

Prize for Good Conduct, presented by Reverend L. Minehan:



AMANDA BARTHELMES ETTIE FLANAGAN MARGARET FLANAGAN MADELEINE O'REILLY
GRADUATES OF 1915, LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Prize for Good Conduct in Senior Boarding-School, equally merited by Misses Madeline O'Reilly, Mabel McAuley, Genevieve Weis, Josephine McBrady, Mertis Donnelly, Elizabeth Breen, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Breen.

Prize for Good Conduct in Intermediate Boarding-School, obtained by Miss Ethel Ashley.

Prize for Good Conduct in Senior Day-School, obtained by Miss Dorothy Cronin.

Prize for Good Conduct in Intermediate Day-School, obtained by Miss Mary Brady.

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises at Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

Miss Eugénie Marks, Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D.

Miss Estelle Walsh, Papal Medal for Church History.

Miss Marie McCarthy, Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada.

Miss Marie McCarthy, Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D.

Miss Estelle Walsh, Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Very Reverend Dr. Brady, Dean.

Miss Mary Oles, Gold Medal for Music-Honours—Intermediate Grade—Piano—presented by Very Reverend J. J. Craven, Dean.

Miss Agnes O'Donohue, Gold Medal for highest standing in Lower School Entrance to Normal, presented by Reverend J. F. Hinchey.

Miss S. Doucette, Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Sir John Gibson.

Miss Louise Joyce, Gold Medal for Proficiency in First Form High School, presented by Mrs. Gallagher.

Miss Helen Yawman, Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department.

Miss Celestine Stafford, Silver Medal for third year Ceramic Art.

Miss Merle Patrick, Silver Medal for highest standing in Departmental High School Entrance, 1914.

Miss Agnes O'Donohue, Eugénie Marks, and Mary Burns, Certificates for Lower School Entrance to Normal, 1914.

Miss Oles—Honours—Intermediate Grade—Piano—Toronto Conservatory; Miss Louise Yates, Pass.

Miss Gertrude Murphy, Certificate for Music, Junior Grade, Toronto University, 1914.

Miss Eileen Murphy, Certificate for Music, Elementary Grade, Toronto University, 1914.

Miss Merle Patrick, Douglas Clark, Marion Rogers, Vera Foyster and Marie Hiscott, Certificates for High School Entrance Examination, 1914.

Miss Cecile Hanrahan, First Prize in second year Ceramic Art.

Miss Evelyn Harris, First Prize in first year Ceramic Art.

Miss Douglas Clark, First Prize for Art in connection with High School, Form I.

Miss Genevieve Doyle, First Prize for Art in connection with Lower School work, first and second years.

Miss Kathryn Harris, Prize for Art in Entrance Class.

Miss Enid Anderson, Prize for Art in Third Class.

Miss Genevieve Doyle, Prize for Needlework.

Miss Louise Yates, Prize for Darning.

Miss Agatha Callaghan, First Prize for highest standing in Junior Fourth Class.

Miss Estelle Walsh, Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation.

Miss Gertrude Melody, Prize for Regular attendance in Day-School.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Miss Veronica Austin, Prize for Domestic Science, First Form, presented by a friend of the Community.

Miss Florence Sweeney, Prize for Domestic Science, II. Form.

Miss Elva Dunn, Prize for Christian Doctrine in Third Class.

Miss Mary Eckstein, Prize in Senior Third Class.

Miss Isabelle Loudon, Prize in Junior Third Class.

Miss Kathleen Goodrow, Prize for Plain Sewing.

Miss Margafet Marks, Prize for Writing in Third Class.

Miss Margaret Balfe, Prize for Regular Attendance.

Miss Rita Eckstein, Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Primary Class.

Miss Evelyn Connor, Prize in Senior Second Class.

Miss Madeleine Yaldon, Prize in Junior Second Class.

Miss Anna Flynn, Prize in Part II., Second Class.

Miss C. Hobday, Prize for Writing.

Miss Emma Springer, Prize in Primary Class, and for Music in Primary Grade.

Commencement Day at Loreto Academy, Chicago, Ill.

Commencement Day began with the celebration of High Mass in the convent chapel, at which the graduates received Holy Communion and enjoyed the distinction of hearing an eloquent sermon addressed especially to them. After the devotional exercises, the Class was entertained at breakfast by the Juniors, who left nothing undone to make the occasion memorable. The reading of prophecies, class-will, class-alphabet, and the maiden efforts of aspiring poets, added the usual flavour to the festivity. The biographical sketches portrayed the graduates "as others see them," and were greatly enjoyed by all. In the afternoon at four o'clock, a large and interested audience greeted the students, who very successfully carried out the following programme:

Rakozci MarschLiszt
Chorus, "Twelve by the Clock".....Lloyd

Recitation, "The Vision of Sir Launfal."Lowell
Conferring of Commercial Diplomas
and Certificates for Music.

Chorus, "Murmuring Zephyrs".....Jensen
Historic Drama,—

"The Clemency of Augustus"....Corneille

CHARACTERS.

Cæsar Augustus, Emperor of Rome.....
.....Miss C. Newberg

Cinna.....	} Conspirers	{ ...Miss D. Hughes		
Maximus..			} against	{ Miss M. Morrissey
Emily.....				
Livia, Empress.....			Miss M. Lyndon	
Fulvia, Friend of Emily.....			Miss F. Morrissey	
Euphorbe, Friend of Maximus...			Miss H. Skiba	

ACT I. The Threatened Conspiracy.

"So to my purpose tho' the whole world frown,
Revenge is mine, and triumph is my crown."

Semi-Chorus, "All Hail to King Augustus."

ACT II. Empire or Republic?

"Your counsel is my guide; speak Cinna, then
I'll emperor be, or simple citizen."

Whims Schumann

ACT III. The Conspiracy Disclosed.

"To whom entrust the secrets of my soul
When none are faithful found throughout the
whole
Of this vast empire?"

Rondo CapricciosoMendelssohn

ACT IV. The Clemency of Augustus.

"O'er self and mighty Rome I'll master be.
O memory, O time, my victory
Preserve forever. I triumph today
Over myself."

Chorus, "Ne'er Shall Thy Praises End."

If I Were a Bird.....Helselt

GRADUATION HONOURS CONFERRED ON: Miss
Dorothy Hughes, Miss Constance Newberg,
Miss Margaret Morrissey, Miss Mary Lyndon,
Miss Emily Von Albade, Miss Florence Morrissey, Miss Helen Skiba.

Pantomime, "At the Golden Gates" ..Father Ryan

Chorus, "Ave Maria".....Abt

Southey has appropriately said: "It is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn." The encomiums that have been written on the little words "yes" and "no" fill the heart of a student with joy and delight.

**Prize List, Loretto Academy, Wellesley
Crescent, Toronto.**

Gold Medal, Christian Doctrine, Senior Department, Miss Adèle La Tour.

Honourable Mention, Misses Brennan, McBrady and Guinane.

Prize, Christian Doctrine, Intermediate Department, Miss Margaret Folger.

Prize, Christian Doctrine, Junior Department, Miss Florence Guinane.

Prize, Christian Doctrine, Primary Department, Miss E. Mulqueen.

Silver Medal, English Literature and Composition, Miss Eleanor Anglin.

University of Toronto Certificates—Elementary Piano, honours, Miss Eileen Dunnigan. Elementary Piano, pass, Miss Florence Cherrier. Junior Piano, honours, Miss Ruth Beaver.

Historical Map Drawing, First Prize, Miss Ellis McGee.

Drawing, First Prize, Senior Department, Miss Helen Guinane.

Drawing, First Prize, Intermediate Department, Miss Doris Hayes.

Plain Sewing, First Prize, Miss Gladys Johnson.

Fourth Year Academic Class, First Prize, Miss Eleanor Anglin.

Third Year Academic Class, First Prize, Miss Adèle La Tour.

Second Year, Academic Class, First Prize, Miss Margaret McCabe.

First Year, Academic Class, First Prize, Miss Helen Guinane.

Senior Fourth Class, First Prize, Miss Lillian Enright.

Junior Fourth Class, First Prize, Miss Margaret Butler.

Senior Third Class, First Prize, Miss Loretto McMullen.

Junior Third Class, First Prize, Miss Kathleen Kelly.

Senior Second Class, First Prize, J. Smith.

Junior Second Class, First Prize, J. O'Neill.

Senior First Class, First Prize, Miss Mary Anglin.

Junior First Class, First Prize, G. Cherrier.

Phonics, First Prize, Miss Helen Hagarty.

Waste

Across the waste the wind flies wild to-night,
Cries through the ruined beauty of a place
Where light was once, and glory, and the grace
Of ancient things and fair; the moon's wan light
Shines now upon a blackened death-wracked soil,
Upon the wreckage of most lovely things,
The fruit of centuries of aching toil,
Ah! how the wind among the ruin sings!

"Ah, death, death, death," it cries, "and desolation!"

Darkness, where once there burned a sacred flame—

The torch of beauty and of man's salvation—

Darkness there is: the sorrow and the shame!

The fruit of love and toil and aspiration—

Death, death, and darkness now and desolation!

The men who raised the glory and the grace,
Who paved the road of joy for other feet,
Have long since reached the bourne where all
roads meet.

Their hopes and dreams were with us in this
place,

And we, poor toiling ones, who yearn and dream
(As they did) looked upon the man-made
things,

Saw in them joy, and hope for man, the gleam,
Through mists terrestrial, of celestial wings.

Ah! death, death, death, and stricken desolation!

Alas! the blackness of the pain-hushed void!

By all that's best in man, towards man's salvation

Such grace was made; by man it is destroyed,

Shattered and gone past hope of restoration—

Alas! the darkness and the desolation!

Through the deserted streets and ruined hearths
Where light and warmth were, so short while
ago,

The aimless wind breathes forth its song of
woe,

The fallen leaves drift aimless up the paths—

And, in the midst of all the blank despair

A dreadful Silence sits with stony eyes

Staring before her; and the quiet there

Shrinks with a noiseless horror worse than
cries.

I. J.

School Chronicle.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

Many events have transpired since we laid down the thread of our chronicle last December. And here is June again, with rare sunny days and balmy airs, warning us to search out the little golden fibre once again and to tie it up for the end is near. May the holidays bring us all happiness and blessings from the Lord!

March the thirteenth—It is a pleasure to have our former classmate, Miss Ila Allen, with us tonight. Sweet and gracious as ever Miss Ila, remains after two eventful years in the world's wider life. It is beautiful to go through life growing more gentle, sympathetic and refined with the years.

Reverend F. Rosa, from New York, gave us a very charming and enlightening lecture on the war, this evening. He described the big guns in detail, telling us how they were manipulated. When one is fired, he said, the gunner puts his hands over his ears, opens his mouth and stands on his toes. Otherwise he would be rendered deaf by the violent concussion of the atmosphere. Father Rosa's lectures are always looked forward to with delight.

March the fifteenth—"One Hour in Erin," a pretty little drama in two acts, was given by the graduates and senior students, this evening. This drama was written for an American stage, but owing to clever improvising by the instructress, was appropriately adapted for ours.

Katherine, the heroine, is a beautiful Irish girl who has come to Canada only to find herself unable to endure the loneliness of exile. She longs to revisit her cherished land, and while she yearns in the touching way of exiles, in comes little Fairy Good Will and transports her to the beloved shores of Erin. Here she spends an hour in the open air among the shamrocks, enjoying the companionship of friends and playmates, who entertain her in various charming ways.

Miss Amanda Barthelmes impersonated Katherine and delighted the audience by her skilful interpretation. Miss Margaret Flanagan repre-

sented Erin and performed her part with unusual ability. Miss Mary McIntyre, as Canada, with flag and maple leaves and stirring song, elicited hearty applause.

The other dramatis personae were: Miss Dorothy Pratt (Science), Miss Mary E. Flanagan (Religion), Miss Evelyn Lee (Good Will Fairy).

The staging was unique and the delightful players reflected careful and excellent training at every point.

March twenty-fifth—Who does not love the little children's concert! It always moves one. The earnestness with which each little tot performed her instrumental selection seemed to affect the audience in the manner of some mysterious inverse law, for everybody laughed. The choruses were particularly pleasing and rendered doubly effective by the acting. Miss Elizabeth Sweeney's recitation, "The Mustn'ts," captivated the audience and brought ladies forward to caress the wonderful little child!

April the sixteenth—If we could say it about an angel—who made a mistake and gathered under his white wings a great good man whose benefactions were blessing the earth—we would surely say it now as we chronicle the death of our dear benefactor, Mr. Patrick Burns. He veils the splendours and displays the crosses and there remains nothing for us but to sit still and see the salvation of God. Let us thank Him for the cross as we take it up, believing that He doth all things well, and, in leading us by the sharp, short road of sacrifice, he is conducting us more surely to a happy reunion. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved family and friends.

April the nineteenth—The ceremony of Reception and Profession, this morning, was very impressive.

The young ladies who received the Habit of the Institute as Novices were: Miss Marie Johnson, Joliet, Ill. (Sr. M. Alphonsus); Miss Kathleen C. O'Meara, London, Ont. (Sr. M. St. Celestine); Miss Agnes St. Charles, Belleville, Ont. (Sr. M. Ethna); Miss Frances Galvin, Chicago, Ill. (Sr. M. Gonzaga).

The following Novices made their first profession of vows: Sr. M. Gabriel English, Sr. M. St. Clement Brohmann, Sr. M. Euphrosyne Ryan, Sr. M. Antoinette Fahey, Sr. M. Victorine

O'Meara, Sr. M. St. Hugh Canning, Sr. M. Teresa Kelly, Sr. M. Priscilla O'Donnell.

In the absence of the Most Reverend Archbishop, the ceremony was performed by Right Reverend Monsignor Whalen. Mass was celebrated by Reverend James Walsh, pastor of St. Helen's, Toronto. The Abbey chaplain, Reverend Melville Staley, delivered an eloquent sermon on the religious state, taking for his text: "These are they who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." His words of encouragement to those who have "taken up their cross to follow the Lamb" in His life of sacrifice for the salvation of the world, thrilled the hearts of all who heard them, and relatives and friends present must have felt anew the sacredness of the consecrated lives of their loved ones, and the honour of their being thus chosen to take part in the work of the world's regeneration.

April the twenty-first—We had the honour of a call from the Very Reverend W. Dunne, S. J., of Winnipeg. Father Dunne is a cousin of M. M. Francis de Sales and was in Toronto seeing his mother, who is seriously ill.

April the twenty-second—Doctor O'Hagan read for us this evening from his book of poems. "I take off my hat to Albert" went straight to our hearts. Introducing this poem the distinguished lecturer said: "This little piece seems to have caught people's fancy and has secured undue recognition, I think." We did not agree with the Doctor. It was indeed beautiful. Some of the other poems read were, "The Freckled-faced Boy," "The Song that Mother Sings," and "The Farmer Pioneer." Each of these was introduced by a description of the occasion that suggested its being written. These introductions rendered the poems doubly interesting. We hope we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing Dr. O'Hagan again.

April the twenty-fourth—The Art Exhibition at the late Goldwin Smith's residence attracted some of us abroad. On our way we saw a wonderful sight in a window—hundreds of goldfish in an aquarium, swimming lustily about. We watched them to see by which fins they lowered and elevated themselves in the water. While we were studying this out, some one said, "See the monkey," and to the left in a large cage was a wonderful spider monkey. His face was clean,

also the palms of his hands and soles of his feet. Otherwise he was covered with hair. His forehead was high and he frowned and wrinkled it like a human.

April the twenty-seventh—Miss Florence Conlin paid a farewell visit to-day ere setting out for the regions of war. Miss Conlin was one of the successful candidates for Senior Matriculation at the Abbey, a few years ago. Subsequently, Miss Conlin entered on a course of training for professional nursing at St. Michael's Hospital. After graduating from this Institution the brilliant young lady offered her services to relieve the suffering in the hospitals for the wounded.

April the twenty-eighth—Mr. N. J. Kennedy's lecture on "The Justification of the Irish Cause" surpassed all expectation, from one so young. For depth and scholarship and happy tact the lecture was a masterpiece. We cannot help thinking that Daniel O'Connell would be proud of this young orator. In contrasting the English and Irish ideals, Mr. Kennedy said: "Expansion, domination, commercial prosperity, these the Englishman will have; concentration and perfection the Irishman must have or you make him poor indeed."

The musical part of the programme was provided by Miss Angela Tone Breen and the Messrs. Kennedy. Miss Breen played with exquisite taste. The following is the programme:

Piano Solo, St. Francis D'Assisi.....*Liszt*
(The Bird Sermon)

MISS ANGELA TONE BREEN.

Solo—

(a) Di Provinza il Mar, Aria "La Traviata" *Verdi*

(b) Loraine Loraine Loree
MR. THOS. B. KENNEDY.

Address, The Justification of the Irish Cause.
MR. N. J. KENNEDY.

Solo, The Erl King*Schubert*
MR. THOS. B. KENNEDY.

Solo, Irish Folk Songs—

(a) "Molly Brannigan"

(b) "Kitty of Coleraine"
MR. N. J. KENNEDY.

Piano Solo, Caprice Espagnol.....*Moszkowski*
MISS ANGELA TONE BREEN.

Solo, The Raft *Pinsuti*
MR. N. J. KENNEDY.

Solo, The Lord is my Light.....
MR. THOS. B. KENNEDY.

May the eighth—The “movies,” to-day, delighted old and young. First in order came the Belgian soldiers marching out grandly to meet the enemy. King Albert and his two sons take a sad farewell of the brave men—eighty thousand of whom were subsequently slaughtered in the dreadful battles. The Belgian soldiers were not swinging their arms while marching. It seemed so different from what we are accustomed to. After the warlike pictures many lumber-industry scenes were presented. Trees were cut down and drawn by long sleighs to a madly-rushing river where they tumbled in and floated away in “booms” to a mill. Here they were manufactured into lumber. It seemed a little better than visiting a lumber-camp because we saw the beginning and the end and the process between.

May the ninth—The two little Belgians! This is the endearing title for Jeanne and Elaine. They are of course Belgians, and they are small, but they are as wise and as clever and as sweet as the daughters of King Albert’s country ought to be. They are interviewed some days several times. Distinguished visitors are told about them—and immediately the desire is expressed to see them. Down come the little pair hand in hand—Elaine looks up at the speaker with a wistful look in her brown eyes and answers for the two. Jeanne looks straight forward and says nothing. She is the younger. One morning their cousin, Father Pirot, a Belgian priest, the same who went for them and brought them out from England, gave them a surprise. He came to the Abbey and was going to say Mass. He was kneeling in the first pew, making his preparation. In a jiffy the dear little pair spied him and ran to him—and he did not escape too easily. Indeed, they held the light of heaven in their shining eyes at the sight of their great, good friend.

May the thirteenth—The De La Salle Orchestra-performance was very delightful. Under the direction of Mr. R. Clarke this Orchestra is rapidly becoming one of the musical factors of the city. We were glad to have the pleasure and the privilege of hearing all these magic violins in our Auditorium, this afternoon.

May the eighteenth—Professor Keyes of Toronto University lectured to us this afternoon on the causes of the present war. His treatment was exhaustive and enlightening and was enhanced by numerous personal reminiscences. For instance, he had listened to a German professor in the great Heidelberg University make the following remark: “We may pride ourselves in a united Germany but England has taken upon herself the white man’s burden.” The scowl on the students’ faces told how unpopular were the words.

May the nineteenth—What a pleasant surprise awaited us when we were told by our mistress, Sister M. Francis, that she was the recipient of an invitation from Mother Evangelista to bring the day-pupils up to spend an afternoon in our new day-school on Brunswick Avenue. The arrival of the happy day found us very much transformed in appearance from the usual black uniform. Our spirits, too, were running over with the joys of anticipation. At two o’clock sharp we were filling up the private car, ordered for the occasion, and a few minutes later were moving off from the Abbey en route for Loreto Abbey Day-School, as our new school is called. On our arrival we were welcomed by the nuns who were there to receive us. We made a tour of the house from basement to garret—the garret being a delightful “Roof Garden,” commanding a view that would please the fancy of an artist. To the north stands the picturesque castle of Sir Henry Pellatt, to the south may be seen Lake Ontario, with its shining waters, to the east and west palatial dwellings rise up to relieve the rich green of a luxurious foliage. We explored every nook and corner—for some one told us that we would not have this privilege again unless we took the “cap,” so we made the best of our opportunities. A dainty afternoon tea was served in the spacious Assembly Hall, after which our exuberant spirits found adequate expression in a merry dance. Five o’clock came far too soon, but this is the failing of a happy day—it ends and leaves us wondering where it went.

May the twentieth—We chronicle with sorrow the passing away of one of our dearest and truest friends—Reverend Hugh J. Canning. We were loath to think that God would take him, and as he grew weaker we prayed the more that he

might be spared. But the pitiless angel of death swooped down and robbed us of our cherished friend. He interested himself in every function of our school. His dear familiar presence would have been missed from the slightest of these—and now we shall never see him here again. It is the saddest of sad crosses for us.

We learn that his obsequies will take place on Monday in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, that the Knights of Columbus will form a bodyguard of honour, that His Grace the Archbishop will celebrate the Requiem Mass, that His Lordship Bishop Fallon will deliver the funeral oration.

June the second—All who witnessed the graduating ceremony to-day will not soon forget its many beautiful and impressive features. The Auditorium Hall was filled with friends and relatives and when the curtain rose it revealed to them the beautiful sight of over one hundred young girls in dainty white costume arranged tier after tier upon the stage. Painted tropical scenery redolent with color-contrasts formed a charming background. The splendid choral class, under the able direction of Mr. Francis Coombs, sang "I know a Bank," then followed the picturesque crowning of the graduates: Miss Amanda Barthelmes, Miss Ettie Flanagan, Miss Margaret Flanagan and Miss Madeleine O'Reilly. A very sweet recitation, "The Broken Rose," declaimed with good taste and talent by Miss Esmé Cosgrave, followed the crowning. Then came other contributions to the musical part of the programme, in the way of piano solos by Miss Ruth Johnson and Miss Margaret Flanagan, who played incomparably well. Not less impressive perhaps, was the interesting number, The Trial Scene, from "The Merchant of Venice," played by eight of the young ladies.

June the eighth—Among the most notable items of the concert this evening for the Belgians was the interesting and touching discourse delivered by the Reverend T. Pirot, a Belgian priest. Father Pirot had just returned from Europe whither he had gone in January last to look after the Belgian refugees. He told us of the smoking towns and cities that he had witnessed in France, of the suffering men and women and children, of the desolated churches, and of Belgium bruised and bleeding until many in the audience wept. His lecture was intensely appealing. It was so

direct and simple that a child could follow, and, on the other hand, so vivid and natural that the audience followed with absorbing interest. "Ladies and gentlemen of Canada, the Belgians have nothing to bring with them—no clothes, no money,—nothing! All have been taken from them—houses, homes and country." He concluded with the wish that the Canadians might never know what it means to be homeless and destitute, to be forced into exile with empty hands and empty pockets, to be separated from those they love and cherish, etc.

The Right Reverend Mgr. Whalen, who represented the Archbishop in his absence, replied to the Reverend speaker in adequate and appropriate words. Monsignor said that few could bring more to Canada than the brave Belgians—the cultured, industrious, noble and high-principled Belgians,—that Canada would recognize and acknowledge these gifts—greater than all other gifts when the foundations of a country are in process.

Other interesting features of the evening were: A recitation, "The Broken Rose of Belgium," by Miss Esmé Cosgrave; song, The National anthem of Belgium, by two little Belgian refugees, the Misses Elaine and Jeanne Maréchal; a solo, "O Canada," by Mrs. S. MacDonald; and last, but not least, a violin solo by Mr. Beardmore.

School Chronicle, Loreto Academy, Niagara Falls.

April the fourteenth—As a pleasant variation in our strenuous labour of this last, busy season of the scholastic year, Miss Lillian Corcoran entertained us this evening at a bridge-party and luncheon.

In the *socials* given before Easter by Miss Cornelia Barringer and Miss Mary Elizabeth Carroll, the prize-winners were, respectively, Miss Florence Mullin and Miss Margaret O'Malley. This evening Margaret was again the fortunate one, receiving a pretty, silver-framed picture.

April the twenty-first—Miss Elizabeth Dant's birthday very enjoyably celebrated.

Towards the close of an exceedingly pleasant afternoon, the hostess, assisted by Miss Euphemia

Rogers, served a choice collation, consisting of fruit, salad, cheese and nut sandwiches, olives, coffee and cakes.

The bridge prize, a hand-painted vase, was won by Miss Mary Elizabeth Carrol.

April the twenty-ninth—During the past three days, it has been our happy privilege to listen, once more, to the beautiful, uplifting conferences of a retreat, given by Reverend Father Gillis, C. S. P., whose words seem to bring greater and greater inspiration to us at each succeeding visit. As the weather was ideal, we were able to spend much of our free time out-of-doors in the contemplation of the newly-awakened spring loveliness and of the Great Creator thereof.

May first—The senior students, accompanied by some of the teachers, enjoyed a visit to Buffalo, where they witnessed a very fine Miracle Play, "Telemachus," presented by the students of Canisius College.

May the twelfth—Miss Angela Duffey gave a little informal party, which proved entirely delightful. The usual games whiled away some pleasant hours; the winner of the prize, a beautiful book of poems, was Miss Lillian Corcoran. After a choice luncheon, at which Angela proved herself a charming hostess, the guests spent the evening on the spacious piazza overlooking the Falls.

May the fifteenth—Through the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. Bampffield and Miss Margaret Bampffield, we had the pleasure and privilege of being present at the review of the troops by His Royal Highness, the Governor General, the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, in Victoria Park.

May the twentieth—The entertainment of our Bridge Club was this evening in the hands of—one who shall be nameless. The prize, a friendship book, was won by Miss Elizabeth Dant. After refreshments had been served, the guests, before dispersing, graciously expressed appreciation and thanks.

May the twenty-fifth—The Graduates, having been permitted to accept a kind invitation to Loreto Abbey College Commencement exercises, enjoyed a week-end filled with the pleasantest possible happenings. In addition to the festivities attending Commencement, Miss Hilda

Clarke, a former Loreto, Niagara, student, entertained them at a five o'clock tea at her beautiful home on Beatty Avenue.

The charming hospitality received while in Toronto will remain one of the sweetest memories of 1915.

May the thirty-first—The close of May was, as usual, marked by the procession of the students about the grounds and thence to the chapel, singing the Litany of Loreto. Miss Angela Duffey bore the banner of Our Lady, and, after the public renewal of the Act of Consecration, Miss Margaret O'Malley, as leader of the successful side in the May bands, crowned Our Lady's statue. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was then given by Reverend Father Jerome, O. C. C., after which, the oft-heard and ever-impressive "Farewell to May" was sung by the young ladies as they slowly wended their way from the chapel.

June the fourth—A brief visit from Reverend S. J. Quigley, O. C. C., Englewood, N. J., who kindly offered Mass in the convent chapel. His many friends here were pleased to find him looking so well, but regretted that he could not remain to give us at least one of his eloquent discourses.

June the sixth—The solemnity of the Feast of Corpus Christi. We had the happiness of singing at High Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Peace, and, then, in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament from the church to the convent piazza, where Benediction was given from an altar beautifully adorned with flowers and lighted tapers. The procession returned, through the grounds, to the church, where Benediction was once more bestowed on a large and devout congregation.

June the ninth—Miss Margaret O'Malley, assisted by Miss Florance Peterson, entertained the graduates this evening.

The last game ended and the score examined, Miss Josephine Spalding was adjudged the prize, a pretty reproduction of Rubens' "The Age of Innocence." A delicious luncheon followed, consisting of ice-cream and strawberries, cake and candy.

June the eleventh—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Several of the pupils were received as promoters in the League of the Sacred Heart.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was followed by a most instructive sermon, delivered by Reverend Father Jerome, O. C. C.

June the eleventh—Miss Mary Bampffield gave a very enjoyable birthday party this evening. Miss Gertrude O'Neill secured the ring concealed in the birthday cake, Miss A'Deane Millar, the thimble, and Miss Kathryn Kuehl, the coin.

June the twelfth—A class luncheon was given this afternoon by Miss Euphemia Rogers and Miss Josephine Spalding on the lower piazza. A beautiful floral centerpiece adorned the polished table, and at each place was found, in addition to the pretty *menu* card, a dainty place card, bearing an appropriate verse. The favors were the hostesses' personal gifts, intended as remembrances of Commencement Day. Between courses, the toast-mistress, Florence Mullin, called on the guests, who responded as follows: Alma Mater, Miss Lillian Corcoran; Our Class, Miss Margaret O'Malley; Class Photographs, Miss Cornelia Barringer; Classical Dialogue, Miss Angela Duffey; Class Poem, Miss Elizabeth Dant; Last Will and Testament, Miss Euphemia Rogers; Class Prophecy, Miss Josephine Spalding; Class Biographies, Florence Mullin.

In the evening Mother Leocrita gave a lawn-fête which delighted the hearts of all present—the wee tots being quite as enthusiastic as the young ladies.

June the sixteenth—A glimpse of our kind friend, Reverend Father Walsh, C. M., late President of Niagara University, who favored us with a few minutes' visit during a hurried trip to the Falls.

Amongst those who have recently visited our school are: Very Rev. Dean Morris, St. Catharines; Reverend Father Cogan, Provincial of the Irish Carmelites, Ireland; Reverend C. Kehoe, St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto; Reverend Father Southwell, O. C. C., New York; Reverend Father Jerome, O. C. C., Rev. Father Zazza, O. C. C., Falls View; Reverend Father Bernard, O. C. C., Niagara Falls; Reverend Father Rosa, C. M., Reverend Father Chesnut, C. M., Niagara University; Reverend F. H. O'Connor, S. J., Reverend Father Scullin, Reverend Father Campion, Reverend Father Burke, Reverend

Father Boland, Reverend Father Ryan, Reverend Father O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. G. Duffey, Miss Katherine Duffey, Mrs. Mullin, Misses Jeanette and Madeleine Mullin, Lima, Ohio; Miss Dertinger, La Salette, Mrs. T. Duffey, Mrs. Potts, St. Thomas; Dr. and Mrs. Barringer, Mr. W. Barringer, Miss Dorothy Barringer, Canandaigua, N. Y.; Mr. F. Dant, Lebanon, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Day, Mr. G. O'Malley, Dr. Finerty, Mr. Reed, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Ida Shuart, Miss Connolly, Mr. Reardon, Mrs. Belnoir, Miss Ruth Fox, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Jamestown, N. Y.; Miss D. Souther, New Jersey; Lady Falconbridge, Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. McNabb, Miss Helen O'Brien, Misses McNabb, Toronto; Mrs. Reilly, Miss Hartnett, Miss Phillips, St. Catharines; Mayor and Mrs. Millar, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Miss Cowey, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Rolfe, Port Colborne; Miss Cray, Guelph; Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Rothwell, Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, Dr. Mahony, Miss Neenah Brady, Welland; Mr. and Mrs. Geiser, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. Bampffield, Mr. F. Bampffield, Miss Margaret Bampffield, Miss Shephard, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Coste, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Lyons, Miss Eagan, Miss McCarney, Miss Smith, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. Daly, Miss Mary Daly, Miss Mahony, Miss Matthews, Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. Mulqueen, Miss Adeline Mulqueen, San Paolo, Brazil; Hon. and Mrs. Smith, Toronto, etc., etc.

We extend our sincere sympathy to three dear Loreto, Niagara, post graduates, Miss Vivian Spence, Toronto, in the death of her highly esteemed father, Dr. James Spence; Miss Minnie Eagan, Niagara Falls, N. Y., in the sudden death of her beloved mother, and Miss Kathleen Ridout, Toronto, in her grievous anxiety for her only brother, now a prisoner of war in Germany.

June the twelfth—A pleasant hour was spent this morning at the distribution of prizes in the "Little School." The following is the list of well-merited awards:

Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine, equally merited by Miss Jane O'Malley and Miss Margaret Gaskin, obtained by Margaret Gaskin.

Prize for Good Conduct, equally merited by Miss Muriel Zybach, Joan Rothwell, Annie Brundle, Wilhelmina Best, Clare Ballard, Marion Battle, Alice Miller, La Verne Rashley, Jane O'Malley, Josephine Owen, obtained by Muriel Zybach.

Prize for amiability, by vote of companions, awarded to Miss Margaret Gaskin.

Prize for Regular Attendance, merited by Miss Annie Brundle, Joan Rothwell, Clare Ballard, Alice Miller, Catherine McLaughlin, obtained by Annie Brundle.

Prize for Personal Neatness and Order, equally merited by Miss La Verne Rashley, Joan Rothwell, Charlotte Styles, Annie Brundle, Muriel Zybach, Alice Miller, Clare Ballard, Wilhelmina Best, Marion Battle, Catherine McLaughlin, Josephine and Geraldine Owen, obtained by Miss Wilhelmina Best.

First Prize in First French Class, equally merited by Miss Jane O'Malley and Miss Thelma Peterson, obtained by Miss Jane O'Malley.

Prize in Div., First French Class, obtained by Miss Josephine Owen.

First Prize for Drawing, equally merited by Miss Thelma Peterson and Miss Muriel Zybach, obtained by Muriel Zybach.

Second Prize for Drawing, equally merited by Misses Josephine and Geraldine Owen, La Verne Rashley, and Katherine Rogers, obtained by La Verne Rashley.

First Prize in Fifth Grade, awarded to Miss Joan Rothwell.

Second Prize in Fifth Grade, awarded to Miss Loretto Gaskin.

Prize for General Improvement, awarded to Miss Geraldine Owen.

First Prize in Fourth Grade, Miss Charlotte Styles.

Second Prize in Fourth Grade, Miss Annie Brundle.

First Prize in Third Grade, Miss Clare Ballard.

Second Prize in Third Grade, Miss Marion Battle.

Prize in Third Grade, Miss Odile Mooney.

Prize for Improvement, Miss Vida La Berge.

First Prize in Second Grade, Miss Alice Miller.

Second Prize in Second Grade, Miss Katherine Rogers.

Prize in Second Grade, Miss Katherine Mooney.

Prize for Improvement, Miss Ruth Styles.

Prizes for General Improvement, Miss Esther Peterson, Miss Catherine McLaughlin.

We wish to convey our congratulations to Miss Madeleine McMahon of Class '11, who has just received her degree of Bachelor of Arts from Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y.

FLORENCE MULLIN, '15.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

May the first—The close of the annual Retreat.

The Exercises opened with a Conference on the object of a Retreat and the fruit to be reaped from it if well made.

Silence, quiet and solitude aided us in meditating upon the great truths of our holy religion, so admirably presented for our consideration by Reverend E. A. Scully, C. SS. R., the Director of the Exercises. Listening to the word of God as it fell from his lips, we learned to see our daily duties in a new and clearer light, to avoid the false and fatal lights of the world, that shine so alluringly while still the primrose path runs on, and to take the Christ-way, in which happiness and freedom are ever found.

The Conferences were eminently opportune and practical—to single out any particular one because of its excellence would be to detract from the merit of the others—but the closing sermon was especially impressive in its eloquent appeal to us to be faithful to the good resolutions made and thereby advance nearer to the attainment of our God-given destiny.

An act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin, Papal Blessing, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament were a fitting close to the hallowed days of Retreat, 1915.

And now the fragrant breath of May proclaims the advent of Our Lady's month, we praise her in the dear old hymns that will ever be new, the while her altar glows and gleams in light and lily. In the blossoms we bring to her shrines, the garlands of prayer we lay at her feet, the sweetest flower is the Angelic Saluta-

tion—a prayer which the Catholic tongue never grows weary of repeating, and which rises to the Queen of Heaven like incense from an ever-burning censer.

May the tenth—With a thoughtfulness peculiarly his own, Reverend A. J. Leyes, mindful of our desire for a musical afternoon, afforded us one of the most enjoyable treats of a season that has been marked by an unusual number, by permitting the young ladies and choir of his church to present a delightfully humorous Operetta, entitled "The Bo'sun's Bride."

The performance was under the direction of Mr. L. R. Woodcroft, and was given with a verve and finish seldom seen in amateur productions. Not a detail was omitted by the capable cast to make it reach as nearly as possible a professional plane.

Frequent applause testified to the enthusiasm of an audience that did not fail to give vent to its appreciation very frequently throughout the cleverly-presented comedy.

After a short intermission for refreshments, the members of the choir repaired to our chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and there gave us an opportunity of judging of the beauty and power of religious music by their soulful rendering of *O Salutaris*, *Tantum ergo* and *Laudate*. How devotional it all was!—reminding us that we shall one day behold a vision of beauty, and hear a celestial music, such as eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard.

May the twelfth—A gala day—and a long sleep!—at the request of His Lordship—long life to him!

And now Mr. Edison comes along to tell us that five hours are enough to give to sleep. Sweeping generalities are hazardous, but sleep, to our way of thinking, is a very good thing. Sleep has a mighty potency and rejuvenating power that falls at intervals upon stressful mortals, leavening the cares an uncertain fate presses upon us. It is the one unfailing balm that cures the ills of yesterday, and sends us healed to meet the new day. A lot of really good things could be, and have been, said about sleep by the apostles of the obvious of all ages. We wish to add simply that all sleeping people are good, and that we defend it as a popular diversion and habit as well as a necessity.

Scorning such insipid vanity as the beauty sleep (superfluous in an age of cosmetics), we contend that the spell of Morpheus is most welcome in those delectable moments when the new day is pausing timidly on the threshold. Ah! what luxurious subconscious ecstasy comes in those all-too-brief moments, just at dawn, when we breathe defiance to the ironic ring of the bell, and turn ourselves over for one more glimpse of Elysium.

The Sage of Menlo Park may enjoy his five hours, but we have registered a protest—we shall sleep—and invoke the gentle Deity of Dreams!

The crowning joy of our gala day was the feast of ice-cream and cake which Mgr. Mahony so kindly provided for the Faculty and students, to make the end most sweet. To say that we are grateful would be to give faint expression to what we feel.

May the thirty-first—The customary procession at the close of the month, and the crowning of the statue of the Blessed Virgin by Miss Genevieve Doyle.

The pupils, veiled in white and carrying the banners of the three Sodalties, marched from the Academy to the beautiful grounds, their clear young voices uniting in hymns of praise to Our Lady, and finally into the chapel to crown their Queen, enthroned amidst lights and flowers. Surely Our Blessed Mother smiled sweetly upon them, and must not He who so loves little children have blessed them tenderly in the Benediction which followed.

"Farewell, sweet May," rose as twilight's gloom deepened on the world without, but Mary's shrine gleamed resplendent, illumined by the rays of her children's love.

June the third—An impressive celebration of the Feast of Our Sacramental King.

After the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, Reverend J. O'Sullivan, our zealous chaplain, delivered a most beautiful and soul-inspiring sermon—one of his happiest efforts, we thought, and in which he fully sustained his reputation as a silver-tongued orator—his clear enunciatory style demanding immediate attention from his hearers and enabling them to follow with ease his trend of thought as he depicted in glowing terms the life of Our Divine Lord in His gentle-

ness to little children, His tenderness to the poor, the weak, and the sick, His pity for sinners,—always standing with outstretched arms,—breathing hope into hearts hitherto hopeless.

The unction and persuasiveness of the preacher's words as he dwelt on the Blessed Sacrament, God's masterpiece of love, our stay and beacon-light in life's adversities, tended to give increased piety to our preparation for Holy Communion, and a fervent devotion to Our Eucharistic Lord, the same God who, centuries ago, cured the lame, the deaf, the blind, and trod the rugged path to Calvary.

In the afternoon His Lordship honoured us with a visit. How fondly Mount St. Mary cherishes the jewelled recollections of those happy hours of his kindly presence, his words of paternal counsel and encouragement that send many a bright ray of sunshine into our hearts and always leave behind a lingering fragrance, refreshing as the dew-drenched roses of summer.

June the eighteenth—Academic Honours conferred and prizes distributed.

The Hamilton Daily Times, referring to the occasion, says:

"Another splendid year's work at Loreto Academy was brought to a successful close this afternoon, by all the students gathering in the spacious auditorium, where Honours were conferred and prizes awarded by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D., assisted by Very Reverend J. J. Craven, Dean, Reverend A. J. Leyes, Reverend J. F. Hinchey, Reverend J. O'Sullivan and Reverend S. McGoey.

"The children and young ladies were all gowned in white and made a pleasing picture as they stood on the raised platform.

"One of the most delightful features of the afternoon was the offering of a musical programme, the opening number of which was an interpretation of one of Chopin's masterpieces, by Marie McCarthy, who not only can play, but is also so proficient in English that she carried away honors in that subject. Schumann's 'Papillons, Op. 2.' was rendered by Mary Oles, and had that composer been present, even he would have joined in the applause. Miss Oles' name appears in the prize list as the winner of a gold medal for music.

"All the girls composed the chorus, and they sang beautifully 'The Fairy Pipers,' and 'In the

Sunshine.' Much praise was extended to the little tots when they sang that lovely lullaby, 'Little Children.' In 'A Shepherd's Tale,' Gertrude Murphy was well received, and a duet by Mary Oles and Louise Yates was beautifully timed.

"When the prizes had been distributed, Mgr. Mahony spoke briefly, complimenting the students on their efficiency, and advising those who received no prizes not to be discouraged, but to work harder than ever. It was his wish that when on their holidays each should conduct herself in a ladylike and edifying manner and uphold Loreto and all that it stands for.

"Dean Craven added a few words on the same subject; and the wish for all to have a happy time was followed by the National Anthem."

ANITA.

Loreto Academy, Joliet, Illinois.

"Queen of the Angels, O Star of the Sea!
Pray for us, Mary, and guide us to thee."

Our school-days this year were particularly happy and several diversions were ours, but the last day of May will be a glistening and refreshing memory to each of us in the years that are to be. Each child from the tiniest tot to the eldest graduate contributed her chosen flowers to offer at our Lady's feet. And oh, the joy—so unlike the ordinary joys of school life—as our procession moved round the grounds of our dear St. Mary's, while the fresh young voices sang the Litany of Loreto.

When we entered the chapel we saw her loved statue surrounded by lighted tapers—now the floral offering and the crowning. Each class presented a crown at the feet of our May Queen, but the graduates had the rightful privilege of placing their garland on the head of that statue which we have grown to love as a precious reminder of our Patroness and Mother.

The crowning was followed by a most inspiring sermon by Reverend W. J. Roberts. The Reverend Father spoke of the inseparable union of Jesus and Mary—in Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, and in Heaven to-day we find the Mother with the Son. So it necessarily follows that devotion to the Mother of God will bring us

to her Son. The Act of Consecration was said, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament ended our May devotions.

A few days later we had that solemn event—Forty Hours' Devotion—which opened on the beautiful Feast of Corpus Christi. Of these sublime days we cannot speak—our hearts are too full for words. The true worshiper of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament knows full well the privilege and happiness of entering into His Presence, now made more sensibly present by the aid of so many helpful surroundings—numerous lights, fragrant flowers, and, most of all, that wonderful silence which prompts our hearts to say,

"Peace, be still! Our God is dwelling
Silent on His Altar throne."

No, it seems we can never forget the lessons taught us by the various religious functions. Our hour of adoration on each first Friday is truly "a joy forever"—and how eagerly did we look forward to each Friday when we received such a depth of spiritual instruction from Reverend Father McNamara. Truly, if we put into practice his words of wisdom we shall be like unto the "valiant woman." And oh! those days of retreat in which we were made so truly happy, as the spirit of Christ was unfolded in all its charming beauty by the impressive words of Reverend W. P. Corcoran, C. S. C.

Some of us will leave St. Mary's this year—our year of graduation—the time for which we longed—how little did we anticipate that the longed-for month should lead us into a minor key—each celebration strikes at our hearts' chords to say—"this is your last time here as a schoolgirl at St Mary's," until we are almost envious of those who may return to our Alma Mater in September. Even now we seem to realize that these devout lessons of the heart outweigh the value of intellectual lore. In far distant days, undying, cherished remembrances of our religious environment will guide us on life's journey and the past will come back like a refreshing heavenly dew.

"And still we seem to be kneeling there
And breathing to heaven the fervent prayer—
Queen of the Angels, O Star of the Sea!
Pray for us, Mary, and guide us to thee."

Personals.

"Why have you decided to give up the European trip you were contemplating?"

"Because I heard some one say that travel broadens you."

"I'm going to join the class that's taking a course in Domestic Silence. Mother says it's useful when you're married."

"Why do you not come to Sunday School?"

"I'm learning French and music now, and mother doesn't wish me to take up religion till later."

"When you go to London don't fail to visit Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral."

"Oh, yes, of course; but what I'm hankering to see is the Church of England."

"I hope that Corporal Punishment will get killed in the war."

(Communicated): "Please, correct all mistakes and add more if necessary."

"How does the war affect your father's practice?"

"Oh, it's awful. Lots of people can't afford to be sick any more."

"Don't you know, dear, that it isn't proper for you to turn round and look after a gentleman."

"I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."

"I would rather be good than be great."

"Well, it's easier. There isn't so much competition."

"What did you study in school to-day?"

"We had two films of history and one reel of geography."

"I can't find the state of comatose in my geography. Will you find it for me?"

"What did the Pilgrims do after the great feast?"

"They went by the movies."

"I've half a mind—"

"That's what you have, dear."

"You don't know what I was going to say!"

"But I know what you said."

"A frog is a big green bug with warts all over it. And it keeps its mouth open all the time, and—and—and it's always sitting down behind and—and standing up in front."

"Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Well, I read that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

"The sentence in the lesson is: 'He went there out of idle curiosity.' How would you define 'idle curiosity'?"

"Well, I think a mummy is about as idle a curiosity as any I know of."

"Denmark is washed by the Catty Cat and the Scraggy Hack."

"A vacuum is an empty space full of nothing but Germans (germs?)."

Father Benson says: "The kind of religion that the world likes is a religion that is neither one thing nor the other—a religion that is not too vivid or eloquent about the next world, and not too practical about this: a gentle and pleasant compromise between the two—in a word: 'Morality touched with emotion.' This kind of religion is always successful, always at least tolerated. Such a religion never tramps to any Calvary: is never crucified between two thieves."

An artist once painted a lovely picture, but just as he finished it he managed by some mishap to get several blots in the sky. To rub these out without spoiling the picture was impossible. What did he do? He quietly took his pencil and turned the blots into birds. To each blot he gave a beak and a pair of wings—and lo, it was a bird!

A glorious way of dealing with troubles. Make them into birds, and get them wings, and then they may even fly away and leave you.

Conversation requires deep thinking as a precedent condition, and the habit of the age is not toward deep thinking, for the reason that the pace is so swift that it takes us over the surface, and we do not get beneath it. What wonder that in such a form of life there is no pause for conversation in the older sense. Men and women content themselves with saying, in the main, what

has to be said. When they really do pause and take leisure for saying something worth while, they do not find it to say.

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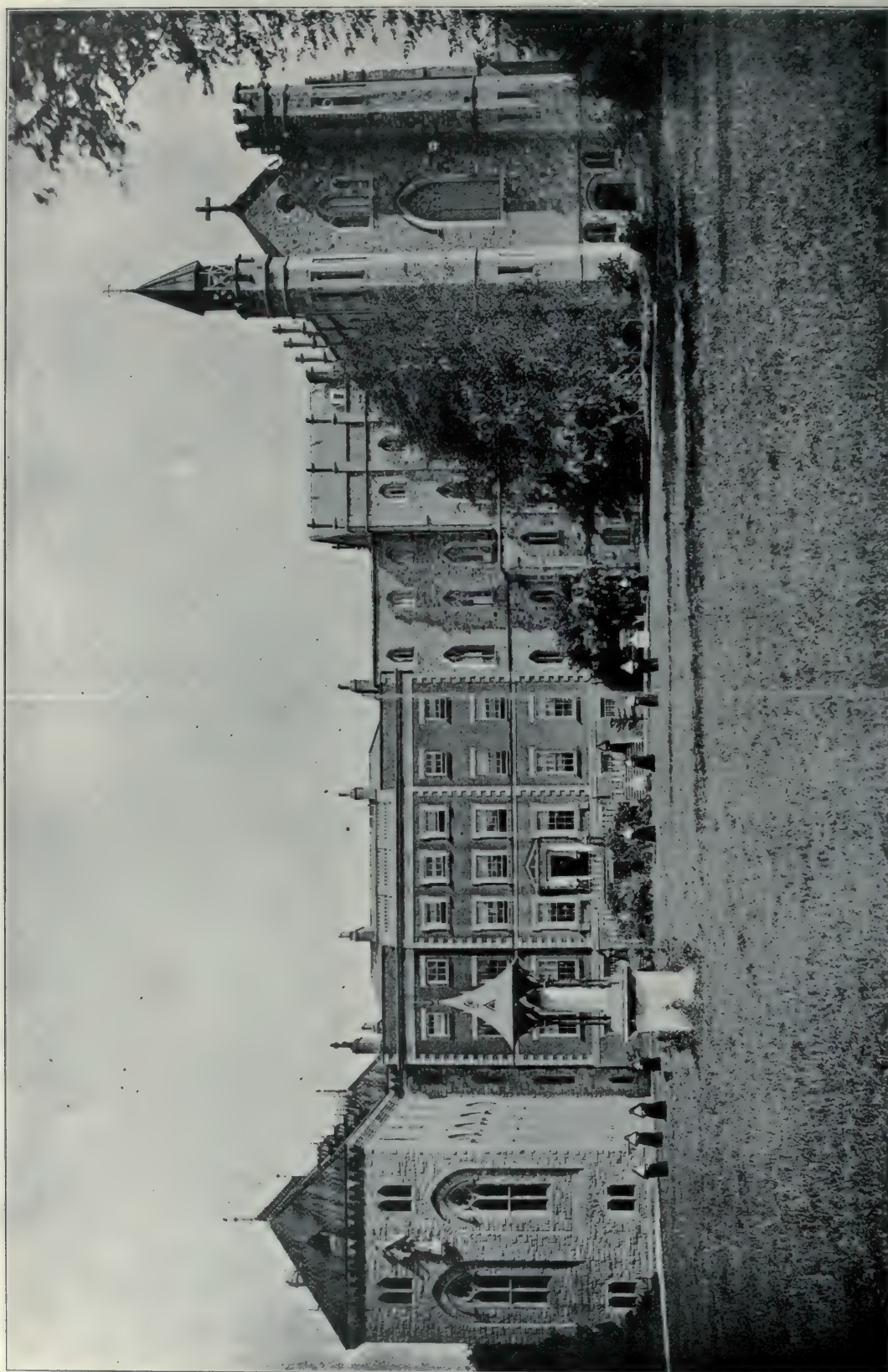
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LORETO ABBEY, RATHFARNHAM, DUBLIN.

NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1915.

No. 4

Golden Jubilee of Reverend Mother Mary Michael Corcoran.

1865-1915.

Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, Ireland.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget all he hath done for thee."—Ps. cii. 1, 2.

Our varied earth can boast no clime where
Spring

Joins hands with Autumn, fruit with blossoming;

Yet the soul-garden shows this wondrous thing.

That garden-close whereof the soil and sod
Are ne'er by earthly visitant o'ertrod
But quicken ever to the feet of God—

For there, by crowned achievement, oft may
glance

Green shoots of promise, sprays of purpose
dance

On curving boughs, ripe products to enhance.

No fallow space God grants, no time for rest,
"Sow, prune, and reap ye," runs this grave
behest,

"E'er life's sun sinks for ever in the West!"

Thus, Mother, in the garden of thy years,
By God's love sunned and watered by life's
tears,

What wealth of fruitage, grace of bloom appears!

What gold of harvest, bordered by the brown
New-turned for tilth! When hast thou e'er laid
down

Sickle or grain-sieve? We, thy joy, thy crown,

(Thy crown to come, as we are now thy care),
We, too, dear Mother, know what work and
prayer

Our tillage cost thee; we thy wisdom share,

If we, thrice-blest, have learnt thy heavenly lore,
Have rested never on our garnered store,
But made each grace the seed of graces more;

Have given God in youth a heart mature,
In age, the fervour of the young and pure,
And made life's music Heaven's overture!

* * * * *

The seventh of May, nineteen hundred and fifteen, is inscribed as a day of solemnity and joy in the annals of Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham.

The event celebrated was the Golden Jubilee in religion of Reverend Mother Mary Michael Corcoran, who, for twenty-six years, has held the "Generalate" of the Irish branch of the Institute of the B. V. M.

The Abbey, artistically decorated for the occasion, presented a festive appearance to those who came from far and near to take part in the celebration.

Amongst the earliest congratulations to reach Mother General were those of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., conveyed by Cardinal Gasparri:

Roma. Supérieure Générale. Institut B. V. M. Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham. (Gde. Bretagne.)

"Heureuse occasion, votre double Jubilé de cinquante ans profession religieuse, et vingt-cinq ans en qualité de Supérieure de cet Institut. Saint Père Benoît XV., vous accorde de tout coeur spéciale bénédiction apostolique, implorée,

gage faveurs célestes, bénit en même temps votre famille religieuse."

CARD. GASPARRI.

An autograph blessing for Mother General from His Holiness is at present in the house of the Institute in Rome, awaiting happier days for transmission to Rathfarnham.

For days, cables and wires from all parts of the world had been received—the same may be said of presents of every description.

Among the most valuable was one of altar plate, presented by the Right Reverend Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory. It consisted of a magnificent gold chalice, ciborium, and altar cruets of fine repoussé work done by hand—of Irish manufacture. All were set in amethysts, garnets and diamonds, and on each was engraved the coat of arms of the Institute, and an inscription in Latin, the translation of which reads as follows:

✠ Abraham, Bishop of Ossory, for old friendship's sake, and on account of manifold kindnesses received from the Loreto Institute, offers these gifts to M. M. Michael Corcoran, Superior General, on the auspicious occasion of her Golden Jubilee of Holy Profession.

May 7th., 1915."

The manufacturer, Mr. Smith, said, "This is the largest presentation ever made to an individual." One of the priests remarked, "It is a gift fit for the Pope."

On the morning of the 7th. Masses began at 6 o'clock. The Community Mass was at 7, after which the organ pealed out the "Jubilantes." The Religious filed out of the church to its strains, and the choir, already assembled in the refectory, took it up as Mother General entered.

Light wreaths of ivy, intertwined with yellow and white streamers, festooned the walls, and baskets of daffodils were set in effective positions. At the upper end, behind Mother General's table, was a picture of herself, surmounted by a handsome scroll suitable to the occasion and draped with flags of those countries in which are established branches of the Institute under her government.

After breakfast several Masses were celebrated. At 9.30 Canon O'Keeffe arrived to crown the Jubilarian. She did not intend to have this ceremony at all, but the P. P. insisted, and

finally she consented to have it in private at the altar of the Immaculate Conception. Though it was supposed to be a great secret, every one became aware of the fact, and the cloister was thronged.

High Mass—at which ninety priests were present—was celebrated at 11, a. m. Right Reverend Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, assistant to the Archbishop of Dublin, presided. Right Reverend Dr. Millar, late Vicar Apostolic of Transvaal, officiated at Benediction. The Jesuit novices from the Castle close by were acolytes and another was master of ceremonies, so you can imagine the perfection with which everything was carried out. Father Brennan, S. J., sent any amount of lovely flowers to decorate the church. The exquisite cope that M. M. Stanislaus of Seville, Spain, gave Mother General at her last re-election was used for the first time.

In contrast with the imposing purple of Monsignori were the white cloaks of Carmelites and Dominicans, the black of Passionists—the brown of the Franciscans was also much in evidence—mingling with the white surplices of the secular clergy.

The pupils' choir of Loreto Abbey sang the Mass. The Proper of the Mass, "Protexisti," was a beautiful interpretation of Solesme plainchant. The other parts sung were taken from the "Mass of St. Ignatius," by Griesbacher, for four equal voices.

The singing was characterized by the sweetness and precision, power and varied gradation of tone, for which this choir has long been remarkable.

After Mass the clergy were entertained in a manner worthy of the occasion. The guests evidenced their full appreciation of the banquet.

By the express wish of Mother General none but ecclesiastics were invited to the celebration, owing to the widespread mourning and sorrow caused by the disastrous war.

At 2, p. m., the guests assembled in the music hall for the concert prepared by the pupils in honor of Mother General's Golden Jubilee. Following is the programme:

I.

- I. Chorus (with accompaniment of Orchestra), "Ode to Music".....Cowen



ENTRANCE TO CEMETERY, BEECH WALK, AND LAKE.



THE NUN'S CHOIR, CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

2. Instrumental Quartette, "Hymnus"
..... *Gotthelf*
3. Vocal Solo, "To the Angels"..... *Zardo*
4. Pianoforte, Concerto in A minor, Allegro marcato (Op. 16)..... *Grieg*
5. Violin Solo, "L'Extase"..... *Thomé*
6. Vocal Trio, "Greetings" *Brahms*

II.

7. Instrumental Trio, Allegro energico
(Op. 66) *Mendelssohn*
8. Violoncello Solo (with orchestra),
"Variations Symphoniques" (Op.
23) *Boëllmann*
9. Vocal Duet, "Summer Time"..... *Schumann*
10. Orchestra, "Egmont" (Op. 84)..... *Beethoven*
11. Chorus (with accompaniment of Orchestra), "Jubilee Ode"..... *Mackenzie*

The various numbers speak for themselves. Suffice it to say the music afforded the greatest pleasure to all who heard it, and the verdict of critics was: "Exquisite music, faultlessly rendered."

Dr. Donnelly voiced the opinion of the audience in the following terms:

It has been my privilege to speak a few words here on various occasions, but this is a particularly exceptional one, and my words are not empty speech when I congratulate you on the marvellous performance of the choir and orchestra.

To-day is another great celebration, unique in the annals of Loreto, the Golden Jubilee of your Mother General. I know you have been delighted to contribute your very best, and you have ably justified our expectations by the rendition of such an ambitious programme.

I am certain such youthful performers would have no difficulty in gaining a stand on the platform of Queen's Hall, London; but you are content with more modest surroundings. It is a matter of great pride that this Institution maintains so much vitality for so long; it is not many years to the Centenary of the Foundation of Loreto in Ireland; since then it has asserted and held its position, and has been advancing and ever progressing.

Thirty years ago when you, young musicians, were probably not in existence, we were content to listen to occasional performances on three or

four pianos, with three or four performers at each, and then, I remember it was shortly after my consecration, to the horror and astonishment of venerable ecclesiastics, we witnessed two children playing a duet on two violins. I foresaw in that duet elements of greater things, and encouraged them to persevere. I said I hoped we should see the day when there would be a violin under the chin of every child in the school—now that has practically come to pass, and to-day we have seen with what results. Some may object that most of the numbers on to-day's programme were "made in Germany," but we can scarcely afford to protect ourselves against them for yet a while. I do not despair that we may yet hold our own. In the variations on the 'cello I recognized a suggestion of "Tipperary," turned upside down, as it were, and in fifty years hence we shall have so many composers of our own that we may be able to dispense with German programmes. Beethoven is the property of the whole world, and I was delighted with the number of his on the programme. The "Egmont" was so beautifully rendered I would not wish to hear it better anywhere. The same may be said of all the other numbers.

I am sure all present will unite with me in congratulating Mother General on her Golden Jubilee. As she must have entered very young, we look forward to the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee, and though you, children, will be somewhat older then, you will be succeeded by others who will, I hope, do as well—I won't say "any better"—for the Diamond celebration. I repeat, we wish her many returns of the day, and we wish to emphasize our best congratulations on this unique occasion.

The presents were numberless and beautiful beyond description. At first they were displayed in Mother General's room, but soon it was found to be far too small, so they were removed to the museum. The Irish Province gave handsome oak prie-dieux for the nuns' choir. The Colonies made an offering for the erection of a new lodge and front entrance, but, on account of the war, the building must be deferred for the present. In preparation for it the lawn has been laid out and planted.

The Abbey students presented an oak Communion rail for their chapel. I must not omit to mention a beautiful statue of St. Ignatius, life-

size, carved wood, the gift of the Ladies' Sodality and the pupils of Loreto Convents Seville and Madrid, Spain.

In accordance with a time-honored custom, we assembled in the church at six o'clock for the "Tibi Omes." A picture of St. Michael was carried in greater state than usual. The child who carried it wore a dress of silver tissue, with a gold train and veil of the same material. The little ones who carried the candles and bore the train had long veils of gold gauze over their white frocks, and pretty gilt shoes. Though so young they acquitted themselves admirably and looked like little angels in their reverence and piety.

The elaborate procession was quite a surprise to Mother General but she was evidently pleased.

Supper was served at 7.30—the usual party only much more elaborate. Down the middle of the table was a bank of moss, studded with primroses and interspersed with lakes (mirrors) on which swans disported themselves in the glow of many-tinted fairy lights.

After supper, all went to look at a huge bonfire on the grounds, which the workmen had lighted. Some fifty small boys from the village were cheering themselves hoarse and tossing their caps in the air in sheer delight at the leaping flames that shot upwards. The pupils gave vent to their enthusiasm by vociferous cheering for Mother General.

After all the excitement was over, Mother General sent for the men, gave each a substantial reminder of the day and shook hands with them. They did not look quite at ease, for feeding a bonfire is not just the thing for presenting a trim appearance afterwards, but they got over their shyness by degrees and wished her another Jubilee.

On the following day three hundred guests, friends of the nuns, were invited. The concert was repeated for them and the day spent at the Abbey was a never-to-be-forgotten one.

On Monday the friends of the pupils were invited and right royally entertained by them and the Religious with music and song and games—everything that could make the memorable occasion most enjoyable.

Now we come to the day Mother General liked best—Sunday—when all the poor people of the village and their children, numbering seven hun-

dred and fifty, received printed invitations and a card of admission which was to be shown at the gate and given up at the refreshment table. Everything was perfectly arranged and passed off to the satisfaction of all. At Mother General's request, games were organized for the little people, during which the Band of the Irish Foresters, in compliment to the occasion, played stirring national music with great spirit—even if all were not of one mind as to time. The games went on from 4, p. m., to 6, p. m. At their conclusion, Mother General, who was radiantly happy going about among the poor, distributed lovely prizes—which she had taken great pains to select—to the winners. You can imagine her pleasure in seeing the happiness of those in possession of a fine football, a lovely doll, a pretty work-basket, etc.

At six o'clock a pause was called for refreshments. Each one got a fruit tray on which were sandwiches, buns, cakes, sweets, apples, oranges and bananas. Tea and iced lemonade were served ad. lib.

Regular programmes for the games had been printed and these were handed round by the pupils. The schoolmaster of the village and his assistant teachers managed the sports, of which there were ten different kinds, but the sack-race was, of course, the most exciting and amusing. When all was over Mother General distributed to each souvenirs of the Jubilee in the form of handsome framed pictures of the Sacred Heart, with indulgenced aspiration, for their homesteads.

Before dispersing the people expressed their gratitude by cheering for—"Long life and happiness to Mother General"—with cheers that can only proceed from Irish hearts and voices.

This entertainment was, of all the Jubilee festivities, the only one whose arrangements Mother General herself superintended, or was concerned about, and was the one from which she acknowledges to have derived the most genuine and unalloyed happiness.

To see how keenly she enjoyed bringing a little sunshine into the lives of the poor, and with what zest she entered into their amusements, made us realize the truth of the saying—"Le plaisir le plus grand est de faire celui d'autrui."

On Saturday all the men on the farm got a

holiday and were entertained in the gymnasium at breakfast, dinner and supper. The old gardener and Mat White were there, dressed in their best. Mat at the head of the table in an arm-chair, and the others in their "class" places. After supper, Mother General went in, and the ploughman stood up and made a speech, expressing their gratitude for all her kindness and congratulating her on her Jubilee. Then she spoke a few words to them and shook hands with all as they were going away.

At the close of the celebration Mother General assembled the pupils and, having thanked them for all they had done for her Jubilee and for their prayers, gave each a present. So you see no one was forgotten. There can never be any but the brightest memories of the happy Jubilee days.

In order that all Mother General's spiritual children might have the happiness of personally offering her their congratulations, every facility was afforded them to come in relays and spend some time in the Mother House. It is needless to say that great numbers gladly availed themselves of the opportunity.

About a fortnight before the Jubilee, M. M. Stanislaus, accompanied by two nuns from Spain, arrived. They had a very tiresome journey and were delayed a long time at Boulogne, waiting for their passports.

The nuns from all the houses in the diocese came on the eve. When they returned others took their place. Their delight was indescribable at meeting those whom it would be impossible to see in holiday time. The letters of affection and appreciation they have written since testify to this—some remarked that the happiest vacation paled before the pleasure and enjoyment of these few days.

Under the kind and hospitable administration of the Abbey the walls seemed to expand to meet the unusual demand on its powers of accommodation. The greatest joy and enthusiasm were manifested by every one, and we have taken up again life's "daily burden," brimful of the most delightful memories of an event which will stand out as a landmark in our lives for the time to come.

To chivalrous souls a pathetic failure often appeals more than an excellent success.

A New France Being Born in Bitter Pains of War.

IT is not what happens to you in life that matters—it's the way in which you face it.

Something like this Lloyd George said in one of his great speeches in the early part of the war. What is happening in Germany and Austria and Turkey few of us know, but as men do not differ much the world over (that is the chief thing one learns from travel) one may take it for granted they are facing the war with high courage and exultation. It is an amazing thing—but it is true—that there are few cowards in the world. There are men who don't want to enlist; who dodge conscription; who hate the thought of going to the front; but it is not because they are cowards—it is because they are selfish or lazy or in love, or any reason you please, except that they are cowards.

If you really think cowardice is the trouble with them, just slap one of them in the face!

The unfortunate Austrians are as brave as the man with the fez or the other man under the "pickelhaube." And all of them, I dare say, are facing the war in the right way. I do not know. What I saw of the German troops was in the first few weeks of the war, up in Alsace, where—in the first shock and strain of war—a kind of hysteria reigned. Officers and men were new to war and had not got a grip on themselves. But I have no doubt momentous things are happening in Germany and Austria; that the people, notably, are learning lessons that will change the entire national structure—when the fighting is done and the day of reckoning comes for the rulers.

What is happening in France and England I do know. Extraordinary things—things that had seemed impossible to the wildest prophet or dream-reader last year. There is no exaggeration (for I have no need of it) in saying that a new France has been born—as in war-pains unspeakable. For fifteen years France has been in the hands of the politicians whereof you know.

When you looked out your window what you saw was moral, political, social anarchy.

Came the war.

France had done brave things in every sphere of human activity. Her musicians were in the front of all nations; she was at the head of sci-

ence and scholarship; from painting to flying she led; but it seemed that her high spiritual destiny was to end in the gutter and the mud, and that her political destiny was to die in the appetites and greeds of the politicians.

In a day—in an hour—war knit together the old energies of the race. (And it was a strange thing to see laughter die in France. After the first horror of unexpectedness was conquered, the faces of men and women were wiped clean of fear and, also, of laughter—as soapsuds is wiped from a plate. It was strange to see the new faces—grave and steady, awed but courageous. Faces of Gaulish men and women.)

The old energy came back; and the old unity. Priest and Socialist, clerical and revolutionaire were merely Frenchmen. And the old high idealism came back. It was a strange thing—unfamiliar and uncomfortable—to the middle-aged generation.

Some day the history of the war will give a page to that strange scene when Paris—the shrill, derisive Paris you know—swarmed and jammed its way into Notre Dame. And they filled the vast cathedral, from wall to wall. They hung like bunches of grapes on the ancient pillars. And outside the parvis and the square were black with humanity—kneeling. Streets to right and left were filled, and the bridge and the quays; and all who could kneel knelt; and they sang the ancient canticles, and the old Archbishop came out and blessed them.

That was as miraculous a thing as has happened in the twentieth century—Paris on its knees, praying.

Up in a little town in Picardy I saw the same miracle. (And at times it seems as though I had never really known France—for this was a new France.)

It was at Albert. That little town is a heap of ashes and broken stone and rotting bodies now—for the Germans passed that way. But I was there before the Prussians shelled it. It's an unfortified little village—it was—on the pretty river Ancre, a little place of no importance to any one save the 6,000 or 7,000 quiet folk who lived there. One day—I mention the date because it is significant—August 21, thousands of troops, French and British, were being sent through Albert on their way to the front. Thousands upon thousands of French soldiers were

massed in the station and along the tracks. I was standing on a bridge high over the railway, with a friend from Paris. He was a man of title—a count—known pretty well everywhere. His mother is a famous American. And in all Paris he was the gayest, most cynical, horse-racingest and wildest devil of a fellow. Then he had on a dirty cap, red trousers, a dingy blue army coat with the worsted stripes to show his proud rank of—corporal. We were leaning over the parapet, watching the troops entrain. It was a blazing day; at 12.35, p. m. Suddenly the air seemed to darken—down below us and around us. And the sun, that had been a blazing ball, turned into a red and dirty disk with rags of crepe hanging from it.

And d'Hauterive said: "Bon Dieu! It's going out."

Then we remembered about the eclipse—though we weren't studying almanacs in those days; and I said: "It's over all of Europe—but it's darkest over France."

And the Parisian leaned over the bridge and shouted down into the darkness. What he shouted was: "God save France!"

And out of the darkness below thousands upon thousands of voices shouted back: "God save France!"

It was an extraordinary thing. In July you would have said it was an impossible thing. It was as though there had come back to France the old fierce spirit of faith that sent the Crusaders over sea and desert, crying their *Dieu le veut*.

No matter what happens to France, she is facing things in a new way—to use the Welshman's thought once more.

If this war were merely a dirty squabble of greeds—trade-grabbers jostling for places in the sun—there would be small hope for civilization. But the men who have watched it—as I have—coming slowly to an issue, since 1907, know it is the inevitable struggle between the old forces of democracy and armed aristocracy. And it is already bearing fruit in all the nations. I know more about that in England and France, but I am sure it is true of the others. Humanity is knit pretty close in these days.

(George Bernard Shaw, who is tolerably British, has a German sister; and her husband and

(I think) her son—Shaw's nephew—are fighting bravely in the German trenches.)

The nations are interpenetrated. Nothing can affect one nation (or one man) without affecting every other nation (or man).

In the first anger and surprise of war lots of foolish, bad things were said and written in England, as elsewhere. What you hear now is different—and what you read. I think Lloyd George voiced it first; and his words are worth knowing. He said the nations were "shedding themselves of selfishness," and making a new Europe—a new world. That view is worth while. And the newspapers are dropping the tone of brag and anathema. The *London Times* in a fine way denounces those who exult over the enemy—or envy them. This article in the *Times*—and if you know that essentially English newspaper you will agree with me—shows definitely how new and splendid an ideal has risen up in the public mind of England. A new ideal has risen where there were sloth, obscurity and fatted insolence. You can see it in this: "The comparison we have to make is with our own ideal not with other existing men or nations. It does not matter whether we are inferior or superior to them in any respect; it matters only whether we are doing our best to reach our own ideal. In that effort men and nations alike would neither hate themselves nor others, but only forget themselves and all comparisons with others; and when comparisons were forced upon them by the struggle for life they would not suffer them to trouble the peace of their souls with pride or hate or envy. So a nation would be able to make even war without hate. We hope and believe we are making war so; but we must be on our guard lest we think of victory as a heaven beyond which we need not aspire. Victory is glorious in proportion to the value of the cause that triumphs in it. And ours will be dust and ashes if it means to us only that we have shown ourselves better men than the Germans."

That is high thinking—and humble thinking.

If England has learned that lesson, something is already gained in that red horror of war. The way she is facing it matters more than what happens to her.

And France (you remember) has found

unity; and has learned—in the darkness—to call upon God.

Two new things; and in them there is a hint of what the new Europe may be.

VANCE THOMPSON.

To My Friend—A Conbert

Mary, when the night was wild,
And the sombre shadows creeping
Hid thee from thy wandering child,
Didst thou hear her weeping?

Mary, when the storm-cloud broke,
And alone thy child was straying,
When her doubting heart awoke,
Didst thou hear her praying?

Mother hands stretched out to guide
Her unto thy heart, love-laden:
Keep her ever near thy side—
Holy Mother-maiden.

GENEVA V. WOLCOTT.

Impressions at the Front.

TIME at the front passes with incredible slowness or else in furious rushes. All one's experiences come in rushes. The little one thinks and the less one writes is also done in jerks. One is haunted by one scene until it is obliterated in the next. An odd thought will come and prey upon one's mind like a vulture, but flit like a swallow before the next fancy. In Von Bülow's book on Imperial Germany I happened upon a thought which followed me for days. He quotes the strange statement of a devout Prussian that the only two perfect machines upon earth are the German Army and the Catholic Church. The enormity of the comparison arrests, delights, and yet deludes the mind, but there can but be contrasts between the two most mighty systems ever devised, whether in heaven or on earth, for the dominion of mankind. The one claiming and exacting invisible allegiance over the world, and the other threatening that unholy enthrallment which has fallen as yet upon two provinces and one small country.

In our own generation we have seen in different spheres of *Weltpolitik* the German State and the Universal Church making their slow headway against an equally suspicious world, though there are more unclaimed souls than colonies. Since 1870 the Church of the Infallibility was bound to advance or fall back. The same year was the triumphant vaulting plank of Teutonic militarism. From the bleeding pyre of the last Latin Empire the army of Brandenburg proclaimed world-wide interests. No nations smiled then as they had smiled at the proclamation of dogmatic Empery. The German Empire was born in shining armour, suckled on blood from iron teats, and naturally commanded the diplomatic, if not the affectionate, respect of Christendom. Yet the voice from the Vatican flew further afield than that from Versailles. It was almost out of piqued jealousy that the German State waged a *Kulturkampf* against the Church within her borders. For policy only she went to Canossa. In her relentless path she now wars against the Church without. Along the whole battle line the forts of the Church raise their crumbling pinnacles. The pavements are soaked with the blood of the faithful, and her priests are stricken in the field of battle. France could not go to war without her Church. Excluded from official life, the Church of Gaul shares the nation's strife and agony. Out of the dust of persecution and confiscation she has risen glorified—*terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata*. Priestly hands rang the tocsin of war, and infidel mayors were thankful for chrismed clappers to announce the mobilization. The budding flower of the priesthood went into the ranks. The very law which made priests liable to military service has brought absolution nearer than first aid to the trenches. The armies of France die Catholic.

It is curious to note the flotsam and jetsam of Catholicism which the upheaval of war brings to the surface of national life, just as the shells which rip up houses reveal the never lost religion of the land. And emblems and tokens of the faith find their way into the English trenches if only as souvenirs and keepsakes. Nuns press rosaries and medals into the hands of passing soldiers. I stumbled once on some English graves knotted together with a circle of barbed wire. In their midst stood a white

and blue image of Our Lady of Lourdes, spick and span under a glass case. There they lay, good Protestants, no doubt, between the fire of two armies, with a little Virgin for sentinel to guard their eternal rest.

Not far behind was a ruined church, where I heard my first Mass under fire. I had watched shell after shell tear through the gaping brickwork like red-hot needles through brown paper. Half a dozen perforated the tower, while the poor old bell screamed in terror under the rain of bricks. One wrecked the Lady Altar, and another tossed pulpit and confessional about like dice inside a box. One failed to explode, and lay at the door exuding sulphur, like the incense of some infernal censer. An interested spectator was the curate, who was calmly watching the damage from his concealment. There was a lull in the firing, and he decided to say Mass, so we entered through the *débris*. While he was dusting his chasuble I noticed the image of a Baby Christ, whose hand, once raised in benediction toward the enemy, was now amputated. A remnant of hiding peasantry collected, and Mass went its murmuring way, reminiscent of all Masses, past and yet to come. In the grey light the priest moved ceremonially from left to right and from right to left, as though he were following out some liturgical drill. And the stiff gestures he made and the sacred countersigns he uttered, and the crossed stole he wore under his gold-fringed uniform seemed like some gentle parody sent from Heaven against those who have been told that if they take up militarism they shall perish by militarism. As the Consecration drew near, the orderly acolyte rang his bell, but it was drowned in the distant boom of cannon, and overhead came the swish of passing shells, which has been compared to that of water against a ship's planks, but might equally represent the sound of falling angels cleaving the liquid air. Long seconds passed, and far to the rear broke dull explosions of disappointment as the shells buried themselves in clay fields or empty woods.

I could not help reflecting on the discipline which has made the French priests what they are. In the *dies irae* they have not flinched from the field or from their flocks. Often where the civil authority has been overwhelmed, the rites of Holy Church persevere. Here is an organi-

zation subtler than of any general staff, and her legionaries have not failed in that for which they were sent. Truly the two most perfect systems in the world are being tried by fire to-day—the Catholic Church and the German Army. Time will show which is temporary and which eternal.

I was helping to bury a man a few hundred yards behind the trenches, a man whom I never saw until I saw him dead, and whom yet I know as well as any I have met lately among the living. So sudden are the friendships of war and so imperceptible the veil between dead and alive. That the veil falls does not make old friendship cease, or prevent new ones beginning. To bury the dead is one of the corporal works of mercy. It is also the sacrament of comradeship.

The clay was wet and difficult to turn. Dusk fell, and a toy electric torch was all the illumination I dared to use. Every now and again bullets sighed overhead with the curious sound of half-languishing, half-exasperated kisses. It was quite dark when the body was covered and the flash of fire became visible. The desultory snap of rifles in the trenches quickened to a crackling as of thorns under a pot, and the sullen boom of guns concentrating their fire preluded an immediate attack. Rival batteries answered each other across the entrenchments of both armies with an alacrity which was ponderous enough to seem civil. It is the sharp, yapping maxim guns that sound rude and unmannerly when they break into the measured converse of their betters and biggers. Salute and repartee is the order of evening and morning, but on this occasion the guns seemed unwilling to break off. Successive jets of fire burst forth along the line, giving the impression of rapid scales being played on a red-hot piano. Audible ripples ran through the aerial tideway, and broke with a ruddy splash on the scrapings of sand and mud-castles that concealed cowering, watching men. Emanations of exploding light throbbed through the curtain of darkness, while the firmament grew black with smoke. Elastic tongues of fire licked up whatever was not mud or iron from the face of the country. Hayricks and rafters, hedges and birds' nests smouldered and flickered into flame. As at Carmel, the very water in the trenches seemed to be caught into the fire.

And somewhere under that canopy of smoke and crimson, human men had arisen out of the earth and were staggering on their way, and out of the clay other men rose up against them—but man is too small to be seen in the greatness of modern battles. Only the rival flashes were visible, that were meant to safeguard or destroy their advance. Suddenly out of the murky spaces Rhineward a searchlight shot uneasily across miles of map. It gradually lit up the whole horizon before it pitched upon the conflict and men watching from afar off saw each other's faces, haggard and ghastly, like diners surprised by a magnesium flash. All the colours in the landscape were wrung out by that cold, stark light. Distant homes and houses appeared bleached and phantom-like. Spires turned to icicles, clay fields ran to silver grey, and leafless trees blanched with an unearthly blossom. And most weird of all, the reflectors threw the counterpart of a lunar rainbow against the huddled clouds. But the guns never ceased, and in an inextricable welter of darkness and light attack and counter-attack were being negotiated according to calculations drawn from the best textbooks. Terrible is war's arithmetic, and her algebra is worked out in blood. Yet one knew that far behind the trenches on either side there were cool-headed men, whose iron insight was penetrating every move on that great chessboard of blood and fire, and whose lightning decisions were unweaving that tortuous confusion to clear issue. Attack and counter, counter and out-counter. Machine against machine, and element against element. One forgot that men were struggling there at all. One cannot see them, nor can one hear them. The guns scream louder than they.

The hour and a half-hour pass before the firing dies down of exhausted rage. There is only a red blotch or two where haystacks were. Everything comestible to fire has been swept away. Trenches have been taken and lost; men have slain and been slain. Suddenly the great searchlight switches off, like the footlights at the end of a play.

All is still. The clouds moved darkly over the place where the wounded are bleeding and the slain bleed no more. And the silence which descended upon the tortured air seemed drawn from the deep wells of inter-stellar space. A

submerged sheen began to show where the moon had lain hidden all this while. A night wind thinned the cloud racks until the lunar disk shed shapes and contours. It seemed as though a great host was flitting in swift aerial procession across the sky. Unsmitten by the lower strife, undulled by the sounds of earth, marched, or rather flowed, in silver silhouette the forms of all those who had struggled so blindly in the smoking clay an hour hence. To watchers afar they were more visible, more real, than their poor prototypes of clay. Earth to earth and blood to mud! but souls to the higher airs, free for ever from the splints of space, from the torture of time! Rank by rank the bodiless passed the Great Plain, forded the Last River.

And then, as if in mockery of fire and searchlight, the pellucid moon broke through the clouds and flooded the countryside with healing and sanctifying light. Once more the houses and spires, trees and hedges, showed to the four horizons, but as softly as in a dream. And the wind freshened, blowing the mists and companies of the sky seaward, until they melted peacefully away. There was not so much as the shape of a man's hand pointing whither they had gone. Neither cloud nor smoke obscured the vault of Heaven, and over the subdued countryside hung only the infinite irony of the stars.

* * * * *

As the war passes into its second or third stage, as the crescent horror of it threatens its full orb, as the supreme hour of one era, at least, of our civilization and continent opens before our eyes, there arises a keen perception between things to be forgotten and things to be remembered. The burden of daily fear, of sick surmise, the lingering yet reiterated griefs which are gradually becoming the lot of all those who lend the lives of dear ones to the service of their country—all this will pass away. The war and the horror thereof will one day cease to obsess the consciousness, though we hope not the meditation, of the world. The sorrows and anxieties of this time will surely fade with years, but there are names and sacrifices which must be stored by memory as long as memory is.

We can conceive the avalanche of monuments with which a mourning nation will hasten to honor the fallen in this war. It is probable that a national memorial may be erected on a simple

but colossal scale that no other war has ever inspired. The custom of the country has been to memorialize individuals, schoolfellows, regiments. The South African War littered the country with keepsakes in bronze and stone. Not always beautiful or striking, they nevertheless preserve the deed and name of local heroes and local legions from the hand of forgetfulness. Most appropriate of all, the great public schools adorned their chapels with sculptured rolls of honour.

At the end of the present war there will be no country which will not have cause and right to build its memorial, while the parish churches of England will probably be as significantly marked as they were during the Crusades, when every manor sent its knight and yeoman to engage, strangely enough, one of our present enemies. Wanderers through ecclesiastical England are familiar with the defaced and crumbling tombs of Crusaders with their legs or ankles symbolically crossed. To have had a Crusader in its ranks is a more comprehensive mark of the old English aristocracy than to have landed at Pevensey. The day may come when the families of Great Britain, whether of town or shire, will reckon themselves as they shared or did not share in this—the Last Crusade. Certainly Europe has never been so nationally convulsed since the time when the enormous armies of Christendom went against Jerusalem. There have been frequent wars of kings and dynasties, but never since have nations risen against nations.

For the part taken by those dear and near to them, every mourner will seek to make appropriate and historical memorial. In an age in which heraldry had not lost its meaning or distinction, one could imagine a fleur-de-lys being added to the arms of all who have fallen in France, as the cross was added to the shields of Crusaders. In a Catholic age, Masses would be founded for their souls' estate and altartombs erected throughout the great cathedrals of England. But alas! one realizes that the national cathedrals are not likely to be used in nearer accordance with the sentiments of their builders than as receptacles for regimental relics or as settings for the orchestral performance of "The Dream of Gerontius." *Requiem* Mass and *Dirige* psalm, not in phantasy, must be confined

to the Catholic body, dearly as they would wish to share them with their fellows in the war. But we come to the possibility of an everlasting memorial being made to the sadly increasing roll of Catholic officers killed in action. One is almost impelled to ask if the great bricked Cathedral at Westminster was not destined to be built in time to enshrine their memory. In many respects a unique opportunity presents itself. In the course of no war have so many Catholics been killed in the service of England since perhaps the time of the Plantagenet wars in France, the loss during which is still commemorated by the Foundation of All Souls at Oxford. Never have so many hearts and hands ached to make one spot at least for ever sacred to the souls of their dead. It happens that English Catholics at this moment possess one of the few uncompleted Cathedrals of Christendom, one of whose side chapels—that dedicated to St. George and the English Martyrs—many would gladly join in fitting with marble and mosaic to the everlasting memory. It would not be too much to suggest how much beauty and interest would accrue to a chapel inscribed with the names of all Catholic officers who fall in the war, be they a hundred or five hundred at the last—with perhaps the insignia of the great Catholic schools in which they were bred—upon the ironwork of its gates or on the marble of its walls. A foundation of Masses to be said in perpetuity for their repose would consecrate and eternalize the gift to the dead in a way that would not be possible for a secular monument. It would give an opportunity to many, who are at a loss what form of monument and where to build, to share in a general yet individual epitaphion, which future generations would always associate with the national yet sacred character of the Cathedral.

SHANE LESLIE.

Many must walk a path that cuts the feet and makes life a *via dolorosa*, but since they must walk that path, to probe daily into wounds will not lessen but increase the pain. To look up and ahead is the only safe rule. And if one looks up one will see that this road, too, winds upward, and when it ends—as all roads must—it will end on a mountain top where at last light and peace may be found.

Under the Limelight—With the Genial Alchemist—Glimpses of Paradise. A Great Nun.

WE have, all of us, at times, I suppose, felt in certain company and under certain influences how very near we got to the ineffable sweetness of heaven. A friend of mine, a lady, who has lately been through the annual Retreat at Loreto Convent, Mary's Mount, Ballarat, gave me a charming description of a week she spent there. The Reverend Mother of this convent is a very wonderful personality. She has so purged out the selfishness of the flesh, and has imbibed so much of the higher spiritual atmosphere of the saints, in whose converse she breathes, that one feels, as it were, half translated in her presence.

But this Ballarat lady is a queen among queens. For one thing, she is over eighty years old. She has just celebrated her Diamond Jubilee as a nun. Think of what that means! Think of the long years of prayers, penances, sacrifices, offerings to God, suppressions of self, works for the community!

From what I learn, this wonderful octogenarian was professed at Loreto Abbey, County Wexford, in August of 1853. That is a lifetime ago, isn't it? She brought out seven Loreto nuns and founded Mary's Mount in July, 1875, twenty-two years after her profession.

It was in Bishop O'Connor's time. Both the Bishop and the new Reverend Mother had their work cut out for them. She was then only a little over forty years old, and was a perfect magazine of spiritual and business energy.

Picture such a woman, full of zeal on the spiritual side of her character; and then add to that picture a literary and business capacity such as might have adorned a Prime Minister, and you have Reverend Mother Mary Gonzaga Barry. So says my lady admirer of that august ornament of our religious Orders. I know her a little myself, and I am quite willing to believe the rest.

All this is exquisitely beautiful in a world where Self is so often the disfigurement of even our spiritual élite. Some souls, like lofty hills, stand nearest heaven and catch its light most serene.

Bishop Higgins did himself and his subject full justice in making to the Reverend Mother a presentation on the occasion of her Jubilee. Aged as she is in years, she has a girl's alertness and buoyancy, and she has just returned from a business visit to the Old Country, bringing home with her some dozen or so of teachers with the highest credentials from the Academies of Europe.

His Lordship truly said that the biography of such a woman, if it could be given in detail, would be the glorification of the best graces of humanity. Many trifles make good manners, but good manners are no trifle. So is it with the thousand little thoughtful kindnesses that make up the aroma of a lovable character. They are sometimes trivial in their minuteness, but such a character has nothing trivial in it.

Reverend Mother Mary Gonzaga Barry came out here, as I have said, forty years ago, bringing with her a few nuns—there were only seven at the start—seven physically weak women—and she, their chief, the tiniest mite among them. Now she has ten houses of her Institute, and hundreds of nuns—every one of them hard at work teaching, either in the primary or the higher schools. These are her spiritual family—she is a mother of many children. Ah, yes! children who love her as few children of the flesh love their parents.

They tell me that, intellectual giant as she is, her distinguishing trait is her humility. Her Retreat discourses are models of eloquence, but she so clothes them in familiar dress and delivery as to command rather the rapt attention of listeners than to excite the admiration of her hearers. That is her art.

One of them said to me—"She is the joy and queen of our home." She was not a genius who blossomed in a day, like Jonah's gourd. She developed gradually into what is considered by her spiritual associates as a perfect model of the spiritual and temporal ruler.

She belonged, I am told, to a family of bankers, and she has inherited their talent for finance. The best financier in Australia would have to get up very early in order to take her in. Next to her humility, they say, comes her simplicity, and after that a capacity for sinking self that is almost phenomenal. Every one's welfare must be studied before her own. This is seen when re-

verses, as they do, sometimes overtake any of her Loreto children. Then all the charity of her big motherly heart is lavished. Tens of thousands of children have been gratuitously taught in the primary schools by these nuns of hers, and hundreds of cultured ladies hold their positions in society to-day because she took them away from a frowning world and put the smile of God in their hearts, along with a high-class culture into their character.

Truly, it is a wonderful life, that of these Catholic vestals! The world can no more understand it than an infant can comprehend the differential calculus. The world grieves over a beautiful girl who, leaving wealth and ease, takes the veil. It exclaims—"What a terrible sacrifice!" Yes, that girl has given up the world! Given it up—given up its hopes and its pleasures! But for what? That is just what the world in its blindness never sees. Given up the world for God. Given up delusion for reality. Given up the shadow for the Substance! Given up the disappointments of time for the certainties of eternity.

Reverend Mother herself has a custom of discoursing on this sometimes. Yes, she admits, the life of a nun is hard. Sometimes it is very hard. She has to do many things which are irksome to her, and she has to refrain from many things which would be very delightful to her. She can feel that every day of her life. She has to rise early in the chill winter mornings at the call of "Benedicamus Domino," and her tasks are often petty and uninspiring, savouring of drudgery, frequently menial.

All this is true. Ladies of the highest culture and refinement come from bright and beautiful homes, sometimes giving up titles, to take up this rôle. And why do they remain? There they are. The doors are open. They can leave at any moment they choose. But the world beckons to them in vain. The allurements which it promises beyond the walls dazzle them not. Only their distant echoes penetrate to the sanctuaries where these holy lives are expended in toils, and find no response there. There is no Circean music in them. And why? Why is it that a life of apparent humdrum monotony within that convent's walls is sweeter than anything which the most brilliant fascination of the world can offer? It is the divine motive,

the same which led the early martyrs joyfully to the lions.

That is the problem over which the wisdom of the world finds itself at fault. In its foolishness it talks of bolted doors, and locked cells, and barbed-wire entanglements; and tries to persuade fools that the nun, once captured, is a caged bird. But in this, and in many other things, the world knows that it is lying.

So Reverend Mother puts it—The doors are open. The great throbbing life beyond beckons with smiles. The nuns are free to leave their enclosure. But they remain. Why? The answer is one that the world cannot understand. It is the "Call of the Cross!"

"If thou wouldst be My disciple, leave all thou hast, and take up thy cross and follow Me."

Now, the world tells us that it can quite comprehend the "Call of the Bush!" "the Call of the Sea!" "the Call of the Wild!" "the Call of the Arctic or the Antarctic!" All of these calls mean the abandonment of the soft comforts of civilization, and the getting back of the man to his aboriginality. The world smiles at what it thinks an eccentricity, but understands it. But it cannot understand the "Call of God!"

And yet, on the ground of reason alone, this "Call of God" is infinitely the more profitable call. The "Call of the Bush" satisfies the yearnings which seek rather to commune with the freedom of unconventional life. There is nothing in it which touches the great chords of existence—no laying up of riches for a brighter to-morrow.

But this "Call of God" to the soul which can hear and respond to it is a summons to undertake a toilsome journey to the Palace of Everlasting Ease. The end is Infinite Good. Blessed indeed is the lot of those dear ladies who have heard the call and understood it.

I spoke a while ago about the sense of a nearness to God. I think of the words of St. Augustine, who said that as we came from God nothing less than a return to Him can satisfy the soul's cravings. If I were asked where I would look, if on a quest for a perfect woman, I should reply—"In a convent."

Among our nuns you can scarcely meet with a disappointment. I have heard a visitor to Loreto remark—"One cannot converse a minute with any nun there without instantly feeling he is in the presence of the most gentle culture and

refinement; and all illuminated by a divine motive."

That is the spirit, the tone, with which this wonderful Reverend Mother has created the native atmosphere of the place. Every nun is essentially a gentlewoman, in the sense in which Newman defined a perfect gentleman as one on whom the courtesies of life sit naturally, careful to please, studious never to needlessly offend. But that is not all. The woman of the world may be a gentlewoman, too. But there is this difference, that in the nun you feel you are speaking to one whose motives are on another plane from those of the best woman of the world. She has given up all for God. She has made the great renunciation. She has an unction in her life that is all her own. That is how we feel this nearness to God when in their company. I have felt it a hundred times. I have heard others say the same.

But I have let my vagrant reflections run away with me. Reverend Mother's Jubilee presentation was worthy of her. They gave her nearly £1200 towards the clearing off of her convent debt; and they gave the dear kind soul a concert that shook the convent roof in its merriment and its Irish sentiment. It was the end of a week's Retreat, when the spirit of God came down and joined in their innocent mirth in an especial manner, and the Octogenarian Mother showed that her heart was as full of joy as were any of the beautiful novices who sat around.

Failing and being a failure are two entirely different things, and there are people who wring more success out of their misfortune than others do out of all the advantages showered upon them. It is not falling but staying down that makes a failure.

The mighty purpose of the tide is carried into effect through a succession of apparent failures, and the persuasive victory of the spring is won in spite of the repeated battering of its mail of tender green by the wintry wind. The soul itself never stumbles so frequently as when on its upward progress. If every day we can feel the realization of being our best selves, of filling our destined scope and trend; we may be sure that we are succeeding.

Island Reberies.

Vindication of Mary Stuart.

(Continued from January Issue.)

AS we have seen, Carlisle Castle, to which the fugitive Queen of Scots was conducted on the 18th. May, 1568, became her first English prison. Being so near the Scottish border, it was feared that her loyal subjects might effect her rescue, so she was, a couple of months later, removed to Bolton, fifty miles south of Carlisle.

To quote Agnes Strickland: "Mary left Carlisle on the morning of the 13th. of July, surrounded, preceded, and followed by two strong companies of English guards, one under the command of Sir George Bowes, the other of Captain Read. She was accompanied by her keeper, Lord Scroope, and Sir Francis Knollys, and attended by her six faithful ladies, and as many of the voluntary followers of her adverse fortunes as could obtain permission to go with her in the capacity of servants. Twenty carriage-horses and twenty-three saddle-horses for the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, and four little cars, were hired for the accomplishment of the journey, as Sir Francis Knollys informs Cecil, with an apology for the expense thus incurred.

"Lowther Castle, the feudal mansion of Lord Scroope's deputy-warden, Sir Richard Lowther, was the place chosen by Mary's keepers for her to sleep that night. 'The cause why he chose this house for her remove towards Bolton Castle,' writes Knollys, 'was that this house is twenty miles into the land from Carlisle, and standeth farther from the rescue of the Scots than any other house we could have chosen.' Sir Richard Lowther paid his royal guest the respect of coming in person to meet and conduct her to his mansion. Mary supped and slept at Lowther Castle the first night of her journey from Carlisle to Bolton, July 13th., and breakfasted there on the morning of the 14th. The affectionate attention, respect and sympathy with which she was treated by Sir Richard Lowther, his wife, mother, and sisters, made so lively an impression on Mary's heart that she was very loath to leave them. When the inevitable moment of parting came, she kissed and embraced

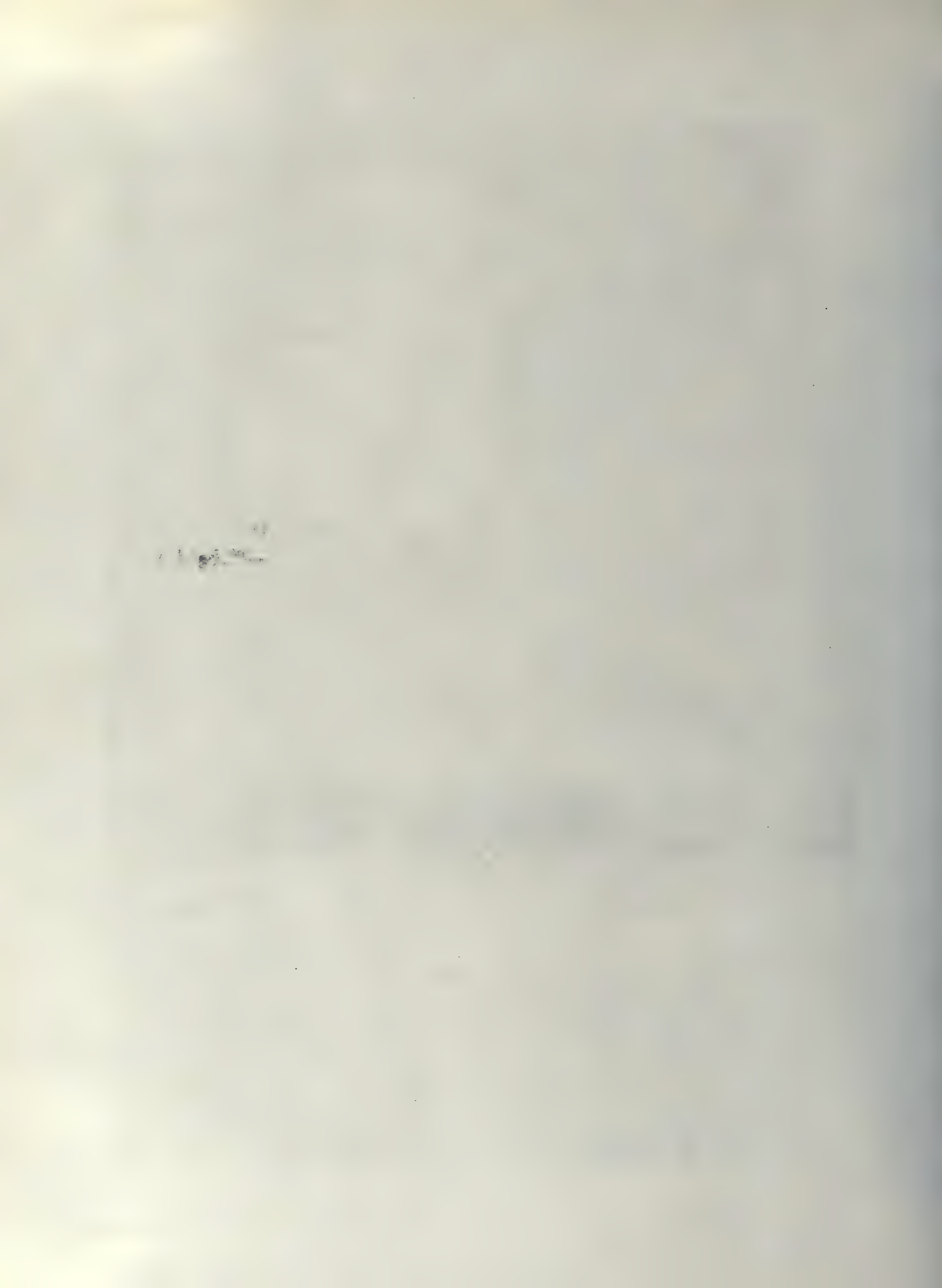
the ladies of the family, and thanked them for the hospitality and kindness they had shown her. Fain would she have lingered, but the summons for her departure being reiterated, Sir Richard Lowther gave her his hand to lead her to her litter. When she reached the portal of the Castle she turned about to look on the friendly group once more, and burst into tears; then, yielding to her impulsive feelings, she knelt, and lifting up her hands, fervently pronounced her blessing on the house of Lowther through all generations, and prayed that 'its prosperity might be augmented an hundredfold, and never fail.' Neither the wealth nor honors of that ancient family, of which the Earl of Lonsdale is the descendant and representative, appear in truth to have decreased since the day when Mary Stuart bestowed all she had to give—her parting benediction on the line. Sir Richard Lowther was the cousin of Queen Mary's first kind English host, Sir Henry Curwen of Workington Hall. His wife, Frances Middleton of Middleton, was a near relative of Sir Henry Curwen's mother, Agnes Strickland of Sizergh. Sir Richard Lowther was also cousin to Camden the historian, whose testimony in favour of Mary Stuart's innocence of the crimes with which she has been stigmatized, derives the greater importance from the fact of his close connection with so many persons of unimpeachable integrity, who were personally acquainted with her, and had enjoyed the opportunity of hearing those explanations from her own lips, which she so often offered to give Queen Elizabeth in the presence of the English Parliament."

We may here pause to reflect upon the fact that our historian, Agnes Strickland, being descended from those Stricklands and others of "unimpeachable authority," has written her unimpeachable history of Mary Stuart for that martyred Queen's worthy descendant, our late beloved Queen Victoria.

"Queen Mary halted the second night at Wharton, and, after travelling all the next day, reached her destination on the evening of the 15th. of July. The reverential attention and affectionate sympathy she had received from the Lowther family had soothed her wounded spirit; the fresh air and pleasant features of the beautiful district of Richmondshire, with its green hills and flowery valleys, through which her



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.



route lay, must have contributed to tranquillize the excitement of her nervous system, for she arrived in a calm and placid frame of mind, as we find from the following report, written by Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil on the morrow, July 16th.: 'We arrived here at Bolton Castle, with this Queen yesternight, one hour after sunset. Since her departure from Carlisle she hath been very quiet, very tractable, and void of unpleasant countenance, although she seemeth she will not remove any farther into the realm without constraint. There hath been no repair to her by the way, as might have been looked for; the which repair, I suppose, was abridged by our sharp dealing with one Christopher Lassels coming to Carlisle out of Yorkshire, about three weeks past, of purpose to see this Queen.'

Bolton Castle is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about ten miles from Richmond, in a very secluded locality, which at the period Mary was brought thither, must have been considered an out-of-the-world place, and was apparently chosen for her prison both on account of its loneliness and its strength. "This house," writes Knollys, "appeareth to be very strong, very fair and very stately, after the old manner of building, and is the highest walled one I have seen, and hath but one entrance thereinto; and half the number of soldiers may better watch and ward than the whole number at Carlisle."

A drawing of the antique window of Queen Mary's bedchamber has been engraved in the "Archæologia." In this window she had written her name with a diamond; but the pane of glass unfortunately was broken in an attempt to remove it by the desire of a *dowager* Lady Bolton, who wished to possess the autograph of the royal captive.

At Bolton Castle Mary was received and welcomed by Lady Scroope, the Duke of Norfolk's sister, the same noble matron who had met her at Cockermouth with the English ladies of the Border, and attended her to Carlisle. The friendship that was then formed between them had been cemented by a link unsuspected at the time by Queen Elizabeth and her Council, or Bolton Castle would have been the last place in the realm to which the royal captive would have been sent. The fact that the Duke had visited Queen Mary secretly at Carlisle had not then transpired. Lady Scroope had need to keep

such matters secret; Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII., had taken off the heads of her father and grandfather, and she foresaw the doom of her brother. As yet, the Scottish Queen did not share her gloomy forebodings either in Norfolk's or her own regard.

So entirely unprovided was Bolton Castle with plenishings meet for the reception of a royal guest, that Sir George Bowes considered it his duty to supply some of the deficiencies, by sending for hangings and bedding from his own house, though a very considerable distance from that neighborhood. Furniture was borrowed of different gentry in the neighborhood of Bolton, but upon the prolonging of the captive's detention there, the owners became impatient. Sir Francis Knollys speaks of the plate and stuff he expected Elizabeth to send to replace the borrowed, but observes: "I have not written for any cloth-of-estate (royal canopy) because this Queen maketh small regard of ceremonious honor, although to prosper in deeds of weight her desire is not inferior to the greatest princes; and yet sure her familiar courtesy becometh her very well, and very plausible (pleasant) through her discreet use thereof." (Sir F. Knollys to Sir W. Cecil, Bolton, July 25th., 1568. State Paper Office M. S., inedited.)

Queen Mary was rejoined at Bolton by James Borthwick, one of her accredited messengers to the Court of London. He told her, among other things, in the presence of Sir Francis Knollys, that Cecil had said "he longed to hear of her arrival at Bolton, and marvelled that he heard not of her removal." "He is a great furtherer of my cause," was Mary's ironical rejoinder. (Sir F. Knollys to Cecil. State Paper M. S.)

Many of her troubles arose from the unguarded frankness of her character.

Queen Mary was cheered by the arrival of Lord Herries at Bolton Castle, on the 25th. July after his long two months' detention at the English Court.

Lord Herries had been detained for two months at the English Court; Elizabeth and Cecil arranged it so satisfactorily to themselves that his Queen was fifty miles farther away from Scotland, and secured in Bolton Castle before his return to her. He brought her flattering hopes of her speedy restoration to her regal inheritance; Queen Elizabeth having so completely

deluded him on that subject, that he could not refrain from whispering in Sir Francis Knollys' ear "that she intended to take order with the Earl of Moray for reducing him to his obedience." Mary, in the fullness of her heart, sent for Scroope and Knollys, and commanded Herries "to repeat the satisfactory message from their Sovereign to her, of which he was the bearer, in their presence"; the effect whereof, Knollys tells Cecil, was "that if she would commit her cause to be heard by Queen Elizabeth's order, not as her judge, but rather as her dear cousin and friend; and if the Queen of Scotland would commit herself to her advice and counsel, the Queen of England would surely set her again in her regal seat."

Mary wrote to Queen Elizabeth without delay, thanking her in the most affectionate terms for the message of which Lord Herries was the bearer. She thus gracefully signifies her acquiescence in the plan proposed by Elizabeth:

"On your word there is nothing I would not adventure, for I can never doubt your honor or your royal faith, and thus shall I be content with what Lord Herries tells me you desire, and that those whom you please shall come, assuring myself that they will be well chosen men of rank, fit for so important a charge. Moray or Morton, or both of them, as the principal of those who maintain the charge that is alleged against me, can come, as you desire, to take with them such order as shall seem good to you, treating me as their Queen according to the promises made to me in your name by my Lord Herries, without prejudice to my crown, dignity, or the rank which I hold as your nearest of blood. (Bolton, July 28th.)"

The too-credulous captive Queen informs Elizabeth that "*she had*, according to the request which Lord Herries had conveyed to her for that purpose, *directed her faithful* subjects to disperse and remain quiet, as her good sister had guaranteed that Moray should not attempt anything of a hostile nature; *also that she had written to countermand the promised forces from France and Spain for the succour of her adherents*, being willing to owe everything to the friendship promised by Elizabeth."

Mary never committed a greater error. George Douglas had just succeeded in raising a thousand volunteers in France for her service,

whom, in consequence of these fatal orders, he was obliged to disband. (State Paper Correspondence.)

The Scottish Earls of Huntley and Argyle were then in the field at the head of nearly ten thousand men, and having reduced the northern and western districts to their duty, were rapidly advancing to the south, with every prospect of crushing the usurping Regent. The Lords of Queen Mary's party, including two-thirds of the nobility of Scotland, had consented to forget old feuds and coalesce heartily for her sake with the Hamiltons. In this spirit they had convened at Largys, and on the very day her ill-judged assent to Elizabeth's requisitions was written, they had united in addressing a manly remonstrance to that Queen on the detention of their Sovereign, praying "that she might be restored to them, as everything went wrong in her absence." This address was signed by twenty-one nobles. These great peers convened a Parliament in Queen Mary's name at Ayr, in the beginning of August, at which the proceedings of the rebel Lords were condemned, and the Earl of Moray was, by public proclamation in that town, denounced as "the murderer, by procuration, of the Queen's husband, the late King, because he was a Catholic."

Unfortunately for Mary, the flattering promises, with which Elizabeth had deluded Lord Herries, were only *verbal*. Mary requested her good sister to direct Mr. Secretary Cecil to put them in black and white, by writing an official letter, stating in explicit terms the proposition sent to her through Lord Herries, but her request was evaded, and the promises violated. Mary, however, confiding in the honour of the English Sovereign, regained her elastic spirits for the first time since the murder of her husband. When she had been a fortnight at Bolton Castle, Knollys writes the following report of her to Cecil: "The Queen here is merry, and hunteth and passeth her time in pleasant manner."

Although the distance from the Border, and the isolated situation of Bolton Castle, prevented such resort to Mary as there was at Carlisle, she was neither forgotten nor deserted by her loyal subjects. The following quaint description of one of her nobles who came to pay his devoir to her a few days after her arrival, is

communicated by Knollys to Cecil: "There is an *owld* baron called the Lord Roslin, dwelling within six miles of Edinburgh, is come lately hither to this Queen. He is said to be of as great revenue as my Lord Herries, but he hath not half so much wit. He is called rich, and a great spender of money, but what he may get by his spending I know not, but by invention and policy it seemeth he should get but little. They say his possessions are seized on by the Regent, and belike that is the cause of his coming from his own country hither." (Knollys to Cecil, July 26th., 1568.)

Queen Mary's absence was regarded by the best and noblest men in Scotland as a national calamity at this period, while the odium into which her usurping brother had fallen was attested by public clamour and repeated confederacies against his life. The enormous bribes and patronage lavished on Sir James Balfour had not only opened the eyes of right-thinking men to the motive for them, but provoked the envy and ill-will of meaner villains; Sir James Balfour could tell Moray's share in Darnley's murder. "Supported, however by a standing force, and possessed of all the available resources of the Crown of Scotland, Moray made these plots against his life an excuse for establishing a despotism unexampled in the history of that realm, crushing not only the avowed adherents of Queen Mary, but ridding himself of all dangerous or suspected persons who had incurred his ill-will. To the astonishment of every one, he thought proper to accuse his own recently-inaugurated Lion King of Arms, Sir William Stuart, of being an accomplice in Patrick Bellen-den's plot for his assassination. (Drury to Cecil, August 8, 1568. State Paper M. S., in-edited.)

A frightful tragedy, and not the least mysterious of the many dark transactions in which Moray's name is involved, must now be related, as it materially affects the credibility of the so-called confessions of Nicholas Hubert, alias French Paris, on which great stress has been laid by Laing, Mignet, and other writers, who have assumed Mary's guilt on no better evidence than the fabrications produced against her by the usurpers of her government.

Sir William Stuart, when he was Albany Herald, had been sent by Mary, in September,

1567, to demand the person of the Earl of Bothwell; but the King of Denmark choosing to retain that great state criminal in his own keeping, yet willing to preserve his alliance with Scotland unbroken, compounded the matter by giving up Bothwell's servant, Nicholas Hubert, whom Stuart brought back to Scotland as a prisoner in the beginning of the year 1568, and delivered to Moray, by whom he was incarcerated in a dungeon, first in Edinburgh Castle, and then at St. Andrews, subjected to the torture, and practised with in every possible way, in order to induce him to bear false witness against the Queen, and after a year and a half's solitary confinement he was hanged at St. Andrews, August 16th., 1569. The slanderous falsehoods which only torture could compel him to depose against the Queen, were published by Moray after his death under the name of his "confessions." Hubert's revelations to Sir William Stuart during his voyage from Denmark had probably been of a very different nature; for Moray, though he bestowed upon Stuart pecuniary rewards, and promoted him to the high office of Lord King of Arms at his first arrival, took a very early opportunity of seeking his life under a charge of magic, seized his property, degraded him from his office, which he conferred on a connection of his brother-in-law, Lord Lindsay (State Paper Office, Correspondence), and invented a pretext for proceeding against his life. Sir William Stuart fled to Dumbarton, whence he addressed an eloquent letter to a nobleman of Moray's party, who had written to Lord Fleming, the Governor of Dumbarton, demanding him to be given up to justice." The orthography of this important letter is modernized to make it intelligible to the general reader, but the original may be referred to in Cotton, Lib. Calig. Vol. IX. The following is the letter:

"Desist, I pray you, to seek further my blood; for, as I shall answer to the eternal God, I never conspired nor consented to the Earl of Moray's death. . . . I fear you not, nor any of that monstrous faction, for as God is the defender of innocents, so is He the just and severe punisher of cruel monsters and usurpers, who spare not to execute all kind of cruelty under the pretext of religion and justice. For to accomplish and perform the unnatural, ingrate, and ambitious designs, I am innocently persecuted, ac-

cused, and detracted. But there may be some of his own secret council that, both directly and indirectly, have sought that bloody usurper's life, whom I shall name as occasion shall serve. Be, therefore, I pray you, rather a protector than a persecutor of my innocent life, and advertise me, if it be your good pleasure, what are the crimes whereof they accuse me."

To quote Strickland: "Stuart falling, through some unexplained mischance, into Moray's hands, was incarcerated for several months in Edinburgh Castle, whence he was removed to a dungeon in St. Andrew's Castle, and condemned to death by a very summary process for practices against the Regent's life. Moray affected to pardon him for that alleged offence, but only that he might inflict a more barbarous sentence upon him by consigning him to the flames, under a pretended accusation of witchcraft, August 15th., 1569, the day before the execution of Hubert (Balfour's Annals, State Paper Office MSS.) whom it was not considered prudent for him to survive. Let this truth be marked by readers of history, that the notorious Act of Parliament inflicting death by fire on witches, passed the same summer, ought not to be attributed to James I., as he was then only at the sage age of two years! It was provided by the 'Good Regent Moray,' as political history calls him, for the destruction of this intractable Lion King. It never could be repealed, it survived the reign of the Stuarts, and even the Scotch Parliament, and was actually practised against Scotch witches as near to our time as the middle of the eighteenth century!"

Yet this murderous monster Moray, who had once been a priest of God, was with the ex-priest Knox, one of the founders of Presbyterianism in Scotland. Knox hung on to the pulpit, aided, abetted, and blessed the "Good Regent's" murderous enterprises. No more examination of conscience, no more sorrow for sin, no more confession; therefore no more Catholic charity; only the whited sepulchre during life, with the last touch, the "Good Regent" sign after death, to purify the interior and exterior atmosphere of their mortal being! All this while the people of Scotland and England were not only forcibly robbed of the Catholic Faith, but were taught the vilest calumnies against the Faith of their fathers, by Moray, Knox, and other self-styled

saints. People acquiesced or lost their property and often their heads. Some of those insane calumnies have still believers among the uneducated. And sad it is to find that to some of our separated brethren has been bequeathed the satanic hatred that fired the breasts of the "saints" after Catholic charity had been driven out. Ah! if our separated brethren only knew of the peace through love of neighbor that fills the heart of the practical Catholic, surely they would sacrifice all earthly considerations to return to the Faith of their fathers. This Catholic charity so filled Mary Stuart's heart, that there was no room for hatred. To explain away Moray's murderous designs upon even her own life, she blamed ambition and bad counsellors. She could not believe him wholly bad; and was always ready to forgive the past and to believe in his promises for the future.

Days dragged on in Mary's Bolton prison, and Elizabeth would not confirm her promises to Lord Herries. It was to no purpose that Mary complained to Elizabeth, and that the nobles of her party themselves united in memorializing the English Queen; at the same time repeating their petition for the liberation and return of Queen Mary, reminding Elizabeth of "the letter they had written her from Largys in that behalf; and as," continue they, "we have received no answer from your Highness, and we think the time very long, both through the absence of our Sovereign Lady, and sundry other inconveniences we receive thereby, beseeching most humbly your Highness to restore our Sovereign to her estate and honor as she was of before with her realm, in all sorts." (Letter of the Scotch Nobles at Dumbarton to Queen Elizabeth, in favour of their Sovereign, August 24th., 1568.)

This memorial being signed by a great majority of the peers of Scotland, affords unquestionable evidence that so far from having forfeited the affection and allegiance of those who had the best means of judging what her real conduct and principles were, Mary was loved and esteemed by them, and her absence regarded as a national misfortune. They also wrote to the King and Queen-mother of France, imploring them to exert their power, if their influence should prove unavailing, to procure the liberation of their Sovereign, who was unjustly detained in England, and to grant succours of men

and money to replace her in her regal authority, of which she had, they said, "been deprived by a pack of wicked traitors."

Queen Elizabeth deigned no reply to the memorial of the loyal Scottish peers, but sent a summons to the Earl of Moray to appear at York, accompanied by such of his coadjutors as he might think proper to select, in order to answer the charges that had been preferred against him by his Sovereign. Reluctant as Moray was to leave his work of vengeance in Scotland unfinished, he dared not disobey the peremptory mandate of the powerful dictatress, whose object was to compel him to bring forward in a tangible shape those defamatory accusations against Mary, which had hitherto been confined to insinuations, and only disseminated in political libels. As the first step in this process, he prepared a commission *in the name of the infant whom he entitled King of Scotland*, appointing *himself, Moray*, his confederate Morton, his brother-in-law Lindsay (the bravo of the faction), their profligate tool Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and Robert Pitcairn, Comendator of Dunfermline, as commissioners to represent "the High and Mighty Prince, King James VI.," at the approaching conferences. To these were added, under the name of assistants, Lethington, Moray's perfidious Secretary of State; Moray's private secretary, the inventive John Wood; the false, ungrateful, but highly talented Buchanan; with those veteran pensioners of England, Henry Balnaves and James Makgill. George Buchanan received goodly gear for the decoration of his outward man to the amount of seventy-two pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence (equal to about a thousand dollars' value of the present day). Henry Balnaves, though a Lord of Session, and one of the wealthiest civilians in Scotland, accepted suits of velvet and cloth to the value of two hundred and thirty-one pounds.

John Wood, who was also a Lord of Session, was not left out in this liberal distribution; while Lethington, who, it appears, preferred money to mercery, received two hundred pounds in hard cash. (Treasurer's Accounts, 27th. August, 1568. General Register House, Edinburgh.)

If Bothwell and John Knox had been added, Scotland for the time being would have lent to England her nine men capable of any crime.

Elizabeth appointed as her commissioners, her kinsman, the Duke of Norfolk; the Earl of Sussex; and ostensibly on account of his knowledge of the "Scotch" language, but really because of his uncompromising hostility to the Scottish Queen—Sir Ralph Sadler.

The poor captive Queen had neither place, money, nor worldly gear to bestow; nor did she need these. All true hearts and honest men were on her side. She wrote to the counsellor on whom she had most reliance for ability and eloquence, John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the historian, who had returned to Scotland to repair to her without delay, in order to take upon him the management of her cause, she having appointed him one of her commissioners, together with Lord Herries, Lord Livingston, Lord Boyd, Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, Sir James Cockburn of Skirling, and Gavin Hamilton, the secular Abbot of Kilwinning.

Kilwinning arrived at Bolton Castle about the second week in September straight from the Court of England, where he had been soliciting a passport for his feudal chief, the Duke de Chatelherault, who, after Mary's son, was first prince of the blood-royal of Scotland. Elizabeth, by delaying his passport, took care to prevent this loyal intention in the first instance, aware that the presence and support of the Duke would produce a strong impression in Mary's favour!

As we may commit murder by thought and word as well as by action, Elizabeth took Mary Stuart's life a thousand times, and most cruelly, before her brother executioner more mercifully put an end to her tortured victim's long-drawn-out sufferings.

A fourth commission, and this an agonizing appeal, was sent from unhappy, degraded Scotland, where all people, except the miscreants in power and their well-paid minions, "wearied" for the restoration of their beloved Queen.

To quote Strickland: "The strongest testimonial in Mary's favour will be found in the 'Instructions' for her defence, which the loyal nobles, both of her own faith and the reformed religion—independent and surely competent witnesses of her conduct, both as Queen and woman—united in addressing to her commissioners preparatory to the conference at York. The obsolete Scotch dialect and orthography have hitherto

rendered this important document unintelligible to any other class of readers than historical antiquaries; we have considered it expedient to present it in a more comprehensible form. Those who desire to study it in the North British orthography and idiom, are referred to Goodall's Appendix, No. CXXXIX., page 354, printed from the original in the Cotton MSS., British Museum."

The following is the copy of the instructions sent from Scotland for Queen Mary's defence: "Dumbarton, Sept. 12th., 1568. Instructions and articles to be advised upon and agreed, so far as the Queen's Majesty our Sovereign shall think expedient, at the meeting of the Lords in England, committed in credit by the noblemen, earls, lords, etc., her Grace's true, faithful subjects of the realm of Scotland:

"To noble, wise, and expert men, Reverend Father in God, John Bishop of Ross; Robert Lord Boyd; William Lord Livingston; John Lord Herries; John Gordon of Lochinvar, Knight Commissioners elect and chosen thereto:

"First, to declare that the noblemen of this Realm, true and faithful subjects of their Sovereign, lament highly the pretence of certain particular persons within the same, who, being only moved with ambition and unquiet spirits, have contrary to all reason, laws, and good order, usurped the authority, imprisoned our Sovereign, and done that thing that lies in them that her Grace's authority and power to reign should cease within this Realm, to the evil example of all other princes (potentates). And yet they who have enterprised the same *are not in numbers the sixth part of the nobility, nor of the people, nor of the Realm*. And there are six or seven earls who have voted in Parliament *before any of them who have usurped this place* (meaning that those earls by reason of superior rank, had precedence of voting before Moray, Morton, and others of the faction against the Queen). Although with *sic treasonable* and deceitful means they have obtained the *strengths* (fortified places) of the country by great booties and reward, given to traitors keepers thereof to deceive their native Princess and mistress, and render her Grace's strengths and jewels into their hands, which has been the occasion that the people adjacent thereabout were made obedient in a manner to them, and in special the burghs. So the

prince (Queen) being holden in captivity in strait prison in Lochleven, which could not be *won* (taken by storm) in respect of the strength and situation thereof, and also that they had the whole ammunition put in their hands by sic booty and treasonable deceit as is known. *And in case the noblemen favorers of her Majesty had raised an army to that effect, it was menaced and boasted 'that they should send her head to them.'*

"Likewise her death was oftentimes pronounced, concluded, and subscribed, by a great part of her takers (captors). And for safety of her life, her Majesty's favorers (loyal subjects) ceased to put themselves in armour against them, and contained the country in some quietness, yet not without great grief of conscience, till God, of His special providence, relieved her Grace out of such strait prison.

"Instantly after her relief all the most part of the noblemen and whole people resorted to her Grace, and so many as were upon so short notice convened with free heart, adventured, and wearied themselves in her Grace's quarrel, while it chanced her by battle to be invaded by the said usurpers, who stopped her passage to Dumbarton, where her Majesty was bound for safety of her life *allanerly* till the time that whole force of her Grace's favourers might have been convened; wherefore her Majesty was constrained to seek for relief at the Queen of England's hands; and therefore all her Grace's true and faithful subjects of this Realm desire effectually the Queen's Majesty of England to have regard unto her Grace's cause and proceedings thereof; and that of her princely power she would restore our Sovereign to her own realm, with her support. . . . And likewise it will procure the hearty love of all true Scottishmen; otherwise it may be prejudicial to the Queen of England and all princes to suffer such inconveniences to come in practice. And also to require all *strengths* to be rendered to our Queen's Majesty and owners thereof, with all jewels, ammunitions, reappraeling thereof; *and free delivering of the noblemen who are holden and detained in captivity by the Earl of Moray and his complices, to be discharged, and goods and gear restored which has been taken from them*; and that they—the Earl of Moray and his complices—desist from usurping of all authority for the time to come, *and security to be made thereupon*.

"It is to be diligently advised, in case our Sovereign be advised to submit to the judgment of the Queen of England, and to have the difference between her Grace and her subjects tried, admitting the Queen of England as judge—it is to be reasoned with our Sovereign, 'That the same appeareth to be very hurtful and prejudicial to her, because her Grace, being a free prince having imperial crown, therefore is subject to no other prince on earth, nor cannot be judged by them; and therefore, by order of trial and judgment, her Grace's cause is not to be submitted in that manner. Yet nevertheless, in respect of her honest, just, and righteous cause, and of her good and clean conscience on all proceedings, we are assured she will not refuse, in presence of great princes, to declare her honorable part in all these causes *invented calumniously against her Grace*, providing alway they be not admitted judges against her. Not for fear of any decree that may be given against her, but only of the prejudice that may be engendered to all other princes in time coming through such practice, if it come in use. But in case it be our Sovereign's pleasure to have the cause reasoned in presence of the Queen of England, or any of her Grace's commissioners appointed thereto, ye shall use these reasons, answers, and defences, to be reformed, eikit (added to), or changed, always by our Sovereign's advice as follows.'

"If the subjects who are usurpers of our Sovereign's authority will allege and object, *for colour and defence of their wicked and unjust proceedings*, that their enterprise was upon the just deserving of our Sovereign, by reason of the suspicion had against her for alleged consent to the murder of her husband, ye shall answer and declare, 'That they can pretend no color of defence by that way to their proceedings, because the whole progress of their usage (conduct) in times past continually, since the Queen's arrival in Scotland, has declared the effect of their meaning, which principally was grounded on two causes—the one for the *forthsetting of the religion*, and the other for the *punishment of the murder of the king*—although it is evident the same has not been their principal intention, but rather to aspire to the highest place and government of the Realm. For it is most sure that our Sovereign has never meant any alteration of the religion which her Grace found standing at

her first arriving, *but has appointed the ministers' stipends when they had none before*. And further, the Queen's Majesty, by advice of the Three Estates of her Realm, satisfied the desire of the whole nobility concerning all the points of the religion by an act of Parliament holden at Edinburgh the 15th. of April, 1567.

"And as to answer the other part (the murder of the King, it is to be diligently and advisedly remembered and considered how, shortly after our Sovereign's home-coming from the Realm of France into Scotland, the Earl of Moray having *respect* then, and as it appears yet, by his proceedings, to place himself in the government of this Realm, and to usurp this Kingdom, by his counsel caused the Queen's Majesty become so subject to him as if she had been a pupil, in such sort as her subjects had not access to her to *propone* their own cause, or to receive answer thereof, but by him only, so that he was only recognized as prince, and her Majesty but a shadow. And whoever pressed to find fault with his abuses, he did pursue them with such cruelty that some of the principal men he caused to be put to death, destroying their bairns (children), houses, and memories; and caused others to be banished the realm, and put other noblemen in prison, and detained them there—(In allusion to the victims of the Gordon tragedy; some of the ancestors of the present Earl of Aberdeen, ex-Governor-General of Canada.) And having the principals thus ejected of their places, he proposed to the Queen's Majesty to have the Crown tailzeit (entailed), and himself to have the first place, which she plainly refused, alleging 'she would not defraud the righteous (rightful) heirs, and also feared the wrecking of herself, and secluding (excluding) of her succession, in the respect the desirer of the said entail would never consent anyway that her Majesty should marry any such prince as made suit to her'; therefore, covering the same upon alleging of many inconveniences that might follow upon the marriage of great princes, which her Majesty partly considered to be truth, and so by the common inclination of all princesses and other women (which rather desire to ascend than descend), for retaining the Realm at liberty, and to be thrall'd to no others, was content to deign to accept the Lord Darnley to be her husband, thinking therethrough to obtain the

greatest favour of all them of that surname (Stuart). But the contrary is known, and what impediment was made thereto by the said desirer of the said entail (of the Crown, meaning Moray), who by himself and his assisters conspired the slaughter of the said Lord Darnley, being then appointed to marry with her Majesty, and also of his father, Matthew, Earl of Lennox, and divers other noblemen, being her company and followers at that time, and so to have imprisoned herself in Lochleven, and detained her there all the days of her life, and he (Moray) to have usurped the government; which conspiracy was near put to execution in the month of June, 1565, at the Kirk of Beith, as many who were in counsel with him, and drawn ignorantly thereon can testify. (Two of them, Argyll and Rothes, says Agnes Strickland, who were leagued with Moray on this earlier attempt on the life of Darnley and the freedom of Queen Mary, are *subscribers to this manifesto*.) And he (Moray), seeing the same revealed, drew sundry to his opinion under color of religion, who were banished with him, and took refuge in England.

"And thereafter he (Moray) perceiving that they could not stay the marriage, and also that it pleased God that her Grace was able to have succession, and so being great with child, *they contrived the slaughter of her Majesty's secretary in her presence, and cruelly performed the same*, and held her most noble person in prison, intending by that way the death of her Majesty through high displeasure, secluding (excluding) her succession, and also her said husband, by reason he was seduced to consent thereto. But then, seeing that her Grace, by the pleasure of God, did escape their hands (she escaped with Darnley from Holyrood to Dunbar, aided by Arthur Erskine, Bastian and Margaret Cawood) and relieve herself of prison, wherethrough the doers thereof were banished for their enterprise. Also hearing of the *young* behaviour, through foolish counsel, of her said husband, they caused make offers to our said sovereign Lady, 'if her Grace would give remission to them that were banished at that time, *to find cause of divorce, either for consanguinity,*' in respect they alleged *the dispensation was not published, or else for adultery of Darnley, or to get him convicted of treason because he consented to her retention in ward* (imprisonment) *or other ways to dispatch*

him, which altogether, her Grace refused, as is manifestly known. So that it may be clearly considered, and is sufficient presumption in these respects, *her Grace having the commodity* (convenience) *to find the means to be separate, and yet would not consent thereto, that her Grace would never have consented to his murder, having such other likely means to have been quit of him by the Lord's own device* (Moray and his coadjutors); but that it may be inferred that they were the doers thereof, only as was deponed (deposed) by them who suffered death therefor, who declared at all times the Queen our Sovereign to be innocent thereof. And where they allege her Grace to be found guilty thereof by Act of Parliament holden by them.' There was nothing done in their parliament that could prejudice the Queen's honour in any sort, her Grace never being called nor accused. For what was done, was not to declare her guilty of any crime, which of reason no ways could be done, *contraire her Majesty uncallit*, but only an Act made for safety of themselves from forfeiture, who treasonably put hands on her Majesty's noble person and imprisoning her, allanerly (always) founding their proceedings upon just meaning as they alleged—which sundry noblemen that were her *favourers bear withal* (put up with) principally for safety of her life, which, ere their coming to Parliament, was concluded and subscribed by a great part of her takers (captors), to be taken from her in most cruel manner, as is notoriously (notoriously) known—although sundry of the noblemen, partakers with themselves, refused to subscribe the same, or consent to her death in any wise. And in case any such Act of Parliament had been made, the same cannot prejudice her Majesty in any sort, in respect *they had no lawful power to hold Parliament*,—and also it is against all laws and reason to condemn any creature alive until they be first called to use their lawful defence, or at least presented in judgment and heard. Surely it is against all laws and reason, and also it was never seen in practice that ever the subjects were judges of the Prince, but should always obey them, 'albeit they be wicked,' as the Scriptures declare. And it is truth as they cannot deny, that her Majesty, immediately after her taking, divers times 'was content to admit the whole nobility and Three Estates of the Realm her judges—she being

heard to declare her own part in their presence'—which altogether was refused. So every man may perceive their whole suit is according to their first pretence, to seclude (exclude) her Grace and her succession of body, and also them of line, as the using (usage) of my Lord Duke Chatelherault and his friends *intsantly* (at this present time) declare.

"And if it be alleged that her Majesty's writing produced in Parliament should prove her culpable, it may be answered—That there is in no place mention made in it by the which she may be convict, albeit it were her own handwriting—*which it is not*; and also *the same is devise by themselves in some principal and substantial clauses*. And such alleged privy writings can make no probation in criminal causes, which will be clearer *nor* (than) the light of day; and so by the said writing nothing can be inferred against her Majesty.

"And in case it be alleged that the marrying of the Earl of Bothwell is one great suspicion of her knowledge, it is answered that before ever that marriage was laid to her charge, the most part of the nobility, and principally the usurpers, such as the Earl Morton, Lord Sempill, Lord Lindsay, and James Balfour, gave their consent to the Earl Bothwell. And to remove all suspicions wherethrough *he might be able thereto* (meaning, to which he might be liable), *they declared him innocent of that crime by the public assize, and cleansed him by an enrolment thereof*, and the same was ratified again in Parliament by consent of the Three Estates, and so the same can infer no presumption against her Majesty.

"And further, in testification of her innocency, and that her conscience does persuade herself to abide all trial, she has rendered her most noble person within the Realm of England, where *his* (Darnley's) *father, mother, and principal friends make residence*, having special commodity (convenience) to sue trial thereof, which *if her Grace had known herself guilty, she would not, of her own free motion, have come therein*. Yet, nevertheless, her Grace, being a free princess, is not subject to the judgment of any other *prince* (potentate).

"And further, it is of truth that her adversaries, usurpers of her authority, offered remission to several who are convict of that crime by them, if they would say that her Grace was guilty thereof. But they offered to prove the

seducers culpable thereof in whatsoever manner they please.

"Item, if it be proponed (propounded) that our Sovereign Lady, the Queen's Majesty has renounced her crown, and that the same was ratified in Parliament, to that may be answered,—The date and place thereof declare the same to be void, her Grace being in prison, and so by law being of none avail, albeit she had not been compelled, as she was indeed, as was declared and verified by Robert Melvill, the time of her being in Hamilton, after she was escaped out of ward, who affirmed solemnly—'that he came to the Queen's Majesty to Lochleven immediately before the said alleged demission (abdication), sent direct forth of Edinburgh, from the Earl of Atholl, the Secretary and others partakers in that cause' and advised her Grace 'that it would be *laid to her charge* (required of her) to renounce the crown, and if she did not the same she would be put shortly to death; and therefore their counsel was, expressly to obey their desire for her safety.' And so her Majesty had just cause of fear, for they affirmed, 'the same could do no hurt to her right afterwards.' And so, as soon as she was relieved, her Majesty revoked the same in presence of her nobility, and *maid saith* (affirmed) 'she was compelled thereto (to obdicate) upon fear of her life.' And as to the ratification of the same in Parliament, the same proceeding on wrongest ground, which was compulsion of our Sovereign to renounce the same, to be ratified; and several of the principal noblemen, such as the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, and Lord Herries in special, at that time *took instruments* (entered protests) 'that they consented not to that abdication, but in so far as it stood with her Majesty's free will; and if her Majesty would abide (concur in) the same afterward, and not otherwise; and in case thereafter it were found that she was compelled, or did the same upon just fear, that they should be free of their consent, as if the same had never been given, and all that followed thereupon to be null.' Albeit her free consent was affirmed by several then present, with many solemn oaths by some lords, and instruments of notaries declaring the same, suppois (although) the contrary be of *verity*, which shall be verified by *instruments taken in their parliament* (protests entered in the same Parliament), *or by singular battel* (single combat), as they please. And *attour*

(moreover) this *renunciation* (abdication) was but privately given, and also privately admitted, by a few number of them only who put hands on her Majesty, and not in any parliament; and also the King (Mary's baby son) was crowned by the same number and their Regent (Moray) in their manner admitted, and so all that followed can have no place.

"Item, In case certain articles be *proponit* (propounded, or proposed) to be reasoned and condescended unto between our Sovereign and the Realm of England, it is thought good by the nobility of this Realm, that are true and faithful subjects to their Sovereign the Queen's Majesty (Mary Stuart), to condescend (agree) unto all that may stand to the honour and glory of God, maintaining of tranquillity, peace, unity, and mutual concord between the two Realms and the commonweals thereof, provided the Queen's Majesty, our Sovereign, be restored and *reponit* (replaced) freely in her own Realm with all reverence, and to her princely honour and government of the same, in such ways that the laws thereof be observed and kept, the liberty thereof maintained, and our ancient friendship and amity with our old friends and confederates inviolate.

"And further, ye shall condescend (agree) so far as our Sovereign shall think fit for the present.

"Item, In case it be desired towards the government of the Realm, that the Queen's Majesty, our Sovereign, by the advice of her Council of the nobility, it is thought good and reasonable that she shall do the same; that she shall choose her Council of the wisest and most expert of the nobility of the Realm, like as her predecessors have done at all times past, and to do all things concerning the Government of the Realm and the weal thereof by their advice; otherwise, if her Majesty were constrained to use the counsel only of such as certain of her subjects choose for her, the same should make her to be in perpetual thralldom to them, which is not only prejudicial to her, but to all princes (potentates), and contrary to all customs and laws of the Realm of Scotland. Always what her Grace thinks good to be done thereunto by your advice, we shall think good.

"Item, As to religion, although the matter be weighty in itself to constrain men's conscience, yet, after reasoning heard thereuntil, what be

thought good by our Sovereign and you (Mary's Commissioners at York) we will *condescend* (agree) thereunto.

"Item, As to the ancient league with France, it has stood long among us, and apparently it cannot agree with the honour of the Realm to break the same. Yet so far as may stand with our honours and the weal of this Realm, we are content to retain friendship with England, and to contract thereupon as our Sovereign *sal* think good; and also to receive no strangers (foreign forces), to the prejudice of the Realm of England, within our Realm in any sort.

"Item, As to our Sovereign's title to England, we understand our Sovereign the Queen's Majesty bore ever that love and favour towards her Sister the Queen of England, that suppose it had stood in her power to have molested her in her time, yet she would not do the same, nor intends (as we understand), to do in time coming. And now, seeing the Queen of England is so beneficial to our Sovereign, she thinks her Grace much more indebted than before, and therefore, it being our Mistress' pleasure and will, finds that part good to be condescended (agreed) unto for the weal of both realms; and that all occasion of trouble be removed, or suspicion in time coming, that our Sovereign shall not molest the Queen of England, nor her lawful succession of her body, without prejudice of our Sovereign's title thereafter. In like manner the Queen's Grace of England shall do nothing in her time that may be prejudicial to our sovereign's title after the Queen of England's decease, and to require if it be her pleasure to declare for that favour to our Sovereign in her own time when it shall please her to be moved thereto.

"Item, As to punishing the Queen's husband's murderers, the same to be execute upon the persons who have justly deserved the same, as law and reason will permit.

"Item, Whatsoever be *condescended unto*, the Lords (subscribers of this document) promise to ratify and approve the same, and shall consent thereto in the first Parliament that is holden by our Sovereign Lady within the Realm of Scotland, and upon their lives and honours shall set forward the same in time coming, and if further be required to condescend (agree) thereto as to the Queen's Majesty, our Sovereign, by your advice, shall think good.

"Item, Ye shall not fail, at your first reasoning, to expound and declare highly the proceedings in this last, their pretended parliament, to the forfeiting of sundry noblemen; and also that they daily continue putting at (persecuting) the Queen's true *favourers*, by charge of their houses, '*lifting*' of pains for absence, and troubling them other ways, notwithstanding that we have desisted at our Sovereign's desire, and at the Queen of England's request; and, therefore, to require the Queen of England, according to her promise, that hasty order be put thereto that her Grace's request be esteemed more weighty in time coming than it has seemed at this time, and therefore has just cause to employ forces for restitution (restoration) of our Sovereign in her own Realm, which ye shall most earnestly require before all other things.

"Item, To remember, among other informations, that the principal cause set forth by the usurpers, wherefore they put first in arms, was 'to put the Queen's most noble person to liberty forth of the Earl of Bothwell's hands, and to punish him for the violent taking and ravishing her'—and likewise punishing him (Bothwell) for her husband's slaughter; and yet have proceeded further, as is notoriously known to the usurping of her authority.

"These are the principal heads and articles which we presently have in heed for the weal of our Sovereign's service and the advancement of her affairs, to be '*sichtit*' concluded and set forward by the Queen's Majesty, or be *reasoned* (debated) at her pleasure by the advice of the Commissioners aforesaid.

"Subscribed with our hand at Dumbarton respective, the 12th. of September, 1568: John, Archbishop of St. Andrews (Catholic); Eglington, Fleming, Glenluse, Sauquhar (Catholic), Rosse (Catholic), Argyle (Protestant), Cassilis (Protestant), Maxwell (Protestant), Laurence, Lord Oliphant; David, Lord Drummond; Huntly (Catholic), Crawford (Protestant), Errol, James, Lord Gilvy; Somerville (Protestant), Yester.

"My Lord Bishop of Ross (John Lesley, Catholic), Lord Livingstone (Protestant), Lord Boyd (Protestant), Lord Herries (Protestant), and Lord Kilwinning (Protestant), subscribed not these articles nor the Commission, because they

were appointed Commissioners accepting the same.

"So ends the copies of the instructions and articles of the Queen's Majesty of Scotland, given for the conference in England."

Agnes Strickland makes comment upon this Commission in the following words:

"The paper is most remarkable for the unity of purpose between Mary's faithful friends, who were in about equal numbers professors of the rival religions; for the tone of deep respect to her character and person which pervades it; the ardent desire they have to see her again exercising her regal functions, and the careful application of every title assumed by royalty, when speaking of the poor captive. Insomuch that the perspicuity of this well-written state paper is more impeded by the iteration of the epithets of 'Sovereign Lady,' 'Majesty,' 'Grace' and 'Highness,' often occurring in the same sentence, and (as was the etiquette of the Tudor dynasty) all loaded on the same person."

Honest reader, with soul to save through justice, stand before that sublime, that most eloquent though vain plea from Scotland! The hands that subscribed noble names thereto have long mouldered to dust; the souls of those just men have long gone to their reward. Those "just men" who perhaps saved sin-usurped Scotland, the land of the "saints," from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

From the wall of the British Museum, London, England, the original MS. still calls for vengeance upon the murderers of Mary Queen of Scots. But are they not gone to their punishment? No, not all! Queen Elizabeth died the apparently hopeless death of the inveterate, unrepentant sinner; Morton was hanged in Scotland for Darnley's murder, upon the evidence of Bothwell's confession, which declared Queen Mary innocent of all participation in the crime, and also that she was innocent of all approval or knowledge of it. Bothwell declared that Moray, Morton and himself (Bothwell) were the guilty ones. Although Bothwell repented, he lingered and died in a felon's prison.

The persecutors who are still guilty of Mary Stuart's blood are the lying brood of cheap historians, whose truth-defying "histories" are tolerated even in our Canadian public schools.

IDRIS.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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How beautiful is the poetry of the seasons in every aspect of their witchery and charm!—but there is appealing power in the tender Autumn-tide around whose days is twined the golden chain of Our Lady's Rosary—the prayer of victory—and wise are they who break away from low confining walls to find a cloister in woodland aisles—to grow greater among the silent hills and beneath the watching stars.

*

Since I penned the tribute to the great octogenarian nun, which appears in your columns, writes our Australian *correspondent*, the subject of it has gone to her eternal home. She had fully earned her guerdon, and was ripe for her Master's invitation: "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

Non-Catholic critics have sometimes spoken of the nun's renunciation of the world as a running

away from the onerous duties of life—as the weakness of a timid nature.

How false the deduction! It is true that nuns are among the gentlest of women. But we must not confuse their gentleness with timidity, or with any shrinking from the hardships of life. They show themselves in the hospital and on the battle-field ready for the greatest perils and endurance.

The daughter of the Church who has withdrawn within the confines of convent life has approved herself to be among the strong characters who have force enough in their nature to take an independent path away from the ordinary beaten track. The religious vocation is a sign of courage, not of timidity. The nun guides her own little ship to her own port, rather than drift with the tide of human affairs.

What think you of the life of a nun like Mary Gonzaga Barry?

It has been sixty years of a fight for Christ. Sixty years carrying the banner of Jesus! Sixty years walking over thorns with bare feet! Sixty years of alternate wounds and healing! Sixty years of doing doughty deeds and thinking sanctified thoughts!

When we reflect on these things, ah, dear God, how poor appear our own performances.

She has gone, but the good she did in word and act is not interred with her bones. It is living still—a great incentive to a holy and unselfish life.

She taught this great lesson—that a thoroughly unselfish spirit is always a happy and a bright one; that it is self-love, wounded or vexed or disappointed, that causes most of the misery and melancholy of the world. It has been well said that if we kill that aching nerve in us the chill blasts of life lose their power to give us pain.

A great Catholic life has closed! A bright Catholic life has gone out. Ten thousand Catholic hearts are in mourning. But there should be with all of us a note of exultation amidst our

grief that a loving and beautiful soul has gone home after hard toil to Rest, Home and Beauty.

*

One hardly thinks of Hong-Kong, the rather sordid city of commerce, where the East drives hard bargains with the West, and life is reduced to a struggle for commercial ideals, as a Children's Paradise! But peep within the gates of the convent garden, and you will see a carnival of babies, orphans all, but finding in the mothering care of the Canossian Sisters a reflection of that love wherewith the Unseen Father looks on His little children in East and West alike. No grim shadow clouds the sunshine of that garden ground; anxiety is eating at the hearts of their elders, for the shadow of war has been menacing China, and the echoes of the European conflict are reverberating even at Hong-Kong, but at the Orphanage they "fleet the time," like Orlando, "in a golden world," and learn to love the Faith that has rescued them from the miserable fate that menaces a foundling in China.

Nor is the care of the nuns exclusively lavished on the Chinese foundlings; they shelter also a number of Eurasian children—those terribly neglected waifs in a great city like Hong-Kong—and give them the Christian training that their home surroundings too often can never supply.

But meanwhile, the sun shines at Hong-Kong in the convent garden, and the little ones thrive amazingly in its peaceful haven; the good Sisters would tell you that were funds forthcoming, they could take many more—but are funds ever forthcoming when they are wanted in the Mission Field, even in China?

*

On the twenty-first of July, the favorite daughter of the great poet Longfellow—"Edith with golden hair"—whom, with her two sisters, he wrote into immortality—the Edith who pattered down the broad hall stairs of Craigie House in Cambridge, with "grave Alice and laughing Allegra" to take their beloved father by storm and

be "put down into the dungeon in the round tower of his heart"—passed away.

Thousands and thousands of children whose mothers read to them "The Children's Hour"—"Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower"—knew "Edith with golden hair," though they may not have known she was once a child, even as they, a real being.

St. John's Chapel, from which Mrs. Dana ("Edith") was buried, was always dear to the heart of the poet. It was there he wrote his famous hymn beginning: "I stand beneath the tree, whose branches shade thy western window, Chapel of St. John."

"Grave Alice" still lives in the old Longfellow home, to which literary pilgrimages are made from all over the country. Craigie House is one of the most noteworthy historic spots in New England—Washington occupied it during the siege of Boston in the Revolutionary war—and a specimen of the best Colonial style of the eighteenth century.

*

There is pathos in the fact that Sir James Murray, the maker of the "New English Dictionary," should have died on the day—last July—that Volume X. of his gigantic work was reviewed in the morning papers.

Sir James was one of the great Victorians. Born in 1837 in the little Scotch village of Denholm, he began life as a schoolmaster. His book on the dialects of Southern Scotland lifted him out of the crowd.

It is interesting to remember that in an old English garden at Oxford, away from the hurry and strife of affairs, the wonderful architecture of the New English Dictionary was silently approaching completion. More than thirty years had this treasure-house of the language been in building, first at the Scriptorium at Mill Hill, and later in the city where Johnson spent his collegiate days. With the thirty years many of the first enthusiasts had passed away; but the

master builder, Sir James Murray, abode still at the task, his natural strength unabated, it would seem, notwithstanding his seventy years and six. Summer and winter he rose at six o'clock, and worked at the Dictionary the day through, examining marriage-lines of speech and winnowing the history of words.

In the preparation of the first section of Volume X. Sir James worked ninety hours a week for three months, and the history alone of *to* with the infinitive cost two months of toil. When it comes to be written, the story of the making of the Oxford Dictionary will rank with thrilling tales of travel and heroisms which are an inspiration to the race.

*

The Church of the Holy Ghost in Warsaw contains a monument to Chopin and, more interesting than any mere monument, the musician's much and often broken heart. Chopin was born in 1809 at a village near Warsaw and lived in the city till he was twenty-one. The name of Warsaw occurs frequently in the dedications affixed to his works; it is probable that many people associated this city chiefly with polonaises and preludes and nocturnes until the war gave the name its present significance. The misfortunes of Warsaw contributed a good deal to the despair which marks many of the productions of Chopin's genius.

It was in 1830 that Chopin, who had been taught in the Lyceum and the Conservatorium, gave three concerts by way of farewell to Warsaw. It is a fact not without its interest at this moment that the vogue of Chopin's music began in Germany, and that Vienna was almost the first city in which, away from his own Warsaw, he won marked recognition.

The monument to Chopin would be the thing in Warsaw before which the average traveller would most surely pause, though there is another monument bearing a familiar name, that of Copernicus, the astronomer, who was also a native of Poland. Many of the pictures and

other art treasures of Warsaw have been lost in the city's troubled past.

*

A warm tribute has been paid to the piety of a soldier of Our Lady—a chivalrous Irish soldier—the late Captain Bellingham, brother of the Marchioness of Bute, and son of Sir Henry Bellingham, Baronet of Castle Bellingham, Dundalk, Co. Louth, Ireland, who met his death in the fighting line in France.

Captain Bellingham was one of the Irish pilgrims to Lourdes, and, at his own request, he was given charge of a blind man there, whom he was to lead about everywhere, to Mass in the morning, back to breakfast, then to the grotto, then round the Stations of the Cross, and so through the whole day's routine. The Captain discharged his duty most faithfully, and, on his return to Ireland, provided a home for his blind friend in Dublin.

"And now he sleeps in the sunny land, France! Well, he was ready to go, for his soul was white and pure as a child's, and his heart ever burned with love for the poor and the afflicted. Some will remember him as a companion in arms, some as a friend, some for a nearer and more sacred tie; but for me his name shall ever recall one picture—that of a soldier of Our Lady, erect, before her shrine, holding a blind man by the hand."

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "The Heart of a Man," by Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.35 net (postage ten cents extra).

This is really a great novel, dealing with the social and economic problems of the day; it is a story through which runs the blood and frenzy of primordial passions, side by side with the calm and exalted elements with which Christian civilization has tempered the breast of man.

The story is well named "The Heart of a Man." The author has depicted that strange

organ of ceaseless human emotion, with its perpetual ferment of joys and sorrows, of problems and questions transitory and eternal, answerable and unanswerable, of aspirations filled and unfulfilled—that mysterious compound of good and evil, hope, despair, love and hate, in a manner that entitles him to the first rank as a writer and as a student of human nature.

*

“The Little Manual of St. Rita,” by Reverend Thomas S. McGrath (Benziger Brothers). Cloth, round corners, red edges, retail, \$0.50. American pearl, limp, round corners, gold edges, retail, \$0.75.

St. Rita, especially of late, has come into the confidence of the faithful. The world over, this sweet saint is besought as the Achiever of the Impossible. Father McGrath has gathered together all the prayers and devotions composed in her honor, and prefaced them with a most interesting account of St. Rita’s life as a girl, wife, mother, widow and nun.

*

“The Little Communicant’s Prayer-book,” compiled by a specialist in the Christian training of the young, Reverend P. J. Sloan. Imitation cloth, retail, \$0.15. Black imitation leather, retail, \$0.20. White imitation leather, retail, \$0.20. White ribbed silk cloth, gold edges, retail, \$0.30 (Benziger Brothers).

Father Sloan is widely and favorably known as a writer on Sunday-school and Catechetical subjects. His tact and experience are evident in this splendidly arrayed and prettily gotten-up prayer-book, which is as attractive to the child eye as its contents are adapted to the child mind.


*

“Roma”—Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture, by Reverend Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. (Benziger Brothers), has gone into its tenth part. The historical survey of the Popes, their pictures,

medals, artistic works, labors for science, etc., form the body of the discussion in Part X.

This work will contain eighteen parts, 938 illustrations in the text, forty full-page pictures and three maps of the city of Rome.

“Our Palace Wonderful.”

“UR Palace Wonderful,” or “Man’s Place in Visible Creation,” a new book by Reverend Frederick A. Houck, is indeed a rare work. It treats of the glories of the universe; of the beauties of earth, air, and sky; of the marvellous order and precision with which the heavenly bodies move on their respective courses; of these evident wonders suggestive of an all-wise Creator, a heavenly Father who rules and guides all things to the delight of this inhabited sphere.

As to the origin of our Palace Wonderful the author refutes the erroneous theories of the Agnostics, Materialists, and Pantheists.

He maintains that the mineral kingdom postulates a Creator, by proofs furnished by science and revelation; by proofs taken from the sidereal world; and by arguments deduced from the mechanism, harmony, and general plan of the visible universe.

The author convinces us that the vegetable kingdom reflects the wisdom of the Creator, in his chapter on plants,—their amazing variety, use and misuse.

As a sequence to most powerful arguments is the chapter on man,—made to the image and likeness of the Creator, the object of the Creator’s loving solicitude in this world, the sovereign tenant of the Palace Wonderful, the sole conscious beneficiary of the Creator’s goodness and magnanimity, and destined for eternal happiness in the next world.

In dealing with the theory that other planets may be inhabited the author says: “There is no good reason for ‘peopling’ the other spheres. There is no proof that any one of the celestial bodies, save the earth, is actually inhabited. A few scientists have advanced theories to this effect; but no certain evidence has been given for the belief that Mars or any other planet is actually peopled. . . . True, this little globe, over which the Sovereign Lord has given us do-

minion, is but one of millions of spheres spinning onward through space inconceivable. Considered as an integral part of the stellar universe the earth is but a speck. And if this globe of ours is but a speck compared with the vast number and vast size of the spheres floating all around us, then, indeed, it is a little difficult to conceive why alone it should be inhabited. But, if we enter upon the nature and destiny of man, the chief inhabitant of the earth, we may easily conclude that the rest of the material universe has been created as a setting and ornament to the earth, man's temporal home. Man is the image of the Creator, and endowed with a nature fully capable of appreciating such magnanimous generosity on the part of the Almighty."

"Our Palace Wonderful" may well serve as a text book to the scholar, for it is truly man's highest intelligence offered as tribute to the Omniscient!

LORETO.

London College of Preceptors.

THE Religious and Pupils of the Loreto High School, Europa, Gibraltar, are to be congratulated on the results attained at the recent Examinations of the London College of Preceptors, which are published in the *Educational Times* of August. A special word of praise must be given to Miss Dorothy Bridger who, besides passing with Distinction in all her mathematical subjects, has obtained an Honour Certificate and Second Place in her grade. When it is understood that the pupils compete with the boys and girls of the United Kingdom it will be seen that this is no small success.

The following is the list of the successful candidates:

SENIOR CLASS.

Miss Marie Patron—Senior Class Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, French, Spanish, Botany, Drawing and Domestic Economy.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Miss Dorothy Bridger—Junior Class Honour Certificate. Distinction in Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Mensuration and Music. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, English History, French and Domestic Economy.

Miss Rosario Sacarello—Junior Class Certificate. Distinction in Spanish and Music. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, French and Drawing.

Miss Luisa Danino—Junior Class Certificate. Distinction in Music. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra and Spanish.

Miss Rosie Rodriguez Lopez—Junior Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish, Drawing and Domestic Economy.

PRELIMINARY CLASS.

Miss Marion Cother—Preliminary Class Certificate. Distinction in Arithmetic. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Algebra, French and Drawing.

Miss Kathleen Easton—Preliminary Class Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French and Drawing.

Miss Dorothy Discombe—Preliminary Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Algebra, French and Drawing.

LOWER FORMS.

Miss Edna Discombe—Pass in Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Literature, English History, Geography and Algebra.

Miss Gwendoline Forde—Pass in Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Literature, English History, Geography, Algebra and Drawing.

Miss Rosario Peña—Pass in Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Literature, Algebra, French, Drawing and Spanish.

Miss Delfina Imossi—Pass in Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Literature, Algebra, French, Spanish and Drawing.

Miss Jane Rizzo—Pass in Dictation and Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Literature, English History, Algebra, French and Drawing.

Alumnae Notes.

Loreto Academy, Toronto.

The officers for the present year, elected at the annual meeting of the Loreto Alumnae, are as follows:

- Patroness—M. M. Stanislaus.
- Hon. President—M. M. Colombière.
- Hon. Vice-President—Mrs. Maloney.
- President—Mrs. Lalor.
- First Vice-President—Mrs. T. P. Phelan.
- Second Vice-President—Mrs. Rooney.
- Recording Secretary—Miss Devaney.
- Corresponding Secretary—Miss Rooney.
- Treasurer—Miss Dorrien.
- Convener of Entertainment Committee—Miss Seitz.
- Convener of House Committee—Mrs. McLaughlin.
- Convener of Membership Committee—Miss M. Mallon.
- Convener of Press Committee—Miss A. Kelly.

It has been decided to change the monthly meetings of the Alumnae to quarterly meetings, the first of which will take place in October.

At the Loreto Abbey Commencement, in June, the first Loreto Alumnae Scholarship for obtaining the highest marks in Junior Matriculation examinations for 1913-14, was presented to Miss Madeleine Smythe.

A delightful tea was given at the Laura Maitland tea-room last June by the outgoing executive, at which the present executive were guests, receiving much valuable information from their predecessors on matters pertaining to the Alumnae, which had been learned by two years' experience. Congratulations were offered the former executive on the splendid work they had accomplished during their term of office, and they in turn, tendered best wishes to the officers for the present year.

At the annual meeting it was moved that the Alumnae send a contribution to the University of Toronto Base Hospital to show our interest and sympathy in their work. The Treasurer was instructed to forward a cheque of ten dollars to assist in their undertaking.

The membership fees for 1915-1916 were due at the annual meeting last May. All members

in arrears will kindly forward fees to Miss Dorrien, Athelma Apts., Grosvenor Street, Toronto.

Personals.

A letter of condolence has been sent to The Ladies of Loreto, tendering the sympathy of the Alumnae on the loss they have sustained by the death of M. M. Theodora. She will long be remembered by all our members for the very active interest she took in all Alumnae gatherings and the former pupils by whom they were attended.

We also greatly regret the death of M. M. Eustochium who, though not in close touch with the Alumnae, was a dear friend to many of our members.

Notes of sympathy were sent to Miss Canning, offering our condolence on the death of her uncle, Reverend H. J. Canning, and to Miss Dorrien, our treasurer, on the loss of her brother.

The marriage of Miss Cecile McKenna to Mr. J. D. Hayes took place at St. Basil's Church, on June 16th. Miss McKenna is one of our Alumnae members who has been a great assistance in organizing some of our best concerts.

Many will be interested to hear of the marriage of Miss Mary Boland to Mr. A. W. Purtle, on June 30th., at St. Francis' Church. Miss Boland, ever since her graduation, has been a member of the Alumnae and a regular attender at all our meetings.

Miss Mary Campbell was married to Mr. S. Devaney, on the fourteenth of July, at St. Francis' Church. Miss Campbell was a pupil of Loreto Abbey and a great friend of many of our members.

Mrs. Strickland of Saskatoon and Miss Helen O'Brien Renfrew were two out-of-town members whom we were glad to see attend our annual luncheon.

The Press Convener would be thankful for any items of interest to the members of the Alumnae. These should be forwarded to Miss A. Kelly, 33 Maple Avenue, Toronto.

LORETO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION,

per ANNE KELLY,
Convener of Press Committee.

A Haunt of Beauty — The Lakes of Killarney.

'Tis English truth, not Irish Blarney,
Earth's loveliest spot is fair Killarney.

R. P. D.

Take one draught at the hand of Him who presses
Creation's cup to thy lips, and thus free thyself at once
from the cares of the world.—*From the Persian.*

THE travelled Englishman knows more of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy than of Ireland, and yet there are haunts of beauty there, within easy reach, which surpass anything either on the continent of Europe or elsewhere on the face of the earth. We have gazed with delight on the loveliness of Como and Maggiore; surveyed from the summit of Monte Generoso the glorious pageant of the Italian Alps; sojourned on the Axenstein above Lake Lucerne; walked across the Wengern Alps with the Jungfrau full in view; stood on the Gornergrat amid its grand array of sky-cleaving peaks; sailed down the fiords of Norway with their stern cliffs scarfed with glittering waterfalls, but for exquisite beauty we have beheld nothing which equals the Lakes of Killarney.

Let it be distinctly understood that we speak of ethereal loveliness, and not of rugged grandeur, though this enchanted ground is not lacking in sublimity. It also has its great fragments of rock tumbled about in wildest confusion, its torrents leaping down the glen and echoing in the gorge, its bold headlands, its mountain peaks rising to take the sunrise and to hold the sunset with a splendour of regret. But its matchless characteristic is its emerald loveliness, the hanging woods which clothe its steepes with beauty, and the sweet green herbage which makes its dells a paradise.

"THE EMERALD ISLE,"

—this is its appropriate title. Compare its verdant slopes and its wealth of tossing foliage with the unclothed steepes which guard the Riviera above Nice and Monte Carlo, or with the cold untrodden snows of the Jungfrau, the Blumisalpe, Monte Rosa, and Mont Blanc, and you will discern the distinction which we seek to accentuate. It is true that each of these regions has its own peculiar charm, and that forms of rugged grandeur may constitute only the sublimation of

beauty. But for verdant and bewitching loveliness, Killarney is without a parallel. It may be maintained that the lake scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland rivals the charm of Killarney, but Wordsworth—whose authority on this subject none can dispute—proclaimed that this region of the Irish lakes was "in point of scenery the finest portion of the British Isles." Sir Walter Scott also admitted that the Killarney district surpassed anything to be encountered among his beloved Scottish lakes.

THE BEST APPROACH.

The most favorable approach to the lakes of Killarney is not that *via* Dublin and Mallow, but *via* Cork and Bantry Bay. It is by this route that their full splendour flashes most enchantingly on the delighted mind. This way, the spirit of beauty calls us—the spirit whose lightest whisper we love to obey. Bantry Bay itself with its wooded islets, promontories, creeks, and bays, sentinelled by purple rocks and giant hills, might fitly retain us from our goal if we were less eager to attain it. But the excelling glory beyond "draws us like heaven," and we hasten on.

The route we have chosen leads us through the justly famous "Pass of Glengariff," a glen three miles in length, and of a character so startling and fantastic that it is difficult to convey any adequate idea of its impressive magnificence. It is as though in some day of wildering storm a mightier wave than any which ever careered over the wildest sea had been flung out from Bantry Bay, to be arrested in its upward sweep by divine command, and to stand before the astonished gaze in the aspect of a petrified tempest. Such are the curves and angles and crumbling precipices of Glengariff. Then, when the crest of the wave is reached, the three *lakes of Killarney* are revealed beneath, lying between the soft folds of their wooded islets, its airy pinnacles, its crags, its grassy slopes, its forests, its silvery reaches, and its flashing cataracts; while above it stands a chain of guarding mountains, finding their crowning splendour in Macgilllicuddy's Reeks, rising almost perpendicular to an elevation of over 3400 feet above the translucent waters.

The sublime and beautiful.

Eternal twins, one dark, one fair;

She leaning on her grand heroic brother,

As in a picture of some old romaunt.

THE KILLARNEY DISTRICT.

The famous lakes of Killarney are three in number. There is the "Upper lake," the "Middle or Torc lake," and the "Lower lake" or more properly "Lough Leane." Practically, they all sleep in their sheeted silver in one extensive hollow beneath the encircling hills and mountains. They are fed by a number of mountain streams whose glittering flow adds to the charm of the district and they are connected by a tortuous stream, called the "Long Range," which wanders through a valley so varied and beautiful that it might be a wreck of Paradise. Winding from crag to crag, and wooded vale to vale, to follow this stream along its fantastic course is a continual enchantment. The wealth of ferns, and flowering plants, and stately trees which adorn this region, from the deep-rooted oak to the dark green holly, the bright green ash, the beautiful fuchsias, and the diamond-hung arbutus, present a pageant of varied loveliness only found where rain is plentiful and alternating sunlight glorifies the mist and paints the rainbow on the cloud. These, blending their rich hues with the pearly grey of the cliffs, and the deep purple of the mountains, provide a feast of colour which is a masterpiece of Nature's finest artistry. Some of the firs seem to rise like music out of the solid rock, and stand in charming contrast with the bright cascades which flash and gleam beneath them.

"Such varied and vigorous vegetation," says Alfred Austin—the late poet-laureate—"I have seen no otherwhere; and when one has said that, one has gone far towards awarding the prize of natural beauty. . . . The first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur and a look of awe, only in order to heighten for contrast the sense of soft insinuating loveliness."

Then as if to enhance its purely natural attractiveness with the touch of human sympathy and religious sacredness, there are scattered through the district numerous memorials of the awe and piety of past ages. The mystic stone circles abound wherein the ancient Druids celebrated their mysterious rites, while the venerable Abbeys of Aghadoe, Innisfallen, and Muckross, loom out above the placid watch of the lake translating wonder into worship. How impressive

The arches dim

The crumbling columns grand against the moon,
The desolate fanes, though temples glorious once
But lonely now and shattered.

A FEAST OF BEAUTY.

Never shall we forget the impression produced on our descent from the overhanging precipice of Glengariff to the enchanting lakes beneath. As we have before declared, in all our journeys through the varied world, from dusky London to the snow-clad Alps, and thence to Luxor and the bounteous Nile clothing with fertility the desert sands, we have beheld nothing equal to the beauty of Killarney as in golden sunshine our boat glided over its bright expanse. Beauty everywhere—beauty, fresh, and unstained, as if just fallen from the hand of God, the All-Beautiful. Beauty, meekly hiding in the depths and proudly seated on the heights; beauty, shining on every blade and lurking in every petal; beauty, clothing the hills and mirrored in the waters; beauty, scarfing the rocks with the silver of the lichen and staining the hills with the purple of the heather; beauty, veiling the shattered arches of Muckross Abbey and dreaming amid the soft witchery of Innisfallen. And above this beauty stands grandeur,—grandeur, looking sunward from the Eagle's Nest, tossing its plumes in the forest of Glena, and standing in awe on the sky-piercing crags of Carran-Tual.

But all is not yet told. This scene is not to stand before us merely as a silent picture. It has to find a voice. Our boatman raises a cor-net to his lips and pours out from it the first bars of an Irish melody. The listening hills take up the music. It is flung from peak to peak along the enchanted circle in rich and yet richer reverberation, until we fancy that we hear the bridal-bells of heaven. Such are the matchless echoes of Killarney. We are not surprised that, standing amid these glories, Christopher North said, "My first feeling was one of grief that I was not an Irishman."

INNISFALLEN.

Should the visitor to the lakes of Killarney, wearied by his walk through the Gap of Dunloe, his ascent of Carran-Tual, or his journey to Ross or Glenflesk, desire some resting-place where, without further fatigue, beauty of the

daintiest order may pitch her tents before him, we commend to his notice Innisfallen, the most charming of the islands on these lakes. Here the beauty of the district finds what we may call a focus, an exquisite concentration. The island lies on Lough Leane about half a mile from the shore, between the Ross and Rabbit Islands. With the exception of the former, it is the largest in this region, containing about twenty-one acres, while it is certainly the loveliest.

William Butler Yeats, the dreaming Irish poet of our day, sings a sweet song of Innisfree for whose sweet solitudes he would fain exchange the streets and strenuous life of Dublin. But here, if anywhere, his poet dream might be fully realized where he says:

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of morning to where
the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds on
the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-
ments grey
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Innisfallen is the acknowledged queen of all the islands on the Irish lakes. Its variety of charm is astonishing considering its limited area. Here it undulates into swelling slopes, and there stoops into green vales, while in some places its woodland secrecies are so dense as to be almost impenetrable. It presents a sylvan solitude where the lilt of the bird, the lowing of the cattle, the whisper of the woods, the clash of the cascade and the lapping of the water of the lake on its pebbly shores, are the only sounds which break the silence. Then there are the ruins of its old Abbey whose scattered stones Nature has almost taken back into her own green heart again, veiling with moss and trailing ivy, "the last mournful graces of decay."

Here apart from the forest giants with the ferns nestling in their cool, moist sanctuaries at their feet, we have the holly with its bright corals, and the scarlet clusters of the mountain ash,

together with a bewitching canopy of delicate leafage forming

A web of texture fine and frail,
To catch the gentlest winds.

Then there are the varied aspects of the lake, now lying in a glassy sleep and reflecting the overlooking mountains, and now tenderly veiled in mist imbued with exquisite prismatic sapphire, emerald, and silver tints as the sunlight pours through their shifting gauze. It is a pageant

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

A feeling of awe blends with our delight as we scan these radiant pages of the great book of God in Nature. We learn to appreciate the words of Ruskin as entranced by the revelation of her beauty and her grandeur he says: "She appeared to him the grand, pure, tender mother, ancient in years but ever young, bending over him from the fathomless bosom of the sky, from the outspread arms of the forest trees, from the silent judgment of the everlasting hills. She spoke to him from the depths of air, from the winds that harp upon the boughs, and from the streams that sing as they go to be lost in rest."

AN ENCHANTED LAND.

Such are some of the attractions of the Emerald Isle, and apart from her restless political demagogues, her people are as charming as the land in which they dwell. Nowhere do you meet with purer and fairer women, with men more brilliant and chivalrous, with sweeter and less questioning trust, or with finer and more generous hospitality.

It is true that in the western regions of Ireland, set as they are on the lip and verge of the Atlantic, there is an excess of rain. Yet if its mists and storms come "not in spies but in battalions," they prevail to keep the heart of Erin green. The charm and variety of its foliage, tree-like fuchsias, and flowering shrubs, is largely owing to the abundant rains which visit it only to enhance its emerald loveliness. They clothe its hills with verdure, deck the sombre beauty of its forest kings with diamonds, and arch its lakes with the sheen of glorious rainbows. This, in conclusion, we are bold to assert, that seen in its fairer moods, the region of the

lakes of Killarney is a "demi-Eden," an earthly "reflex of heaven."

In memory of all we owe of inspiration and uplifting to this haunt of beauty, we cease to write of it with a feeling akin to tears. But on cloudy days, and in crowded streets, and amid scenes far removed from its enchanting loveliness, that loveliness will still flash upon the "inner eye, which is the bliss of solitude," and will linger there until the visions of earth are exchanged for the transcendent glories of heaven.

As we have said much about the groves and flowery spaces of Innisfallen, we cannot close this article more fitly than with the lines of Thomas Moore:

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine,
 How fair thou art, let others tell,
 While but to feel how fair, be mine.

Father Maturin.

THE contrast between notoriety and real fame is a theme which gives food for much reflection. In the greatest names in history they coincide. In Shakespeare and Milton, in Pitt and Fox, in Galileo and Newton the quality of fame is coincident with its quantity—its extensive recognition. But among the mass of men and women whom we know it is otherwise—in our own day especially when advertisement is so common and so effective in creating newspaper notoriety. The names which every reader of the *Daily Mail* knows are for the most part not the greatest names. First-rate men do not condescend to the arts of self-advertisement. They exercise their gifts spontaneously and with little thought of general recognition. Thus the man of genius usually has his comparatively small circle made up of those whom his work affects directly. The writer has his readers, the artist his followers and admirers, the preacher his audience. That circle feels towards him as no one feels towards the far more notorious windbags and self-advertisers; but to the majority of his countrymen his very existence may be hardly known until or unless some accidental circumstance brings his genius unmistakably home to the general public.

Father Maturin was one of those men of real genius who never advertised himself, but did his work quietly and thoroughly. His was not among the great historical names of his generation; but his gifts were placed very high indeed by those who followed his career as a preacher and came under his personal influence. The touch of true genius was unmistakable in him: yet I think his friends used to feel during his lifetime that though he was generally known to be one of our best preachers, the world at large had little conception of the quality of his mind which gave him so special a position among his own disciples and friends. And when at his Requiem the huge Westminster Cathedral was filled by some two thousand mourners it came to some of us as a surprise. It was a remarkable case where many individuals owed him a deep debt for his preaching, yet there had not been that open communication between them which leads to universally acknowledged popular fame. Each one who came said, "I owe so much to Father Maturin that I must be among the mourners, though I fear that they will not be so numerous as such a man deserves." Many hundreds in London alone said the same thing, where each man had thought that it would be said only by a few scores.

I do not propose to say much of the external events of Father Maturin's life. They were not of great importance except as affording occasions for the real work of his life, constant personal influence. This work was really the beginning and end of his career. He was the son of a well-known Vicar of Grangegorm, who was almost the only high church clergyman in the Irish Church of seventy years ago. He worked in England and America as a Cowley Father; he did much mission work for eighteen years as a Catholic Priest. During all this time his influence was that of a preacher and giver of spiritual retreats and a guide to many individual souls. In his last years he seemed to have found opportunity for personal influence in a new field as chaplain to the Oxford Catholic undergraduates. But it was otherwise decreed, and one who was ever so keenly alive to the drama of human life died an heroic death in a great and terrible scene in that drama.

I propose to speak here of those gifts which enabled Father Maturin to win so many hearts

and souls to a good and useful life, and often to a high spirituality.

Father Maturin was a man in whom missionary zeal, the fire of spiritual genius and penetrating psychological insight were combined to a rare degree. Both in the pulpit and from the chair of the preacher of spiritual retreats, first as a Cowley Father and then for eighteen years as a Catholic Priest, these gifts were exercised with a power which deeply affected many lives. I personally never heard any preacher of whom the word "inspiration" could be more justly used. It was with him in the pulpit much what it is with many a great poet, whose conversation little prepares one for the immense sweep of imagination and passion or the power of vivid expression which are apparent when he takes his pen in hand. With the poet brooding thought in solitude as a rule kindles the fire and his pen is the instrument for kindling others. With Father Maturin the presence of human beings whom he addressed kindled the fire in himself and the spoken word was his instrument.

He was in private life a charming companion, full of sympathy, a frank simplicity running through his conversation. He was fond of the society of young people, who loved him and delighted in his favorite ghost stories—for the mysterious was ever congenial to him. But the attractive characteristics of his companionship conveyed little suggestion of his deepest gifts. His Irish impulsiveness and want of balance, something one-sided in his judgments, his lovable boyishness, were familiar traits which made the mellow wisdom, and the wonderful penetration of his pulpit utterances positively startling—so little did the agreeable *raconteur* touch the heights and depths reached by the preacher. It was as though a great spirit dwelt in the depths of his soul which only the presence of an audience of human beings looking to him for guidance could effectively evoke. And it was called out only gradually as a sermon went on and its theme developed. The text was spoken rapidly in a rather low tone and without emotion. The beginning was generally very simple. It made one feel that he was looking at the obvious practical facts of life and not any dream of his own. By degrees the thoughts and imaginings which his subject needed for its exposition and illustration shaped themselves. The fire was then

kindled and there came forth the memorable utterances which left their mark for life on many of those who heard him.

To those who did not understand his sermons they sometimes appeared melodramatic, from the manner in which he delivered the most impassioned passages. But to those who followed his argument closely the most remarkable trait was a very fine psychological perception.

The most remarkable passages were those which showed his keen appreciation of the view of life which blunts the mind of the sceptic or the man of the world to the lessons of Christianity. He would first describe vividly all that could be said against the religious view of human life, and then, with a force immensely increased by such concessions, depict the Christian message as affording an explanation of life and a guide to conduct which cannot be found elsewhere.

Never will those who were present forget his sermon preached a year ago at St. Mary's, Cadoogan Street, on the death of a friend deeply loved by himself and by many of those he addressed, the late Miss Mary Thesiger. How hard it often is to take quite firmly the Christian view of death when it comes near to our own door. We see the dissolution of all the powers and faculties. We are told to believe in their fuller life. We see the end. We are told to believe that it is only the beginning. How irresistibly at such times is the materialistic view apt to suggest itself. The physical aspect of death is so obvious—the fulfilment of the appointed cycle of growth, maturity, decay, and then final extinction. This is what we see in the rest of nature around us, vegetable and animal. Why should we think of man as an exception? The spiritual aspect of death, the conception of it as the entrance into a fuller and richer life is little suggested by what is visible to the loving watchers at the bed of death. We recite the prayers which presuppose this view of the case, but the haunting sense of utter extinction threatens to poison them with a feeling of unreality. The funeral preacher generally contents himself with dwelling on the past, with picturing him or her whom we have lost as they were on earth, with embalming the ever precious memories of friendship, touching only with decorous brevity on the question of where the mourned

one now is, and what is happening behind that dark curtain of death. This last aspect of the case is at such a moment so hard to realize, so inevitably promotes a feeling of scepticism if it is pressed too insistently, that it is rarely dwelt on at great length in such discourse.

But Father Maturin did on this occasion insist on it with a perfection of insight into the hearts of his hearers which enabled him to give full faith and comfort to many hearts, and brought consoling tears to many eyes. His success was due to his facing quite frankly in the first part of his discourse the sceptical thoughts which if allowed to remain sub-conscious might have poisoned the wells of faith and hope. He spoke first beautifully of the life of the friend that had gone, as a treasure left to the memory of those who loved her, as an eternal possession. He brought back to remembrance little incidents, ways and habits which made the picture true and living. Then he described with minute accuracy the impression left on dear friends at the bed of death, that all this gracious life with its happy memories was closed for ever—the career ended, the personality gone back to the nothingness from which it first came. This method was in reality the method of a surgeon who probes the wound to make real healing ultimately possible. Some of his words at the moment seemed almost unbearable. But they had probed the limits of lawful scepticism, and they had shown that when such limits were overpassed, scepticism had the nature not of reason but of feeling. It was a feeling caused by the ever present and pressing facts of this visible scene, absorbing and apparently exhausting all aspects of death that we can clearly imagine.

And then he passed to the view of death which Christian faith offers us. The half thoughts and unfulfilled aspirations and broken dreams which unanswerably suggest a self so far greater than this life can ever realize—these are wholly outside those categories supplied by animal and vegetable life which had at first suggested that death extinguishes man's individuality. If we must have a clear image in order to believe, of course we cannot get beyond the images with which earthly experience has supplied us. Then indeed are our beliefs the irrational slaves of our past history. On such a view man's birth from nothingness would itself be incredible be-

fore it had actually happened. But if we have faith to rise higher and let a view suggested by what is deep and unmistakable, though made up of obscure and largely unknown elements, gain entrance into our minds, then we can think of the dead very differently. The Communion of Saints becomes no longer an unreal dream. We can think of our dear friend, he said, as a mother thinks of her boy far away in India or China. She has never seen the country where he dwells; she cannot picture his surroundings; but she has testimony in which she trusts that he is happy and well cared for, and among kind friends of whom she knows much—St. Francis, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Theresa. The force and conviction with which Father Maturin brought home this Christian view of death to the hearts of his hearers were due entirely to the penetrating psychological insight with which he had first divined and faced those primary impressions wrought by the physical aspect at a distance. That terrible haunting sense of death as mere extinction which comes spontaneously at the sight of it, lost its power by being boldly faced. The first part of his sermon effectively laid the sceptical spectre, and cleared the ground for the entrance of the Holy Visions of Faith.

That was but one instance of this preacher's power which I have so often felt—not more remarkable than many another, but still fresh in the memory of those to whom it gave deep and lasting comfort. His genius had some of the uncertainty which usually attends on veritable inspiration. At times the "spirit" refused to respond to his summons and he was left with the comparatively tame words at his command which suggest themselves to men and women when they do not realize the highest truths and yet have to speak of them. Sometimes a mere accident would put him off and an equally slight cause would kindle again the fire of his eloquence. He had the impressionableness which Irishmen so often have and which so often accompanies dramatic genius.

I may give one instance of this curious impressionableness. He was staying with us at Eastbourne some six years ago or more, and was to preach a sermon at the Sunday evening service. He was not very well and I think some trifle had worried him. He said that he totally lacked inspiration, that the sermon must be a

wretched failure, and he wished he could avoid having to preach it. Our neighbor, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, the famous pianist, came to tea that day, and played to us afterwards for more than an hour. Father Maturin was an absorbed listener. The music so completely transformed him, working up his powers of imagination and realization, that he preached that evening the finest sermon that I think I ever heard from him, the subject being the History of Job.

Father Maturin was very helpful to those who were tried by intellectual and moral difficulties against the Christian faith. He encouraged positive trust in God rather than the filling of the mind with difficulties themselves, some of which are, owing to our limited knowledge of God's great universe, insoluble here on earth. He preached that personal trust in God which the whole atmosphere of the Christian and Catholic Church does so much to make easier.

During his recent visit to New York I saw him several times. I dined in his company on March 14, at the house of our common friend, Dr. McMahon, the Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, with whom he was staying. I never saw him in better health or spirits. He discussed his plans and was determined to sail by the "Lusitania," which he thought from her speed the safest of all ships. Also he enjoyed its perfect equipment, which appealed to his imagination as a triumph of modern ship-building. I told him that I had received a warning that the Germans were determined on her destruction and I was hesitating whether I should not myself sail by preference in an American liner. I had arranged to return to England on April 3. He laughed at my fears, and said that he himself was so determined to keep to the "Lusitania," that although he could not accompany me, as he had engagements after April 3, he meant to delay his departure until her next sailing in May, although he would have preferred to return a fortnight earlier.

I met him again a few days later at dinner, at the house of Mrs. Augustus Paine, with whom I was staying. Mrs. Paine had been a devoted disciple of Father Maturin some twenty-five years earlier, when, as a Cowley Father, he used to preach at Philadelphia. She became a Catholic largely under his influence two years ago. He was on this occasion in even better

spirits. He always delighted in congenial conversation, and that night he stayed long after the other guests had left.

I could not but see that the immense fruit borne by his sermons in New York had been a very real joy to him. He told me that he was far happier than on the occasion of his last visit to America two years ago. His buoyant spirits impressed me so much that I laughingly told him that he seemed to have grown ten years younger, and that I who was born nine years later than he felt myself quite an old man by comparison.

I saw him once more when I was staying with my friend, Mr. Thomas Kelly, at the Buckingham Hotel, New York. Mr. Kelly asked Father Maturin and Dr. McMahon to come on Maundy Thursday to a farewell dinner before my departure, which was to take place on Holy Saturday morning. Father Maturin was again on this occasion in remarkably good spirits and remained with us long after Dr. McMahon had taken his leave. When he was going I said, "This is good-bye until we meet in England." He replied, "No, I mean to come and see you off on the 'Lusitania' on Saturday." On the following evening I received a message that he was so tired that he must give up this plan. He had, I think, been preaching at Dr. McMahon's church on Good Friday. Thus I never saw him again.

One of his American sermons I heard. It was, I gathered, the least successful he had given. Mrs. Paine described some of the earlier ones as among the finest she had ever listened to. The one I heard was not well constructed and for the first twenty minutes I was a little disappointed with it. But then the inspiration came, and though it could not redeem a certain absence of unity in the construction of the sermon, I carried away the remembrance of passages marked by that wonderful psychological insight which came to him often with the effect of great suddenness in the pulpit.

Father Maturin's end was that of a hero. And by a happy chance we know some of its details. After luncheon on that fated Friday, May 7, at about two o'clock he was seen on the deck saying his Office. The torpedo struck the ship soon after two. How long it took him to realize to the full what had happened we do not know, but we do know from a lady who survived that shortly before the ship went down, twenty min-

utes later, he was seen striving to keep people calm, giving Absolution to those who asked for it, fastening on life-belts, and helping women and children into the boats. The lady who relates this was herself helped into a boat by Father Maturin, and just as the boat was putting off he threw a little child into her arms with the injunction, "Try to find its mother." Then he stood waiting for the end, quite calm, but white as a sheet. With his keen sense of the drama of life he probably realized vividly the approaching end. He put on no life-belt. He did not take off his coat. He made no attempt to escape, but simply awaited death. We can picture him then as ever, intensely human and intensely spiritual—realizing keenly that his own death was now a matter of minutes, yet eager to the last to do good and help others and throwing himself on God for strength and support.

His loss to us is, I think, greater than many realize. His power of entering into other minds is a very rare power, perhaps more rare among Catholics than among others because the extreme definiteness of Catholic traditions may stiffen smaller minds—may so completely fix their direction that the imagination loses its suppleness and cannot enter into any other view. Yet this imaginative understanding of other standpoints than your own is among the greatest gifts for winning souls to Christianity and to the Catholic Church.

He was wholly out of sympathy with the excesses of Modernism. The publication of Father Tyrrell's Life was a deep grief to him, for he had greatly admired the spiritual lessons contained in Father Tyrrell's early books, and he had an old family friendship with the man himself. "I shall nevermore take any interest in anything Tyrrell has said," was his deliberate utterance after reading Tyrrell's Life. On the other hand, Father Maturin detested the narrow anti-Modernists and was keenly alive, just as Cardinal Newman was, to the necessity of facing new facts which must affect our view of the universe, and of saying old things in a new way for a new generation. His was a temper at once conservative and yet adaptable and plastic. His knowledge of philosophy was not detailed enough, to make him fully realize difficulties in applying his principle, but his temper and principles themselves in this matter were very

helpful to many who consulted him. His books do not adequately reveal the man's mind, but *The Price of Unity* will, I venture to say, in spite of literary defects, hold an important place in the Roman controversy of the future. Nevertheless what was greatest in him is not to be found in his written works. It was inseparably blended with his living personality, and can therefore never be replaced for us. The loss is thus quite irreparable. It can perhaps best be mitigated by the collection of notes from his sermons which, though they will not recall the magic of the spoken word, may keep a record of great thoughts begotten in moments of inspiration.—*Wilfrid Ward, in Dublin Review.*

In Normandy: Land of the Plantagenet King.

IT is at such places as this, buried deep in the provinces, that there can be discovered a tragedy of war second only to that of the outraged and burned towns of the eastern war zone. It is not a tragedy in smoke and ruin, in death and want. It is a tragedy in a fair setting, where everything but happiness seems out of place, a horror of waiting which will be endless, of despair which, in the vast majority of cases, will go unrelieved.

Let me picture this pretty little town to you. It lies in "Basse Normandie," fairest portion of that lovely part of beautiful France. It stands high on a hill, its buildings, all of grey granite, glittering like silver in the sunlight, its vision spreads over many a fair mile of most radiant countryside. Vire is surrounded by and decked out with richest orchards in which the trees

Can hardly bear the ripe fruit up
Which will be next year's cider-cup.

Looking down on the little place is the Church of St. Thomas, in which Thomas à Becket said Mass en route to England to meet his tragic fate.

High up, amid the glorious greenness of embowering trees, stands the ruined castle, almost completely demolished at Richelieu's orders, a castle in which Du Guesclin once stayed. Down in the valley is another building, but of vastly different sort, recalling the lines Longfellow wrote:

In the valley of the Vire
 Still is seen an ancient mill,
 With its gables quaint and queer,
 And beneath the window-sill,
 On the stone
 These words alone:
 "Oliver Basselin lived here."

Basselin was the famous song-writer who composed the undying songs called the "Vaux de Vire" (the term has given us our word "vaudeville"). He was, like Körner, singer and warrior, and died fighting against the English, some time about 1450.

Ancient churches, a clock tower built by Henry II. of England, narrow ruelles and tottering houses here and there make little Vire picturesque and memorable, one of the most delightful places in the Bocage, or Bower, as this tree-girt land is called. In addition to the beauty of its situation and the historic associations which "gather round church and tower and town," lovely Vire has its industries. It makes cider, of course, and that supplement of cider, eau de vie de cidre, the "Calvados," which, its lovers say, keeps throughout the long years "the perfume of the fair vales of Normandy." It makes cloth and the renowned "Andouilles de Vire," too, and holds large cattle fairs.

Vire is, indeed, the complete little town, with about 12,000 inhabitants. Its people are like a family; everybody knows everybody else; every one has her or his distinct place in the life of the town. So comes the awful tragedy.

In a vast city like Paris you have to seek out most of the tragedy of war; it is mostly hidden in the vastness of the place from the eyes and knowledge of all; it remains hidden in the hearts of a few. It is the greater, not the personal tragedy, that alters the expression of the face of Paris. But how different here in Vire! Every personal loss is a loss to the whole little town, means a place vacant for every one, never to be really filled again.

"La jeunesse est partie"—"Youth has gone." So people tell you, and it is evident enough. There remain only the women folk, the children and the old men. The youth of the place has gone. Happy Vire became aged in a night; summer vanished, as it were, in a day. So it is, of course, with hundreds of other places besides this little Normandy town; but in the case of

Vire the tragedy becomes all the more poignant for this reason. Its youth will return no more. All the young men of the town were called up to a certain two regiments which bore the brunt of the early fighting—that around Mons. The two regiments were practically wiped out there.

Yet Vire hopes against hope, trusts always that to-morrow will bring news of some who have escaped. All the war news is not reliable, some say, and the tragedy of Vire may not yet be so terrible. True a few have come back wounded, sent down to this lovely spot to recuperate, but they can tell little of that great struggle on the Belgian frontier where the two regiments were engulfed in the flood of death. And of the nine or ten who have come back, three have already died of their wounds. Just as I write this article a coffin, draped with the Tricolour, is being carried past my window. Behind it limp five of the dead man's wounded comrades. His mourners are all the inhabitants of Vire.

As I have wandered through France far from the actual war zone, I have seen much similar evidence of the heavy tribute which war is exacting from the little towns of France. Let the reader imagine any little country town he knows; let him think of it with all its men, except the very young and the old, gone, and perhaps gone to return no more, and he will realize something of the tragedy of beautiful Vire.

Meanwhile early autumn is here, with its crown of ripened fruits, bringing the first tints of gold to the swelling landscape, beautifying with maturity all that is loveliest in Nature. But, for the first time in nearly half a century, the people have no eyes for it: their thoughts are beyond it. They live on stricken battle-fields and amid all the terrible scenes of war, made more awful, perhaps, by brooding imagination. For once Vire's beauty blooms in vain for the eyes of its people. For many it will never bloom again.

G. RENWICK.

Some people imagine that the way to perfection is a moving staircase on which they may ride to a height of sanctity without any effort or exertion. What Jacob saw was a ladder. We have not heard of any substitute in recent times.

From a Curate's Window—Father Damien and Real Reform.

"O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to Thy feet, we bring
A leper white as snow."

THE history of nations is the history of man. It is the story of humanity in its varied lights and shadows; moving unceasingly towards the goal of the perfection of the race in peace, contentment and happiness. If we are to believe the chronicler there have been times when humanity was ready to build its three tabernacles and stood prepared to confess that it was good even to be here in this valley of tears. The truth still abides, however, that after centuries of living, man still holds between his pale or red lips the rifted flute of the poet, that keeps mute the best music in his breast.

It cannot be denied that man in the past has accomplished wondrous things and caught fleeting glimpse of glory, yet his quest for the real things that delight the heart and keep it fresh with morning freshness, still pursues its aimless way. Greece reached indeed the snowy heights of culture, but from lofty altitudes looked again into her valley to discover that she had been harboring slaves in her midst. The so-called perfect governments of the past crumbled into the summer dust and old Rome, when she thought her greatness was aripening, was merely settling in decay. There is hardly a period in history which does not boast of a thousand advantages not enjoyed by the times which preceded it. One age built better than it knew; creating poems in stone with a finer perception of beauty than posterity has been able to equal. Another century is full of the richest thought and the rarest expression in literature; while another covets a skill in music that finds its counterpart only in the swelling, vibrant throat of the woodland singer.

The heart of man, however, has been satisfied with none of these glories. The secret things that bring contentment and peace to the yearning soul are still hidden from the eyes of the crowd; despite our growth in wealth, power and general material prosperity. Sorrow still keeps in our midst, filling her solitude with sighs and wiping away the tears that profane her ashen

cheeks. History keeps repeating itself because man does not change, though the old world keeps ringing down the ringing grooves of change. The nations, too, it seems, have studied everything but man; with the result that the same difficulties surround his daily existence; the same chafings are lifted from his looms and heard above his plough. He starts to-day the same delicate problems, touching his life, which have endured across the centuries, whitening the hair of conscientious statesmen, and making throb with anxious fear the hearts of the greatest nations which have leaped from the loins of earth.

It would seem, after twenty centuries of Christian teaching and historical experience, that the modern world might have discovered some way to quiet and content the red heart of the crowd and introduce it to a bit of peace and contentment. Like to other periods, we have time but to emphasize our distinctive triumphs. Among a host of other virtues we have succeeded in assassinating time and shortening distances. Nothing but superlatives must characterize our greatness, our wealth, our progress, our Gold Dust Twins, and our breakfast foods. We are the greatest nation born in time. Our aeroplanes soar and dip and dive like any bird out of the hand of the Creator; our chief highways are as smooth as mirrors; our soil is passing rich; so productive, in fact, that like good barbarians, we make the ugly boast that in case of war we could stay at home and merely starve the enemy to death or early surrender. We have in common with the past, all its boyish boasts; all its brag; its buildings that scrape the blue of God's skies; its love for gold and its awful lust for power.

Man, however, with all this distinctive greatness and achievement, is not a step nearer peace and happiness. All the glories of modern and ancient time have not removed from his heart one atom of his sorrows, nor taught him how to be a man when sorrow claimed him for its own. If you place your ear to the ground you note all the symptoms of distress that spell discontent across the years. The longing of the human heart for peace and content has not been satisfied. Nations have waited on the plaints of man with material glories; great buildings that pierce the clouds; vast wealth; various forms of reform and uplift and philanthropy; but the

heart of humanity still looks to the far-off hills whence peace and contentment beckon to it in vain. The crowd is as far removed from the real secrets of joy as the snowy heights of the Alps tower above the chalets that cluster at the feet of the hills. I wonder what ails man? What is the object of the quest that so agitates the breast of the mob? What does the crowd really need which nations have failed to give? What is the cure for sadness and sorrow, or what is it that will make men, even in sorrow, see gentle peace smiling on their swelling sores through a rainbow mist of tears? What will release men from the gall of unrest and wed them eternally to joy and happiness?

* * * * *

In a booklet entitled: "The Spirit of Christmas," that graceful writer of English prose and poetry, Henry Van Dyke, discovers the real need of man and holds up to view the secret of his best joys. A sketch is written with Heaven as the background. Three of God's great archangels stand before the great white throne discussing the affairs of men. Each details the sorrows of life, and each offers a remedy. "It was the hour of rest in the country beyond the stars. All the silver bells that swing with the turning of the great ring of light which lies around that land, were softly chiming and the sound of their commotion went down like dew upon ways of the city. At the hearing of the chime all the Angels who had been working, turned to play, and all who had been playing gave themselves joyfully to work. Those who had been singing and making melody on a variety of instruments fell silent and began to listen. Those who had been walking alone met together in companies to talk, and those who had been to the far earth came homeward like a flock of sparrows to the high cliffs when the day is over. There were three of that company who seemed to be leaders, distinguished not only by more radiant looks, but by a tone of authority in their voices and by the willing attention with which the others listened to them as they talked of their earthly tasks, of the troubles and tangles, the wars and the miseries that they had seen among men, and the best way to get rid of them and bring sorrow to an end."

The first one to speak was the Archangel Michael, whom a modern poet has styled "The

Irish Archangel." "The earth is full," he said, "of oppression and unrighteousness. The earth is tormented with injustice, and the great misery that I have seen among men is that the evil hand is often stronger than the good hand and can beat it down. The arm of the cruel is heavier than the arm of the kind. The unjust get the better of the just and tread on them. I have seen tyrant kings crush their helpless folk. I have seen the fields of the innocent trampled into bloody ruin by the feet of conquering armies. I have seen poverty mocked by arrogant wealth, and purity deflowered by brute violence; and gentleness and fair dealing bruised in the wine-press of pride and iniquity."

"There is no cure for this evil," he declared, "but by the giving of greater force to the good hand. The righteous cause must be strengthened with might to resist the wicked, to defend the helpless, to punish all cruelty and unfairness and to enforce justice with unconquerable force of arms. O that the host of heaven might be called, arrayed and sent to mingle with the wars of men, to make the good victorious, to destroy evil and to make the will of the King prevail! We would shake down the thrones of tyrants and loose the bands of the pressed. We would hold the cruel with the bits of fear and drive the greedy and the fierce-minded with the whips of terror. We would stand guard with drawn swords about the innocent, the gentle, the kind, and keep the peace of God among men with the swords of angels."

Then another angel began to speak. It was Uriel, the Spirit of the Sun, the clearest in vision and the deepest in wisdom of all the spirits that surround the throne. "The picture that Michael has given us of earthly conditions is true," he said, "but I cannot agree with him in the remedy which he offers to heal strife and bring peace and joy to men. Power corrupts itself and might cannot save. The earth is full of ignorant strife, but for this evil there is no cure but by the giving of more knowledge to men. It is because men are ignorant of evil that they yield themselves to its power. Wickedness is but folly in action, and injustice is the error of the blind. It is because men do not understand that they fail of the things which bring joy to the heart. If there were more light in the world there would be no more sorrow. If Divine Wis-

dom would only send us to men to make them partakers of His wisdom! We would speak the word of warning and bring counsel to the erring and tell knowledge to the perplexed. We would guide the ignorant in the path of prudence, and the young would gladly sit at our feet and hear us gladly in the school of life. With knowledge all folly would disappear as the morning mist before the sun, and with more knowledge in the possession of men, sorrow and pain would depart and leave the soul in peace and joy."

Then Raphael spoke. He agreed that the picture of sorrows prevailing among men was not overdrawn, but he, in turn, disagreed as to the remedy suggested to eliminate them from life. "Frail is the flesh of man," he argued, "and many are his pains and troubles. Hatred and envy are the curse of life. Violence comes from hunger and poverty. The cruelty of oppression is when the strong hand treads down the weak; the bitterness of pride is when the wise and learned despise the simple; the crown of folly is when the rich think they are gods, and the poor think that God is not. But there is no cure for the evils among men but by the giving of more love. There is no remedy for pain and sorrow but the alchemy of love; the will to give and to bless; the will of the King Himself, who gives to all and is loving to every man."

Might and force then will never beget peace and knowledge of itself, will never heal the bruises of the heart nor make men just. Humanity, man, the crowd need and clamor for only one thing, the knowledge and the love of God. Brotherhood, which is the slogan of the hour, will ever remain in the land of dreamers until men first know and love their Creator. The fanciful love of the poet will never bring solution to modern problems; nor the romance of the maid sitting in green fields and by the side of singing streams, but the love that Christianity gave to the world in the Divine Person of the Son of God. It is the solid faith in the principles of the Gospel and a possession of the love which saw the light at Bethlehem and spoke in accents of blood upon the cross, which men and problems need. It is this very love, born of the Gospel, that our subject and our hero gave to men. He had not gold; nor eloquence nor exceptional talent; but simply introduced a bit of humanity to the fruits and blessings of Chris-

tian love. Love made him a hero; love ushered him into the hall of fame; love took him gently by the hand and made him sit by the side of immortals and wrung from the entire world a blessing on his name and a wreath of glory for his brow. Like Christ, he simply loved his fellows, and while a thousand agitators have been walking up and down the earth, preaching the beauty and the necessity of brotherhood, Damien was walking quietly and without ostentation among the outcast of men, healing their ills, pouring into their gaping wounds all the balm of love and reading in their ghastly, leprous faces, not only the likeness of himself, but the general kinship of men which Christ taught the world. The world needs no reform, but the renewal of God among men. Our hero brought to the saddest isle in the world and to the most pitiful element of men nothing but the fruits of Bethlehem and Calvary, which alone can rout injustice, destroy corruption, relegate force and violence from the walks of men and bring peace and joy to the hearts of men sick with envy and jealousy for the things with which the old pagans stuffed their idols.—*Transcript.*

The North Sea in War Time—No Longer the "German Ocean."

"**W**HAT an ugly nose she's got!"

Our only lady passenger, an American who had just come on deck for the first time, after thirty hours of misery, turned round indignantly. But the seemingly impolite speaker had his back towards her, and on looking at a black object bobbing about some thirty yards from the ship's side, she realized that it was the nose of a mine, and not her own nose, that had been criticised. This was the third, and last, seen from the deck during the final four hours of the voyage.

The husband of the American lady informed us this was his fourth trip to Petrograd since the war began. Talking of mines, he continued, the Gulf of Bothnia could have one hand tied and then knock out the North Sea in the first round. You could only cross it with a pilot who knew every bubble on the water.

But those of us who were going to Petrograd refused to be scared. We had crossed the North

Sea at a time when it was brutal enough to deserve its sub-title, "The German Ocean," and now that we were steaming to Bergen down the calm, white-banked fjord, we were too relieved to trouble about mines. The American lady had been lying down in her cabin all the time, with a life-belt on the dressing-table. She now revived sufficiently to agree that the mines had ugly noses and afterwards to discuss what she and her husband would have for lunch at Bergen.

In truth, the dangers of a war-time voyage across the North Sea are more imaginary than real. The positions of the mine-beds off the Danish and Norwegian coasts are known to pilots, and the one or two disasters to merchant vessels have resulted from an occasional floating mine.

Except for the ugly noses and one German submarine in the distance, we saw nothing after leaving British territorial waters to show that a grim but silent contest, equal in importance to any battle of the war, was ever present in "the North Sea or German Ocean," as the school-books have it. Yet we seemed to sense the nearness of swift destroyers belching black smoke as they did their scouting work, of active cruisers patrolling their section of the great blockade, of huge warships cleared for action and moving slowly and vigilantly round—all ready, at a minute's notice, to tear and rend.

And late at night, after the first day at sea, those still awake heard a single dull boom coming from miles southward. Probably it was just a signal, but the imagination did not stop at that.

It was early next morning that I saw the submarine. I had risen to enjoy the northern sunrise, and while looking at the glorious deep-rose glow my eyes were drawn to a flat-topped object slithering rapidly along the top of the water. It paid no attention to us, and soon it plunged over the southern horizon. Not until I mentioned the matter to the captain did I learn that the passerby was a German submarine. These craft are continually darting out from the shelter of Heligoland almost to the Scottish coast, always on the look-out for an unsuspecting battleship or cruiser.

Like most of the sailor-race, the Norwegian captain sides with us. But he holds very strong views about the "damt folly" of bartering away Heligoland for a strip of African coast-line.

"If you had not made this madness," he said with confused emphasis, "the Germans would be bottled in the Kiel Canal like herrings in a closed tin. Their latest form of submarine tactics would be impossible."

We passengers were a motley crowd—Russians, Englishmen, Finns, Americans, Norwegians, Swedes, and even one Chinaman. Not one of us was pro-German. Two Swedes who had spent a month in Glasgow were tremendously impressed by their glimpses of the new Army. When they left Sweden they were under the influence of the German propaganda of which the Swedish newspapers were full until recently, and they rather believed England to be nothing but a commercial Power that used her Allies to fight her battles against Germany. They have changed their views now.

"But it is magnificent," said one of them. "Splendid young men giving up everything and going to death because they love England. And such fine-looking boys! And your women are just the same—they only think of how they can help the country. Such a nation can never be beaten. Some of my friends in Stockholm still think Germany is going to crush England and France; but I shall tell them how wrong they are."

The Chinaman was a wealthy merchant on his way home via Petrograd. I asked what he thought of the German threat to march millions of Chinese against India.

"Ve-ry funny," he replied, "but Peking people know nothing about it. Germans ve-ry, ve-ry clever; much too clever for poor Chinamen."

And now we are in the prosperous Hansa port of Bergen, at present the centre of the commerce and mail route for all North Europe. Scandinavians who go down to the sea in ships are deeply grateful to the British Navy for keeping the trade roads from Bergen open, and those whose business takes them to the docks cannot do too much to help British travellers.

Thanks mainly to drastic, but necessary, changes in the British consular service, the mystery-trade has been banished from Bergen, Stavanger, and other Scandinavian ports. Ships used to put out to sea with cargoes of, say, copper, and the avowed intention of going to Newcastle or Hull. A week later they would come back with no cargo and some Hamburg news-

papers. If they were stopped on their outward journey by British warships their papers were in order, and contained either no mention of Hamburg or a non-contraband description of the cargo. And the bank balances of certain merchants and shipowners kept on growing.

But the days of the contraband-runner are over. A Bergen merchant told me that one or two small ships still left for Hamburg each week; but that the British warships knew just what they contained, and did not think it worth while to interfere. As for copper, its transshipment is now extremely difficult, for the Norwegian Government has forbidden its export. Would-be profit-mongers thus have the Customs officers to deal with in port, as well as the British Navy at sea.

The North Sea is no longer the "German Ocean."

A. BOTT.

Twelfth Night.

PERHAPS, not unwillingly do we flee from the awful scene of Macbeth's castle in Scotland where we have witnessed a tragedy of twilight and the setting-in of darkness upon a human soul, the spectacle of a terrible sunset in folded clouds of human blood, and seek an atmosphere free from a zymotic poison of sin, where no longer the goddesses of destiny are brewing infernal charms in their wicked caldron to cast upon the constitution, morally enfeebled, where no longer continual darkness and gloom hover about and every one moves under a dreary cloud, where all things must needs appear gray and cold, but where the golden rays of the southern sun ever cast their brightness over land and sea and the light and trivial every-day occurrences of life, treated in a way that only a master mind knows how, inspire us to laughter and joy, and we are led to view the world as an everlasting realm of happiness where the faults and follies of mankind are to us the subject of unalloyed mirth and bright and tender fancy.

To such a happy land did Shakespeare retreat when he decided to write the "purest and merriest of his comedies—Twelfth Night or What You Will." It was at the close of the second

period in the development of Shakespeare's mind and art when the great poet wrote his later comedy, which is characterized by Mr. Dowden as joyous, refined, romantic. In those years were created Rosalind and Viola, Malvolio and Jaques. Comedy, which up to this time had been involved in the grave matter of history, now disengaged itself and appeared as something widely different from the tentative comedy of Shakespeare's earliest period. At this time the great man had come into possession of himself and his powers and had entered into vital union with the real life of the world. Concerned a good deal as he was at this particular point in his career about material progress, he had not started upon any profound inquiry concerning the deeper and more terrible problems of life. He had not begun to prosecute his prolonged investigation of evil. It was precisely the period at which Shakespeare's mirth was freest for disport. He had put aside the massive material supplied by history. He had not yet fallen profoundly under the influence of those obscure and passionate interests of life which lie about the roots of tragedy. If ever there was a time when Shakespeare's laughter would be clear, musical and free, it was at this time.

Yet the great poet was not satisfied to laugh alone. He sought a means to share his joy with mankind in general, and for this purpose, *it would seem*, produced his comedy. This style of drama differs from tragedy, of which the motive of action is ambition, love of fame, boundless passion. In comedy man's self-reliance sinks to self-love, vanity and conceit. His passion shrinks into littleness, and the trivialness of the aims are at variance with the importance of the effort. Comedy, it would seem, is concerned with exposing self-love, its self-deceptions and its attempts to deceive others, with unmasking vanity in fancied gifts and conceit of vain ones, and this is done in such a manner that the comic aspect of life continually asserts itself as supreme.

Writers on the drama distinguish two kinds of comedy,—comedy of *Fancy* and comedy of *Intrigue*. The dramatist may represent life in such a manner that chance and caprice appear to rule as a species of destiny, even to turning out, through no fault of the actors, quite otherwise than is expected. In this case we have a

comedy of Fancy. Or the writer of comedy may represent life as born and shaped by the business and pursuits, the desires and passions, plans and designs of the acting personages, which, however, amidst many contradictions and absurdities, frustrate and destroy each other, and lead to different results than those intended by their authors. Thus we have a comedy of *Intrigue*.

The comedies of Shakespeare, however, refuse to be classified. In *Twelfth Night* the two elements of fancy and intrigue are combined in equal proportions. In all his comedies, the comic is incidental to the progress of the action of the drama. To provoke laughter never appears to be the one aim of Shakespeare, as is frequently the case of inferior writers. What is laughable is only on the surface. There is always an undercurrent of serious sentiment. There is usually a moral lesson imperceptibly conveyed and the dramatic characters most frequently derive benefit from the generous ridicule to which they are subjected. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Shakespeare's comedies is "that the spirit of humanity and the fancy of the poet greatly prevail over the mere wit and satire, and we sympathize with his characters oftener than we laugh at them."

Twelfth Night, as mentioned before, has been described as the "purest and merriest comedy" which Shakespeare has written. Yet it is not altogether pure comedy. A strain of romance and earnest sentiment runs through all the more serious parts of it. Still the burlesque is conspicuous, and the sentimental has a cheerful ending. There is nothing tragic in it. The punishment and fears of Malvolio are comic from our knowinig that they are not real. Ridicule is showered upon his unutterable self-love and he is presented to us in a most ludicrous situation, yet in Shakespeare's hands the ridicule is never unkind. Malvolio never altogether loses his own dignity or our sympathy. Sir Andrew's ignorance is turned to ridicule by his witty companions and yet he, too, touches us by what we have in common with him. None of Shakespeare's characters ever provoke our contempt. Wherever the poet ridicules the littleness, the weaknesses and the faults of mankind, he does it with a good nature, gentleness and forbearance which testify to his comprehension

of and sympathy with the frailty of human nature.

The humour of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is many-sided. He does not pledge himself as a dramatist to any one view of human life. If we open a novel by Charles Dickens we feel assured beforehand that we are condemned to an exuberance of philanthropy. We know how the writer will insist that we must all be good friends, all be men and brothers, intoxicated with the delight of one another's presence. We expect him to hold out the right hand of fellowship to man, woman and child. The lesson we have to learn from *this* teacher is that, with the exception of a few inevitable, and incredible monsters of cruelty, every man naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam is, of his own nature, inclined to every amiable virtue. Shakespeare abounds in kindly mirth. He receives an exquisite pleasure from the alert wit and bright good sense of a Rosalind. In other words, the humour of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is dramatic.

Perhaps in no better way than from the words of the "dramatic fool" whom we meet, inevitably, in almost each and every comedy that Shakespeare has written, do we gain a true idea of the humour of that great "myriad-minded." The fool in Shakespeare's time was a familiar personage in the houses of the great. Henry VIII. had his fool, Wil Somers, and the famous clown, *Tartlon*, was a privileged person at the court of Queen Elizabeth. Fools were to be found not only in the court of the monarch and the castle of the baron, they were to be met with *also* in the hall of the squire and churchman as *well*. Collier says that there can be no doubt that the dramatic clowns and fools, such as they are represented in the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, originated in this practice of entertaining fools in the houses of the nobility and gentry. The anecdotes and recorded witticisms of Elizabethan clowns do not, however, strike us as being particularly brilliant, and we are led to suppose that gesture and facial expression must have made up for the deficiency in wit and humour. Shakespeare, however, in his plays, whilst retaining the manners and motley costume of these singular personages, has heightened their wit and sarcasm to such a degree, *indeed*, that they have frequently become

in *his* hands, personages of poetic growth, wild and grotesque, it is true, but powerfully original. In Shakespeare, the fool is rather the impersonation of comic irony, which, broken in the other characters into separate rays, is, as it were, concentrated again in him. He is fully *conscious* of being what all the others are *unconsciously*—a fool—and even on that account *no* fool but a mirror to reflect the truth on all the rest. It is a striking fact that in Feste both the comedy and romance of the play meet as in their own natural home. He is, indeed, a right jolly fellow and no note of mirth springs up but he has answering susceptibilities for it to light upon.

In almost every Shakespearean comedy, and particularly *Twelfth Night*, many of the old songs, or fragments of them, proceed from the professed clown of the play. This is to be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that his prototype, the domestic clown, was usually a man able to entertain his audience with music and song. It has also been suggested that the frequency with which the clown breaks into song, not only in *this*, but in *other* plays as well, may have been partly due to the fact that in the company of actors who performed the plays of Shakespeare, there was *one* who took the part of the clown, who was gifted with a particularly fine voice and that many of the songs were introduced on purpose to provide him opportunities of displaying it. Another noticeable feature about the songs is, that they are frequently relics drawn from more ancient minstrelsy, and they were not written for the character in whose mouth they are put. Some of them occur in the works of other dramatists as well as in Shakespeare's plays, and sometimes the same song occurs in more than one of Shakespeare's comedies. Songs in Shakespeare are introduced as songs *only*, just as songs are in *real* life, beautifully, as *some* of them are, characteristic of the person who has sung or called for them. Feste has a "mellifluous voice in which he can sing with equal skill, love songs and songs 'of good life'," comic jigs, and melancholy dirges. He tells us that he takes pleasure in singing and he appears before Viola carrying a tabor.

The songs in *Twelfth Night* have aided, too, in fixing the date of Composition of the play which modern editors are agreed was composed in the year 1601, for the song sung by Sir Toby

and Feste in Act III., Scene 3, "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone," was first published in this year in a Book of Ayres composed by Robert Jones. Another passage in the play which might suggest the period at which it was written is that in Act II., Scene 2. When Malvolio is at the height of his ludicrous beatitude, Maria says of him—"He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." About the year 1598, the second edition of Hakluyt's voyages was published with a map exactly answering to Maria's description. This was the first map of the world in which the eastern Islands were included, so that the allusion can hardly be to anything else, and the words "new map" would seem to infer that the passage was written not long after the appearance of the map in question. Again in Act III., Scene 1, the clown says to Viola—"But indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them." This may be fairly understood as referring to an order issued by the Privy Council, in June, 1600, and laying very severe restrictions on stage performances. The Puritans were specially forward and zealous in urging the complaint which put the Privy Council upon issuing this stringent process, and it will hardly be questioned that the character of Malvolio was partly meant as a satire on that remarkable people.

The modern reader of *Twelfth Night* would naturally wonder at the seemingly odd title of the play but to the people of Shakespeare's time at once it would suggest a comedy of a particularly light nature for the day itself, January 6th., twelfth day after Christmas, as a popular festival, ranked next in importance to Christmas and was associated with masques, light comedies and a number of diversions of various kinds. The festival was originally ordained in commemoration of the appearance of the Magi, who came from the East to worship the Messiah.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., the celebration of Twelfth Night was observed with great ostentation and ceremony, in both universities, at court, at the temple, at Lincoln's and Gray's Inn. Ben Jonson wrote many of his masques for the amusement of the court on this night, and it is quite probable that Shakespeare's play was written with the same object. The alternative title, "What You Will," which

resembles so forcibly the title "As You Like It," may be taken as indicating either a difficulty attendant on an attempt at definite classification or Shakespeare's indifference to the title as though he said, "Here is a play written for Twelfth Night. You may call it what you will." What great significance there is in the names of all of Shakespeare's plays! In his tragedies—Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, etc., the effect arises from the subordination of all the characters to *one*, either as the prominent person, or the principal object; while in his comedies—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Winter's Tale* and *Twelfth Night*, the total effect is produced by a co-ordination of the characters as in a wreath of flowers.

The more serious parts of *Twelfth Night* are founded upon a story which seems to have been a general favorite before and during Shakespeare's time. It appears in various forms and under many different names in the Italian, French, and English Literature—*Apolonius and Silla*, *Gl' Inganniti*—*Inganni* are three works which are thought to have afforded suggestions to Shakespeare in the plot of this play. They all agree in having a brother and sister, the latter in male attire, and the two bearing so close a resemblance in person and dress as to be undistinguishable; upon which circumstance some of the leading incidents of the play are made to turn. In one of the Italian plays, the sister is represented as assuming the name of *Cesare*, which is so like *Caesario*, the name adopted by *Viola* in her disguise. It must not be supposed, however, that the poet slavishly copied the works of any man. The comic parts of *Twelfth Night* are entirely Shakespeare's own invention, namely—*Malvolio*, *Maria*, *Sir Toby*, *Sir Andrew* and the clown. Where Shakespeare did borrow incidents he has invariably improved upon his originals, having, as Knight says, "Thrown his own exquisite purity of imagination over the conduct of the heroines and having converted a dull and tedious narration into a drama running over with imagination, humour and wit, in which the highest poetry is welded with the most intense fun and we are made to feel that the loftiest and most ludicrous aspect of human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the *whole* from an eagle-height to which *ordinary* men cannot rise."

How true this is in the case of the true heroine, *Viola*, whose character is the great and secret charm of *Twelfth Night*. About her the plot centres and with what interest and ever-increasing delight do we follow the adventures, the love and modesty of this fair lady throughout the play! The other serious characters, *Olivia*, the rich countess, *Orsino*, her devoted lover, *Sebastian*, brother to *Viola*, derive what interest they possess chiefly from their connection *with* the central figure.

The members of this group are constantly being thrown into communication with the exclusively comic figures and we are bound to have a friendship for *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew*. We have an understanding with *Feste*, the clown, and a sneaking kindness for *Maria* and her rogueries; we feel a regard for *Malvolio* and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross garters and his yellow stockings. The clown's forced jests never, however, spoil the sweetness of the character of *Viola*. The same house is large enough to hold *Malvolio*, the countess, *Olivia*, *Maria*, *Sir Toby*, *Belch* and *Sir Andrew*. There is in this comedy a constant infusion of the romantic and enthusiastic in proportion as the characters are natural and sincere; whereas in the more artificial style of comedy everything gives way to ridicule and indifference, there being nothing left but affectation on one side and incredulity on the other.

Much as we like Shakespeare's comedies, however, we cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that they are better than his tragedies. If his inclination to comedy sometimes led him to trifle with the seriousness of tragedy, the poetical and impassioned passages are the best parts of his comedies.

But now since we are at the story proper, we must needs set aside all prejudices and feel that we are led by the poet into a world where the sun seems to have put on a new and festal splendour, where the air is like a caress to the cheek, and where the glamour of the moonlight seems doubly sweet. Into a world where men appear manlier and wittier, women fairer and more delicate than usual, and where we feel ourselves exalted above the level of our daily life, emancipated and happy.

GENEVIEVE TWOMEY.

A Modern Antiquarian.

THE buildings with red roofs in Chicago were the University buildings. One of the largest of these I entered with my friend, Miss M. Classes were in session and we could hear the Professors' voices as we passed along the long narrow halls. At the Library door we halted. Men and women were seated by tables, absorbed in books. We passed through; no one turned his head to look at the intruders. Finally we arrived at the Antique room. All manner of vases, and pottery, and relief work were in display here. There were strange friezes, and statues and mummy cases as well. A solitary man wandered among the collections. He seemed to be examining everything and as he appeared very wise and serious I said:

"Would you, please, show us the Schliemann excavations?"

He seemed slightly mystified and added:

"All imitation!—dis!" tapping the vase or the relief to prove it. The hollow sound came forth and he smiled.

"Dis no original!—chips!—chips!" pointing to the mummy case.

By this time I was interested and wondered what nature of antiquarian we had discovered in the man. He was medium height with black hair and coal black eyes.

"How can you tell they are imitation?" said my companion.

"I know some ting," said the antiquarian, smiling, and showing his white teeth.

"Perhaps you are one of the Professors?" I ventured.

"No, no! I write books. I come here for research. I write in Arabic."

"Arabic? I would like to see writing in Arabic," I continued.

"Come," he said, and led us up to another library. This room was given over to old manuscripts, Bibles, and patriotic volumes, brown with age. He took a book from the shelf and opened it, saying, "I will read—two yards away." Miss M. held the book the prescribed distance and the antiquarian read the Arabic. There seemed to be no sentences, or periods—only the strangest sounds continuing one after another in monotonous succession. As I listened I noticed how

elegantly he was dressed. The finest black broadcloth, with black satin linings! His linen also was immaculate.

"Now I translate!" And he pursued the same thought in English,—much better English than he spoke.

"I suppose you speak many languages?" I said.

"Only five," he answered, spreading out his fingers and thumb. "Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, French and Latin."

"And English," I added.

He smiled. "No much English; my native tongue—Arabic. I born in Lybanum." And he darted to a map of Jerusalem on the wall.

"I at school dere!" pointing to a Basilian College. He continued to point out the places of interest in Jerusalem, adding details in his graphic manner until nothing seemed omitted.

"Where is the brook of Cedron?" I inquired.

"Cedron!" He repeated a list of Arabic names.

"I know not Cedron."

I explained the occasion, quoting, "When Jesus had said these things He went forth with His disciples over the brook of *Cedron*."

"It must have another name. I know not that name." Then followed a discourse on the history of names. What he said about Jerusalem particularly interested me.

"I thought the Holy City was called Jerusalem in Our Lord's day," I interrupted. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, etc."

"No, no! It was called nothing," he said.

For a moment I was bewildered and began to think that he was a very peculiar antiquarian. He took from the shelf a large Bible and opened it at a Gospel written in various languages across the page—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic. He began with the last and traced the thought through to the Latin. From the Gospel he launched into the Books of Moses. He had his theory regarding these and gave it out very freely,—then to the planets and their inhabitants! Nothing seemed to surprise him, no question, no opposition, no ridicule. Apparently simple, interested in us yet never a question as to our name or nation—well, the strangest antiquarian!

"You have travelled a great deal?" said my companion.

"Yes, yes, I know all peoples. You are Irish," he said, turning to me.

The remark surprised me. Not that I meant to resent it, but that it was the first time in my life that I was told my nationality correctly on the spot.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"I tell by your accent, first, and I tell by your eyes second."

"But no one ever told me before!"

He smiled and added: "I know some ting."

"And what about this one?" (Miss M.)

He looked but said nothing. She said, tentatively:

"German, perhaps?"

"Maybe," he answered. She laughed and said: "I am English."

He smiled and added quickly, "I am Scotch!"

Indeed! a *modern* Antiquarian! No wonder the gravity of my imperturbable companion was disturbed as we resumed our course!

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Expect Peggy O'Neil as Guest at Loreto, Girls' "Gym" Benefit.

"**S**HE'S coming! Peg's coming! Won't it be glorious?"

The tidings hurried over the telephone wires from house to house in Austin and Oak Park last evening. Each "Loreto Girl" who got the news passed it along to some other "Loreto Girl," until central began to wonder what had happened to the usually quiet evening switchboard.

"Is it true? Is Peg coming?"

The question was put to Miss Agnes Mudd, 106 South Waller avenue.

"Of course, Peg is coming—that is, if she possibly can. And, of course, we all hope she can. We will be tickled to death to have her."

Who's Peg? Why, Peggy O'Neil, of course! There is only one Peg to a "Loreto Girl." For isn't the famed "Peg o' My Heart" a "Loreto Girl" herself? And the cause of all the excitement in the western suburbs. It is the expectation that Miss O'Neil will be able to join her sister alumnae at the benefit for the gymnasium of the Loreto Convent of Niagara Falls, Canada,

that the Chicago girls are giving at the Auditorium Saturday evening, September 25th, which will include a card party; and another feature of the evening will be the singing of the school song, "Ave Maria Loreto."

The Ladies of Loreto, in spite of their piety and humility, are great champions of the "new women"—that is, so far as that newness spells better physique, health and greater beauty. So when the Mother Superior of the Niagara Falls school sent out the plea to her alumnae that the physical training of the pupils was threatened because of inadequate gymnasium facilities, the "Loreto Girls" at once mobilized for the rescue. Miss Mudd, Miss Mary E. Gormally, Miss Vivian O'Gara and a dozen others began recruiting work that enlisted the support of many of the members of the West End Catholic Woman's Club, and arranged for a card party benefit. Invitations were sent out to other "Loreto Girls," including Peggy O'Neil, a former pupil at the convent.

How noble the lowest life may become, like some poor, rough sea-shell with a gnarled and dimly-colored exterior, tossed about in the surge of a stormy sea, or anchored to a rock, but when opened all iridescent with rainbow sheen within, and bearing a pearl of great price! So, to outward seeming, life may be rough and solitary, and inconspicuous and sad, but, in inner reality, it may have come to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, and have angels for its guardians, and all the first-born for its brethren and companions.

Who would go into the new year empty-handed? Who would forfeit the gain of experience for what she has lost in gathering it? Who, for that matter, would forfeit the loss for the gain of its lessons, its warnings, its bitter, but wholesome, fruit of self-knowledge? If we must go into the future burdened with the weaknesses of the past, chastened by its mistakes, handicapped by its low aims and limited opportunities, at least we have the strength of knowing where the weaknesses are and of how the mistakes were made, of realizing that small purposes never achieve large results; that our opportunities have been less than our possibilities of making use of them.

Letter-Box.

NUEVO BAZTAN, MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR RAINBOW:

It is three years now since I left school, and in all this time I have not written to you. I need not say that during these years my love for the Nuns and for my dear school has rather increased than diminished; it always happens that we love good things best when we lose them, being then better able to appreciate what we have lost. Of course, I cannot say that I quite lost it, as living in Madrid always, except during the three summer months which I spend here in the country, I am able to go very, very often to Mary's Mount, where I have two younger sisters as boarders. This is something, but not like being there, and I can no longer write the school chronicle for the RAINBOW, as I used to do, nor am I going to write about myself, as the only interesting thing I can tell you is that within the last year I have had the great sorrow of being separated from my elder sister, who entered the Order of the Visitation, and from the brother I am fondest of, who became a Jesuit. Although this separation was and is still a great sacrifice, we at least have the comfort of seeing them both very happy and very holy. My chief reason for renewing my correspondence, which is a great pleasure for me, is a different and more interesting one. I wish I could write something worthy of its importance, holiness and beauty, but alas! this would be an impossible task for me, and all I can do is to try and repeat, in my poor words, some of the beautiful ideas which I heard on the occasion of which I write. Hoping you will excuse this long preambulo, I will come to the matter.

I had the happiness of meeting, last winter, the Reverend Father Mateo Crawley-Boevey, a holy priest and a real Apostle of the Sacred Heart, who came to Spain from Chile, his native land, with the purpose of establishing in our dear country a beautiful practice, with which, undoubtedly, Our Lord Himself, as a reward for this apostolic zeal, had inspired him: the consecration of "the family" to the Sacred Heart, this Heart which, as He promised to Blessed Mar-

garet Mary, His beloved and confidential friend, is to be King in all the Christian homes.

In Madrid Father Crawley met with pious and generous souls, who received his idea with enthusiasm and love, giving him a warm welcome. And could it be otherwise? Was not this a good means of spreading the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart, and reawakening the faith in many in whom it seemed to be long since dead? To make this Divine Heart reign over each family, first above all its friends, interests and loves; to place Its image, not as it had been hitherto exposed in bedrooms and retired parts of the house, nor at its door, as it is the custom in many countries, but in the principal room, and in the most conspicuous; opening wide the door before Him, letting Him, and not only letting, but begging Him to come in and rest among us and be there our best Friend, our Counsellor, our Comforter, and the partner of all our joys and sorrows.

Many were the houses that opened their doors to their King, and many the families that knelt joyfully and fervently before Him, to consecrate their hearts and everything belonging to them to the Master who, from that moment and forever, was to bless and fill with all His graces that home which had chosen Him as Lord and Friend.

I have been present at many of these ceremonies of consecration; they are always solemn and touching scenes. I will tell you about the one that took place in the house of one of my best friends:

A beautiful image of the Sacred Heart was placed in a little altar, adorned with lights and flowers, and before this altar the whole family and a few very intimate and dear friends were assembled. Every heart was filled with a pious and pure emotion and penetrated with fervour and peaceful joy. There was the grandfather presiding as head of the family; he more than any one was touched for, feeling, perhaps, that his end was approaching, it was a sweet comfort to leave all his beloved ones under the care and loving protection of Him who came to reign over his home. The mother was also there, praying and offering to her Divine Guest her dear children, all of whom, alas! were not there. How her mother's heart must have suffered for the absent, perhaps her dearest child, and how she must have prayed that he might come back to

the Lord, now that the Lord Himself had come to his own home! And how probable it is that first amongst the graces and blessings that the Divine Heart had in store for that house, that now solemnly proclaimed Him her King, was the return of this prodigal son!

The beautiful and touching prayers prescribed for the ceremony, which a priest recites, are full of fervour, faith and love, and when the lips are not able to repeat them, the hearts do it with greater faith and hope. Everything and every one is consecrated to the Divine Heart, in an especial way those who are absent; the past and the dear ones that went with it, whose places can only be filled by the Master who called them to His side, and who, in return for the welcome that this household now gives Him, will unite them all in His heavenly home; the present also with all its joys and sorrows; the future, with its uncertainties, projects and hopes. After this the mistress of the house takes from the altar the picture of the Sacred Heart, and it is she who brings it to the place of honour prepared for it in the salon or principal room. At this moment hymns to the Sacred Heart are sung, and when the picture is in the place where it will for ever remain, as will His love remain first in all the hearts of that family, every one kneels to ask His blessing once more.

Then the priest speaks in the name of Jesus, repeating His own words of love and mercy: "I will not now call you servants, but friends," His promise of blessing in an especial way the houses where His blessed image is honoured and exposed, and on which He will surely look as being His own, where He will be the help in all dangers, the strength in all trials, the light in all doubts, the consolation in all sorrows, and the partner in all joys. Every one feels the truth and sweetness of these words, knowing that He will really be the Friend that never changes. Wonderful miracles, spiritual and temporal, which it would be too long to repeat here, have been already worked by the Sacred Heart in the houses that in this way have been consecrated to Him. This beautiful practice is called in Spanish "Entronización del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús en los Hogares."

I hope you will some day have the pleasure of knowing this Apostle, Father Mateo Crawley (of the Sacred Heart) as he will probably con-

tinue visiting many countries to make known and to establish this beautiful devotion. You will then feel and understand all that we felt when he spoke with enthusiastic and holy words of his great love for the Master. It was my wish to repeat all that to you, but now, still better than when I began, I can see it would be an impossible thing.

Yours very cordially,

MARGARITA CAVESTANY Y DE ANDUAGA.

Tactful people are always careful in speaking, and while tact is an inborn instinct in most people, it can and should be cultivated where lacking. The tactful person is the one who avoids embarrassing subjects of conversation, who always steers a course into mid-channel, where no hidden shoals are apt to give the conversational boat an unwelcome jar.

Work—work—work! It is the iron plowshare that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying them all under, fair and foul together, making plain, dull-looking, arable land for our neighbors to peer at; until at night-time, down in the deep furrows, the angels come and sow.

Civility and good breeding are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so. Good breeding necessarily implies civility, but civility does not reciprocally imply good breeding. To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's is a short, but I believe a true, definition of civility; to do it with ease, propriety and grace, is good breeding.

May not an intense love of beauty be bestowed, by way of compensation, on those not beautiful themselves? And has not beauty been too often a fatal dower to its possessor, proving to be but a costly setting for a base and unlovely soul? By the cruelest irony of fate—or of circumstance—a poet Milton grows blind, and a musician Beethoven turns deaf; yet the inner vision of the one, and the spirit-harmony of the other, is not lessened, but is rather increased by their seeming misfortune.

School Chronicle.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

The sky gave us a dry day to return in and here we are in full force, smiling and very joyful, considering the recent farewells we are just fresh from. For let me tell you a secret,—it is no little thing for a schoolgirl to resume early rising and to resign herself to rules and study after the easy relaxations of the summer-time. But schoolgirls may be philosophers under the compulsion of circumstances, as I can attest, watching “the old familiar faces” around me beaming with joy over—what do you think?—the prospects of reading Horace and looking into microscopes? Indeed no, there is something better and sweeter here with the King of kings.

July the sixteenth—At three o'clock this afternoon the sad announcement of the death of Mother Theodora was made to us. Some weeks previous, Mother Theodora met with an accident, dislocating her hip-joint and causing a suspension of activities, as numerous as they were generous. No alarm was entertained, however, as to her recovery and we believed that we should soon see our dear interested friend around again. But no,—only kind messages from her sick-room reached us: “She was praying for us,—she was offering her suffering for us,” etc. And to-day comes the termination of all. Her beautiful spirit has gone home to God. R. I. P.

“The spirit breatheth where he will” and finds one of the Second Year College Students ready to respond to the high call. This thought came to us when we saw Miss Eileen Kelly wearing the postulant's cap of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Miss Kelly's name in Religion is Sr. M. St. Margaret. We understand Sr. St. Margaret is to continue her University Course.

July the twenty-first—The grim messenger has been urgent in the Lord's vineyard this month, swooping down so soon again to snatch away another beloved member of the Institute, dear Mother M. Eustochium. A short illness was sufficient to complete the long work that God had meted out for her in life. She bore it with saintly patience and passed swiftly to her reward. R. I. P.

August the thirteenth—With sorrow we chronicle the passing away of our dear and true friend, Right Reverend Joseph McCann, Vicar-General of the diocese of Toronto. “The most active and best beloved and revered of the priests of the diocese, a man of great energy and stirring character, and withal of the most gentle and lovable heart, has passed away from amongst us.” How sincerely we indorse these sentiments as we read them in “The Register,”—we who have been the recipients of his unvarying kindness, year after year. Heaven does not seem too great reward for this grand, good man. R. I. P.

August the fifteenth—Congratulations accumulate sometimes. We had ours ready for one of the successful Entrance-to-Faculty candidates,—Miss Madeleine O'Reilly—when we were obliged to tender more to the same young lady on her entrance to the novitiate of I. B. V. M. Henceforth Miss Madeleine will be known as Sr. M. St. Eugene. Of twelve new postulants, two are from the school of this year, namely, Miss Eileen Kelly and Miss Madeleine O'Reilly. There is an interesting prophecy in the percentage!

August the twenty-eighth—The ceremonies of Religious Profession and Reception were celebrated at the Abbey to-day. In the absence of His Grace Most Reverend N. McNeil, D. D., Rt. Reverend Mgr. Whalen, assisted by Reverend Dr. O'Leary, officiated at the ceremony. Reverend F. Coyle, Toronto, celebrated the Mass, and Reverend Dr. O'Leary preached a most impressive sermon on the Religious State, its obligations and privileges.

The other clergy present were: Very Reverend Dean Brady, Brantford; Reverend R. McBrady, C. S. B., president of St. Michael's College; Reverend D. Cushing, C. S. B.; Reverend F. Murray, C. S. B.; Reverend F. Player, C. S. B.; Reverend F. O'Reilly, C. SS. R., London; Reverend F. Gagnieur, S. J., Montreal; Reverend F. Pirot, Belgium; Reverend F. Walsh, Reverend F. Cline, and Reverend John O'Connor, Toronto.

The beautifully decorated chapel was thronged with relatives and friends of the candidates.

The young ladies who received the Religious Habit are as follows: Miss Veronica Doyle, Sunderland, Ont. (Sr. Anna Marie); Miss Margaret Long, Toronto (Sr. H. Helena); Miss

Ethel Yoland, Toronto (Sr. M. Perpetua); Miss Marguerite Loughren, Mattawa (Sr. M. Maureen); Miss Anna Dempsey, Toronto (Sr. M. Bede).

The following novices made first Profession: Sr. M. Bonaventure Nelligan, Sr. M. Loyola Street, Sr. M. Pancratius Porter. Eight Professed Novices also renewed their temporary vows.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon, given by Reverend F. O'Reilly, C. SS R., brought a very happy day to a fitting close.

September the tenth—We welcome our young friends,—the Misses Françoise Langelier, Germaine Garneau, Blanche Garneau, to the Abbey, from distant, historic Quebec. We welcome them twice, firstly, because they are beautiful companions to have and to hold, and secondly, because they tell us that our school was recommended to them by one whom we idealize and love,—the magnificent man of Canada,—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

September the fourteenth—We learned to-night that Mr. Griffith is coming to Toronto in the near future. The tidings bring us great joy because we think no one reads Shakespeare like Mr. Griffith, and of course he will read for us.

September the fifteenth—The opening of the Loreto Abbey Day-School on Brunswick Avenue has taken away our day-pupils and there is nothing now remaining of their dear companionship except a happy memory. We are glad to have the opportunity therefore to offer our congratulations "in print" to many of them in the following list of successful candidates of last year.

Lower School—Miss H. Morrissey, J. Danek, T. Galley, F. O'Brien, E. Canning, M. Clarke, H. Staley, H. Loveland, M. Quinlan, M. O'Reilly, D. Pratt, I. Guay, R. Zammers, A. Eagen, E. Crane, M. McCauley, D. Dewey, C. Herbert.

Entrance to Normal—Miss J. McBrady, G. Weiss, E. Crane, V. Haffey, J. Danek, T. Galley, M. Clarke, M. Laidley, F. Daley, H. Staley, M. McLaughlin (Honours), T. Canning.

Junior Matriculation—Miss Dorothea Cronin, Florence Daley, Vera Haffey (P.), Agnes Rooney (P.), Frances Mitchell (Music).

Senior Matriculation—Miss K. McCauley, F. Galligan.

Entrance to Faculty—Miss Madeleine O'Reilly, K. Coleman, M. Davis, M. Donnelly (Part I.).

Honour Matriculation—First Class Honours in Latin, German and French, Miss Madeleine Smyth.

MERTIS DONNELLY.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

Another September, rich in mellow loveliness—and lavish in the most blushing apples that ever gladdened the heart of summer!—another change from the gleeful holidays and merry-making of July and August to the activities of school life.

The enrollment, even at this early date—the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady—an auspicious beginning for the work to be accomplished by the many students committed to her care—bids fair to outrival that of previous years; a spirit of optimism and earnestness is apparent on all sides, and in the gloriously young faces that look up for welcome or recognition one reads high hope, courage, and an eagerness to begin the annual pilgrimage along the golden path of endeavor.

And the wee tots—such groups of happy, laughing children!—how charming they look in their dainty white frocks, beribboned hair, and well-shod feet, tripping gaily through the cool green avenues of maple that lead to their school, and oh, so intent on being in time, for it is now nearly nine o'clock, when all must be in readiness for work. Surely we are rapidly approaching a stage where the ant will have to look after its laurels as the model of industry.

Prior to the formal opening of the new day-school on Proctor Boulevard, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton; attended by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D.; Very Reverend J. J. Craven, Dean; Reverend J. W. Englert, Reverend A. J. Leyes, Reverend P. J. Maloney, and Reverend F. J. McReavy, blessed the Academy.

His Lordship evinced a keen desire for the success of the school, which fills a long-felt want in the city, and, while giving expression to the full measure of his interest in the noble

work of Christian education whose foundation is laid on the solid rock of religion, paid a tribute to the self-sacrificing lives of those who, sheltered within their convent walls, exercise with conscientious devotion to duty and the tenderness of a mother's love, a guardianship over the children committed to their care. Association and example are conceded to exercise a most potent influence in the formation of habits and in the development of character, especially during the plastic days of youth, His Lordship said, and where shall we find a more vivid realization of this fact than among the pupils in our convent schools?

September the fifteenth—A Mauritius correspondent writes us: "Great efforts have been made to stamp malaria out of the island, but, so far, with little or no success. Few of ours have escaped 'la dengue,' this year. We have to consume enormous quantities of quinine, which is distributed gratuitously. There is scarcely a day on which we have not to send home children suffering from ague and fever; sometimes they return quite well next morning, but often attacks are more severe. It is hard to exact constant work from children whose constitutions are so shattered, yet they study well and go up for English examinations though French is still the mother tongue. In your fine cold climate work must be easier. Your graduates are always fine-looking girls.

Is not the war very sad?—such terrible loss of young lives! Our children here have been working very hard so we realized quite a nice little sum, which we sent to Mother General at Rathfarnham for the Belgian fund."

September the twentieth—From an English correspondent we learn that "King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria have been in Eastbourne for the past month. She is very nice-looking and he is such a splendid young fellow. Both often play tennis at Devonshire Park. In Church they kneel on prie-dieus inside the altar-rail. Every one remains standing as they go out just as the priest leaves the altar."

ANITA.

Honors and privileges are worth nothing if everyone has them. If we all wore crowns the kings would go bareheaded.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

The July RAINBOW met with its usual welcome from the literary portion of the school. Ever so many thanks for it. The admirers of Father Benson were charmed with the clever and appreciative article on his life and works.

How sad it is to think that this dreadful war is still going on. Our "Roll of Honour" has now grown to such proportions that it is impossible to refer in detail to our departed heroes.

We have had the melancholy pleasure of welcoming many of the soldiers who had received wounds during the sanguinary engagements at the Dardanelles. It was quite delightful to see the enthusiasm with which they were received by the people of Gibraltar. Carriages and motors were freely placed at their disposal by the richer inhabitants, and the cabmen spontaneously offered their cabs gratis. The Spanish hawkers forgot to be neutral and emptied out their fruit baskets to refresh the poor invalids. Since their arrival at the hospital, luxuries of every description have been showered on them and the father of some pupils of this convent established, at his own expense, a buffet at the seashore at which they could obtain refreshments during their drives. Major Tobin, B. A., M. C., who had charge of the disembarkment, has several cousins members of the I. B. F. M. at Fermoy. He has received great praise for his arrangements.

To turn from war topics, we have had an unexpected and thoroughly agreeable visit from Father O'Reilly, C. M., on his way to Australia, whither he goes to assume the position of Rector of Sydney University. He came here via France and Spain, and had much gratifying news to tell us of the revival of religion in France, that country so dear to us all.

I am sorry I have not a Spanish pictorial paper to send you with the portrait of Angela Castrillo, in her own right Marchioness of Villaverde de San Isidro, who was chosen to the pretty foreign honour of Queen of the Flowers at Seville, last May. Her name may be seen in the results of the London College of Preceptors' Examination, held here in July, 1914.

ANGELA DE LOS RIOS.

Personals.

"Did you say that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

"Yes. Just look at the spelling."

"Marion says she had a bad attack of *ongwee* this morning in class."

"Is it catching? Let's look it up in the dictionary."

"I did. I went through all the O's, but I can't find it."

"Do you think this letter is over weight?"

"No. It just balances. If it were you would have to put on another stamp."

"I'm so glad I did not write my middle name."

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"That was a sailing vessel, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I heard father say several times that they tried to get him over in it, but he preferred one of the big liners."

"We were told not to discuss her."

"And did you?"

"No. We talked about her hat."

"I asked my auntie who was Shylock, and she said: 'O dear! you go to Sunday School and you don't know that.'"

"Did your brother enlist?"

"Yes, for the duration of the war, or longer if it lasts."

"He asked her what she thought of the Mexican imbroglio, and she said she never ate any."

"What did you learn this morning?"

"All about a mouse."

"Can you spell mouse?"

"I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse, it was a rat."

"Edith and I went to the Zoo during the holidays, and I thought I would laugh outright when she called a giraffe a 'carafe.' The joke of it was the animal wasn't a giraffe after all; it was a camomile."

"Isn't that a Bouguereau?"

"Oh, no, dear, it's a lion."

"I met a gentleman yesterday who said he had been twenty years in the jungle and had now returned to civilization."

"What an inopportune moment he selected!"

"What did you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?"

"Because the *sound* was so unpleasant."

"I got an invitation from Helen to one of her tiresome garden parties and Maud told me to plead a previous engagement. I told her that would be a lie, so I wrote—'We accept with pleasure, etc.'"

"I have a lot of spellin's and meanin's to prepare for to-morrow. Give me a dictionary—help me. What's a *gargoyle*?"

"A medicine to use when your throat's sore."

"And an *inebriate*?"

"An animal that does not have a backbone."

"I guess I'll look in the dictionary for the rest of them."

In these days of materialism we are urged on by the lure of place, power and profit. Success is sung to us until it becomes the chief song of our lives. Yet the most we can ever gain through the work of our hands is a fleeting recompense, and we carry nothing to our grave but the goodness we have given while here. Is it not the wiser part to so live that when the summons comes we have a spiritual claim which the endless ages must admit; which our Father will be glad to recognize?

Be calm when the tongue of malice and slander, the persecution of inferiority tempts you to retaliate, when for an instant you forget yourself so far as to hunger for revenge.

When the gray heron is pursued by its enemy, the eagle, it does not run to escape; it remains calm, takes a dignified stand and waits quietly—facing the enemy unmoved, and with the terrific force with which the eagle makes the attempt, the boasted king of birds is often impaled and run through on the quiet, lance-like bill of the heron.

For everything you have missed you have gained something else. The story of earthly existence is one of compensations. Many a gift we craved and were denied held in its train ills we are glad to have been spared. Many a sorrow that has darkened our way, though its memory may still remain bitter, has wrought some change of character or conditions that we would be unwilling to give up. The allotment of joys

and griefs is more carefully measured than we are accustomed to think, and the lives of men more nearly equal.

The old pagans thought their gods were pleased with their sacrifices of loss and misery, it is for us to know that our God is served best by the melody of a merry heart. The nearer we get to Heaven, the more exultant should become the music of our hopes, and the nearer we draw to God the fairer and sweeter should be the music

that escorts us on the way. For he is most truly religious who is most truly cheerful, and he best serves who looks to God and sings.

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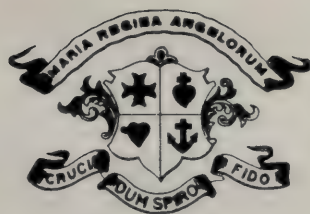
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VOL. XXIII.

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No. 1

The Angels' Christmas.

THE name of Thorwaldsen is associated in art with all tender things. He is best known by his colossal statue of Christ in the Cathedral of Copenhagen. It is simply a figure of Christ as the genius of this great artist—simple-hearted as a child—imagined it to be. Tender, inviting and superhuman, it expresses in marble the spirit of the words engraved on the statue—*Kommer Til Mig*, "Come unto Me." His attitude is one of blessing—to the children, the weary, the heavy-laden, and the worker.

Thorwaldsen loved children, and it is said brought a child's judgment as a final test of his ideal. When the child exclaimed, "It is Jesus," he was satisfied that his ideal had been reached.

One of the last of his works bore the strange title "Angels Keeping Christmas in Heaven." It was an easy step from the children, and the children's "Jesus," to the children's angels—from the children's festival on earth, to the angels' festival in heaven.

Angels in stone are truly plentiful outside and inside our cathedrals and churches, and when the birth of the Christ-Child is the subject of the sculpture, it is natural, according to the Bible setting of the great fact, that angels should be brought into it. They paid many a visit to our earth during that blessed time.

But Thorwaldsen's angels are angels of to-day—keeping Christmas at home, where every one likes to keep it. It is a bold flight for even his imagination to take. I think his faith, which led him into the secret places, had more to do with it. He often visited heaven in his thoughts, and he knew he was going there soon, and so quite simply, as was his wont, he allowed this daring subject to take possession of his mind.

To do that, on any theme, meant that sooner or later it would find its outlet to the world through a gateway of marble. He had a vision, a message, authoritative and personal, and both had to be delivered to his generation. Without pause or doubt, he set himself to it. His sincerity and his past success prompted him to tackle a difficult subject all the more that it *was* difficult.

Christmas! Heaven! Angels! Children! Could any combination be more felicitous? They all come together at Christmas time. Could the angels ever forget, even in the splendours of heaven, the starlit plains and the shepherds of Bethlehem? They sang a new song that night, and they brought heaven down as far as they might for the little Christ-Child had just newly come.

There is no age in heaven—no time. All is an ever-present, but in their gladness the angels will join their joy with the simple joys of earth, and keep Christmas in heaven—at our Christmas time.

Thorwaldsen was not afraid of mystery. The adoration, the fear, the exceeding great joy, the heavenly light, were all part of the mystery. The angels filling the silences of the still night with holy song was a mystery. The fragrance, the rapture of tone that encompasses Christmas and that lessens not as the ages run, is a mystery. The angels still desire to see farther into it, and to understand it better. So do we, though our poor broken wings fail us. It is something to desire it, and in feeble utterance, in colour and line, in picture or statue, to give expression to our glimpses of the mystery of the Heavenly Babe.

"Some reach out farther than others: travellers who bring back from their journeyings more of the Father's love." The joys and pleasures we all try to provide for Christmas do not

rise to this great height. The sacred silences are forgotten for the most part, and the gladness predominates; but the sense of mystery is there all the same, from the little one, who tries to keep sleepy eyes open, so that she may catch old Santa Claus at his yearly task of love, to the spiritual insight of the one who has seen many Christmases, but who in the merriest moment can withdraw into her secret place, catch a vision of the realities of Christmas and then fly back to the play of the children with a tenderer tone, a sweeter smile, a lightsomer mood, a something that makes the children gather round her, and in their glad abandon feel the touch of the far-away, which is often so near to a child's sensitive spirit.

This is the mystery of our sweet Christmas—its potent, never-fading charm, its sympathetic atmosphere.

Not only do we taste heaven's mystery, but heaven also takes part in earth's ministries. "Behold I bring" is the eager greeting of the angelic gift-bringer. The angels' specialty is glad tidings. They have all, down the ages, brought water to the thirsty, help to the wounded, victory to the weak, comfort to the wearied, strength to the faint; but on the first Christmas they heralded a Saviour for the lost, and in that unspeakable gift lay hid all other gifts. "Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister," not to the rich and the worthy, but to the poor and the unworthy?

The best part of the angels' Christmas-keeping would be the taking out of their prepared gifts. It is best to carry your own Christmas gifts. I should like to have seen their list. Some whom we call rich would be on the poor side of it, and some living in dark, poor streets would get handsome gifts as be seemed their heavenly rank, as sons and daughters of the King.

The angels carry on ordinary occasions one of two baskets: one for the prayers of the world, and the other for the thanks of the world. Alas! they tell those who are on intimate terms with them, that though the first basket is always full and heavy, the other is often empty, and the angel sighs as she brings it in, for she knows that the answerer of the world's prayers expects—not payment, oh! no; but thanks—Yes!

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," He once said. Perhaps they will remember next

time, and the angel is sent again with another answer to another prayer, though the first lies yet unacknowledged.

When the angels run swiftly, on the great Father's errands of love, every gift they carry is good—only and infinitely good. He says Himself, He "knows how" to give, much more than we, being sinful, can ever do.

All our giving, if it is to be on the Father's lines, and if it is to be successful, and give happiness, depends on these two things—to find out, at whatever pains, the present that will be "good" and fitting, and then to be sure and not spoil it in the giving. The right time enhances it, the right words enrich it, the love behind it gives the simplest gift an eternal value.

We have learned all this—if we have learned it—from the world's lavish Giver, Our Father who art in heaven.

He alone knows the need, though silently borne, and, therefore, knows just how to give His good things and where to give them. All His ways are past finding out, but we quite understand that His Omniscient eye sees all, and lovingly arranges all. Oh! the depth of His riches! His storehouse is always full. There is one list of its treasures given to us that includes "the world, and life and death, things present and things to come, and last and best, Christ is ours." These are the Christmas gifts Our Father sends down to His children.

* * * * *

Yes! the Father chooses His gifts, and plans loving surprises with tender insight. We are often amazed at what we call the coincidences of life—how things come at the critical moment. It is all the Father's planning. The wheels of Providence, and the "ministering spirits," are working out His design for our true happiness. He loves to see His children happy.

The instinct of thoughtful love, with which He has also dowered us, can also set its wheels in motion in good time. Christmas needs much previous thought, for no gift is of much value without it. Then, and not till then, employ pen and post and messenger to carry our gifts to the lonely ones, the sick ones, the little ones, the dear grandmother and other aged ones. Send them with joyful insistence—even to the ungrateful. The angels wondered, when they got "gifts, even for the rebellious." Surely, there is some mis-

take, said they, and again looked at the list. No—only the Infinite pity of Infinite Love.

* * * * *

And there was another thing they could not understand, that those who were nearest of kin to the King, and most loved, had so few of the world's good things sent to them, though they stood in great need of them. The things they prized, they got.

A smile from the King.

A tear of penitence over besetting sin.

Power to love the enemy.

A joyful sense of freedom, that brought heaven into the soul.

A vessel filled with the oil of joy.

An answered prayer, or faith to wait for it.

These were the Christmas gifts the angel gladly bore to the "afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," and behold! the cottage gleamed with "fair colours, and sapphires, the windows were agates, and the gates pleasant stones."

It almost seemed like home to the unseen visitor, who lived among golden streets and pearly gates. And the strange thing was, that the thanks-basket was full and running over, and the strong wings of the angel servitor spread themselves out to the glad service of, for once, bringing back a worthy gift to lay at the feet of the King.

The "afflicted ones" had been so comforted and made glad that the deepest thanksgiving of their grateful hearts rose to heaven. "Thou art worthy, O Lord, our God, to receive glory and honour and power: because thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God, in thy blood." Then the angelic choir, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, took up the sweet earth strain and wove it into the Alleluia Chorus of Heaven.

M. HERRIES.

God in His Gospel has a whisper for every ear, a message for every heart, for the rich and for the poor, for the ignorant and for the learned, for those who stand fast in His grace, and those who, thinking they stand, are very near to a fall—and on the reception of that message on some particular day, their salvation may depend.

The War and the Mothers.

By RIGHT REVEREND DR. PHELAN.

WRITERS of classic fame have for over two thousand years, in many languages, in prose and poetry, idealized the mothers of Sparta for their share in the immortality which hung over that province of Greece. In sending her son to the war the Spartan mother gave him a shield, saying: "Return with it, or on it." That is, come back to me a victor, or die in that struggle for Sparta's liberty, and be carried home a corpse. And the fear of returning in disgrace to his mother inspired the soldier of Sparta with a courage in the teeth of danger and a recklessness in the face of death which won for his country an imperishable name at the Pass of Thermopylae.

When the Persian King, Xerxes, gathered under his standard an immense army of some three million fighting men, the flower of forty-six nations, to crush the Grecian power, he connected Asia with Europe by means of a bridge of boats thrown across the Hellespont (now called the Dardanelles), where our soldiers are fighting the Turk. But to overrun Greece the invading army had to pass from the south to the north through a narrow defile known as Thermopylae, or the gate of the Hot Springs. There in that gateway three hundred Spartans raised their shields as a wall of brass against the long line and serried ranks of the enemy. Again and again Xerxes flung his picked troops in tens of thousands against this handful of brave warriors, fired to win or die, with the mother's injunction: "Return with your shield, or on it." Every man of the three hundred immortals was carried home on his shield, but the surpassing courage and superhuman prowess of that band broke the pride of Xerxes and the heart of his army.

The Christian Mother.

Now, the Christian mother, I think, deserves a more prominent niche in the Temple of Fame than the Spartan. The Spartan mother reared her son for war; it was the one ambition of her life, and the only object of his. Till she arrived at the marriageable age of twenty she herself was subjected to a course of military training almost as severe as her brother's. If her newly-born male child was deformed or showed

any signs of weakness, he was left to perish on the mountainside; he would never make a soldier, and she had no other use for him. Her manly boy was taken from her early in life and subjected by the State to military exercises and discipline of the severest nature. So the Spartan mother, in giving a shield to her son when preparing for battle, was only equipping him for his calling in life. How different with the Christian mother! And how immeasurably greater her sacrifice when she yields her dearest possession to her country's cause! Reared in peaceful surroundings, the only vista that opened up before her motherly eyes was an honored place for her boy in some peaceful walk of life. Her highest ambition for him—a distinguished career in the political, the commercial, or the professional world. In giving the son of her bosom, the joy of her life, to the horrors of war she is giving part of herself. He is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh in a way that the father is not. Who, then, can measure the depth of her sacrifice at the hour of parting? Too fond of him to let him go; too proud of him to bid him stay!

And then follow days of supreme anxiety; the corps to which he is attached is engaged in a life or death struggle on the heights of Gallipoli or in the fields of Flanders, and the next casualty list is hourly expected. Then the dreaded telegram comes, and the local clergyman is deputed by the Government to break to the mother the news that her son is dead! This is the vicarious service the mother gives to the nation; she has offered herself, body and spirit, to the cruelty of the foe in a way that cannot be approached by wife, sister, or daughter.

Nor is her agony the agony of a moment, or the sorrow of a year. The grave in her heart is never closed, nor is there ever lid on the coffin buried there; she is assisting at the wake of her child till death unites mother and son.

The Heart of the Mother.

Few poets have voiced this form of sorrow as eloquently as the priest-poet of the American Civil War, Father A. J. Ryan. He tells us that his feet knew more of the humble steps that lead to the altar and its mysteries than to the steps that lead to Parnassus and the Home of the Muses. Yet, when the war broke out he became an intense Southerner, and his Celtic nature blazes into living fire when he translates

into human language the clash of swords, the tramp of charging cavalry, and the dying moans of the battle-field. But when he comes to describe the death of his brother, a stripling of eighteen, he seems to have dipped his pen into his own heart, so beautifully does he blend his own with his mother's sorrow. A quotation from his poem, "In Memory of My Brother," will bring out the point I wish to emphasize:

"Young as the youngest who donned the Gray,
True as the truest that wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
Triumphant waved our flag one day—
He fell in the front before it.

* * * * *

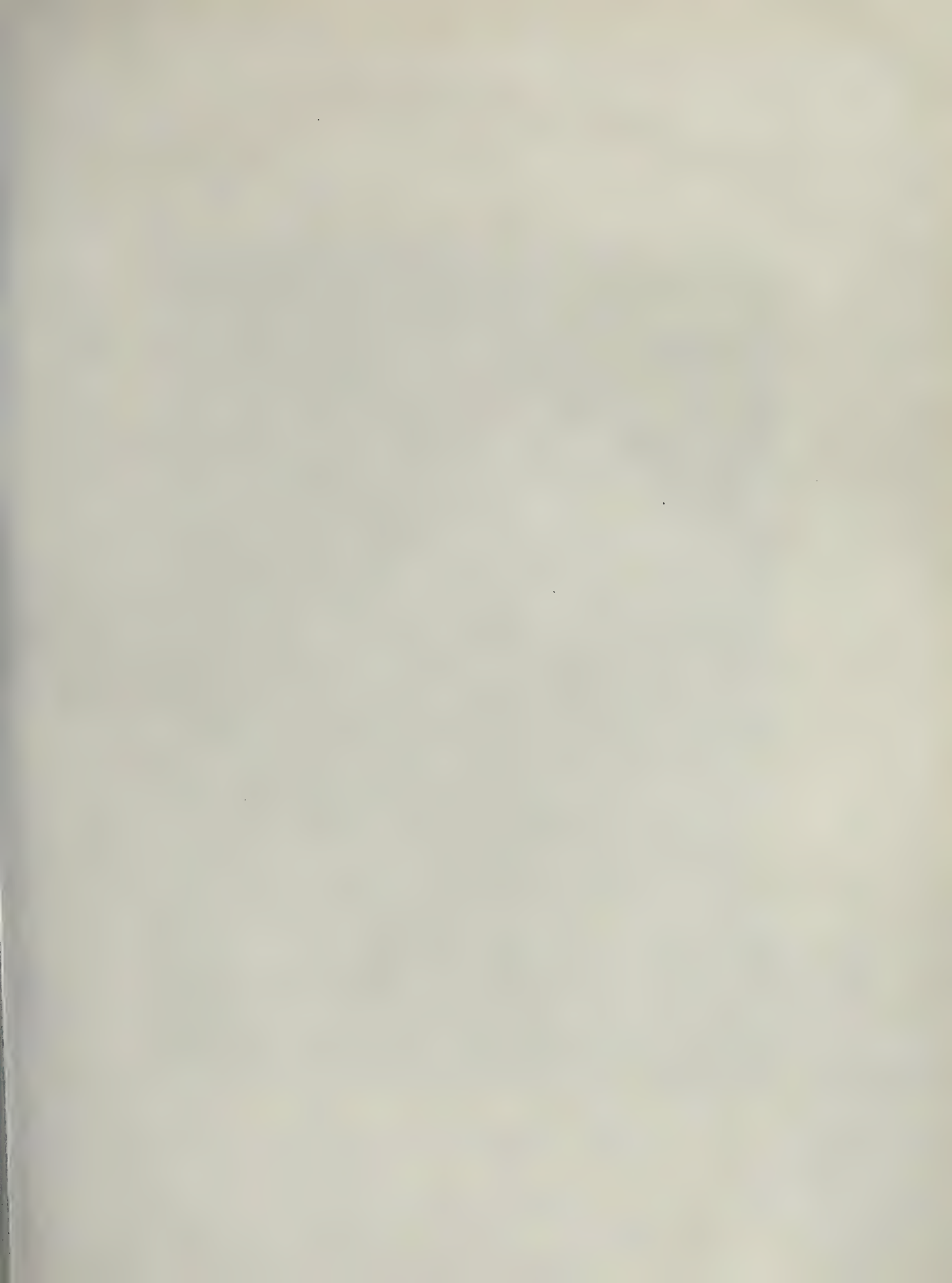
In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there—and the big tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept.
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him).

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone:

* * * * *

But—his memory lives in the other."

Yes, a grave in the heart of the mother! The earthly frames of many of our fallen heroes will moulder into dust in graves unknown, but their name and fame will live enshrined in the sacred soil of the maternal heart. If memory is the only friend that grief can call her own, that friend will guard the door of the mother's heart as a perpetual lamp burning before a holy shrine. This broad fact we must keep before our view when appraising the sacrifice made by each section of the community, the share contributed by the mothers of the country. When the day comes, and let us pray God it may soon arrive, that the last shot is fired, and the curtain drawn between the living and the dead, what remains of our troops should receive on their return that recognition due to their heroism and proportioned to their sacrifices. We cannot, it is true, prepare a triumphal arch such as greeted Titus on his return from the victories of Palestine; nor can we lavish millions on the form of pageantry which embellished Aurelian's entry into Rome.





GLORY TO GOD! PEACE!

with Palmyra's beautiful queen, Zenobia, chained in fetters of gold; but whatever form our welcome to the victorious brave may assume, let us, in distributing the laurels, reserve the choicest for those silent heroines who, in sorrow and joy, have sacrificed their motherhood on their country's hallowed altar.

A Holiday in the Highlands of Japan.

TOKIO was hot and damp and murky, sight-seeing had palled upon us, and, with all our admiration of Europeanized Japan, we had a longing to see something of the real Japan, the country places and people, and the temples and shrines of the wayside. Nikko is right up in the hills and is generally acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful spots in the world. It is five hours' railway journey from Tokio, and the small Japanese train which conveys the traveller to the highlands traverses a country which gives one an excellent idea of the agricultural districts. In pathetic ignorance of the ways of the species, we determined to engage a guide, who was to take all trouble and tribulation off our shoulders. He seemed guilelessness itself—a tiny little man of five feet two inches, arrayed in an immaculate English grey suit of questionable cut. We were to leave everything to him, and he would see us through.

The novelty of travelling in a new land prevented the journey from proving irksome, and the stereotyped remarks of the little guide (whom we called "The Grasshopper," after vainly endeavouring to pronounce his real name) kept us amused. The train, with a good deal of puffing, leisurely traversed a country divided into regular and rectangular patches of rice-fields, and dotted with miniature pagodas with thatched roofs—the country cottages of Japan. The stations were fairly numerous, the average speed of the train was about fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and at every stoppage the little Japs hopped in and out and click-clicked along the platform on their wooden shoe stilts or "geta." The land is worked by men and women almost entirely with spade and hoe. Picturesque figures of women in floating garments and rush sun-hats may be seen bending in the little plots or fields, which vary in size from twenty feet square to three quarters of an acre.

The views were lovely—in the foreground the rice-fields, patches of tiny trees, and blue-green firs, and beyond, the country stretching into the infinite distance of haze and shadow.

It was dark when we reached Nikko, and were received by a voluble Europeanized Japanese, who informed us he was clerk of the hotel. The chattering was deafening. The railway officials, the porters, the ticket collector, the clerk, and the guide, all talked at once at the pitch of their voices about us. Then a score of ricksha boys rushed us outside the station, but the Grasshopper disposed of the superfluous ones, and with a good deal of gesticulation and fuss and talk managed to deposit us and our baggage in the rickshas, and we clattered down the road towards the hotel, a mile away. Each of the coolies carried a Japanese lantern, and all along the road were pedestrians similarly burdened. The scene was picturesque, with the lanterns quivering and glowing and pulsing like live things between the dark avenue of cryptomeris—giant cypress trees, eighty to one hundred feet high.

Nikko is the city of temples and curios. The village, composed of a single street, is built on a hill, down which a small, mad torrent rushes in baby imitation of the rapids of Niagara. There are armies of trees, and Nikko is in the very midst of the hills. There are exquisite little bits of landscape in the district for the artist and the photographer to revel amongst, and the most picturesque graveyards in the world are in Japan, with the little moss-grown stones set very close together, as the Japs bury their dead in a sitting posture.

Even in the rain the place had a queer, old-world beauty, but everything was subdued green and brown, with one vivid touch of vermilion, the red lacquered bridge over which only the sacred feet of the Imperial family may pass. On the first morning of our visit the guide informed us we must "go see the temples." We climbed a hill by way of a pebbly path, at the summit of which the famous temples stand, and mounted a low flight of stone steps with the maples and the cryptomerias on either side. It would be impossible for human brain to get more than a superficial impression of those shrines in one visit. The splendour of colour, the bronze and lacquer, the carving of pillars and cornices, and

the luxuriance of decoration in ceilings, walls, and doors, are confusing, and it would take an architect and an artist to appreciate one-tenth of the magnificence. I have an impression of a gorgeous profusion of lacquer, bronze, and brass, and pillars of carved wood, which were black in the gloom of the place. The little Grasshopper worried us with long guide-book dissertations on the Shoguns and Damios, or great lords, who flourished in old Japan amidst scenes of suicide and killing, of love and war, till our brains would bear no more detail and our eyes were tired with all the beauty and the wonder of the place. After dinner the curio dealers haunt the verandahs of the hotel in Nikko and persuade the English and American tourists to purchase the wonderful wood and lacquer carvings for which Nikko is famous. Dainty little Jap girls in blue and white kimonos spread trays of carved monkeys and griffins and devils on the ground, and in the prettiest broken English imaginable modestly demand just three times as much as they expect to get. The prince of curio dealers lives at Nikko.

"You come and see my shop," he said. "I am a pawnbroker; my greatest grandfather was a pawnbroker, and I got oldest curios in Japan, and many got in Japanese War."

He called himself a pawnbroker on his sign-board also, probably incited to do so by some tourist who deemed himself humorous. He had the most wonderful collection I had ever seen—old bronzes, pictures two hundred years old, and rare prints, old china, screens and cabinets. His establishment would have made a desirable addition to an exhibition. Everything was arranged in tall stands, which formed the only furniture of the Japanese rooms, and we had to remove our shoes for the sake of the matting. His garden also was a masterpiece of landscape gardening, and on a black lacquered table at the gate was a tray three or four feet long with a landscape in smallest miniature, water, trees two or three inches high, bridges, and mountains in proportion, all flourishing as in a state of nature. It was about this time that we first began to suspect the Grasshopper. He was too friendly with the curio dealers, and I detected him surreptitiously pocketing a coin which he received from the hands of the prince of curio dealers from whom we had purchased a good deal. There is no sense of morality in the Japanese guide. He regards Europeans as his lawful prey, and cheats

and smiles at the guilelessness of the "big Engleesh." The Grasshopper paid the ricksha boy half what he charged us for our driving expenses in our daily accounts, and pocketed the difference; he got commissions from the hotel people (for which we had to pay indirectly); he told us lies about our railway fares, and benefited himself proportionately as he robbed us. But his company was worth it all. The Grasshopper had the gift of attraction, and there was something inexplicably fascinating in the combination of villainous effrontery, childlike innocence, and perfect manners.

If you go to Nikko custom will compel you to make a pilgrimage to Lake Chuzensi, eight miles away. The rain had cleared during the night, and we determined to make the ascent on ponies, which, owing to the steepness of the road to the lake, had to walk almost all the way. Rickshas with three boys apiece can go most of the way, and passengers can also be carried on a sort of palanquin. The scenery is like that of the Rockies on a small scale. The hill we climbed was over four thousand feet above the sea, and the road wound loop fashion, doubling back upon itself up the side of the hill. We followed the stream for some miles to the foot of the ascent proper, past small poles with boulders of great size and queer shape, past waterfalls, willow-plate bridges of bamboo and rushes. Bullock-carts carried freight to a neighboring village, and packhorses, led by men and women in blue trousers and jackets and sun-hats, conveyed the luggage travellers to and from Lake Chuzensi. Almost at the top we stumbled upon a tea-house, which was built on a piece of rock jutting outwards over the sheer face of the hill. The river below wound like a streak of white through the valley, but there were no fascinating little geisha girls to wait on us. An old woman with a face like ivory gave us golden tea in Japanese cups, and peppermint biscuits, and from behind came the tinkle of a samisen, as if the granddaughter of our hostess wiled away the sunny hours with music.

The lake at Chuzensi is more like a Scotch loch than anything out of Japan. It is three miles across, and all round are quaint little Buddhist and Shinto shrines, or temples, where small, impassive Buddhas sit and try to hide themselves under the moss and lichen. There is a good hotel, where the tourist can stay whilst he

explores the neighbourhood and reflects upon the thousand beauties of the Japanese highlands. But the Grasshopper only permitted us a few hours' rest. By four o'clock we started on our eight-mile journey downhill, and the mists came down and a fine rain took the place of the exquisite sunshine of the earlier part of the day. Even our tea-house looked damp and uninviting as we passed it on the return journey. Our ponies slid down the face of the hill, winding in and out, and we could only see the immediate foreground. Next morning, when the hotel-keeper informed us that in three months they had not had a score of days of sunshine, we felt it was time to make for Tokio, where at least there were tea-houses and shops, theatres and gardens, and a thousand attractions for the prosaic globe-trotter.

ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEB, M. B.

The Song of Hope.

A soft sweet voice from Eden stealing,
Such as but to angels known,
Hope's cheering song is ever thrilling:
"It is better farther on."

I hear hope singing, sweetly singing,
Softly, in an undertone;
And singing as if God had taught it:
"It is better farther on."

By night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it while I sit alone;
And sings it so the heart may hear it:
"It is better farther on."

It sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
And sings it when the shadows darken:
"It is better farther on."

Still farther on! O how much farther?
Count the milestones, one by one,
No! no! no counting—only trusting:
"It is better farther on."

S. J. VAIL.

From a Curate's Window—Father Damien and Real Reform.

"Changeful as March, as April gay;
Strange, unsure as the young year's weather;
Rude as the winds of a Spring-tide day,
Loving and plaguing by turns and together;
Rollicking, petulant, impudent, coy,
Bless me! a marvellous mixture's a Boy."

FATHER GARESCHE, S. J.

Birth.

JOSEPH DAMIEN DE VEUSTER was born in Louvain, Belgium, January 3, 1840. His parents were a God-fearing people, who greeted their latest and last arrival, not with the offering of wealth and luxury, but with the richer inheritance of Christian faith, love and simplicity. God was their sole outlook and His presence marked their horizon. Prayer was the atmosphere in which they lived and moved and had their being. It is customary, or at least of frequent occurrence, for the biographer to discover about the cradles of the great, genii and fair-faced goddesses, who interpret the future of the child. In the simple dwelling of Damien who would dare to have seen signs of his future heroism? The poor, however, at times, do choose to be holy and to be great, as well as heroes, and frequently God hastens to crown their aspirations. There stood by his crèche Christian Faith, Christian Hope and sweet-faced Christian Charity, and the three claimed Damien for their very own and wrought in his baby soul the beginning of that great and sturdy devotion to humanity, which has made him a hero and beloved of men. The most renowned battles have ever been fought about the standard of Faith and the fairest deeds to bloom and bless the earth have ever been inspired by religion, and when Damien was born, though the old world could see none of the signs, Heaven was making preparations for another hero, who would fill the valley of tears with wonder because of his simple faith and make the vilest corner of it redolent because of his charity.

Early Years.

There is little to report and less necessity for incidents and details of the early years of Damien. The skies of his boyhood were painted

doubtlessly with the same colors as the firmament of youth in every clime; in its eternal dreamings and aspirations. He must have punctuated his hours with simple games in which boyhood delights, and shared the friendships, which youth creates and which disappear all too soon when boyhood puts on the livery of manhood. In the glory of his later achievements, however, I cannot think of him as a gay, romping, noisy boy! Seriousness and gravity must have more than balanced the natural gaieties of youth. Greatness in the individual is not a passing whim, nor is it the fruit of chance. It grows strong with each new day and waits the golden opportunity when it can unfold like a rich flower and fill the world with its fragrance. The oak has its acorn. The conflagration has its birth at times in the tiny spark. The river on whose breast great boats glide out to sea, has its rise in a spring hidden away in virgin foot-hills. The Damien at Molokai was not a different soul from the Flemish youth, whose clumsy sabots clicked musically on the cobble streets of Louvain.

I love to think of him at this early date as little "Nello" is revealed to us in the short-story classic, "A Dog of Flanders." It seems that "Nello," who had been born to stern poverty, would be a great artist, and he dreamed of emulating the immortal Rubens. Everything in life was turned to wait upon his cravings, and soberly and gravely he sat at eventide before his humble home and sighed for a Heaven of which Rubens was the god. Every extra sou and centime meant so much more money for his portrait work; while his daily prayers to God were mixed with child-like petitions to the artist king, who painted *The Descent from the Cross*, and at present must have a very troubled sleep 'neath the spires of old St. Jacques' Cathedral in far-away Antwerp. Damien, too, must have shared a like enthusiasm, and about his young life must have clung all the seriousness and gravity which, later, marked his life work and brought it to an end that was both successful and glorious. In childhood's hour humanity must have been filling his eye. He must have drawn to his warm young heart the sorrows of the world and in the solitude of his home he must have vowed, like "Nello," that in spite of poverty or because of it he, too, would do something to make men happier and richer for his life and more blessed because of his love.

Choice of Life.

His school-days finished, the great flower of his soul quickly appeared in bud. He would be a priest, and to accomplish this end he entered the religious order of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; of which his elder brother at the moment was a member. The youth whose heart beat for the betterment of mankind, to whose breast the sorrows and the tears of the world appealed, decided that his life would best be a servant to the ills of the crowd in the honored and honorable company of the Catholic priesthood. He looked back over the stretch of nineteen centuries, and the glory and the unselfishness of the Christian priesthood more than justified the heroism that craved for space and room to spread itself for the benefit of men. The retrospect taught him that priests were not only the pioneers in education, but the foster-fathers of art, and that there was scarcely a department of learning in which the cassock had not figured well and efficiently. His backward vision taught him, too, that the priest had even borne the sword successfully for the rights of patriotism. The scrolls of his little country perhaps yielded up proofs of loyalty and heroism, such as the press has presently given to the world of their courage before Liège: "The heroism of the Belgian priests who marched with the troops to the firing line is the theme of every tongue. The wounded who have arrived here tell how the priests ministered to the wounded and heard the confessions of the dying, while the German guns roared and the German cavalry charged the Belgian lines. The example of the priests inspired the soldiery to greater deeds of daring and heightened the courage which led to the surprising Belgian victories." But what filled his vision and waited upon the desires of his heart was the story of the unselfishness and affection with which it has ever befriended humanity and taken it to its bosom. Did he not see that in search for souls the priest had explored the trackless forest and navigated unknown rivers? Did he not see that in order to carry the word of God to the ends of the world, they gladly suffered and even gave their lives? He saw them along the frozen Norland ice-fields, and met them in the heart of the jungle! All this touched his tender and thrilling soul, but what made it leap up in admiration and praise, and

long for its livery, was the sight of the priesthood that day and night descended into the dark places of the city, saving the bent reed for Christ; and the vision of the cassock in stricken cities, serving, like angels, without ostentation, but in the performance of its ordinary duty. Damien, the youth, saw all this, and he knew that all his aspirations would find, as a priest, abundant opportunity to become effectual.

He began his studies for the Church at the age of nineteen and followed the courses at the university as a theological student. When he had received Minor Orders, his brother, who had been chosen for the Mission to the South Seas, fell suddenly and critically ill, and the Superior of both looked about for some one to take his place and fill up the breach made by sickness. While the different members waited patiently for the decision and the choice, Damien, like the impetuous Peter of old, ran to the Superior and begged for the privilege, as he termed it, of stepping into his brother's shoes and taking the Mission to the South Sea Islanders. His request was granted.

A week was placed at his disposal to make all preparations for the undertaking. Little time was necessary to gather up his personal effects. His essential preparation consisted in frequent and long visits to the chapels. His prospective work was gigantic, and so he must needs beg help, not from brittle hearts, but from Omnipotence. Under the swinging sanctuary lamp how fervently he must have prayed for strength and grace; and how silently grateful he must have been to his Eucharistic King for having selected him for a duty, in which he was certain he must do and die in the cause! How gladly Christ must have looked upon his young Knight through the latticed bars of the white Host! What music the footfalls of the youth of Flanders must have made to the heart of Christ, who, in the days of His flesh, placed a crown on enthusiasm and rewarded it! With no one to witness and fewer to applaud, Damien buckled on his sword in the presence of the Lord, and with prayer stored up in his soul sufficient grace for a duty, compared to which the whizzing of bullets and the cannonading of infantry are trivial. If Christ in some of these quiet communings, had made a test and taken measure of Damien's love, as He had in the case of Peter, our hero would surely have replied:

"How do I love Thee? Let me count the ways.
I love Thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal Grace.
I love Thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love Thee freely as men strive for right.
I love Thee purely as they turn from praise.
I love Thee with the passions put to use
In my old griefs and with my childhood's faith.
I love Thee with a love I seem to lose
With my lost Saints. I love Thee with all the
breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and if Thou
choose
I shall but love Thee better after death."

Good-Bye!

When His Lord had been assured, naught stood between Damien and his mission but a farewell to his mother. He had to break the silver ties that bound his heart to all that we hold best on earth. Who can describe or who can even imagine in fair proportion the mixed joys and sorrows which such farewells create? There is no conversation to report; for nothing is said on such occasions. Mother and son must have looked into the depths of each other's hearts, that would surely have broken but that faith teaches control and hope points to flowers growing even in the tomb. The little doorway of the simple home framed both for a moment; tears flowed as the gentle rain falls on the hills; a mere pressure of the hand; and lo, he goes. Maternal eyes and heart drink in the vision of the retreating figure until a fringe of mist blinds him from her sight. The door is closed and a Belgian mother passes through her Gethsemane, with the gold blossoms falling on her face, and perhaps, as of old, angels came to dry her tears and to sustain her in her sorrow.

Damien sailed from Atwerp about the year 1870. Upon his arrival at Honolulu he was ordained to the priesthood by one of the resident Bishops on the islands, and for the next few years he led the ordinary life of the Catholic missionary, toiling and suffering for the white souls hidden in the bronzed bodies of cannibals.

"I stepped back apace and watched him there,
Encased in Chastity's own armour white,
Yet hot, more hot than fire, this virgin knight.

Anointed for the service of his King,
 At whose command Sir Knight would gladly
 fling
 His life away; and not to God alone
 But unto man would the same love be shown.
 Most rare? A Saint? A Seer? Thank Heaven,
 No! No!
 Only a priest as priests are here below;
 A common priest who treads life's common
 way.
 Like thousands of them in God's world to-day."

—*Transcript.*

Madame de Sévigné — Mother.

A GROUP of French ladies smile out at us from the past, having a real share in the creation of the *Entente Cordiale* between the two countries long before King Edward the Peacemaker made it something more than a political catchword. Of these the most delightful is surely Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, "the most charming of all letter-writers in all lands," according to Professor Saintsbury and countless eminent critics, living and dead. Granddaughter of the saintly woman who was the friend of St. Francis of Sales and coadjutor in his great work of making hospitals for the sick poor, a vicious court even forgave her impregnable virtue, for the sake of her brilliant gifts and captivating personality. Her wild father—a very swashbuckler of quality—met his death in a skirmish with the English at the Island of Rhé, and his daughter has avenged him by stealing the hearts of her hereditary enemies. None of these can translate her, though their vain efforts are to be found not in single spies but in battalions. Lady Ritchie has come nearest, but even she cannot approach the sparkling original. The letters are like one of those choice wines, which lose their delicate flavour and fragrance if any effort is made to export them. Yet supposing such a literary catastrophe as the total extinction of the wonderful correspondence, with its unmatched historical value, its unsurpassed pictures of social life, has Madame de Sévigné any other sound claim to be remembered? The answer is in an unassailable affirmative. She stands out from among her self-centered contemporaries,

as a devoted mother in an age when maternal love was quite out of fashion.

Rich, beautiful, and a widow at six and twenty, this court lady, who was constantly courted, gave the chief affection of her life to her only daughter. She turned to her adorers with a grace all her own, and asked them to be her friends instead. What is far more amazing is that they obeyed her. "When you will not do what we want, we have to want what you will," said her notorious scribbling cousin, Bussy Rabutin. He dishonoured many a fair fame with his scandalous pen, but for her he always retained a respect far more flattering than his admiration. The scandal-mongers of an age of scandal, came to pry into a life brisk, public, and splendid, in search of blots upon its scutcheon, remaining to praise its genuine purity. Some to-day boast shrilly of the higher education of women as if it were a new thing. A few still shake dubious heads over its expediency, and foolishly fancy sound mental training is a poor preparation for the duties of motherhood.

A very few years after her birth, in 1626, Madame de Sévigné set about proving the fallacy of both delusions. For not Lady Jane Grey herself was better educated by Roger Ascham than this winning, intelligent heiress, under the rather youthful preceptor she nicknamed "One of the best."

It was no wonder she wrote well, after her years of preparation for her posthumous literary glory. For she was a born reader and early "revelled in Virgil and Tacitus, not in a French travesty, but in all the majesty of Latin." She really studied and read as Ruskin would have us read, according to his "Sesame and Lilies." "Light reading," she said, "only brings pale colours to the mind." With theology, history, poetry, she was thoroughly conversant. Mrs. Browning herself was not a better classic, and her mastery of Italian gave her keen enjoyment of Italian literature. She was an able critic, whether of sermon, play or romance, and possibly because she, too, loved Nature, was the first to hail the genius of La Fontaine, second only to Æsop as a writer of fables.

But pleasures, friends, study, the duties of managing her estates after the shameful death of the husband unworthy of her affection for him, nothing long alienated her thoughts from her children. De Sévigné was the unheroic hero

of many duels fought for disgraceful reasons, yet years after, his forgiving wife fainted at a chance sight of the adversary who killed him. This seems an adequate answer to those detractors who would fain ascribe her unblemished reputation to a natural hardness of temperament little in keeping with her idolatry for her daughter, her sincere affection for her one son.

The artificialities and sentimentalities of the great folks of the days of the great Louis were not for her. Her keen sense of humour, her wholesomeness, made her mock lightly at the beribboned Cupid of whom others professed fear. The Abbé Arnauld has left a little picture in his autobiography of which the colours are still fresh: "On my journey I had the honour of an introduction to the illustrious Marquise de Sévigné. I seem to see her yet, as I saw her for the first time, seated in an open carriage leaning back between her son and daughter. It might have been Latona with the young Diana and Apollo as the poets represent them, glowing with health and beauty." Sainte Beuve, commenting upon this with his accustomed discernment, remarks: "It hits her exactly. An open-air, sunshiny charm challenging our gaze fearlessly in the clear daylight, radiant in possession of two handsome children."

To view Madame de Sévigné from this one aspect as mother is to make the curious and the interested eager to hasten to Blois. Not to her wonderful house in Paris, not to her Breton home, not even to Rennes, where the guides who show the fine hall of the former Parliament of Brittany, point first to a gilded box because there she listened to the lengthy debates, but to Blois of the incomparable Château bedight with salamanders commemorating the lawless passion of a king. There is to be found the sole authentic portrait of her daughter, not as a child, but after she became the third wife of the Comte de Grignan, Governor of Provence. To those to whom the letters are thoroughly beloved and familiar this portrait is the most arresting relic in association-haunted Blois, set in springtime in such a bower of apple bloom. It is a fair painting, although the name of the artist is forgotten. And it witnesses that the contemporaries of the sitter were right in their verdict. They conceded she had good looks if she was not, as her fond mother joyously proclaimed, the "prettiest girl in France," and they were equally insistent

that she lacked charm to such an extent that, for all her large dowry and the chance of a matchless mother-in-law, suitors were not very plentiful. She had possibly been overindulged, or more probably, inherited the vanity and bad temper of her father. She was never, in homely phrase, "good to live with." There are hints between the lines of the letters themselves that she never really requited the selfless love of her mother. When they were together there were frequent differences of opinion, when they were apart one of the two was never entirely happy.

Madame de Sévigné had health, wealth and wisdom in abundance. But these good gifts were not enough. She uselessly strove to make a shallow, frivolous nature respond to the depth of her affection. There is something in the very expression of the portrait which repels. The mother never lost a chance of chronicling the compliments made to her about Madame de Grignan. How her complexion was exquisite, her dark tresses "the finest in the world." How well she danced, how well she acted in the court ballets at Versailles, in which the king himself often figured. It is pathetic to see how hard she works to make her friends love her daughter as they loved her. It was futile: not for her was the title of queen of hearts.

Madame de Grignan's treatment of her own poor small daughter was indifferent to unkindness. Happy for Pauline was the day when she was sent to Paris to her gracious grandmother, pretty the recompense she was destined to make in collecting the letters which were to render that grandmother immortal in literature. Even to the son in whom all Madame de Grignan's pride was centred she lacked tenderness, and his early death left Pauline alone to carry on the line. To her unlucky daughter-in-law she was positively cruel. The unhappy child who bought her title with a large fortune was scarcely recognized by her. "We were forced to manure our lands," was Madame de Grignan's coarse excuse for her lowly birth in the gilded galleries of Versailles.

Selfish to the core, she showed her cowardice when the scourge of smallpox made its dreadful appearance at Grignan. Of the disease to which she was ultimately to be a prey she had an insurmountable fear. Forgetful of a lifetime of love and self-sacrifice, she callously refused to visit her dying mother when she was seized with

the complaint. Thus it befell that Madame de Sévigné expired in utter loneliness far from the multitude of friends in Paris, destined to mourn her with such genuine sorrow. It would be very sad to picture that deserted death-bed as the close of a life as brilliant as it was honourable, but for the comforting certainty of her possession of sincere religious faith. Her natural courage, her Christian resignation, surely comforted her. For many previous years the financial embarrassments of the Grignans had given her increasing anxiety. She had impoverished her son for the sake of this greedy and insatiable daughter, and this was the return.

To the superficial reader of any of the countless books written concerning Madame de Sévigné, it might well seem as if Madame de Grignan had done nothing for her from start to finish. A closer survey will bring us to a wiser and juster conclusion. We may echo the confident optimism of Browning when he proclaims: "There shall never be one lost good." We may stand in the dark little room of the dark museum at Blois and look upon the haughty young face without rancour, for she, and she alone, has atoned for her avarice in life by giving her mother undying literary fame. The Marquise of the many friends wrote them many letters, of which it is dismal to reflect upon the multitude lost and destroyed. The surviving number may be precious, but they lack the continuity, the entire intimacy of the correspondence with her troublesome daughter. Written in the purest, clearest French, with here and there charming liberties with the language, which only enhance its grace, they are a permanent delight. "I let my pen trot," she says pleasantly, and whatever road it takes the charm never fails. Whether she is wandering in her woods at Livry admiring the "dawn-coloured" leaves in autumn, whether she is describing the arrival of the exiled King James, the only royalty for whom even her good nature can find no admiring adjective, though she extols the dark eyes of Mary of Modena. Whether she is merely gossiping over the wonderful robe given to a king's favourite, "gold, on gold embroidered with a certain gold," it is all one. She summarizes a sermon by one of the great preachers of the golden age of sermons, she briefly capitulates the plot of a Racine play with a mixture of accuracy and picturesqueness. The intangible something we call the personal

touch is ever present. She knows everything but how to be dull. Du Maurier's famous phrase, "One of those dear people with charm it is so terribly hard to do without," might be her epitaph. As to Madame de Grignan, she has our forgiveness. Suppose she had burnt her letters!

ROWLAND GREY.

Death of Father John Gwynn, S. J.

Killed at the Front.

THE announcement of the death of Father Gwynn was received with feelings of profound regret by all who knew that devoted and heroic priest. Physically and mentally, Father Gwynn was a big man. Remarkably handsome, tall and soldierly in appearance, he was eminently qualified to serve as military chaplain, especially with our splendid Irish Guards. Long before the present war Father Gwynn had been virtually installed as the spiritual adviser of that famous regiment, preaching an annual retreat for its members at Caterham. Possessing the gift of eloquence in marked degree, Father Gwynn's lectures and sermons were always eminently impressive and attractive. For only one type of his fellow-countrymen had Father Gwynn a hearty detestation and dislike—this was the mean and opportunist Catholic. Supremely indifferent to hostile criticism, he from time to time disturbed the placidity of these folk, some of whom constantly seek to whittle down their own professions of faith in order not to run counter to the susceptibilities of persons of other creeds. For this kind of being the saintly son of St. Ignatius had a profound contempt, and he was as fearless in giving expression to his views regarding them as he later proved himself to be on the battle-fields and in the trenches of Flanders.

Father Gwynn died the death which most befitted him—the death of a soldier—and the Society of Jesus has lost a member who, had it been the will of God to spare him, would undoubtedly have reflected lustre on its name. Born in Youghal, in 1868, he was descended from the Gwynns of Raphoe, and on his mother's side claimed relationship with "John," Archbishop of Tuam; the Most Reverend Dr. MacEvilly, and

with His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. He and his brother, Rev. William Gwynn, S. J., were educated at St. Ignatius' College, Galway. At the age of seventeen he entered the Novitiate of the Jesuits at Milltown, and afterwards studied at Louvain and Linz.

Father Gwynn's sister received the following telegram, conveying the sympathy of the King and Queen:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

To Mrs. Daly,

Mount Auburn, Mullingar.

The King and Queen deeply regret the loss you and the army have sustained by the death of your brother in the service of his country. Their Majesties truly sympathize with you in your sorrow.

* * * * *

Lord Desmond Fitzgerald's Tribute.

Lord Desmond Fitzgerald, Captain commanding the 1st. Battalion of the Irish Guards, pays a touching tribute to the memory of the late Father Gwynn, chaplain to the Irish Guards, in a letter to Reverend W. Delany, S. J.:

"I know full well that the universal sorrow felt by all ranks of this battalion will be shared by you and all the members of your University who knew him so well.

No words of mine could express or even give a faint idea of the amount of good he has done us all out here, or how bravely he has faced all dangers, and how cheerful and comforting he has always been. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that he was loved by every officer, N. C. O., and man in the battalion.

The Irish Guards owe him a deep and lasting debt of gratitude, and as long as any of us are left who saw him out here, we shall never forget his wonderful life and shall strive to lead a better life by following his example.

The unfortunate shell landed in the door of the headquarter dug-out just as we had finished luncheon. Father Gwynn received one or two wounds in the leg as well as a piece of shell in his back through his lung. He was immediately bound up and sent to hospital, but died from shock and injuries next morning. He was buried in the cemetery at Bethune. Although he has been taken from us he will still be help-

ing us, and rather than grieve at our loss we much rejoice at his happiness."

* * * * *

"A Splendid Priest"—Letter from Senior Chaplain.

"I went to Bethune this morning for the Requiem Mass and funeral. The Mass was sung in the chapel of St. Vaast (le petit séminaire), which the clergy kindly put at our disposal. I said a few words to the men who were present, gave the absolution, and said the last prayers at the grave. The seminary boys sang the music of the Mass and also on the way to the grave very beautifully.

Afterwards I went to see Colonel Madden, commanding 1st. Irish Guards, who was badly wounded at the same time as Father Gwynn. Although suffering very much, he told me how very sorry he was at the loss of Father Gwynn; how all the battalion were devoted to him, etc. The doctor who attended Father Gwynn told me he must have been a remarkable man, because although in great pain he never allowed himself to show it.

He was a splendid priest, absolutely devoted to his men, who loved him, and he must have sent a lot of those who died to Heaven. It will be difficult for me to find his successor.

Private Joseph Farrell, writing to his sister, remarked: 'Ireland should feel proud of our chaplain, Father Gwynn. Only the other day I saw him rushing down the trench amidst a shower of bullets and shrapnel to give a poor fellow the Last Sacraments. He was a hero!'"

* * * * *

I do not think I need make any apology for reproducing the words of the *Central News* correspondent at the British front, who writes home in praise of the deeds of a Catholic chaplain (Father Gwynn). It is the tale of a bombing party belonging to a well-known regiment who went out one night and never returned:

"It had been a terrible night, black as ink, with the cold of the North and the rain of the tropics. As the morning wore on the regiment pictured their comrades lying wounded and dying in the mud and slush and the decaying corn. It was broad daylight; the German snipers were in position; even to put one's head over the parapet meant certain death. A Catholic chaplain attached to the regiment came up to the

firing line and volunteered to go out to the front and, at any rate, try and find the bodies. After some hesitation his request was granted. Donning his surplice, and with a crucifix in his hand, the priest proceeded down the saps and climbed out into the open. With their eyes glued to periscopes the British line watched him anxiously as he proceeded slowly towards the German lines. Not a shot was fired by the enemy. After a while the chaplain was seen to step and bend down near the German wire entanglements. He knelt in prayer. Then, with the same calm step, he returned to his own lines. He had four identity discs in his hand, and reported that the Germans had held up four khaki caps on their rifles, indicating that the other four were prisoners in their hands."

This is surely one of the stories of brave deeds in the war which should be known far and wide; it is but another tribute to the great work which our chaplains are doing on the battle-fields in France and in the East.

Burial at the front.

An Irish Soldier's Funeral.

Described by the late FATHER JOHN GWYNN, S. J.

THE following letter was written to an Irish nun by Father Gwynn. In all probability, the "little village church" referred to is that of Bethune, near which he himself is now buried:

I buried a poor Irish lad, yesterday morning, belonging to a Welsh Regiment. As we marched along to the village churchyard where a grave was dug for him, it was a very impressive experience. His entire company marched with reversed arms, and the very slight coffin hurriedly made for him was carried on a gun-carriage. Not a word was spoken in the ranks, and the even tramp of the men made itself noticed. There was no music except the boom of the guns along the firing line, a few miles in front. Along the road every guard turned out to present arms, and the troops we passed turned aside and stood to the salute. Not a sound but the regular boom! boom! boom! and then tramp! tramp! tramp! and, now and again, "Present arms!" It was a relief to hear the rattle of the rifles and the sound of the word of command given. At

last we came to the graveyard, which surrounded the little village church. The coffin was carried in, and the company lined up by the side of the grave. The men had not the spick and span appearance of soldiers at home—there was no flashing of scarlet and gleam of gold, there were no polished accoutrements, nor snow-white belt or trappings, nor glittering steel. In their great-coats, stained with the mud of the trenches, unkempt and shaggy, very different from what people at home have ever seen them, were the men. There was no last volley fired, we were too near the enemy for that, but each man carried one hundred and fifty rounds of ball ammunition. When I had finished the prayers of the Church prescribed by the ritual, I asked the men to say an Our Father and Hail Mary and Gloria for the repose of the soul of their comrade. We knelt around the grave of the poor fellow and said the prayers in English. They were nearly all Irishmen from Limerick and Tipperary and Cork and Dublin, so that the last prayers said over his coffin were in the soft musical tones of the Irish brogue. Some of them took handfuls of clay and threw it down on the coffin. When we stood up I beckoned to the captain in charge of the men that our work was done. Immediately was given the word to fix bayonets. There was no sun to glint off the steel, and if there were, it could not do so, for the bayonets were all rusty and discoloured. Then for the last time they presented arms and gave the last salute to their comrade. Immediately the clear, shrill notes of the bugles sounding the "Last Post" cut like a knife into the dull thud of the guns coming in from the firing line. It is the bugle-call which is sounded the last thing at night, and means the day's work is done, and the rest and quiet of night have begun.

So it was for the poor fellow: his day's work was done and the long rest had begun. Very weird and eerie sounded the bugle—the notes now low and monotonous, as if the very bugle were weary after the day, and then again mounting high and shrill as if in passionate grief, or as if in spite of the rest and repose, telling there was still need to be on the alert and to watch—it is a long bugle-call; several times did it mount and fall like that, seeming loath to stop, making one feel that when it did stop, it was another page turned, a book closed, a life ended—then came two long-drawn-out notes in a minor key, in the

circumstances, of infinite sadness, a long wail like the cry of the banshee.

The bugles stopped and in the moment's perfect stillness was very noticeable the boom! boom! of the distant guns. A few sharp words of command rang out, and the soldiers were marching back to camp, leaving their comrade lying near the walls of the little village church in the North of France, awaiting the next bugle-call, when he will hear the "grand reveillé."

Estelle :

I AM thinking of yesterday. I went to the Reference Library with Estelle. I told her that I would never go out with her again. She is a little dreamer and draws your interest into herself until you forget your street and the car takes you blocks out of your way. It took us only two blocks out, however.

"We have greater things to think about than streets," she said, in extenuation.

"For instance?"

"The Library entrance door! It quarters you from me and makes you hop for your very heels' sake. I tell you I don't like that door. It is too much like 'the eye of a needle' when you have to push a camel through!"

My first impulse was to resent what she said. It hurt my pride,—but what is the use of wrangling over trifles? Besides I don't think I love Estelle. She interests me; she is witty and original and converses with delightful variety. That's all. Moreover, I know she doesn't love me. "A camel!"—scarcely.

"Camels get through sometimes, heels and all," I said.

"Because they smell the fodder!" was her smart rejoinder. (I am a reader.)

"Yes, the fodder, for they are too thick-skinned to feel the lash," I supplemented.

By this we were at the door of the College Street Library. It was no longer the revolving plus-sign we had been maligning. On the contrary, it was divided into two passageways by a partition crossing the lintel perpendicularly.

We entered without any further remark. I proceeded to the biography shelves. Estelle did the same. I made up my mind to take no further notice of her while we remained in the Li-

brary. She needed a lesson. I was going to try to give her one.

"What are you going to take?" she asked.

"My favorite!"

"I didn't know you had one!" I smiled and said nothing.

"Paul Jones?"

"No; I have read Paul Jones. I want something to teach me patience," I said, arching my eyebrows like my Lady Disdain. She snatched my hand. I felt the pressure of her little fingers tighten over mine for an instant only, then she dropped them like fire. Instantly she was down at the end of the hall, among the philosophies.

My dear reader!—are you wondering at my severity? I felt like Powhatan in the bitterness of my ill-humour; but judge me, if you will, after you know more.

Estelle is my cousin from New Orleans, who is visiting us. She delights to remind you of your "Canadian ways," and to sobriquet you—

Monsieur le Sage!

Monsieur l'Habile!

in sarcasm or in cajolery, I cannot tell. She delights to toss her pretty head and look down upon you from an altitude,—in fact, to make you feel her daintiness and your own awkwardness in a hundred ways.

I am nearly twice her age, for she is only seventeen; but I shall treat her no longer as if she were a child.

Now for my favorite! Here is the amusing Mark Twain, but he is too rough. I feel my ideals getting scratched when I take him down. Voltaire, but he disheartens me with his everlasting banter; Molière, yes, Molière. I want some one to make me think: the laughter has gone from my heart.

You will observe I have passed from the biography shelves. Perhaps you are thinking that I am moving towards the philosophies? Ah! you neither know the library, nor do you remember the disagreeable lesson with which I have burdened myself. I must not turn back; it would spoil everything. I am doomed, like Kenelm Chillingly, to move onward, doing violence to my own heart.

An hour later I raised my eyes to try and catch a glimpse of a little figure in white. I could discern her nowhere. I searched the two floors—the general entrance floor and the upper Ref-

erence Hall—but without avail. I assured myself that she had gone home to my mother in high indignation—another phase of Miss American Independence! There could be no other solution—but the suspense! Nemesis-like, the lesson was returning upon my own head. And already the “deep-lying diamond of repentance” was rising in my soul and fearful thoughts were robbing me of my peace. Perhaps she had gone to the depot and was at the moment securing her passage for New Orleans. She was capable of it. The thought staggered me and impaired my power to think. What should I do?

I quitted the Library immediately, hastened up to Spadina and hailed the first car for the Union Station. It seemed an interminable time before I reached it. I made inquiries. Yes, the train south had gone out. Two tickets had been sold for New Orleans during that afternoon. I cannot describe the agitation of spirit with which I listened to these words. I scarcely knew which alternative to take—to face my mother, or to follow Estelle. I was simply beside myself and could not think rationally.

I could telephone from the depot to my mother! Why did I not think of it sooner?

“Yes, Estelle is in the house!” The relief! I wonder if the Master’s *Euge* will bring more to my disembodied spirit! My heart was bounding with joy. But it didn’t last. My ill-humour returned as I sauntered home under the empty sky. Nature seemed dead. At least for me her vivifying powers had gone out. So much for the happenings of a day! Last night I was a Greek in my worship of Her and Sabian-like kissed my hand to the first star that looked down over Toronto—to-night I am a world-weary wanderer returning home with an unhappy memory jabbing his heart. Estelle must have known the pain her conduct would cost me; yes, she must have known, but did it concern her? Well, we shall see; the lesson will continue.

My mother met me at the door.

“Something is the matter with Estelle,” she said in a tone that asked for explanations. Without evasion or palliation I told her, as I always tell her, everything. She didn’t minimize the matter. She looked pained, observing that it was improper behaviour towards our guest. I admitted that in toto, and told her that I meant to apologize.

I went to my room, feeling a little better after this admission. I found a note on my dresser in Estelle’s handwriting. It read: “Dear Robert: I don’t like you to be angry with me. I am miserable. Estelle.”

I lowered my eyes. I felt humble enough now. The thought of my unmanly conduct blurred my eyes and I couldn’t form my words. I sent my message. “Would my Cousin Estelle see me in the hall near the parlour?” She came presently. The pallor of her face and the timidity and fear she manifested as she drew near smote my heart like a blow. I reached out my two hands towards her and took hers. I could tell she had been crying.

“Robert, you must never get angry with me again.”

“Cousin Estelle, I am sorry.” That is all I could say then, but I stooped down and kissed her. But now—well, now I am forgiven, and I know I shall never have a friend so dear again while this world lasts.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Stradfast.

If we could see the future as the past,

How little interest then our days would hold!

The pathway of our lives, like tale that’s told,
Lying before, to tread unto the last.

The sufferings of to-morrow all would cast

Shadows on joys that touch to-day with gold;

Our joys to come would be but dull and cold,
Were we assured that we should hold them fast.

Because we know not what the future brings,

We can, with calmness, work and hope and wait;

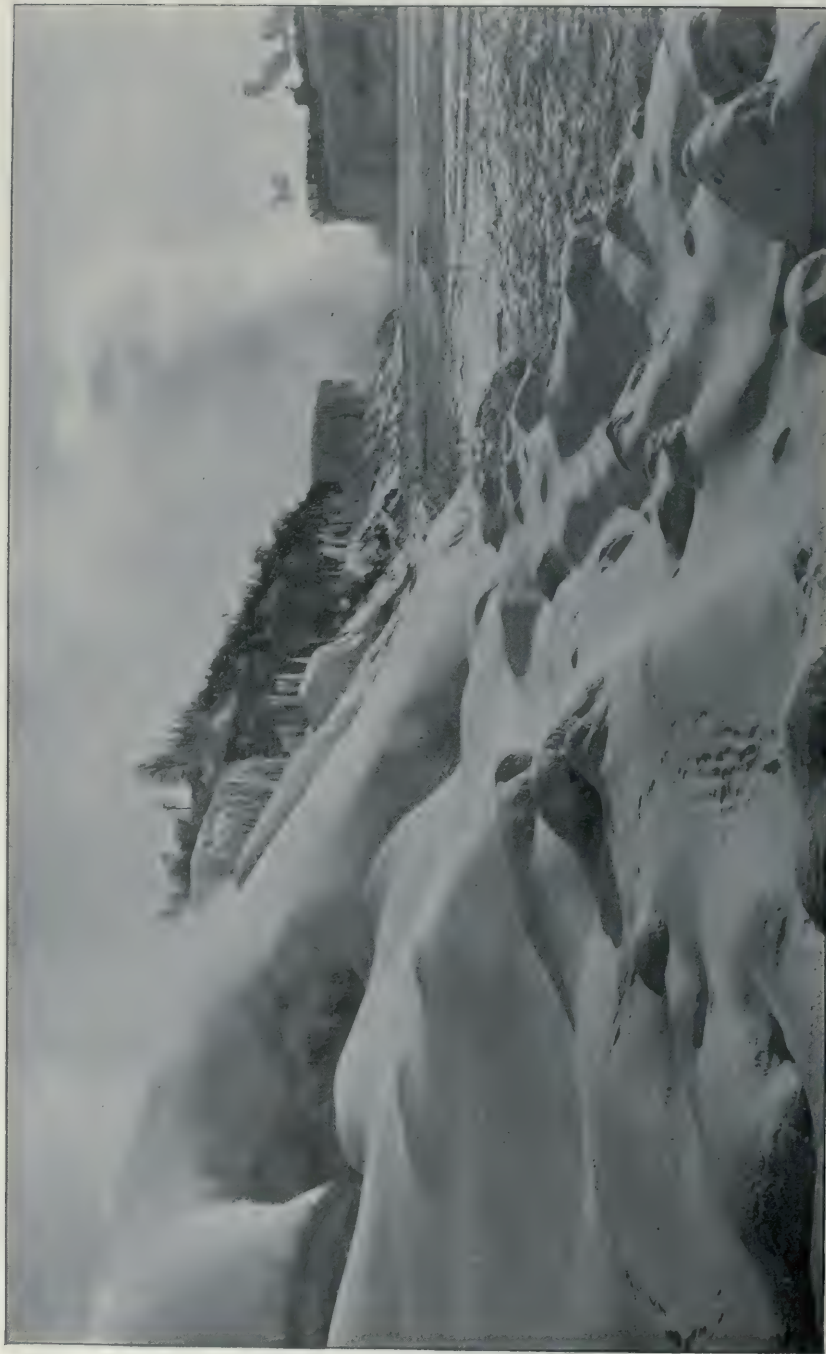
Doing to-day with patience little things

That would be irksome, did we not know that Fate,

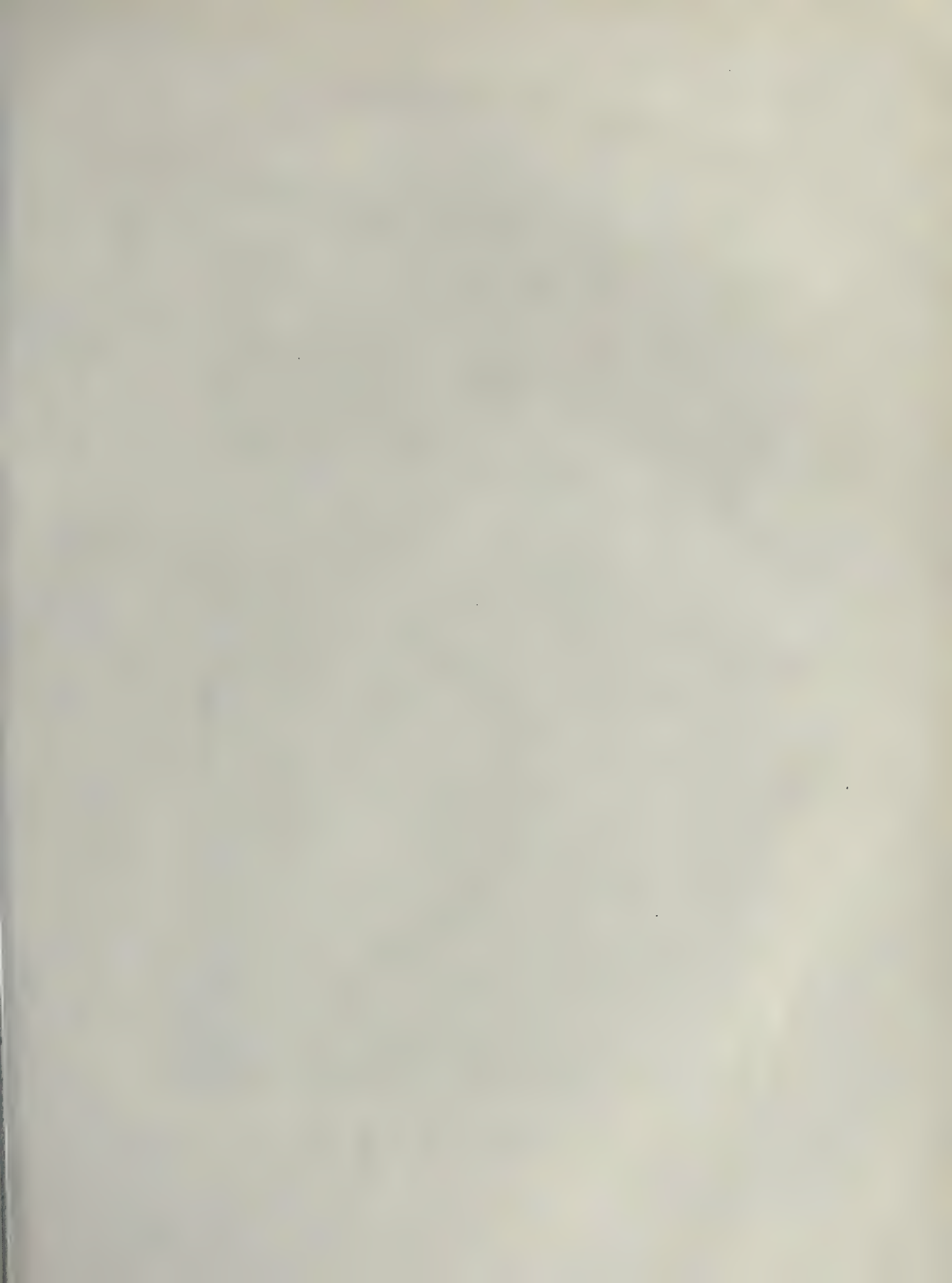
Nearer and nearer, on her outstretched wings,
Brings opportunities to make us great.

ALICE RICHARDS.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, which linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God’s.



NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER





NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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JANUARY, 1916

Upon the darkness of midwinter there breaks the holy radiance of the Nativity—that sacred mystery—the climax of prophetic song—so sublimely portrayed in the simplicity of Gospel narrative, so ineffable in spiritual significance, so potent in its universal appeal, that in all hearts must arise the desire to approach even as they of old upon the Eastern road, star-guided, to present unto the Christ-Child offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh, the spiritual oblations of the soul.

*

Never has this generation seen a time when so many hearts cried out for "peace on earth." Never in living memory, perhaps never in the history of Christendom, has the message of Christmas seemed so remote, so discordant with the facts of the world. The unhallowed din of war has violated the peace of sanctuaries, re-

duced alas! to hideous ruin by shot and shell; sorrow and loss have found their cruel way into numberless homes; and the unceasing requiem for soldier-dead, in all its tragic pathos, echoes throughout Europe.

Christian kings and Christian peoples are engaged in a death-grapple more terrible, more barbarous than any in human history, a struggle in which all the victories of civilization, all the triumphs of the human intellect seem only the instruments of destruction and death. It is a struggle for the soul of the world—a struggle that will decide whether the gospel of Corsica or the gospel of Calvary is to have dominion over the earth, whether men shall be bond or free, the slaves of material power, conscienceless, brutal, soulless, or masters of their own destiny, bound together in the fellowship of freedom and controlled by that moral law which is the supreme achievement of humanity. If we despaired of the result of such a conflict, then, indeed, hope would have gone out of the world, but we do not despair. Therefore, though the message of peace and good will comes to a warring world we may receive it, not, it is true, with the old happy gaiety, but with the quiet assurance that it is a living message—not a dead echo. The clouds that shadow this Christmas-tide will break, peace will return to the stricken earth, and men will take up again the broken threads of life. The wounds of nations will be healed and the spirit of good will restored, all the stronger perhaps for the agonies that have passed. In that happier time we shall remember with gratitude the brave men who are fighting for us in the trenches to-day, offering their lives for the most sacred of human causes. May an immortality of peace and joy, that no man can take from them, be theirs!

*

It is no surprise to find Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, again this year taking the lead of all Intermediate Schools. Its fame

as the chief Educational Establishment for girls in Ireland is spread far and wide.

Last year it beat both the boys' and the girls' colleges in the number of Exhibitions and total distinctions; this year it has secured the highest number of Exhibitions awarded to any college, boys' or girls'.

The* fact that, of the eighteen Exhibitions gained, fourteen have been won in Senior and Middle Grades, testifies to the high standard of education maintained. Students of this College have obtained first places in the Modern Literary and Science Groups of Senior Grade and of the Science Group, Middle Grade. The distinction in these groups is not a mere individual one, as in the Senior Grade three of the five First Class Exhibitions awarded in Modern Literary Group, and one of the two First Class in Science Group, have fallen to Loreto College students.

The Middle Grade candidates can claim an equal honor, having secured three of the four First Class Exhibitions in Science Group.

In a grand total of forty-five distinctions may be counted no less than seven Medals, eleven Book Prizes, and nine Composition Prizes. These distinctions have been gained in different subjects, thus giving an incontestable proof of all-round excellence.

Teachers and pupils are to be congratulated on retaining the "Blue Ribbon" of the Intermediate Examinations.

*

Nature sometimes makes hard bargains with those who receive her greatest gifts. She gave the soul of a poet to Francis Thompson—"a true poet, one of the small band"—in the words of Meredith's heart-spoken tribute. But she housed his soul in a poor, weak body, fretted with disease and pain, and asked in return for her gift a life of physical struggle and spiritual loneliness. Thompson bore his burden as nobly as his weakness would allow, and even strove hard for the belief that his pain and sacrifice were a pleasure,

a penalty which became a consecration; but for all that, even when good friends had brought something of physical ease and comfort to his later days, he felt the heaviness of his burden, and winced sensitively when some thoughtless comforter told him his life was a beautiful romance. "Romance is romantic only for the hearers and onlookers, not for the actors," was his pathetic commentary.

A life so difficult to live was a life which was necessarily difficult to write, but Mr. Meynell's story of its mingled beauty and distress may be described as a triumph of sympathy and understanding. He knew Thompson during the last half of his forty-eight years as intimately as any one could know such a shrinking, solitary soul; and he writes of him with the grace and felicity which affectionate friendship most truly inspires. His book is not merely a faithful biography; it is, in its intention, an interpretation, and in its final result, a fine piece of literature. Lovers of Thompson's exquisite poetry will find it full of new beauties and significances when they have read this admirable book.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "Popular Sermons on the Catechism," from the German of Reverend A. Hubert Bamberg, S. J., edited and with a preface by Reverend Herbert Thurston, S. J.

Complete in Three Volumes. Each \$1.50 net.

These Sermons present a practically complete picture of Christian doctrine. They are above the trite and commonplace, and are interesting and clear in expression. Volume I. is on "Faith," Volume II. on "The Commandments," Volume III. on "The Sacraments."

Clear, simple, and unctuous, full of apt illustration, the collection of sermons on the sacraments is an admirable summary and an admirable exposition of the teaching of the Church on this subject. With its companion volumes it

deserves a place in the priest's working library, and offers, too, sound reading for the family circle. Father Bamberg's work is system glorified. In a short space he covers the entire cycle of Catholic teaching and practice and seems to neglect nothing of importance.

Father Thurston has done these sermons into excellent English and yet preserved the rugged character and the forcefulness of the original German.

*

"The New Missal in English," for every day in the year, according to the latest decrees, with Instruction, Notes, and a Book of Prayer. The most complete Mass-Book and Prayer-Book for the laity, enabling all to follow the Mass as said each day by the priest. (Benziger Brothers.)

This "New Missal," by the indefatigable writer of popular devotional books, Father Lamsange, has many advantages over all other similar books.

The liturgical arrangement is strictly correct and up-to-date, according to the latest Roman decrees.

The translation of the prayers of the Church has been very carefully done, and it is confidently believed that this edition gives the most correct and at the same time most idiomatic rendering. It has taken over two years to make the book. This edition contains directions, easily understood, on how to use the Missal, and gives also the ceremonies to be observed by the laity at Mass.

A specially valued feature are the many explanatory notes to be found throughout the book.

A Book of Prayer has been added to the Missal, consisting of devout acts, hymns, litanies, and other forms of public prayer, together with devotions for Holy Communion and for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and prayers for private devotion.

The type is a very clear bold-face, easily read.

The paper is the mellow India, which is so restful to the eye. The various styles of bind-

ing in flexible covers are handsome, strong and durable.

The book contains over 1200 pages, but it is not bulky, as it is printed on India paper. It comes in various bindings, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$3.25.

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"Catholic Home Annual for 1916." (Benziger Brothers.)

With each recurring year we are glad to welcome to our desk and hearth the "Catholic Home Annual." We doubly welcome it this year: it breathes forth peace and the gentle things of the spirit that are especially needed to-day in every heart and in every land. This unique publication brings the warm sunlight and cheery fire-side glow into the Christian home. Aside from this, it should be found in every home, for it contains information that is indispensable to the household that aims to live an intelligent and practical Catholic life. Its articles are of a high-class character, and written by the best of our Catholic authors, gifted with a style that carries the reader along to the end, and with a strict sense of accuracy that makes for historic truth. We call attention to the chief features of the text, with the desire of spreading good literature and the hope that our readers will avail themselves of an excellent opportunity:

"Journeyings of the Blessed Virgin," by Reverend P. J. Sloan.—A most interesting and reverently written account of the various travels made by the Mother of God. Illustrated.

"California—Old and New," by Mary E. Mannix.—A historical treatise with all the qualities of a romance. The Missions, their destruction, the gold rush of '49, and the consequent growth of the State are graphically related.

"The St. Vincent de Paul Society," by Reverend John E. Mullett.—The foundation of this splendid institution of truly Christian charity and the wonderful work it has accomplished.

"St. Teresa of Jesus." The writings of this marvellous woman are among the literary treas-

ures of the Church. Her life and works are depicted in such glowing colours that all who read will be forced to think of what are now euphoniously denominated the "eternal verities."

"The Lesson," by Jerome Harte.—A pathetically human tale that points the finger of scorn at the quasi-progressive theories of modern "free thought."

"For Lack of Honor," by Marion Ames Taggart. Wherein the sweet charm and sterling character of Honor Shaw triumph over the follies and prejudices of a "superior" family.

"Grandmother's Silver Earrings," by Anna T. Sadlier. The baubles of an Oriental princess and their strange history lend charm and romance to a youthful courtship.

"From Topmost Mountain," by Reverend F. X. Doyle, S. J. How a young millionaire braves certain death to comfort a youngster whom he has unwittingly injured.

"The Waking of Audrey Marr," by Mary T. Waggaman, tells the strange circumstances that led a defrauded widow and her child up from grinding poverty to the comfort that was by right their own.

"The Bravest Roman of Them All."—A striking tale of an attempted riot and attack on a Catholic church by a mob of "Know-Nothings"—quelled ere it began by a courageous priest.

In addition will be found the usual table of the Movable Feasts of the year; the holy days of obligation; the calendar of saints, with an illustrated biography of one of the chief saints of each month; astronomical and other useful information. Full-page and smaller-sized reproductions of artistic masterpieces, fit for framing, are found throughout the Annual's hundred pages—all of which can be had by sending twenty-five cents to the publishers.

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"Roma"—Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture, by Reverend Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. (Benziger Brothers.)

Part XI. of this wonderful work is now off the press. In text and illustrations it attains the eminently high character of the preceding numbers. It is divided into three parts. The Basilicas or Churches of early Christian Rome, The Monuments of the Middle Ages, The Religious Monuments of the Renaissance.

The opening full-page illustration shows the rear façade and sectional view of St. Peter's in Rome, by means of which one gets an idea of the proportions and architectural design of this marvellous structure. Ground plans and other views of both the old and new St. Peter's are to be also seen. Duplications of the frescoes and mosaics of early Christian days, as seen in the churches of St. Clement and St. Paul-Outside-the-Walls, St. Mary in Trastevere, St. Mary Major, St. Pudenziana, Sts. Cosmas and Damian, St. Cecilia, St. Sabina, etc., will bring the reader back along the centuried way that reaches the time when to be a Christian meant to die a martyr's death.

There are also reproductions of the middle-age and modern masterpieces that now adorn the churches of the Eternal City, views of the statues, crypts, tombs, cloisters, altars, chapels, etc., of the interiors and exteriors of its old and new churches.

The text is intensely interesting, telling as it does beyond dispute the verdict of history to the Church's inseparable connection with Christ Himself, of the testimony of those who died for Him and His Church, of the ceaseless effort and expense lavished by the Church to recover and restore the hallowed places where the good, the noble, and the true met tragic deaths at the hands of their pagan persecutors. What a different aspect of Catholicity would many Catholics and many more non-Catholics have if the history of Rome were brought to their attention! What respect and reverence they would have for our beliefs, and—when aided by our good example—what perfect faith they would have in our Church!

In addition to its intrinsic merits this work is the perfection of the typographical art. Each part—there are eighteen in all—may be had by sending the publishers thirty-five cents. A year's subscription (6 parts) costs two dollars; the entire work can be had for six dollars.

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"That Office Boy," by Reverend F. J. Finn, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) 12mo. cloth, with frontispiece, \$0.85.

The issuing of a new book by Father Finn is rightly looked upon by the Catholic reading public as an event, and this is particularly true in respect to the popular author's latest creation—"That Office Boy." The story hinges upon a popularity contest conducted by a large newspaper. Michael Desmond is Father Carney's office boy and general factotum around the church, and it is this interesting specimen of juvenile ingenuity that persuades the Reverend Director of the Young Ladies' Sodality to allow that organization to enter the contest for the prize—a grand piano. As other organizations yearn for the palm of popularity—and the piano—the contest starts with a rush, and the leading contestants for some time are very close together in the race. The chief rival of the Young Ladies' Sodality is a Club called the Sunflowers, and its members are determined to win by fair means or foul. The Young Ladies' Sodality, whose campaign the vigilant Michael is conducting, proves such a valiant contender that the Sunflowers descend to the buying of votes to keep at the top of the daily column. Here and now Michael, whom Father Carney's illness has left alone with a free rein, proves his boldness of conception and fertility of resource. By a strategic master-stroke—none too scrupulous, it may be said—the office boy overwhelms the Sunflowers, wins the piano for the Young Ladies' Sodality, and covers himself with a glory that is not dimmed by the disapproval of the now recovered Father Carney, on whose face hilarity struggles with indignation as he beards the placid

young politician. Just how Michael accomplished the wonderful result will bring tears of laughter from the eyes of young and old; its telling shows Father Finn at his best. Incidentally, it is good to learn that the hand that penned "Percy Wynn" has lost none of its artistry.

Here and there Father Finn waxes humorous in his depiction of various comic types that at last have found a capable painter. For instance, there is the garrulous woman who sees fit to take up much of the sorely tried pastor's patience and valuable time by frequent calls at the rectory to discuss in long-draw-out monologues, interspersed with a myriad of wandering platitudes, matters of little or no importance. Then there is the over-officious policeman who believes himself to be the embodiment of all the majesty of the law, and who behaves with swelling seriousness and dogmatic dignity to all of lesser state, especially to the younger generation. The delineation of one such minion of the law vainly laboring to disperse a mob of mischievous youngsters is humorous in the extreme. The young ladies of the parish also receive much notice in the story. Their searching feminine curiosity about such affairs as engagements and marriages is a source of deep mystification to the otherwise astute Michael, who, after long ponderings on the subject, is obliged to give up the puzzling question and admit that he does not understand "them women folks." Michael himself is a joy forever; he is, indeed, "a parlous boy," every inch of him, keen, bright, clever, and capable, and a worthy addition to Father Finn's young heroes.

The entire work is stamped with sunny and wholesome Catholic atmosphere—the church, the parochial school, Catholic associations and instincts are the stuff of which it is made. It could not be more interesting, and it could only be written by Father Finn.

We believe it would be of interest to our readers to know that this story is based on fact and

that "That Office Boy" really did exist—Father Finn having officiated at his marriage a little over a year ago. Furthermore, a few weeks ago, "That Office Boy" was a guest of honor at a party where Father Finn had the pleasure of handing him the first copy of this book, named in his honor.

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"The Camp by Copper River," by Reverend H. S. Spalding, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) 12mo. cloth, \$0.85, post-paid.

In this volume is set down by the author—evidently a lover of boys—a tale of vigorous youth in its first developing spirit of adventure that will force even the most lethargic reader to sigh for the days when he was a boy, and then, making the best of things, take up the book and read it all over again.

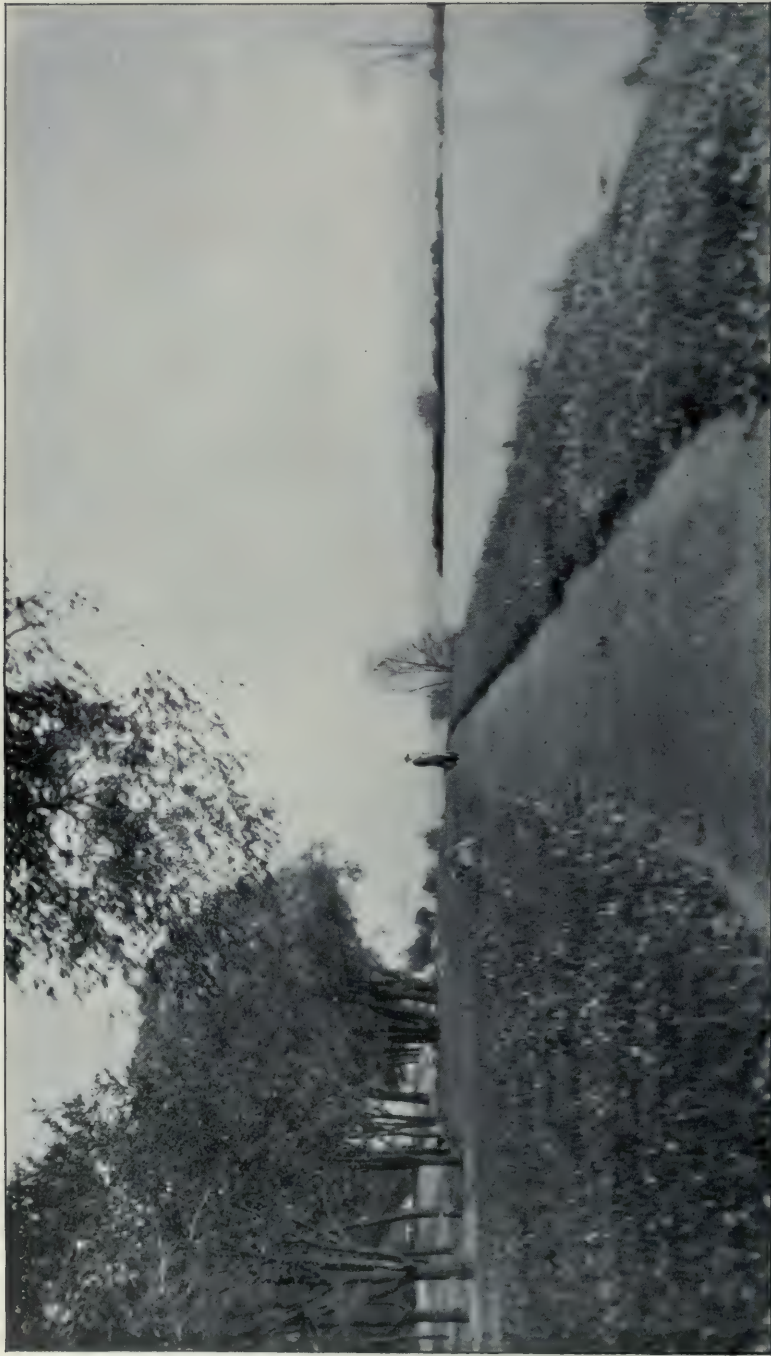
It tells of a group of city lads who go down into the keen air of the Kentucky mountains on a camping trip. Though they set up their tents on the densely-forested bank of the Copper River, the lads, through the scientific attainments of one of their number, are in daily communication with the news of the civilized world, for "Spider Eggert," a wireless operator, strings his outfit between two tall pines. One of the most thrilling parts of the book is that narrating how "Spider," by a marvellous handling of the wireless, catches a thief and brings him to justice.

A merry set of real boys are the youngsters, who owe their vacation trip to the generosity of the uncle of one of the party, Walter Stanley. Charlie Zip, perhaps the most delightful character in the tale, does the party's cooking, an accomplishment he has learned in the reformatory in which he was placed as a vagrant, following his running away from the Homeless Boys' Refuge, conducted by a priest, who has attained wide fame as a real apostle of social reform. Here the author has made good use of a splendid opportunity to acquaint our boys and girls with the leading part the Catholic Church has ever taken in the works of Christian charity, and

particularly in the care of the orphaned poor, and this knowledge is so interwoven in the tale that it will be remembered along with its most exciting incidents. For what boy who reads of the youthful hunters perched all night in a tree, watching to get a shot at a bear that is the terror of the vicinity, will ever forget it? What boy, or girl, for that matter, will forget the scene witnessed by John Newell, lost in the woods all night, when wolves, which have devoured a bear cub, are fiercely battled with by its enraged mother? Or the result of Carrol's fishing expedition when a deer becomes entangled in the folds of the line? Or the meeting with real pirates and the finding of their buried treasure? Or the coming into their camp, all the way from the city, of a noted detective and the complications that ensue? And what grown-up is there who will not "laugh his head off" at the most monumental fish-story ever invented, and which makes us lose considerable respect for the prowess of Baron Munchausen, as compared with Father Spalding?

Exciting, instructive, and pleasant as is "The Camp by Copper River," the thing that stands out foremost in its pages is its pure and vigorous atmosphere of young Catholic manhood, which will be breathed in by all our boys and girls, to their mental and moral development—the highest object of all literary effort.

Days that dawn bright with hope sometimes close with discouraging clouds hovering over the horizon. And sometimes the night settles down cold and bleak. But then, if we may judge the future by the past—and one eminent authority has asserted that he knew no way to judge the future save by the past—the future holds a bright dawn and a brighter day than the darkness of the night would seem to indicate. It is only cowards who look into the future with dismal forebodings. It is only the brave who, viewing the discouragements of to-day, can see in prophetic visions a brighter future before them in the world.



NEWLY CONSTRUCTED PATH ALONG RIVERBANK FROM WILLOW ISLAND TO FOURTH STREET, RIVERWAY

The Christian Woman in Philanthropy.

(Continued from October, 1914)

PAULA MALATESTA, the most beautiful woman in Italy of her time, founded in the fifteenth century, schools for girls and hospitals for the unfortunate and sick, endowing these institutions with her private property of lands, laces, jewels and plate.

Cassandra Fedale, the philosopher, the historian, the sweet singer, dressed in the humble garb of a Dominican, walked through the alleys and byways of old Padua, seeking out the poor and the depraved, giving to them alms and the helping hand toward reformation of a creature-loving heart.

Vincentina Lomelino, of Genoa, the mother of good sons and virtuous daughters, established homes for fallen women, and gave marriage portions to friendless young girls exposed to temptation.

From amid the duties of a Spanish court, Isabella of Castile and her sainted governess, Beatrix Galindo, found leisure to establish and conduct industrial schools for the worthy, while in far-off England, Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry the Seventh, made a hospital for the sick poor in her own palace, and generously endowed from her riches Christ and Saint John College, Cambridge.

Who can claim aught but perverse ignorance of the names and deeds of Margaret Roper, the daughter of the martyred statesman, Thomas More; Ann Bacon, the mother of a Francis Bacon; or Lady Mildred Burleigh, who first put into use the idea which underlies our present beneficent institution—the "Woman's Exchange."

"Earnestness," says Julia Kavanagh, in her "Women of Christianity," "was the mark of the women of the seventeenth century."

Mde. de Chantal, the friend of St. Francis de Sales, adopted almost with the tenderness of a mother the vassals on her domain, "For," said she, "I can with more confidence ask of the Lord to grant me my necessities, when for love of Him I have bestowed alms on the poor." "She was," said one who writes intimately of her every-day life, "too practical in her faith to place much value on that elevation of spirit which is the *delight*, but by *no means* the *aim* of reli-

gion." A lady once wrote her a long account of the graces with which she was favored by Heaven. Mde. de Chantal wrote back, "You have sent me the leaves of the tree, send me likewise some of its fruit, that I may judge of it."

The good daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, answering to his appeal for servants for the poor, flocked to his aid from the palaces of princes, the humble country hamlets and the city looms, proving thus the existence of a deep and holy love turned heavenward by a saintly direction. Mlle. Le Gras aided the worthy founder in his work until even during their lives, France, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, Poland, America and the Indies had their Sisters of Charity. When the first revolution broke over France, this Congregation, respected even by the fierce rabble, remained unharmed in the midst of blood and carnage, a mighty tribute to its labors and utility.

In one of his spiritual conferences, the good Vincent de Paul said in eloquence simple but impressive:

"I recommend to your prayers the Sisters of Charity, whom we sent to Calais to assist the poor wounded soldiers. Four went, and two, the strongest, have sunk beneath the burden. Imagine, gentlemen, what four poor girls can do for five or six hundred sick and wounded soldiers! Is this not affecting? Do you not consider it an action of great merit before God, that women should thus go with so much courage and resolution among soldiers to relieve them in their necessity? That they should expose themselves to so much fatigue, and even to disease and death, for the sake of those who exposed themselves to the perils of war, for the good of the State. Indeed I know not what to say unless that they will judge us in the great day of the Lord. Yea, they will be our judges unless we are ready, like them, to expose our lives for the love of God."

Mde. de Goussault founded an organization of the ladies of the world, to visit as such the hospitals, foundling asylums and poor homes of Paris. This organization made a point of saving from death—and worse—the infant waifs of the street, and, by legal measures, rescued from the care of unprincipled women those babes deserted or disowned by unnatural parents. Says one modern admirer of this work: "Saint Vincent of Paul knew well all he owed to woman, and

showed how much he anticipated from her charity when he attempted one of his most arduous enterprises, one which will be ever connected with his name in France, the *succor of the foundling*."

The story of the poorly-kept abode of these charity babes, in the home of the Widow Saint Landry, has gone down in history with all the pathos, horrors, and unparalleled cruelties associated with the memory of an institution which adopts the surplus infant population of a large city for the purpose of unsuspectingly ridding the world of them. Into this abode, Mlle. Le Gras, aided by her sisters in charity, and the pecuniary and social support of Madame de Goussault and her friends in philanthropy, penetrated and made known to the horrified public the state of affairs, and, at the same time, adopted these infant inmates as a most sacred charge.

In the daily diary of the superior of one of these asylums we find such entries as these:

"January 22nd.—M. Vincent came at eleven this evening and brought two children, each a few days old. They were found in the cold winds by the river." And again:

"January 26th.—M. Vincent is perished with the cold. He brings us another waif, a few months old. My God! How hard must be the hearts of those who could thus abandon a poor little creature."

A crisis came, after several years, in this work of philanthropy, and the treasury being empty, forced the members of this association to make an immediate appeal to the public. At a meeting of the Ladies of Charity, their good director, with emotion trembling in his voice, spoke thus to them and their friends as mothers: "You have been," he said, "their mothers according to grace, since those according to flesh have abandoned them. Be no longer their mothers, be their judges, their life and death are in your hands." It is needless to say that the question of continuance was solved at once, and out of two splendid institutions for children, grew that greater for all the mendicant poor of Paris, the General Hospital, with accommodation for five thousand patients.

Under a tiny white cross rests to-day the body of Louise Le Gras, the first Sister of Charity; the co-laborer of that leader of all practical phil-

anthropists, and the simple sentence "*Spes Mei*" speaks her obituary to a wondering world.

During this same century, Madeleine Du Bois, Martha d'Oraison, Madame de St. Beuve, Madame Hêlort, Madame Combe, Madame Longville and Jeanne Biscot carried on and sustained this philanthropy in French society, while in England, Alice Lucy, the gentle daughter of that famous Sir Thomas Lucy, who punished the youth Shakespeare for deer stealing in his park, lived a life of sweet charity and unselfishness at "Charlescote." Geoffrey Crayon, who lingered long near the scenes of these past deeds of charity and romance, writes thus of this Lady Bountiful:

"A great number she relieved at her gates, and gave her charge to her porter that when there came any that way very aged, or that complained of great losses in those dismal times of civil war, especially, if they seemed honest, that he should come and certify her of it that she might enlarge her charity to such. In those times of scarcity, every week she sent many loaves of bread to neighboring towns. She caused her own corn to be sold in the markets, as it were by retail, in such small quantities as might not exceed the poor's abilities to purchase. She allowed certain meals in her house to certain poor neighbors, whose empty stomachs were discernible in their pale faces, and when hereby they had recovered their former complexions, and received, as it were, a new life by her means, she with joy professed that the sight of such an alteration in them did her as much good as anything which she herself had eaten."

An invalid most of her life, and thus prevented from an active career in the world at large, this frail woman spent thirty years in deeds of charity, and her memorial is that light which tradition sheds, even on the most obscure pages of human deeds, making the humble oblivion of unostentatious charity glow with the brilliancy of a million lamps.

The battle of Newbury left Lady Falkland a widow, young, rich and broken-hearted. She turned, in her grief, to the suffering poor, and every object of charity which sought her became a new consolation to her in her distress. Her industrial schools, her diet kitchens, and her circle of poor sick, whom she daily visited, made in those fearful days a bright spot for history,

when a king clung to his throne, surrounded by his wife and little children, while society, agitated and fluctuated by a new order of things, and the dawning greatness of a Cromwell, became selfish in its greed, and penurious with its sympathies.

Owing to the civil war, there were many unemployed, and none asked her material aid without receiving relief. Some of her good friends objected to this liberal course of charity, claiming that indiscriminate giving helped to succor many who were wicked, vicious, and unworthy. Her reply might be offered in argument to those who, to-day, *classify*, by their own feelings and conceited premonitions, those who appeal unsought at their doors for bread and help.

"I know not their hearts," said she, "and, in their outward carriage and speech, they all appear to me good and virtuous. I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants than that one member of Christ should go empty away." Certainly this is a correct Christian translation of what the Saviour meant by "a cup of cold water given in my name."

A social intimate, in speaking of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a contemporary of Lady Falkland, said that she believed this woman had the *least account* to give for *words* of any she had ever known. What a glorious tribute to the character of a woman!—proud, rich, and a social leader in a time when wit was always caustic, humor, painfully broad, and private character sacred, only so far as it conformed to the free and easy tenets of a licentious age. Her true work was illustrated in the crowd of poor, sick and deformed beings who followed her funeral train to the family tombs of the Hastings.

"I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject," was the famous and laconic epistle written to the secretary of Charles II., by that justly celebrated and beautiful woman, Ann Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, when the living of Appleby, within her bestowal, was filled by the presumptuous Sir Joseph Williamson. The same hand that penned this sentence, served the creature comforts of the old women at Berkley Castle, fed and clothed the hungry and naked, and became known through her age and land, as a philanthropist who gave unsparingly for the moral and physical needs of her subjects. Ben Jonson, in one of his rarest moods, made her epitaph,

which stands side by side in poetic lore with the tributes of Rogers and Felicia Hemans:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

A score or more names, such as Mrs. Godolphin, Margaret Baxter, Elizabeth, wife of Bishop Burnet, Elizabeth Rowe, and Hannah More greets us in the annals of English charity.

Julia Kavanagh, in her researches, says of Hannah More and her two sisters, all experienced and successful school-teachers, in the witty, gay, and famous eighteenth century, that "these generous women, sisters according to blood, and still more according to the spirit, penetrated into spots where their very lives were not held safe, and braved every petty persecution to accomplish their noble object." Interested in the then frequently mooted question of the slave trade, they gave their personal prestige, money, and continuous efforts to the cause which brought forth, three generations later, such a glorious issue.

With Hannah More, the eldest of the trio, a reactive sentiment on foreign missionary fields as compared to home obligations, was the keynote of her labors among the unregenerate hill towns of Old England. Her foresight of home needs for moral living, Christian principles, and a civilization in touch with the greater world, can appeal to our own present-day reformers and Christian philanthropists strongly, when they realize that the Ten Commandments are just as much in need of propagation amid the influences of a modern civilization as with the bushman of Australia, or the Aino of an isolated Japanese isle.

In one of Hannah More's bright and characteristic letters, the same biographer speaks thus of her efforts to establish a school at Cheddar, "a town that boasted of a parson with two black eyes, honestly acquired by fighting, a flourishing congregation of eight souls, and one Bible, then in use as a flower-pot prop in the humble home of its possessor."

"I was," said she, "told that we would meet with great opposition if I did not try to pro-

pitiate the chief despot of the village, who is very rich and very brutal, so I ventured to the den of this monster in a country as savage as himself. He begged I would not think of bringing religion into the country, it made the poor people lazy and useless. In vain I represented to him that they would be more industrious as they were better principled, and that I had no selfish views in what I was doing. He gave me to understand that he knew the world too well to believe either one or the other. I was almost discouraged from more visits, but I found that friends must be secured at all events, for if these rich savages set their faces against me, I saw that nothing but hostilities would ensue, so I made eleven more of these agreeable visits, and as I improved in the art of canvassing, had better success. You would have been shocked had you seen the petty tyrants, whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I praised, the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cider I commended, and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I inquired of each if he could recommend me to a house, and said that I had a little plan which, I hoped, would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their game from being stolen, and which might lower the poor rates. If effect be the best proof of eloquence, then, mine was a good speech, for I gained in time the hearty concurrence of the whole people, and the promise to discourage or favor the poor, as they were attentive or negligent in sending their children."

The mistress of "Cowslip Green" left with her philanthropic works vast contributions to literature in the form of homilies, which were offered to the readers of the day in every known language, and, as one reviewer says of these, "She met in many essential points the spirit of the times in which she lived."

While in matters of religion Hannah More was tainted with bigotry, and her writings, at times, showed intolerance of creeds not her own, yet if we measure her acts by her words, we find that large-heartedness characterized the former and if, in the latter, she did the penance which many good, religious, but narrow souls, even of our own day, feel called to inflict upon themselves, when they stray with praise or commendation outside the precincts of their forefathers' sanctuary, we can palliate her clinging

to old customs, and look upon her efforts as advanced, in comparison with her day and contemporaries.

A Maiden from Mondovi, in the Sardinian district, formed in 1746, that working organization for young women, known to-day in Paris as the Rosinas. Her efforts, which began under most adverse circumstances in her native village, on the banks of the Ellaro, grew in spite of opposition, until from a poor cottage with two inmates, houses well supplied with workers existed on the plains of Carcassona and Brao, in the midst of commercial Turin, and from these sprang up branches in Novarro, Fossano, Savigliano, Saluzzo, Chiera and St. Damian of Asta.

This order was peculiar in as much as it was bound by no vows and simply offered a home to worthy and deserted orphan girls, who, disinclined to mingle in society and work according to the usages of trades in those days, sought a home which offered them the advantages of charity work, constant labor, religious and intimate association with chosen members of their sex, and the possibility of providing a little fund for the wants of their old age.

"Thou shalt live by the labor of thine own hands" was engraved above the door of each foundation. These houses became strong competitors with the native factories, and their embroidery, woolen weavings and laces were famous all over Europe.

At Turin to-day, in the chapel of the Rosinas, can be read this last tribute of her sister associates to the life deeds and character of Rosa Gavano.

"Here lies Rosa Gavano of Mondovi. From her youth she consecrated herself to God. For His glory she founded in her native place and other towns retreats open to forsaken young girls so that they might serve God. She gave them excellent regulations, which attached them to piety and labor. During an administration of thirty years, she gave constant proof of admirable charity and unshaken firmness. She entered into eternal life, on the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year 1776, the sixtieth year of her age. Grateful daughters have raised this monument to their mother and benefactress."

Maria Agnesi of Milan was occupying the chair of Mathematics in the University of that city, while simple Rosa Gavano labored with

her peasant associates in Sardinia, yet both women left an impress on the history of their time, which, while representing two extremes of work, still served to place that age for woman's work far in advance of the past, and in strong competition with the future.

The former did not in her professional studies lose sight of a needy world around her, and it is with convincing certainty that there can be cited such a noble proof in refutation of the charge occasionally unearthed, that high mentality renders less delicate the true woman's grandest trait, sympathy. To write mathematical treatises for public delivery, and to wait on the sick and dying in a crowded city asylum, is not an easy task, nor does it fall to the lot of many modern women to decide for a faculty the orthodoxy of a doctrinal work, and superintend the surgical department of a public hospital, as a part of the same day's labor. It is from such examples, lofty in aspiration, and achieving intellectual and moral good for society, without sacrificing, but rather enhancing, their womanliness and usefulness, that the Christian woman of every nation and every creed should take her stimulus to make the best of herself and her opportunities, not for selfish glory, or the flattering fame of social admiration and queenship, but, that living, she may realize fully the end for which God created her, and dying, leave no buried talent to be accounted for to the great Master.

Less prominent socially, perhaps, was gentle Sister Martha, the angel of the French Revolutionary prisons, and the friend on battle-field and in hospital wards of the soldiers of her country; or Elizabeth Frye, the quaint, merry Quaker maiden, developing into the sedate teacher of her sect, and the tireless city missionary of London slums and byways.

The latter only resigned her work because of the feebleness of age, when Sarah Martin, of Caiston, gave the hours outside her workshop to help as she would a sister the neglected inmates in the Yarmouth prisons and workhouses. Pleading with the obdurate until they were softened to contrition, helping the weak to strong resolutions, procuring work for the discouraged criminals, and watching with the solicitude of a mother the children of sin and vice, struggling out from their murky prison cells into the glare and search-light of freedom and a cold

world, this humble English dressmaker stands before us as an example of an exalted 19th. century philanthropy, and represents one of a class that is not uncommon to-day wherever the population is crowded, and the moral atmosphere is stifling with poison. If we could learn the inner history of our large cities as they are, and not as sensational journalism makes them, and feel the heart-beats of many a lofty and sacrificial living, we could know queens crowned as was St. Elizabeth of Hungary, we could walk side by side with religious and lay women, laboring as did their predecessors in the seven past centuries, and groping out into the dismal night of sin, shame and sorrow, touch the extended hand of many a Sarah Martin. While the Old World was yet steeped in the narrowness attendant upon religious revolutionary conditions, the spirit of the Reformation, unhappy in its limitations, discredited all influences save those which drew their inspirations from misguided reformers and their following of improvident intellects. Those who stood firm in their faith and true to their original creed, asked no quarters of their traducers, and the latter, feeling that in misrepresentation lay their conquering strength, gave no mercy, but that which has been the ever-fruitful source of power and success to Christian workers—persecution. From such depths of refined misery, social ostracism and mental torture, then, as in the bloody days of Roman unrest, arose men and women from within the cloister and without its walls, religious and lay, who, singing the highest praises of their Maker, felt the iron of martyrdom pressing their souls. Though kings decreed against them, society scorned and ridiculed their ideas and acts, and individuals hurled the vicious missiles of scandal in the pathway they had left behind them, to destroy, if possible, the chaste models of good living, and divine precepts with which they would edify the generations to come, these moral propagandists, advocating the eternal doctrine of Christian charity, unflinchingly passed on, after full and glorious careers, into the heavenly country of eternal reward.

To-day, as then, religious and political history is being made, and the same conditions, modified by a nineteenth century civilization, greet the reformer, the apostle of righteousness and the Christian philanthropist. The present political, social, and moral world is more than an echo of

an eighteenth-century creed; may it not be a sequel, and as such, appeal with force, untainted by pessimism, to all conditions of men? Acknowledging as the prelude to other important facts, the infallible lesson of retribution, we find Old England, influenced by the lives and ideals of a Newman and a Manning, repentantly returning the descendants of her dissenting subjects to the arms of the mother who has watched and prayed as only a Christian mother can for her wandering offspring, that they may be reclaimed and reunited in their early home.

To Italy, the land of Dante, the site of an Eternal City, the throne of two hundred and sixty-five pontiffs, a world turns, and the Encyclicals of a pontiff are read, listened to and accepted by every consistent sociologist of the age, while a weak king, the target of misplaced reforms and extreme anarchy, raises his voice, which seldom reaches in its mission of command, protest, or fear, beyond the haunted walls of the Quirinal.

All these aspects greatly influence our own land, and we draw our examples, deductions and warnings from the successes, experiments, or failures of these parent nations.

We are often told by alien critics that, as Americans, we have an exceptionally good opinion of our own methods and institutions. We confess to it and add, with just reason, that we are entitled to such. We pay tribute to no king but freedom, we step back for no men but those more earnest than ourselves, and subscribe to no opinions but those we truly believe in, and yet our advancement has no limitations. With us religious belief can not and does not, with rare and curable exceptions, interfere with progress, if, all taken into consideration, our other claims are good. Enduring success comes to none of us because of creed, but in spite of it, and if we consult conditions as they really exist, we have as Catholics, for our conscientious efforts, a very fair balance of power. Contemplating present possibilities, and appreciating the spirit of the hour, we can rightly admit our efforts in the past, not, however, as an assurance that our work is done, and our time for idling at hand, but as a reminder of that stirring creed:

"A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has his part to play,
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern to-day."

To Catholic women, as well as Catholic men, such messages are addressed, and, to the former, with each step of progress in the destiny of the latter, comes added obligation and increased opportunities for good. A generation of noble living, moral advancement and intellectual progress, may owe its public activity to good men, but its stimulus and sustaining influence is born and nourished by the purity, charity, and sympathy of its good women.

With the acceptance in modern society of a brotherhood founded on philanthropy and its works, comes frequently a vague assertion in some lives, that the presence of a love of doing for man constitutes in the individual a complete creed, which carries with it a security and assurance of having fulfilled to the letter of the law the commands made upon such being at creation, to live a life consecrated to unselfish aim.

Richard T. Ely, in his "Social Aspects of Christianity," presents, when he defines the limitations and nature of philanthropy in relation to Christianity, only a time-honored axiom, which was old even when the early fathers of the Church taught by word and example man's duties to his kind. Yet the repetition of even an ancient and proven fact is frequently desirable in these days, when men and women are tempted to make their own beliefs, arrange their moral and religious obligations according to their worldly interests, and worship God only as far as this worship serves their own particular ends.

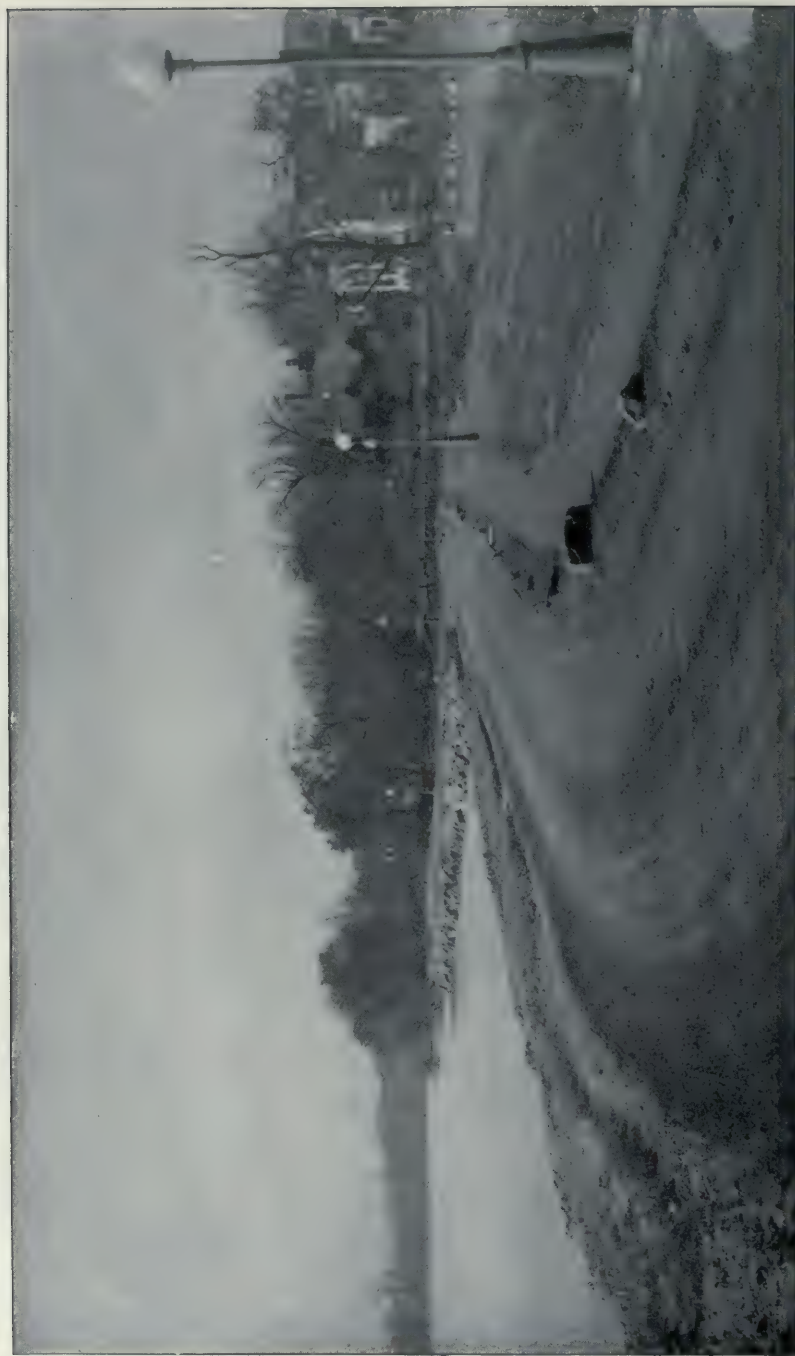
The believers are not countless in a creed which introduces itself as simply as this: "I hold that Christian grace abounds where charity is seen,

"That when we climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds of love to man."

Quoted, Mr. Ely stands thus, "Christianity minus philanthropy, is not Christianity at all.

"On the contrary, it is a monstrosity; while a man who claims to be a Christian, and is not at the same time a philanthropist, is a hypocrite and a liar. 'Love to God is piety, love to man is philanthropy, and both are inseparable.'"

With this wider and truer acceptance of the term *philanthropy*, society draws nearer the actual meaning of the true Charity of Christ, which an old English writer puts so tersely:



NEW OUTER DRIVE AT THE LOOP

"Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life and sense
In one close system of benevolence."

To pay just tribute to our century, which offers us many examples of active philanthropy in the labors and achievements of consecrated lives, we see our sisterhoods, north, east, south and west, laboring for education, morality and civilization; training the minds and shaping the morals of the daughters of the rich, the children of the poor, the blind and mute, and going even into the harvest-fields of the south and far west, bringing souls from hut of the negro and wigwam of the Indian to lay at the feet of the Great Father.

Particularly bright, amid a galaxy of lights, shines the name of Elizabeth Seton, the American Foundress of the Sisters of Charity, that noble body to which the good Irish Bard, Gerald Griffin, pays immortal tribute in the lines which we all know and love.

All intelligent minds realize that no material emolument tempts or sustains the Sister of Charity, no promise of future worldly advancement cheers her.

The Thorn-Crowned Head, the face of a dying Saviour, the light of heaven and the hope of immortality, stand before the vision of her soul, and where others would halt and tremble, she moves on, strong, peaceful, and ennobled, while the most craven of hearts bow before her. Her garb is her protection, her glorified womanhood, the greatest of passports on earth. To consider, however, more particularly, the efforts of those professing the Roman Catholic creed to-day, and unbound by religious vows, we cannot in public activity accuse our laymen of marked indifference. That would be a falsified statement, which every city and town could dispute with its local examples to the contrary. Yet, setting aside the work of our good religious in philanthropic fields, have we *many* Catholic laywomen who are constantly persistent and unselfish in Christian philanthropy? We call our age a liberal, progressive one for woman's work, and place for freedom of thought and action on our brows the wreath of victory, with the personally-pronounced conviction "we are truly children of liberty," but it is a truism, which cannot be denied, that we, too, greatly use this freedom only as far as its privileges benefit and advance our individual interests.

The world, growing hourly more broad-minded, in the popular sense, unlocks with an indiscriminating hand the gates between its old-time prejudices and present possibilities, while, through them frequently crowd as fast actors in a new cause either the *uninterested* or the *over-zealous*. The happy medium, pushed and jostled, is lost in the rush; to rescue this phase, making it the criterion to guide new issues, and destroy illogical features of the old, would mean, in nine cases out of ten, honest triumphs and not dismal failures for the women workers of to-day. "Where are the multitudes of Catholic laywomen, and their talents?" is a question not infrequently asked. An answer comes, "Busy with their own affairs, enjoying life in their several spheres, but averse to anything which means *publicity*." In their zeal to live far removed from that unattractive and un-Catholic species, the Woman's Rights Agitator, they are apt to drift, with all good intent, into the other extreme, and to shiver when they hear one of their sex dubbed "strong-minded."

They look upon the only possible definition of this term as one which embodies the political haranguer, and the female, mannish in dress and manners. The latter type is as far removed from the *truly* strong-minded woman as the imitative monkey, in the wilds of Africa, is from the cultured scholar of the present day.

In studying carefully the ethical conditions of the Christian woman of our generation, an interesting picture greets the observing eye, and the philosophical pause and ask themselves what can be the natural outcome of an evolution which places her in a position materially broader and more unique than that enjoyed by her grandmother and mother of two and one generations back. She labors for love of it when conditions do not demand it. She walks side by side with her brothers in the halls of learning and on the business thoroughfares, founding and adopting opinions of life, freely her own, and making her mark for excellency in certain lines so frequently and brilliantly that the sceptic, if such be in her environment, pauses for a brief moment and for once doubts his own preconceived opinions. Still she is a woman, and as long as she remains such, respect is her due. No true man will deride her, and no honest member of her own sex misunderstand her; but let the mantle of her female modesty and womanly attributes fall from her,

revealing an identity that uses privileges as rights, progressive moves as license, and mistakes clamors for applause, and we have before us something which is possible when woman leaves the home shelter, not to *benefit* but to *impress* humanity.

The Catholic woman of to-day, without traversing political roads, or making a life study of intricate principles, can take a hand in public good work, still preserving her womanly manner and modest bearing. She can study the social questions of the hour, and form an intelligent and rational opinion on the abuses and reforms of her time. She can always from the *platform*, or her seat at the family table, or in the family library, be a pure, bright light, burning with intensity and certainty before those of her household who go daily into the marts of life, helping to shape events. She can glorify honesty, and condemn its opposite to those who listen to her words. She can join her hands with those of her sex who work for honor and right, and vindicate in a thousand ways the attitude of intelligent minds toward noble womanhood. She can at the same time be a true wife, a devoted mother, a city missionary, a patron of good literature and good art, a leader in benevolent projects and a founder—if heaven has blessed her with wealth—of hospitals, orphanages and schools. Setting aside the professions of politics, law and arms, for the majority of points wholly unfitted to a woman's nature, we find her already as the successful physician of her own sex, the trained nurse of the hospital, the pharmacist, the student of astronomy and botany, the teacher of youthful minds, the publisher, the printer, the journalist, the artist, the architect, and the housekeeper, all of which open to her possible diverging fields, replete with chances for a cultivated and honest living; while illimitable ways of doing good, advancing the interests of human society, and growing morally and intellectually, reveal themselves to her. In following these dictates of a lofty soul she will be no *stronger-minded*, in the true sense of the term, than was Fabiola, the Fabian, in the third century, or Mother Katherine Drexel, in our generation.

The interested woman in search of good works need not, however, wait until a special mission calls her; she has only to let her vision wander out into the homes and thoroughfares of her own

town. There she will discover fields that are unlimited for her zeal, devotion, and philanthropy. It is not necessary to quote to her, "The poor you have always with you," for in this day of crowded streets, overstocked tenement houses, and rapidly-increasing population, there must needs be elements everywhere in a cosmopolitic nation, which, because of their inability to be anything else, are dependent upon the more clever and fortunate of their fellow beings. Each city or town exhibits its peculiar phases of the poverty question, requiring its own method of treatment, guided by the best adaptation of circumstances to means.

If she is a student of sociology, she can profit by the experiments of Ruskin, the theories of Morris, and the unique labors of a gentle Maurice, and shape her ideas to suit the *cult* of her subjects. She can take in proof of the frequently-repeated assertion, that adaptability of methods in charity insures more lasting success, the mission of "Fors Clavigera." Offered, as it was, in the most superb manner of presentation, it did not reach, even in murmurs, the masses that inspired it, but sat alone in the grandeur of its parchment pages and one-guinea price on the crowded book-shelves of the shops. It had failed in its author's primal intent: a perfect artistic success, it was, however, written to raise, improve, and sustain the working man, but became instead, through its uncommon wording and expensive dress, the reference book, the treasury of aesthetic beauty, and the companion of the theoretical sociologist. The questionable success of many a noble scheme in history can be laid to no greater antagonism than that engendered by the *ornate* obscuring the *practical*. No two people employ the same methods in work, and we have never had two great reformers, two eloquent preachers, two gifted artists, or two divine poets, who were each in his systems, ideas, creations, or fancies, alike; but those who were successful in gaining followers, converts, patrons, and students, were synonymous, however, in one particular, they consulted as a primal essential the receptive condition of the people of their times, and builded accordingly.

In philanthropy and its methods this idea of the practical invariably rules, whether the work be positive, preventive, voluntary, or coercive. "Its spirit," says one profound student of the

question, in defining its limitless area, "may dictate the founding of a drunkard's home, or the establishment of an asylum for the unfortunate children of the same; or again, it may find its expression in the aid society of a large city, or the voluntary act of a national emancipation of slaves." Wide as is its field, this exalted idea of doing for the weaker and less capable enters more largely than is realized into the commonplace movements of life, and, living intelligently we become its propagators, to a great degree, in our daily contact with society. Like a second conscience, it walks beside us, and its still, small voice dictates our careers, our attitudes on the ethical questions of the time, our helps as moral influences, and our closest relationship with all mankind.

If, moving in the trend of Aurora Leigh, "One measures to herself a prophet's place, to teach the living," she is by such means forestalling the possibility, in at least a few lives, within or without her environment, of deeds to be repented for and acts to be un-lived. The minor strain of an Evangeline seeking her heart's happiness through the crushed hopes of the friendless, "while patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others" become her creed, may lure many a soul to move in sublime walks, and reap a harvest of good deeds beyond the earliest ideals. Or, standing beneath the shadow of the Cross, another looks out into the world, making from that starting-point a long, straight, and narrow path to deeds of generosity.

To be, perhaps, a trifle critical, it can be said, with some notable reservations, that Catholic lay philanthropy is not as widespread as it should be, and is inclined, in not a few cases, to be fitful and exacting. It is certainly true that magnificent churches are built and massive school-houses constructed, which, from an architectural point of view, are close to perfection. The combined efforts of *many*, in nine cases out of ten, however, do this. It is an undeniable fact that the poor man gives more in proportion to his possessions than the rich man, while, if the working woman of to-day were to withdraw her generous support, many of our churches and charity institutions might close their doors and go begging. Yet, with even this exsistant combination of efforts, we frequently see a case such as the following, where a philanthropic sentiment has been born, and then left like the waif in the gut-

ter to shift for itself, and await in suspense the possible passing benefactor.

A band of good Sisters has succeeded in building and paying for a hospital, that is, its four walls and roof. The press, optimistic on such matters, praises the labors of the good Religious, extols the generosity of the people who have built this institution, and adds its *fiat* to the popular sentiment that such a charity is supplying a long-felt need. Patients begin to arrive, and with them expenses, while the exchequer, never overflowing, is now painfully empty. What must happen? The usual thing. The poor overworked nuns must beg, and the results often do not merit the labor involved. A benefit now and again is given, but so uncertain are its financial results that half the relief is killed by anxiety, and when the money is realized, it affords only temporary amelioration.

Would it not be a more practical and godly understanding of Christian philanthropy to endow one of the several wards of such an institution, making it free and self-supporting, adopt a half dozen orphans, *financially within* the asylum wall, or offer a regular cheque to cancel a butcher's or baker's bill for the patients of a charity asylum, than to build new institutions and halls which, being seldom properly provided for in a financial way, become in time a serious burden upon the individuals or societies which have been the recipients of these gifts? Such short-sighted or selfish realization of a prompting to benefit the public, may become thus one more drawback to the improvement of a community.

A timely phase of modern culture which can appeal to the Catholic philanthropist, is the working girls' clubs, in which every woman can have a greater or less interest, whether she finds her sphere within the shelter of home or amid the varied lines of women's public industries.

"We are being clubbed to death," says one, out of sympathy with the times. So it may be, in the broader sense of the word, but without wishing to dwell at length upon those organizations from which so little comes, let us simply consider those of our own sex which have a positive utility, or contain elements of increasing usefulness. No organized body, founded on social principles, has a noble aim which does not have an unselfish object in view. If people simply meet to *talk*, *eat*, and *part*, the world is sel-

dom *better* for it, frequently *worse*, as for example, the old-style sewing circle, where Mrs. Jones told all Mrs. Smith's shortcomings to an interested throng of listeners, only to be spoken of at twenty different breakfast tables the next morning as that long-tongued, jealous Jane Jones; or, in the case of Bob Jinks, who dines with his contemporaries at the "Convivial Club," and lies by two or three days after, grumbling over the cold he has taken shovelling snow from the doorway. These are the kinds of organizations which kill themselves if let alone.

The vast number of workers whose need of support, and the requirements of our lighter commodities of trade, call out from their city homes, or away from remote country towns, have need when the day's work is done of something a trifle more elevating, inspiring, and, if you will, amusing, than can be found in the second or third story closet bedroom of the average lodging-house.

The young woman, selling ribbon to her critical—and frequently, thoughtless—sister over the counter, for eight hours of a busy day, requires before closing her eyes, a little help to think as much of humankind as is her duty. An exchange of ideas, a little retrospecting in the realm of those who have lived and labored before her, and not in vain, will do its own good. The girl sitting behind the factory window, sewing straw during the long spring hours, will be a better being if, when her tired hands fall from her task at the sound of the six o'clock whistle, she can leave the sight of the great warehouse behind her, and, with kindly minds and kindred souls, learn a few facts that are outside the province of a strawshop to teach. If when her working clothes are laid aside and she saunters out in search of companions, she can turn her steps of *her own accord* towards some little haven of rest, and find other toilers like herself in the same comfortable place, enjoying refreshment of heart and body, she will not—if she is a true woman—take the opposite side of the street, and promenade and flirt, if nothing more, with the Jimmies and Johnnies galore that adorn certain sections of every city after nightfall, practising their blandishments upon the unprotected who saunter by.

Many of these girls lose in time, through friction with coarser clay, that dread of the public

highway after nightfall, and we frequently find the fresh, innocent country flower becoming, in a remarkably short time, the adornment of the public street, the cheap theatres or dance halls, after working hours. How many a woman, once ambitious and industrious, has *drifted* into that way which leads only to a loss of virtue and positive perdition! If, perhaps, in the first, or even fifth hour, of her career, some one had come forward, and while the taste for the pure and good was yet alive in the poor girl's nature, offered her instead of the street after dark, a pleasant room, reading, amusement, and opportunities for self-improvement, if she desired these, in nine cases out of ten, she would have chosen the better part, and have become an aid to good society, and not one more menace to the moral reputation of her town.

All our large cities have their public charity clubs for the positively needy, the sick and infirm; they have their sectarian organizations for young women, with houses conducted under set rules, but even these lack that element of freedom which is a human birthright, and the working girl will not become a benefiting part because she wants the privilege at least to choose her own abode, and be free to go and come at her will, when toiling hours are over, which, in the true sense, is to her credit.

The members of our reading circles might take this work upon themselves, thus broadening the already great usefulness in society of an institution, the grandest and most far-reaching scheme which has found recommendation and place in Catholic Church circles for more than half a century. The willing workers cannot lack opportunity, for no matter how small the town, or how great the city, there are always some unclaimed lives within its limits. A single mind is worth a great deal, for if the right influence does not possess it, another less honest and interested will do so.

If every city parish and every country hamlet would have a band of women, heartily interested in philanthropy, and intelligent and courageous enough to take a hand in the welfare of a community, its moral and physical needs, and such seeming advisable, stand side by side with their non-Catholic sisters in the war for right and virtue, then there would not be laid at our door so frequently, as Catholic lay women, the charge

that our priesthood and sisterhood are the only unselfish laborers.

The crowd of pale-faced, ragged children, drawn out of the city alleys and courts into the green fields and lanes of the country, during the summer, can as well be the act of Catholic as non-Catholic women. The foundling homes, the night refuges, the orphan retreats, the children's hospitals, the day nurseries, the fresh air funds, the free kindergartens, the flower missions, and the waifs of the street, all denote children's needs, and all claim the best thought of the Catholic woman who would be the Christian philanthropist of her day and land.

The appeal of a gentle English singer for these little neglected ones, comes home to every tender and unselfish heart, as she calls to us from her invalid couch in such words as these:

"Children small,

Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay and street and palace wall,
Take them up into your pity.

Ragged children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of to repeat,
When they come to you for payment.

Ragged children, hungry-eyed,
Huddled up out of the coldness
On your door-step, side by side,
Till your footman damns their boldness.

In the alleys, in the squares,
Begging, lying little rebels,
In the noisy thoroughfares,
Struggling on with piteous trebles.

Patient children—think what pain
Makes a young child patient! Ponder!
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right or wish or wonder.

Wicked children with peaked chins
And old foreheads! There are many
With no pleasure except sin,
Gambling with a stolen penny.

Sickly children that whine low
To themselves, and not their mothers,
From mere habit, never so
Hoping help or care from others."

It is harrowing to think that there *are* little lives so narrowed and so dwarfed before they have been given a fair chance to grow, that the great blue sky goes down to the hilltops, and they see it not, that the green grass is an unknown thing to these tiny dwellers in cobblestoned courts, while the bird and insect life appear more wondrous than any possible fairy tale to the little minds that ask curiously, "*Who made all these things?*" The beauty and mercy and power of God should not be an unknown parable to one single soul in this boasted century of culture and wealth.

Recognizing the good works in progress that the Veronica Leagues, Temperance Missions, Aid Societies, Confraternities of St. Gabriel, Free Kindergartens, Literary Clubs, Hospitals, private and public, which a number of noble Catholic women have inaugurated and are laboring for in our country; and placing beside these the crusade of the pen, led by feminine minds, who still remain a part of all Christian intellectual movements, we have a secure foundation; the seed is surely planted, but let it grow and multiply by the aid of a destiny, which can be but the natural result of a proper understanding and care.

Realizing, then, our own needs and duties as Catholic women, while studying the myriad types offered us in the history of a world's progress, we can in our homes, our social exchanges, and our interests in public life, set before our minds for meditation and stimulus the Cradle Song of a Virgin Mother; the heavenly influences of thousands of noble wives and maidens; the deeds of valor, and the wonders of the intellect achieved by cloistered souls, and the women of the world; the heroism of the humble, and the humility of the exalted; and, forming our vocations within the possible limits of our opportunities, become active factors in the annals of our generation.

The years are rapidly rolling on, replete with events, and the work of our generation becomes the corner-stone upon which its successor must build the new edifice of its expectations. The Christian woman's work must move hand in hand with the Christian man's, shaping with its best influences the prospects for a greater moral, religious, and intellectual future. If she remains true to her calling and faithful to her highest aims, she will need no encomium, for her work will be earnest and well done. She will require

no public monument but that raised by her unselfish and noble labors, and she will expect but one eulogy, which is hers by right: the acknowledgment of her efforts, portrayed in better thoughts, better acts, and holier ideals.

HELENA T. GOESSMANN.

The Mediation Conference.

THE most outstanding international event associated with Niagara Falls during the year 1914 was the Mediation Conference of the representatives of the so-called A B C powers of South America—Argentina, Brazil and Chile—in the conflict between the United

Naon, Minister of Argentine; Señor Don Eduardo Saurez M., Minister of Chile.

The American Envoys: Justice Joseph Rucker Lamar, and Hon. Frederick W. Lehmann.

The Mexican Envoys: Licenciado Emilio Rabasa, Licenciado Augustin Rodriguez, Licenciado Luis Elguero, and Licenciado Rafael Elguero.

The conferences were held in the Clifton House on the Canadian side of the river.

On May 21, by appointment made by the Secretary of State, President William B. Howland and Commissioners Thomas W. Meacham, George J. Meyer, and Oliver Cabana, Jr., together with the Hon. Charles M. Dow, former President of the Commission, and the Hon.



MEDIATION ISLAND.

States and Mexico, beginning with the occupation of Vera Cruz. The proceeding was purely international in character, and did not embrace the settlement of the domestic questions which continue to produce disturbances in our southern neighbor. It resulted, however, in the relief of the strained situation between the United States and Mexico, and set a precedent which must have a pronounced effect upon the attitude of the mediating powers toward the United States, for not only did it recognize the equality of those powers with the great republic of the North, but it impliedly admitted that differences which gravely menace the relations of individual American States are matters of concern to all the American nations.

The representatives of the countries interested were as follows:

The Mediators: His Excellency Señor D. da Gama, Ambassador of Brazil; Señor Romulo S.

Alexander J. Porter, former member of the Commission, called upon the Mediators and delegates from the United States and Mexico and paid their formal respects to the distinguished visitors. In the afternoon the A B C Mediators, delegates of the two contending countries and the Canadian representatives came over the bridge and returned the courtesy by paying their respects to the members of the Commission. The reception was followed by an informal luncheon in the Administration Building in Prospect Park.

Subsequently the Commissioners entertained the guests with a trip on the Maid of the Mist, and an automobile tour of the Reservation.

At a later meeting of the Commissioners, on motion of Commissioner Meacham, the island at the northern end of Loop Pond was named Mediation Island, in honor of and to commemorate the visit of the Mediators.

An Autumn Outing to the Summer Home of Mrs. F. H. Whitton, in Ancaster.

AS time glides on into these bleak November days, we are glad to look back to bright and pleasant hours. One of the brightest memories, to Loreto's 1915 classes, is that of their trip to Ancaster on a beautiful October day.

For two weeks we had been looking forward with eager expectation to the day when we would accept Mrs. Whitton's kind invitation to visit her country home there. At last, it dawned, clear and bright, and we set out gaily on our little pleasure trip. A street-car ride does not, as a rule, inspire much enthusiasm, but the little ride to Ancaster proved an exception. As soon as we left the city there were exclamations of delight on every side, for the beauty of the scenery claimed all our attention. The car crept along the mountainside, which was a mass of autumnal bloom. Above us, on the left, towered great ledges of rock, broken occasionally by rugged gorges, and elaborately festooned with trailing vines. On the opposite side, far below us, extended the valley where Dundas lay basking in the sunlight. In the distance sparkled the Bay, and far across a purple haze shrouded the hilltops.

We soon reached Ancaster and found the walk from there to our destination most interesting. The first sight which met our eager eyes, was the quaint little church, with its quiet cemetery. For a moment, perhaps, our minds were flooded with graver thoughts. However, we passed on gaily through the village, objects, it seemed, of great curiosity, for over many gate-posts wondering faces appeared. As we went along we helped ourselves to rosy apples which decked the roadside, and to ripe red haws, regardless of the fact that burrs were numerous and clung tenaciously.

At length we came in sight of our destination, a beautiful country villa crowning the hilltop. Crossing a foaming brook, we followed the winding driveway to the house, being met halfway by our gracious hostess. On either side roses bloomed in spite of the cool autumn breezes. From the summit of the hill, where stood the house, we looked down over a vast expanse of rolling hills, gorgeously arrayed by autumn's beautifying hand in colours blending

into one another as softly as the mists—from green and brown to crimson and gold! To the right, in a deep and narrow ravine, a waterfall danced joyfully over a rocky ledge, dashing its silver spray high, as it struck the rocks below. A ramble was suggested among this fascinating scenery so we started out, led by a youthful guide of five. The first place of interest to him, however, was the barn, where he took great delight in showing us the horses, rabbits, chickens, and pups. The latter, after much coaxing, barking and jumping, were allowed to accompany us on our walk, or rather climb, as it proved to be.

We once more crossed the turbulent brook, by a little rustic bridge. In a small inlet, where the waters were tranquil, three milk-white ducks, with golden beaks, floated silently, absolutely ignoring our rather noisy presence. We passed up a steep hillside, then down a precipitous descent on the other side. To keep our footing we had to cling to the slender saplings of birch which were so numerous among those hills. After climbing several fences (generally under them) we rounded a bed, and found ourselves down in the fairy ravine where the foaming cascade played and with unceasing music sang to the surrounding hills. On both sides great walls of rock towered above us, from the many crevices of which vines and shrubs grew, softening the effect of the massive stone. Above was the azure dome of heaven, where two fleecy clouds floated, as though loath to leave this peaceful glen. Our voices and laughter were hushed for a moment, as though we had entered a sacred sanctuary; and truly we had, for is not the hand of God in all Nature's grandeur? Father Time, however, would not allow us to linger long. Shadows were lengthening, so we soon retraced our steps to Mrs. Whitton's, our souls stirred and elevated by the lovely scenes we had witnessed. "God has left us little bits of Paradise on this old earth, if we can only find them."

At the Villa we were welcomed from our long tramp by a cheery grate fire, and strains of beautiful music. Before the warm glow of the blazing logs, we partook of a most dainty luncheon, which was very much appreciated, after our walk in the sweet country air.

Shortly after this, we bade a grateful adieu to our kind hostess, and went out into the clear starry night, where two automobiles waited to convey us to the car. We enjoyed the little spin

immensely, but were soon at the station, where, after a short wait, we got the car to Hamilton. Down in the valley the gleaming lights seemed to vie in brilliancy with the moon and myriad stars. We could almost imagine that we were floating, with the firmament above and below us.

At length the car drew up in the city and we alighted tired but happy. We had tasted the delights of a perfect day, and our hearts seemed to sing with the thought. Though years may pass, we will always bear, in thinking of our school-days, a grateful remembrance of our trip to Ancaster and our gracious hostess.

AGNES O'DONOHUE.

LORETO CONVENT, HAMILTON.

War's Sacrifices.

(Anton Lang, the famous "Christus" of the Oberammergau Passion Play of 1900 and 1910, has fallen at the front. He bore a remarkable resemblance to the Christ as painted by the old masters.)

Long years ago when famine raged,
And pestilence filled the land,
The need to bring down Heaven engaged
A faithful, humbled band,
Who vowed to picture mindfully
Christ's death for us on Calvary.

In proof that man remembers still,
And will not Christ forget,
Years' decades find upon the hill,
All reverent, prayerful met,
Man's hope and gratitude displayed,
With Saviour's utmost love portrayed.

The "Christus" chosen must be he
Most like his Master good;
Whose blameless life as all may see
Has worldliness withstood;
Who, meek and humble-hearted e'er,
Devotes his life to toil and prayer.

The "Christus" that two decades chose
—He of the Christ-like face—
Who loved all men and knew no foes,
Was called by Christ's disgrace—
This cruel war, to battle's brunt;
And died atoning at the front.

IDRIS.

The Crusades—My Impressions.

WERE the Crusades really successful enterprises?

This question is one greatly argued in school life nowadays. Many are under the impression that the Crusades were entirely ineffectual, wholly oblivious of the various and important consequences, whose origin was produced from these sources. But, similar to the average expedition, the Crusades were both effectual and disastrous. Effectual, in the beginning, when the importance connected with the undertakings was loyally regarded, but disastrous in many respects.

The motive of these expeditions was supremely one of religious ideas. The Christians of Europe were greatly desirous of realizing their lofty ambition: that of exterminating the power of Turk and infidel from the sacred places of Our Lord's life and death. They were exasperated to think that children of darkness were dominating countries with which were connected such memorable events.

But, as so frequently occurs, the wicked were victorious while the just were compelled to withdraw from the conflict.

Had the Christians triumphed, doubtless the world, in general, would be vastly different. People, customs, commerce, and ideals would assuredly have been affected. Christianity, with all its religious, educational and refining features, would have progressed throughout the portion of Europe which, at the present day, is in a chaotic condition of ignorance and infidelity.

However, the Christians were a simple, religious and God-fearing people in those times. And, of course, there were those—as are now being universally encountered—who were continually endeavouring to take advantage of trusting and charitable persons. Not only the pious and educated set out on these pilgrimages of grace—as the Crusades were often designated—not only lofty ideas and purely religious zeal inspired one and all of the Crusaders, vice accompanied with all its ruinous results, crept in, as it is wont to do in all universal undertakings. The Crusades were altogether too cosmopolitan to produce the intended results.

There were those in whom pervaded the spirit of worldly ambition, desire for fame, honour, and doubtless the hope of establishing principal-

ties in the far East, also those to whom the enterprises appeared as only a source from which to enhance their possessions or promote financial development. These it was, who were the perpetrators of pillage and outrage in the Holy Land.

But what was the motive instilled into the minds of numerous pilgrims which impelled them with irresistible force toward the goal of Christian enthusiasm? The cause was simple, indeed.

The Crusaders—enjoyed various privileges, among which were the exemption from taxation, forgiveness of past offences, and thus it happened that miscreants, and oftentimes, former criminals were comprised among the motley multitudes. The number of these increased to such an extent, and they became so barbarous and riotous, that small wonder it was that many of the pious pilgrims were prompted to return in despair, bearing with them tales of slaughter, which eventually attained the height of ruthless atrocity.

But ruinous as the Crusades were, they nevertheless had several permanent and beneficial results. New ideas of education, commerce and luxury were gleaned from these undertakings, of which traces may still be observed in comparatively all Europe to-day. Many of our modern customs, manufactures, and modes of construction are remnants of what was impressed on the minds of the Crusaders by the Oriental nations. It is safe to presume that, without the Crusades, numerous ideals would never have penetrated into the heart of Europe.

Naturally, the Crusades wrought a somewhat similar impression in the minds of Turk and Arab also. They likewise would, in many instances, readily grasp the ideas and loftier intellectual conceptions of the faithful Crusaders.

But the darker side of these pilgrimages casts a gloomy aspect upon the holy enthusiasm and Christian-like deportment of the noble-hearted Crusaders.

Despite these manifold characteristics we may be assured that these mediaeval conquests roused to life an instinct of heroism and religious devotion hitherto unknown in Greater Europe.

ADÈLE LA TOUR.

LORETO ACADEMY, WELLESLEY CRESCENT, TORONTO, ONT.

Island Reberies.

Vindication of Mary Stuart.

(Continued from January Issue.)

WHEN John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, arrived at Bolton from Scotland, about the 18th. of September, 1568, Queen Mary Stuart was in a state of sanguine expectation as to the result of the approaching conference at York, which, she told him, "was appointed to make the Earl of Moray and others, her disobedient subjects, answer before the Queen of England's Commissioners for their unjust proceedings against her." Lesley expressed great concern at hearing Mary had fallen into the trap so artfully prepared for her. He told his royal mistress that "it would have been much better to have opened an amicable negotiation for composing the differences between herself and her disobedient subjects without English interference." To this Mary replied that "she trusted the case was not as he apprehended, for she had understood the good will of the Duke of Norfolk towards her by a message from his sister, Lady Scroope, which he had sent his confidential servant, Lygon, to Bolton to deliver to her." She thought Sussex, being his intimate friend, would be ruled by him, and that Sir Ralph Sadler would not withstand their advice (Norfolk, Sussex, and Sadler, were Elizabeth's Commissioners).

Mary overrated the influence of the timid, irresolute Norfolk, as much as she underrated the firmness and diplomatic ability of Sir Ralph Sadler, who, though inferior in degree to the noble Commissioners with whom he was associated, was the acting manager of the conferences. His hostility against her had been decidedly shown when the question of recognizing Mary Stuart as the heiress of England was mooted in the Parliament of 1563, on which occasion he had declared that "he would never consent to establish a Scot in succession to the crown of this Realm, and thereby to do so great an injury as to disinherit the next heir of our own nation"—meaning Lady Katharine Gray. Then, in the discussions in the Privy Council on the measures to be adopted with regard to Queen Mary, when she took refuge in England, he was not ashamed to address the following un-Christian exhortation to his Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth: "As for the Queen of Scots, she is in your own hands; your

Majesty may so use her as she shall not be able to hurt you; and to that end surely God hath delivered her into your hands, trusting that your Majesty will not forget the benefit offered unto you by God, in the delivery of such an enemy into your hands."

Agnes Strickland gives a reason for this murderous advice in the following comment: "An exhortation palpably suggested by motives of self-interest, for *Sir Ralph Sadler was a considerable impropiator of church lands, and these, if Mary Stuart were permitted to survive Elizabeth, might be in jeopardy*!"

Here is a case for Lloyd George! But our present-day great statesman doubtless has his eye and tongue on the descendants and *heirs* of Sadler, together with their *possessions*! He is the great exposé of the humbug-nobility of many of our "*noble lords*."

Elizabeth had a more subtle game in view than *immediate compliance* with the base advice of the parvenu statesman who had learned his code of ethics in the school of Cromwell and the Council-Chamber of the reckless tyrant, her father. She knew the power of public opinion, and that to shed the blood of the royal fugitive, who had sought refuge in her realm, would render her an object of horror to two-thirds of her subjects, and make the name of Mary Stuart a war-cry against her with every sovereign in Europe.

Bishop Lesley had gathered sufficient information from his friends in the English Council to be able to open Mary's eyes to the treacherous purposes intended against her.

The conferences were opened at York on the 4th. of October, with imposing solemnity.

The English Commissioners swore to proceed "sincerely and uprightly, not for affection sake, or any other worldly respect, to lean or adhere to one party more than the other, more than reason, equity, and truth would bear, and to be honest, *godly*, reasonable, just, and true." The oath "to be honest, reasonable, just and true" was also taken by Queen Mary's Commissioners, and by the Earl of Moray and his coadjutors, who affected to have received their commission from her baby-boy, whom they styled their Sovereign Lord the King of Scotland.

The rival title of the infant puppet to his mother's throne *was virtually acknowledged by*

the English Commissioners on the first day of meeting, by their requiring the Regent Moray, as his representative, to acknowledge the superiority of the Crown of England, *by performing homage in his name for that of Scotland*. Moray grew red, and knew not what to answer. But the sharp-witted secretary, Lethington, extricated him from his dilemma by saying that "if the Counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Huntingdon, with all the other lands that the kings of Scotland held of old in England, were restored, the homage would gladly be made for *them*; but as for the *realm* of Scotland, it had always been independent, and freer than England had been when it paid St. Peter's Pence to the Pope." A case of rogues falling out, but not of honest men coming into their own! Their poor captive Queen was not to have even her life left to her!

Mary directed her Commissioners to preface all proceedings by entering a protest in her name, "that her submitting the consideration of the causes of difference between her and her disobedient subjects to her dearest sister, the Queen of England, or her Commissioners, was in no way to prejudice either the independence of her realm, or her personal dignity as a Sovereign." In answer to this Elizabeth's Commissioners declared that "the protestation made to that effect by the Queen of Scots' Commissioners, was not in any way to be allowed to prejudice the rights which the Queen's Majesty of England and her predecessors have claimed and enjoyed as superiors of the Realm of Scotland."

Mary demanded that the promise of the English Queen to replace her on her throne, should appear in the powers granted to her Commissioners; and the Regent Moray required a confirmation of the assurance he had already privately received, that if Queen Mary were convicted of the crimes with which *he* was preparing to charge her, she should never be permitted to return to Scotland.

The adjustment of the preliminary points occupied four days. Mary's Commissioners presented their royal mistress's complaint against the confederate Lords, Morton, Mar, and the others, who had conspired against her authority, imprisoned her person in Lochleven Castle, seized her mint, coining instruments, and bullion, and crowned the Prince her son, then only

thirteen months old; also that James Earl of Moray had taken upon himself the name of Regent, and that when it had pleased God to relieve her from the strait thralldom in which she had been held there for eleven months, they, the Earls of Moray, Morton, and Mar, notwithstanding that she had given commission to the Earls of Argyll, Eglinton, and Rothes, to endeavor to effect a pacification for the sake of her loving subjects, had with their partakers beset her on her way to Dumbarton, with an army, paid with her own silver, overthrown her power, slain sundry right honest men, her true subjects, and taken others prisoners, from whom they had extorted large sums of money by way of *ransom*; which undutiful proceedings had caused her to come into England, to require of the Queen her dearest sister and cousin, favour and support that she might enjoy peaceably her realm according to God's calling; and that these her subjects might be caused to recognize their lawful obedience, reform to her Majesty and her obedient subjects the wrongs they have done, and live as good subjects under her.

That it was Mary's intention to conciliate and win them to return to their duty, may be perceived by the brief and very temperate recital of her grievances, and her abstaining from detailing the gross insults and barbarous usage she had received at their hands.

It had been agreed, *as a settled rule*, at the opening of the conferences, that Queen Mary's complaints should be sent in writing to the English Commissioners, who, after reading and considering them, were to send copies of the same to the Earl of Moray and his colleagues, to receive in like manner *Moray's* replies, and transmit them to Queen Mary's deputies. *This rule was immediately broken*, by Moray and his colleagues demanding and obtaining a personal conference with the English Commissioners, and propounding *several important and very unfair queries before replying to Mary's charges*. He (Moray) required to be assured in the first place, "Whether the Queen of England would sanction his accusing Mary of the murder of her husband, and support him in it? Whether the Commissioners had full power to declare her guilty or otherwise, according to the evidence *he* should produce; and if so, whether she might be delivered into his hands, or such order taken with her person in England that she would never

trouble them again?" The English Commissioners replied that "they were to communicate everything they heard to the Queen their Sovereign, and give their judgment according to her instructions."

Moray and his confederates rejoined that "unless positively assured of the Queen of England's intention to aid and maintain them in their proceedings, they would not proceed to any accusation."

They gave in their reply to Queen Mary's complaint on the morrow, October 10th., completely ignoring the foul charges they had registered against her in their Act of Council of the 4th. of December, 1567, and their Act of Parliament of the 15th. of the same month, by stating that "the Earl of Bothwell having murdered the Queen's husband, and within three months afterwards enterprised to ravish her person, led her as his captive to Dunbar, till he had divorced his wife, and accomplished a pretended marriage with her, to obtain the government of her realm, and power over the Prince her son, and that the reason of their taking up arms was to free her from the bondage of that tyrant."

Strickland comments: "How far this declaration of Mary's adversaries is compatible with the absurd chimeras of her resistless passion for Bothwell, her collusive abduction, and voluntary wedlock with that ill-favored and coarse-mannered ruffian, let those who put their faith in historical documents, and eschew political libels, decide."

Moray and his colleagues proceeded to excuse their imprisonment of their Sovereign in Lochleven Castle, under the pretext that "it was necessary to sequester her person from Bothwell, because she had conceived so violent an affection for him that she refused to leave him"; also their usurpation of the power of her realm, and their coronation of the infant Prince, her son, by declaring that "*she had voluntarily resigned the crown to him, and had constituted the Earl of Moray Regent to govern in his name, and that voluntarily; no compulsion, violence, or force having been used or practised to move her thereto.*" This declaration was attested by Lord Lindsay, the very man by whom Queen Mary's signature to the deeds of abdication and commissioners of regency was extorted by ruffian menaces and threats of her life. How then can the slightest credit be attached to the depo-

sitions of witnesses who, by wilful and deliberate perjury, have, according to the righteous laws of evidence, forfeited all title to belief?

The same day the above answer to their Sovereign's complaint was delivered to the English Commissioners, Moray's secretary, Wood, wrote a confidential letter to their friend and confederate, Cecil, Elizabeth's Secretary of State, representing to him "the necessity of a positive resolution or answer to their queries immediately, for their assurance, for that in consequence of its being delayed, the noblemen (Moray and his colleagues) who behoved to have accused the King their sovereign's mother of the murder, *had given in a very different answer.*"

Moray and his coadjutors deputed four of their assistants meetest for the business, namely: Lethington, James Makgill, the Clerk Register of Parliament, George Buchanan and Wood—to repair to the English Commissioners secretly, for the purpose of representing that "their answer had only been put in to occupy the time, the Regent and his colleagues not being minded to charge their dearest Sovereign's mother with the murder of her husband, till fully resolved of Queen Elizabeth's pleasure touching it, and her reply to the articles they had propounded in their last conference; but in the meantime they desired to exhibit such matter as they had to criminate her to them; not as Commissioners but as private persons, to give them a better understanding of the business." (Letter of the English Commissioners to Queen Elizabeth, October 11, 1568.)

Strickland comments: "Pitiful subterfuge! What connection would Norfolk, Sussex and Sadler have had with the business as private persons? It was for the purpose of biassing their judgment as umpires that this underhand proceeding was adopted"!

"These *deputies* now undertaking the bold task of *gainsaying* all that Moray and his colleagues had deposed two days before, showing that Mary was a captive when her marriage with Bothwell was accomplished, now produced, in contradiction to that statement, the black budget that had been prepared for the purpose of endeavoring to make her appear the inciter of her husband's murder, and the contriver of her own abduction. They proceeded to exhibit two contracts of marriage between the Queen and Bothwell. The first of these runs in her name but is

without date or witness, and in terms no Sovereign would use, engages "to espouse James, Earl of Bothwell, in contradiction to relations, friends, or any others. God having taken her late husband, Henry Stuart, *called Darnley*, she is free, not being under the authority of either father or mother; and he, Bothwell, being *equally free*, she promises to accomplish with him the ceremonies requisite in marriage," etc., etc.

Strickland comments: "Now Mary, in *all* genuine documents, speaks of her unfortunate consort as 'her late lord and husband, King Henry,' and occasionally as 'her late husband,' but as '*Darnley*' never in any instance. He was her next of kin, the father of her child, and had been one with herself; and stiff as she really was on points of royal etiquette, she would not have disparaged herself by describing him as a private person, for 'Henry Stuart, called Darnley' might have been a groom!"

The other contract is dated Seton, April 7, 1567, and is asserted to have been penned throughout by Lady Bothwell's brother, the Earl of Huntley, *before either the acquittal of Bothwell or his divorce*; but it is written in a law clerk's engrossing text, not Huntley's autograph. It bears indeed signatures affirmed to be those of the Queen and Bothwell, no very difficult hands to imitate in a court where we have legal evidence that forgery was frequently practised.

Sir Robert Melville certifies the successful act of forgery performed by a leading member of the confederacy against Queen Mary, the highly eulogized Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, in counterfeiting the hand of the Regent Moray in a warrant for the delivery of the Secretary Lethington into his hands, after his arrest on being denounced as a principal in Darnley's murder. (Examination of Robert Melville before Scotch Privy Council, Hopetoun, MSS.)

Thomas Barrye, Unicorn Pursuivant, formerly an officer in Queen Mary's Court, was convicted of forging the signature of the Regent Lennox to letters and charters for his own pecuniary advantage; for which offence he was sentenced, November 6, 1570, *to be branded* and to lose his right hand. (Pitcairn's Criminal Trials.)

Strickland continues: "Why should it not have been as easy to counterfeit Queen Mary's hand as those of Moray and Lennox? The like felonious art was practised in England, where it

was punished far more severely; as an instance: "Henry Elks, Clerk, B. A., was hanged, disembowelled, and quartered at Tyburn, June 18, 1585, for counterfeiting Queen Elizabeth's sign-manual for presentation to the parsonage of All Saints, Hastings, in letters directed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Commissary-General, that he might be instituted parson there.'" (Stowe's Chronicle.)

Elizabeth was "supreme head" of the English Church; and if her methods were *Germanic* to the extreme of modern warfare, we must remember that her brand of religion was "made in Germany" by Luther. Her rule was indeed a Reign of Terror. Truly in her character were combined all the cruelty and cunning of her worthy parents, Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen. What hope for poor Mary Stuart?

To return to Strickland's disposal of the contracts: "It is morally certain that if these contracts had been in existence in December, 1567, when the Church Assembly inquired the reason of the Queen's imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, they would have been produced by the Lords of Secret Council, in proof of her violating the laws of God and her country, by *signing contracts of marriage to the husband of another woman*. Nor can there be a doubt that they would have been laid before the Parliament, and mentioned in the 'Act anent the Queen's detention, December 15, 1567'; because, as assuming to be instruments drawn in her name, they must have been regarded as more worthy of attention than letters without dates, signatures, or superscriptions." (December 20, Acta Parliamentum.)

IDRIS.

A Visit to the Naval Hospital, Gibraltar.

HAVING been obliged to postpone our visit to the Naval Hospital for three consecutive Thursdays, we finally managed to go this week. We enjoyed it and were very much interested. We had been specially asked to go on a Thursday, as on that day the R. A. band goes up to play and there are a good many visitors, but this week we had no music, owing to the death of one of the patients, whose corpse was then lying in the mortuary. R. I. P.

Mrs. Pryn, wife of the naval surgeon in charge, introduced us to four convalescent Australian officers, who went round the hospital with us, showing us and explaining to us everything. They had all come from the Dardanelles, and one of them offered to send me a piece of Turkish soldier's tunic, a pipe and a "chiropulo," as a war souvenir.

The outside of the hospital is ugly, and built in such a way that it is impossible to realize how spacious it really is. We first visited the operating theatre, fitted up with up-to-date surgical appliances. Next we saw the bath rooms, concert room, large and bare, and chapel, which is identical with the concert room except that it has a cupboard at one end, which, when opened, forms an altar. From here we went on to the kitchen, the cooks were all dressed in white, and everything was so spick and span and in such order that it did not seem at all as if any cooking was being done. This was not the case, for we were shown the menu which was in preparation, and it seemed quite good at least on paper. Our next visit was to the X-ray room, where we were shown all the apparatus and several photographs of arms and legs, with bullets and pieces of shrapnel which had been recently taken. The wards to which we next proceeded are long, wide, bright, well-aired rooms, with comfortable beds; about twenty in each ward. Beside each bed there was a small table, and on most of these there were papers, books, chocolates and cigars, all presents from the visitors to the hospital. They have few patients just now, as a good many have left lately, and amongst those that are left there are no bad cases. Those that are almost well have their beds placed in a large corridor overlooking a courtyard, where they are more cheerful than in the wards.

Everything was scrupulously clean and tidy. We were, of course, not allowed to visit the segregation block, where they had several cases of enteric fever. After all this going round we had tea with Mrs. Pryn, and, before leaving, we went to see the hospital grounds, which are just large enough to allow the patients and staff to have a tennis-ground.

I think this is all my news for the present, so good-bye till my next visit of interest, when I shall write again.

MARIE PATRÓN.

LORETO CONVENT, GIBRALTAR.

Margaret Anglin in "The Divine Friend."

MARGARET ANGLIN'S career has always been of special interest to Loreto girls, as part of her education was received at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, and that interest will be greatly increased if they have the privilege of seeing her take the part of Mary of Magdala in "The Divine Friend"—a play written especially for her by Charles Phillips. Miss Anglin first won fame in the dramatic profession in comedy playing, but it is in emotional rôles that she really does justice to herself, in which her acting is superb.

"The Divine Friend" tells the gripping story of the life of Mary of Magdala, generally known as Mary Magdalen, the woman who was a sinner, but whose wonderful and self-sacrificing love more than counterbalanced the scales of justice.

The first act of the play takes place in Mary's house at Magdala. There, in the midst of revelry, recollections of her happy girlhood, and the wonderful influence of the Nazarene—near whom she has been, in the crowds that surrounded Jesus—assail her. As a young girl in Naim she loved David, but his poverty and her youth separated them, and she drifts down the broad, and supposedly rose-strewn path until at last she is notorious as the mistress of King Herod, and of Claudius, a famous Roman. But her mode of life has been the result of circumstance and environment, and when in a storm David comes to her house for refuge, and they renew their old vows, it is with the most sincere and thankful heart that she resolves to change her life. The curtain drops on the first act with Mary watching David go down the road from Magdala, after he has promised to return in three days' time to claim her as his wife.

In this act Miss Anglin most cleverly and artistically portrays Mary's abhorrence of the insincerity of her life, and her appeal to David, as to whether his Friend is willing to receive all, no matter what their past, and her deep thankfulness at hearing his confident assurance.

The second act has the same setting as the first, but the time is three months later. Mary is sick with the thought that David, having learned her story, has in disgust, forsaken her.

Then her grief embitters her, and she resolves to make the most of the only life that is hers to lead. Claudius, the great Roman, of whom she has tired, is recalled to her side; the bacchanalian revelry is again commenced. David returns. He has been sick to death with fever brought on by the worry of hearing harsh tales of her, and demands her word as to their truth.

It is in this last scene of the second act that Margaret Anglin shows she most fittingly deserves the tribute of being called America's greatest emotional actress—and emotional acting is the highest form of dramatic art. The pathos is heart-rending when she confesses to David that she is the notorious Woman of Magdala, and her grief appalling when, too late, she realizes that David has gone forever—out in the night to die.

The scene of the third act is a marvel of stage-lighting skill. It is among the tombs near Naim. At first it is just at daylight, then the dawn gradually rises. Mary is reclining near a tomb, utterly worn out from an arduous journey on foot. Near her is a poor creature to whom she has given her mantle.

The noise of the crowd surrounding the Master is heard. She is deciding to go to Him who has been the Friend of her dead David, when Claudius finds her. She is wearied in spirit and body. He begs her to come with him to Rome, as his wedded consort, second only to Cæsar's wife, to a life of the greatest ease, luxury and honor. On the other hand, Joanna, her faithful friend, begs her to keep her resolve to follow the Master. It is a sharp struggle, but at length the surety of peace of mind, and love, to be found only in following Him, prevails, and she leaves Claudius to follow the Christ in the rugged but satisfying path of His disciples.

Margaret Anglin is a beautiful woman, and the flowing robes of the period of the play show off her grace of person to perfection. The supporting members of the cast of "The Divine Friend" have been most wisely chosen. Each particular part is played in a most finished and artistic manner. The play lends itself to the greatest scope for dramatic art. In it Miss Anglin is a supreme actress in a supreme play!

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

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Convener of Membership Committee—Miss M. Mallon.

Convener of Press Committee—Miss A. Kelly.

The first quarterly meeting of the Loreto Alumnae Association, held at Loreto Abbey, on October fifth, was most successful. A programme of great interest was given by Mr. Ernest Seitz and Mr. Rudolf Larsen, who were most generous in their encores. Mrs. O'Sullivan moved a vote of thanks to the artists on behalf of the Alumnae and congratulated the Executive on having obtained them. This was seconded by Miss Devaney. After the Musicales, the President, Mrs. Lalor, received the members and their guests in the reception-rooms, where tea was dispensed by Mrs. Dwyer and Mrs. O'Sullivan, assisted by Miss I. Finn, G. Sullivan, A. McClelland, J. O'Sullivan, E. Murphy, C. Cosgrave, C. Malone, K. O'Neill, E. Cosgrave, J. Maloney and M. Cummings.

The Loreto Alumnae Scholarship for nineteen fifteen has been awarded to Miss Dorthy Cronyn. Miss Cronyn is a Toronto girl and a pupil of Loreto Abbey, where she will this year commence her University course.

The Loreto Alumnae Association was hostess at a linen shower given by them for the Nuns to assist in furnishing their new school. The shower was held at the Brunswick Avenue Convent, at which Father Carey gave Benediction for the members of the Alumnae and their friends. After a delightful tea, M. M. Alberta,

on behalf of the Ladies of Loreto, thanked the Alumnae for their kindness and also for their generous donations, which consisted of one web of sheeting, ninety-four sheets, one hundred and sixteen pillow-cases, one hundred and thirty-six towels, nine dresser-covers, one bedspread and three doilies.

Mrs. O'Sullivan was unanimously voted delegate by the Executive to represent the Loreto Alumnae Association at the Constitutional Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae to be held in Chicago on November twenty-sixth.

At the request of the Alumnae a solemn High Mass was celebrated on the sixth of November for all deceased members of the Loreto Alumnae. Father Carey sang the Mass in the chapel of Loreto Abbey.

Loreto was most ably represented at the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae by Mrs. Kelly, First Vice-President of the Federation; Mrs. O'Sullivan, delegate from Toronto; Miss Cronin, delegate from Englewood, Chicago; Miss Fox, delegate from Woodlawn, Chicago; Miss Johnson, delegate from Joliet; Miss Bell, delegate from Sault Ste. Marie; and Miss Halkyard, governor for Illinois.

The thirteenth of November was the Feast Day of Reverend Mother Stanislaus. A telegram of congratulations was sent by the Alumnae to her, addressed to Chicago, where she was visiting.

Mrs. Lalor, President of the Alumnae, went to Chicago with Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Kelly and Miss Anne Kelly, to attend the Convention.

The Alumnae Associations of Englewood and Woodlawn, Chicago, entertained the Loreto delegates and Alumnae from their sister convents, at Woodlawn. High Mass was sung by Reverend C. J. Quille, after which Benediction was given by Reverend D. Hilary, O. C. C., who also gave a short sermon to the Alumnae and their friends, who filled the convent chapel.

We were all most pleased to meet the Nuns and the Chicago Alumnae, and spent a delightful hour making and renewing acquaintance before luncheon was served.

At the head table, presided over by Father Hilary, were Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Lalor, Mrs.

O'Sullivan, and Miss A. Kelly of Toronto; Miss Bell of Sault Ste. Marie; Miss Johnson of Joliet, and Miss Cronin, Mrs. Herbert, Miss Fitzpatrick and Miss Fox of Chicago. The decorations were splendidly carried out in the school colors of blue and white, which were remarked and admired by all, and many congratulations were received by Mrs. Herbert, who was responsible for them. Miss Cronin, President of Woodlawn Alumnae, called on Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. O'Sullivan and Mrs. Lalor to say a few words to the ladies, after which a programme was given by the talented members of the Chicago Alumnae.

A delightful surprise was a call from Bishop Burke of Missouri, who was persuaded to speak to the ladies, but we were forced to say good-bye, tickets having been secured by the Alumnae for the Vespers sung by the Paulist Choir.

We wish to send our warmest thanks to the Ladies of Loreto in Chicago for their hospitality, and to the President, Miss Cronin, and the Alumnae, for the most entertaining day of the Convention.

Of special interest to Canadians was the address given by Reverend T. F. Burke, C. S. P., at the luncheon of over seven hundred delegates and alumnae, given by the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae in Chicago.

Father Burke spoke of the pleasant years spent in Toronto and also mentioned that the Catholic Ladies' Colleges in Toronto, through being federated with St. Michael's College, had an ideal relationship with the University of Toronto—a relationship which was not to be found elsewhere in Canada, in America, or—he believed—in the world.

According to the Constitution which provides for an extension of six months on membership cards, the membership tickets for 1914-15 expire on December first. All membership fees should be sent to Miss D. Dorrien, Athelma Apts., Grosvenor Street, Toronto.

Mrs. G. S. McCabe of Windsor, and her two children, spent a month in Toronto this fall with her mother, Mrs. Roesler.

Miss Alma Small is at present in Port Arthur, on her return from a three months' trip to the coast.

Miss Beatrice Frawley of Sudbury spent a few days in Toronto, in December.

Miss Gertrude Sullivan has gone to San Francisco for the winter.

ANNE KELLY,

*Convener of Press Committee, per
Loreto Alumnae Association.*

33 Maple Avenue, Toronto.

A Way To a Happy New Year.

To leave the old with a burst of song,
To recall the right and forgive the wrong;
To forget the thing that binds you fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past;
To have the strength to let go your hold
Of the not-worth-while of the days grown old,

AND

To dare go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road
To do his work, and lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
Is to have and to give a Happy New Year.

R. B. BEATTIE.

Compensation.

Though the roses in my garden
Waft a fragrant breath to me,
Still the rose I long to gather
Is the rose I may not see.

Though the thrushes in my treetops
Trill a chorus sweet and clear,
Still the song for which I hunger
Is the song I may not hear.

Though the joys my heart yet houses
Bring me solace warm and deep,
Still the joy I fain would shelter
Is the joy I might not keep.

Yet had life and time not robbed me
Of my joy, my rose, my song,
I had never known what treasure
Could to memory belong.

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Letter - Box.

LA MOROSIÈRE, FRANCE.

DEAR RAINBOW:

I write this letter from a village in the west of France; it is situated in the region known as "La Vendée militaire," where the great war of the peasants, started in 1793, sprang into flame. This "war of giants," as Napoleon called it, originated with the peasants; it was the protestation of these believing and deeply Catholic folk against the anti-religious laws of the Revolutionary Government, that closed their churches and sent their priests to the scaffold. The noblemen and gentlemen of the country—MM. de Lescure, Larochejacquelin, Donissau, Charette, d'Elbée, and others—who subsequently took the lead of the movement and undertook the training of the peasant army, did so at the express and repeated request of the country folk. They did not start the movement, but they could not withhold from their peasant neighbours the support of their superior education and experience, and, as a matter of course, they were soon called upon to fill posts of responsibility in the Vendéan army. Readers of history know how this war ended in a defeat, but not before these untrained peasants had held in check for many months the formidable Republican armies.

The war and its terrible consequences left, for many years, a lasting mark upon the country. Half a century ago there were still living old people who had been born and bred in the traditions of the "grande guerre," every granite cross marked the scene of a tragedy, and, in the long winter evenings, the country folk used to repeat the legends that were handed down from one generation to another.

These legends cluster round the spot whence I am writing these lines; it was one of the centres of the struggle, and the old people of the place cherish traditions that are the honour of their race. They point out a lonely pond, close to which Mass was said at night when the war raged fiercest; barns where the hunted priests were hidden; granite Calvaries that mark the scene of a massacre.

Now, given the action of time, the greater facilities of communication with the outside, the past is gradually receding into the dim distance,

and within the last year the mighty struggle in which France is engaged has laid its grip upon the peasants of La Vendée; the tragedies of the past have faded in presence of the grim realities of the present. Yet, coming from Paris, where, although far removed from the line of fire, the heart of France seems to beat more fiercely than elsewhere, a visit to La Vendée is infinitely restful and there is nothing that jars in the attitude of its people. These descendants of the heroes of 1793-1794 are severely touched by the war; the village that is close to the château from which I am writing has between 900 and 1,000 inhabitants, of these, over 22 soldiers are, after one year's war, killed or missing. The church that dominates the village is more crowded than ever, but black veils cover the picturesque white "coiffes," and many Masses for the dead are said by the venerable curé, a regular Vendéan, who governs his people with a kindly authority that no one dreams of resisting.

In the stately château, to which the peasants are accustomed to look in all the events of their lives, the widowed "châtelaine" is alone; her only son, a lad of twenty-two, has been since August 1, 1914, on the line of fire. Between the lord of the manor, to whom the countryside partly belongs, and the humblest of his dependents there is no difference; "Monsieur le Comte" and his farmers and servants, enrolled in the national service, are fighting shoulder to shoulder close to the German trenches. The boy from the château was not a soldier by profession, but he has become one by necessity, and since the mobilization not a word of complaint, of murmur, of despondency has ever passed his lips. His good blood and good name do not prevent him, given the military laws of Republican France, from figuring as an obscure fighting man in the national army, but they give distinction to his service, and here in his home his example is not wasted. Between his mother, who patiently and bravely waits for his return, and her poor neighbours, the links of affection, knit in days of peace, have become stronger. The people feel that she knows and understands that her boy—an only one—is exposed like theirs to the German bullets; that with compulsory service, such as it exists in France, the hardships, perils, sufferings, are the same for all. "Monsieur le Comte" is a great man at home in spite of his youth; he is the centre of a thou-

sand happy, tender plans and projects; on the line of fire he is an obscure little soldier, lost in the great crowd of our fighting men. There is a pathos in the situation that makes us measure the cruel relentlessness of war.

The women of La Vendée pray hard, but they also work, and, in their quiet way, these are not a demonstrative people; they fill the empty places, careful that the soldier at the Front should know that his fields, in spite of difficulties, are properly looked after. The fields of France! Only those who during the last year have lived very close to our wounded soldiers know with what passionate intensity our maimed and broken fighting men think day and night of their fields at home! Steaming the other day through the flat expanse of "la Beauce," this most prosaic district suddenly became glorified by the remembrance of the pathetic love that goes out to it from many a hospital bed or from the lonely fighter in the trenches on the line of fire. I saw a Norman peasant, who was coldly indifferent when taken to see the sights of Paris, fire up at the vision of six stiff little apple-trees, planted in a row in a suburban garden. In an awestruck manner he murmured: "On se croirait chez nous"—"It looks like home." A stolid farmer from northern France, rough of speech and short in manner, grievously wounded near Arras, is never weary of telling how, by working night and day, he managed to bring in the harvest before rejoining his regiment a year ago. This is the one feat he enjoys telling about; it brings a smile to his rough features and a pathetic wonderment as to how the harvest fared this year in his absence.

In the village from which I write, in the heart of La Vendée, I was told a pretty story. A young farmer, Jean ———, left home on the first day of the mobilization in August, 1914, a day that is remembered as a tragic date in thousands of humble homesteads. Behind him, in his small farm, he left his wife and baby girl; the woman was a typical peasant of La Vendée: slow of speech, gentle in manner, strong in faith. She continued to do her best, with a loyal pride in the work that the absent soldier had loved; she laboured at it unceasingly, cheered by the letters that came to her from the Front and by the charitable assistance of her neighbours. Now an old man, now a kindly woman neighbour, now a young boy volunteered to help, but she continued

to bear the heaviest share of the work, and the mere sight of her baby, wrapped in a shawl and carefully deposited under a big chestnut-tree, seemed to give her extra courage. Meanwhile, the Vendéan soldier was fighting where the danger was greatest and where the German bullets fell most thickly. He performed his task with the simple feeling of a tremendous duty to be done, that characterizes our peasant fighting men; in his case there was a strong feeling of religious faith underlying and sustaining his patriotism. The Vendéans of to-day are in this respect the worthy descendants of the heroes of the "grande guerre." His letters were not eloquent, but to his wife they were more inspiring than any bit of literature. Then, one day, they ceased; Aimée ——— grew paler and paler; she hardly dared stop the postman when he cycled round the village; her step became heavier, but she went about her daily task as usual. Then, one hot summer day, she found herself more than ever surrounded by helpful neighbours; one offered to milk the cows, another to cut the wheat, another to care for the baby. Aimée looked from one to another. Suddenly she grasped the situation. "Jean is dead," she cried; "this is your way of telling me." A few minutes later, the village mayor, twisting a telegram in his fingers, approached: "The soldier Jean ——— fell gloriously in the Argonne"!

O. S. C.

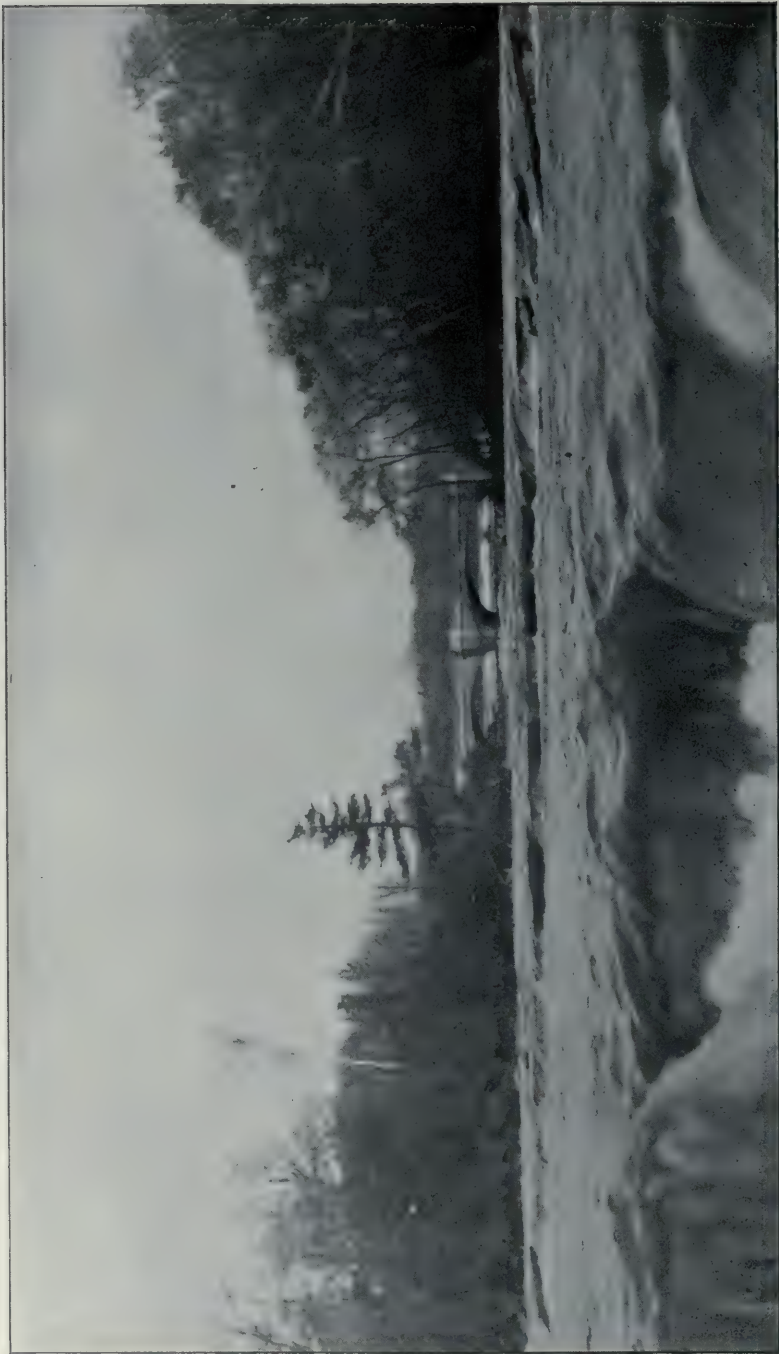
RYE, CO. SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR M.—

I am beginning, but only the Fates know if I shall end, this letter.

We left Folkestone—much, I am bound to say, to the girls' regret—last Monday and stayed till Wednesday at Tunbridge Wells, which possesses many attractions in the way of beautiful surroundings and the reflected light of a brilliant past. The light though is mainly that of history or tradition as there are not at Tunbridge the same ocular evidences of departed grandeur as exist up at Bath.

On Wednesday evening we entrained for Eastbourne of which we had heard so much that we quite expected to see a terrestrial paradise. Arrived about nine o'clock, when we told the motor-man that no rooms had been secured beforehand he looked aghast and, in answer to my



AMERICAN RAPIDS WITH GOAT ISLAND BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE

question as to why that omission would make any difference, said, "Well, Madam, things are very dark in Eastbourne and the places pretty full as people come from all over instead of going to the East or Southeast hotels; so I'm afraid."

I said, "Well, I am not! if we cannot secure accommodation we can return to Tunbridge Wells, so start on and stop at a hotel facing the sea." "We in't allowed to go along the road fronting the sea, ma'am." "Oh! well, drive as near the sea as possible and I shall get out and go to the hotel." "You cawn't see the plices, Madam, because they are all dark." "Why?" "Because the faintest speck of light is forbidden after dark here." "Um! is this England or the land of King Verboten? Well, drive on and I shall grope my way."

So off we started and he stopped the vehicle on the road back of the sea-drive, and as the darkness was such as could not be imagined unless experienced, it was necessary for him to leave the girls and the innumerable impedimenta in the chug-chug and take my arm (war does create queer conditions) and feel the way to the first hotel. Too dark to find the bell even though we both felt up and down the door, the posts, and I am sure I even searched the steps in my anxiety and uncertainty, but to no purpose, so he opened the door. A wild shriek arose from the hall within and a man—the porter—dashed into view, dragged us both in and began to beseech Heaven to avert the catastrophe of potentialities occasioned by our having let the door remain open for *fully ten seconds*. A heavy penalty had been incurred a few evenings ago because some guests had done the same thing. I protested my ignorance and contrition and then asked for rooms. Not one to be had. All full. Season unprecedented. East coast hotels empty, Eastbourne full. Perhaps such and such a hotel could accommodate us, and so I—or rather we—were bowed to the door, through which, obeying an imploring glance, we shot like a dart out into the black awful night. This performance was repeated many times, and, finally, I succeeded in securing shelter. Then the porter of my asylum succeeded me as arm companion of the chauffeur and the two shuffled their way to the back street where the lonely girlies had been waiting and waiting. Finally we were all landed, and though the hotel was lavishly equipped with electric light, our sole means of illumination were

candles, and this in spite of the fact that, in addition to Venetian shutters, each window had a heavy green shade.

Next morning we walked out and confessed to disappointment in the much-vaunted Eastbourne to which *Punch* had referred as "the bourne to which every traveller returns." It lacks some of the natural beauties of Folkestone and all the historical interest of Brighton, and as we strolled along the Parade we asserted that the fact was quite evident that "God made the sea—man made Eastbourne."

How the time flies! Here we are at Oxford, a place filled—no, not filled, but occupied—by a very sad population. The best students have been killed off, and it is said that it will be many a long day before the old University town recovers from the staggering blows that the cruel war has dealt it.

I do not think my previous sheets reached beyond the epic on Eastbourne so I shall just give a line to Rye and Winchelsea, "Ye two ancient towns."

At an early period they stood about three miles apart, Winchelsea on the seacoast, and Rye on an island further back. The island was a peninsula at low tide just as Mont St. Michel is off the coast of northern France at the present day. Well, the sea walked into poor Winchelsea's parlor one day and so frightened the inhabitants that they scurried off to a neighboring eminence, with all their records and treasures, and began to build a new town for themselves. None too soon, for the sea in a short time completely destroyed the old place, and now not a vestige remains. Then it took it into its head to go about its business, so off it went completely, leaving the site of old Winchelsea all bare and likewise all the land back to Rye, so that now Rye and Winchelsea are neighbors, two miles and a half apart, both on hills and both separated by about two miles of rich grazing land from the sea. Winchelsea has the remains of a magnificent church and priory and also a fine old gate, but Rye, much larger, has the loveliest old streets, Tudor houses, a Norman church in splendid repair, the oldest working church clock in England, and many other attractive features. Some intensely attractive features for us were those of several convalescent Canadian soldiers, with whom we had a long conversation. One was from Toronto.

Yesterday a letter came with a parcel of others from one of the young Belgian officer brothers whom we expected to meet up here. I was going to translate the letter but S. usually becomes huffy if I impugn his extensive knowledge of the language so I enclose it as it came. Note the reference to "the cruel little Miss Katherine." She dearly loves blood-letting souvenirs—the more formidable-looking the better—and he has already given her a German bayonet, while she possesses a couple of very efficacious-appearing daggers, hence the teasing term "cruel."

When coming here we were obliged to cross London, in changing from one station to another, and seized the opportunity of viewing some of the wrecked districts. Evidently the last raid was a most effective one. In one place the windows, five hundred feet away, were shattered, while the immediate proximity of the fallen bomb was a sad sight. That was but *one* bomb's work. One rather hesitates about being in London just yet.

The hop season is at its height now and the country is lovely. At first we could not understand the meaning of the Dutch-cleanser-looking buildings thickly dotting the landscape, till some one told us they were the drying-houses for the hops.

Au revoir.

ANNA.

Fancy has dipped her brush into the remembered tints of many a glorious sunrise, into the unforgotten hues of many a gorgeous sunset, and into the golden splendor of many a glowing noontide, and tried to paint upon the air of the lily-scented room in Nazareth—What? Her useless efforts ceased, and—is it possible? An hour of forgotten pain has fled! And after all, we cannot tell you what an angel is, or what an immaculate soul is really like, but we can press to our lips the beloved beads and utter an awesome—Deo gratias.

Regrets are a waste of time in every possible instance except one. That one is the instance in which the soul entertains them thoughtfully and humbly until they become valuable lessons for the future. Then they are no waste, but a true personal gain for the coming year.

Milton's Archangel Perverted.

IN Milton's greatest work, "Paradise Lost," the portrayal of Satan is undoubtedly the work of a genius. Through his actions the poet's aim is to justify the ways of God to man. This is his ideal.

If we expect to find Satan represented as a hideous and repulsive fiend, we are disappointed. Milton, unlike Dante, pictures him as a being physically perfect and huge in stature:

"In bulk as huge

As whom the fables name of monstrous size."

He is also endowed with a powerful voice, a magnetic personality and an indomitable will. After defeat he exclaims:

"What though the field be lost?

All is not lost. Th' unconquerable will

* * * * *

And courage never to submit or yield."

He is an archangel ruined by ambition and the desire to command. Even after his fall this desire is uppermost. In his apostrophe on Hell, Satan declares that—

"To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

His speeches are dignified and sublime, full of effective and sonorous words, expressive of lofty ideals. There is sometimes an absence of spontaneity. Milton almost seems to have committed the fault of making him a hero.

We feel no sympathy for Moloch, the Eastern deity, or Beelzebub. These are figures of secondary importance. But we regret that Satan, with his indomitable courage, had no better aim than hate and revenge.

"To do aught good never will be our task,

But ever to do ill our sole delight."

Cast into the depths of Hell, Satan will not allow his followers to despair, but, in stirring and majestic tones, addresses them:

"Awake, arise, or be forever fall'n."

His words have a wonderful effect on the ruined and abject angels. They start up, though in dread, feeling the commanding power of their leader, who has not yet lost all his original brightness. He rouses them and in fiery words kindles their hatred. Seeing the legions of spirits before

him, with swords drawn, ready to obey him, Satan is inspired with the hope that they may regain their place in Heaven by force of arms.

"For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?"

From this time Satan uses all his ingenuity for contriving evil.

"If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end."

For this reason a council is held in Pandemonium, at which Satan presides. Here a debate is held as to whether another battle is to be waged against the Divine Power. This plan, however, is rejected. Finally, Satan resolves to visit the newly-created world, bent on the perversion of mankind.

In the end he is conquered by force and his cause assumed to be wrong.

The gradual transformation of Satan from an archangel unsurpassed in brightness of form, transcendent intellect, and in courage and commanding power, to a hideous and vulgar devil, symbolizes the workings of evil in the human soul. The keynote of all the works and pomps of man is contained in these words of Satan: "Non serviam."

The delineation of the character of Satan is, above all, and in spite of all faults, the master-stroke of a genius.

ELEANOR ANGLIN.

LORETO ACADEMY, WELLESLEY CRESCENT, TORONTO.

By the roadside of the years, those worldly boons—Pleasure, Fame and Happiness—play elusive tricks on us. They are often will-o'-the-wisps, leading us long journeys for nothing.

Hamilton Wright Mabie has restated this old truth with a fresh suggestiveness: "The rewards of great living are not external things, withheld until the crowning hour of success arrives; they come by the way—in the consciousness of growing power and worth, of duties nobly met, and work thoroughly done. Joy and peace are by the way."

School Chronicle.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

There is something very dear and delightful about the season of Christmas. There seem to be about in the air a billion and one happy minstrels like Pantagruel's, singing of "blessed pullets and fat hams" that will come by the way of the chimneys when bells are ringing over the snow and little children are dreaming in warm woolly blankets. And who would think that the old world has fallen from its joy to see Santa Claus nimbly shifting from chimney to chimney filling little stockings with "Bulls' Eyes" and "Walking Canes" and tops and steam-engines! Oh, it's glorious!—with all old Scrooge's meanings!—this season of Christmas!

September the thirtieth—This afternoon at 3, p. m., we enjoyed the coveted privilege of hearing the world-famous Shakespearean Reader, Mr. Griffith, declaim *Julius Caesar* in the Abbey Auditorium, and later, at 7, p. m., *King Lear*. The mighty spirit of Caesar seemed to rise and address the intent listeners as Mr. Griffith proceeded. His personation of King Lear was equally graphic and real. The storm-scene was particularly moving. It is not difficult to believe that "the storm in Lear" is the greatest storm-scene in all English literature.

September the nineteenth—Among the many privileges of nineteen fifteen is the substantial one that comes to us on Sunday at ten when we congregate in the chapel to profit by and to enjoy a sermon delivered by the scholarly ecclesiastic, the Very Reverend M. J. Ryan of St. Augustine's Seminary. The Epistle and the Gospel of the Sunday invariably form the subject-matter of Dr. Ryan's exposition, and by a skillful method of treatment he seizes on the common thought in each and moves from Epistle to Gospel and vice versa with the freedom of the master that knows the secret and commands the whole. We realize our good fortune and appreciate the high privilege in being thus favoured.

October the fifth—It is always a delight to attend the concerts prepared by the Alumnae, but never more so than this afternoon when Mr. E. Seitz, the famous pianist, with his usual gen-

erosity played for us, and also Mr. Rudolph Larsen, pupil of Professor Auer of St. Petersburg, similarly favoured us on his violin. A vote of thanks was offered to the two famous young artists by the Honorary Ex-President, Mrs. O'Sullivan, in the happy, appealing manner that truly belongs to this dearest of women.

October the thirtieth—Hallowe'en! An air of mystery pervaded the school all the afternoon. We had partaken of our noontide lunch when we were surprised by the disappearance of our Mistress and the Novices in charge. A whisper ran through the school that we were to have dinner at half-past five. We waited expectantly! True enough, at half-past five we received the signal to repair to the refectory. But what a changed refectory! Black and yellow streamers hung from dim lights. In all the windows we beheld weird Jack-o'-lanterns, and at the end of the refectory stood the proverbial ghost! The absence of our Mistress was accounted for! After dinner we enjoyed an impromptu concert in the Auditorum. Miss Mary Ellen Flanagan and Miss Mary O'Reilly particularly distinguished themselves.

November the third—The festivities of a Golden Jubilee came to us to-day on the completion of our dear Sister Barbara's fifty years of faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord. The celebration opened by a Solemn High Mass sung by Reverend E. Goetz, a nephew of Sister Barbara's. Previous to the Mass the pretty little ceremony of "the crowning" was observed and the dear Jubilarian occupied the special chair adorned in red and gold for the occasion. The singing was impressive and beautifully appropriate. The "Jubilantes" seemed to come down from the voices of the angels, and, of course, there were angels in the choir—even if they had no wings.

After breakfast the venerable Jubilarian was conducted to a table laden with gifts from seculars and religious. And it was delightful to watch the effect of the pleasant surprises offered to the dear Sister in this last day of half a century. But we may surely say it is only the beginning of the august surprise prepared for the meek and humble heart that has borne the heat and burden of the day for those long toiling years.

November the fourth—The numbers executed by the "Diamond Point Gramophone," this evening, were unusually fine. For the pleasure we are indebted firstly to the famous inventor, Mr. Edison himself, and secondly, to the generosity of Mr. Johnson of New Hampshire, in whose charge the instrument was placed.

November the ninth—A parade of eight thousand soldiers from the Exhibition Grounds to the Parliament Buildings! We wondered if we would be allowed to join the spectators. We were permitted, much to our surprise, and much more to our pleasure. Soon we had taken our positions on King Street.

Each battalion had a band, and as music brings cheer and courage to the soldier, so also did it succeed in stirring up the patriotic feelings in the hearts of the loyal onlookers. A man standing by us surely led us to think so. Every now and then his feeling overcame him and in a voice resembling no mild instrument, I assure you, gave vent to his hilarious emotions.

The Infantry was successfully followed by the Cavalry, the Highlanders, the Artillery, and finally by the war trucks.

On our return to the Abbey we encountered one of our former graduates carrying a small box marked with a red cross. We knew what this meant and proceeded to get "tagged."

A Hallowe'en party was given to-night by the Fourth Year College Graduates for the Faculty and Undergraduates. Card-tables were prepared and there followed a very enjoyable game of euchre. The tally cards were decorated with witches and black cats, and to emphasize still more the spirit of Hallowe'en, black and yellow garlands with more witches and hunch-backed cats ornamented the walls of the room. We regretted the early withdrawal of the Faculty. They excused themselves very gracefully, however, observing at the sound of their bell: "There is our carriage; I hear it in the hall."

November the fourteenth—St. Stanislaus ushered in one of those days, as Wordsworth expresses it, "from many singled out." We may be sure it brought the usual rejoicings to the Novices for they assembled at the Abbey from the Day-School, from Loreto, Wellesley Place, from Loreto, Hamilton, and from other places.

In the midst of their rejoicing came a tele-

gram from Reverend Mother Stanislaus, who was in Chicago, at the time. It was an additional source of pleasure for it served to remind them how her dear memory travelled back to the juvenile portion of her flock.

November the seventeenth—The Annual Retreat for the students at Loreto Abbey commenced to-night. Reverend J. O'Reilly, C. SS. R., conducted the exercises in his solid, if charming, way. The memory of those happy days will long remain with us; and we hope that the inspirations received will long continue to influence our lives. We are deeply grateful to Father O'Reilly for his fatherly kindness as well as for his excellent conferences.

November the twenty-eighth—We congratulate the Misses Frances and Helen Galligan on the recovery of their brother, Dr. J. Galligan, from the grip of the grim messenger.

December the second—We are pleased to welcome in our midst our former companion, Miss Beatrice Frawley of Sudbury. Some people come and after their departure you grasp for the light and the warmth and the joy that they bring,—alas, it has gone again with the dear bringer and you are insupportably alone.

December the fourth—The day's pleasant hour struck at five, p. m., when our beloved Reverend Mother arrived from the west, where she has been for the past seven weeks. We are glad to have her home again and trust that the dispositions of Divine Providence will not take her away again for a long, long time.

December the sixth—The opening of the Forty Hours! Solemn High Mass was sung by Reverend J. Dutton, assisted by the choir. Procession of the Blessed Sacrament followed, in which were the Religious of the Institute, bearing lighted candles, the young ladies of the boarding-school, carrying banners at intervals in their ranks, the little children, scattering flowers on the way, the altar boys and the Brothers carrying the "Canopy" over the Blessed Sacrament.

The sermon in the evening, by the Reverend J. Dutton, was beautiful. The Reverend speaker took for his text: "I have loved you with an everlasting love." The subject was developed with adroitness—and something more. There was an unction in the gentle young priest's sermon that no mere skill could impart. Its beauty

and appeal came from the Source that never fails the friend of God. One could not help thinking "He is late come from the King and he remembers His words and the tone of His voice," or wherefore the mystery of this young priest's power!

December the eighth—The closing ceremony of the Forty Hours! The celebration opened by a Solemn High Mass, as usual, followed by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. At early dawn the chapel presented so gorgeous a spectacle that it occurred to me on entering that the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was admirably chosen to show forth the delight, the respect and the love enlivening the hearts of the worshippers. One could not help exclaiming that here, at least, the Lord is loved. The order with which the ceremonies were conducted was perfect, and the silent movement lent a charm to the solemn music, so in keeping with the reverence for the Divine Presence.

The closing sermon to-night was delivered by Reverend M. Staley, with force and eloquence. His exposition was profoundly convincing and no one could possibly be a disbeliever in Transubstantiation who listened to his inspiring words.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Among the renowned artists who from time to time delight us with a choice programme at Loreto, none receives a more enthusiastic welcome or is longer remembered by his favored audience than the celebrated Shakespearean Reader, Mr. C. E. W. Griffith. On the occasion of his latest visit to Canada, his readings for us were "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," selections from Dante's immortal drama and some charming verses by present-day writers. At each reappearance, Mr. Griffith seems to be at his best and leaves his audience with a new appreciation of his unrivalled powers.

The St. Catherine's Literary Society, in one of the early meetings of the term, elected, as President, Miss Marjorie Mitchell and, as Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Anna Mary Mudd. Congratulations are herewith extended, not only to these officers, but also to the members, on the

excellent judgment displayed in their selection.

In the St. Teresa's Literary, Miss Lucile Sanders was elected President and Miss Montrose Phillips, Secretary-Treasurer.

Canadian Thanksgiving Day found us all good, loyal Canadians. The chief feature of the celebration was an impromptu concert.

October the fifteenth—The members of the St. Catherine's Literary expressed no little surprise this evening on learning that the entertainment to which they were invited by the St. Teresa's Literary was to be a card-party. At seven o'clock, the guests were ushered into the assembly-hall and found the tables arranged for progressive "Five Hundred." The little tots were also present, by special invitation, and enjoyed exceedingly their game of "Old Maid." The deciding and presentation of the prizes caused the usual pleasurable excitement. Miss Grace Sears, who is spending a few days at her "Alma Mater," won the first prize, Miss Mary Curnin, the second, while to Miss Maria Gardiner was awarded the "booby" prize. The premium for "Old Maid" was secured by Miss Geraldine Owen. Refreshments were served later and at the close of a very enjoyable evening Miss Marjorie Mitchell, on behalf of the S. L. C., thanked in a very pretty speech the kind and capable hostesses for the pleasure all had experienced and gave a hint that something in the way of an entertainment might soon be forthcoming at the hands of the Seniors.

October the twenty-second—A unique and amusing programme was executed this evening by the Juveniles. The "Cherubic Band," the little play, each solo and recitation came as a delightful surprise, and the laughter and applause were very sincere tributes to the originality, grace, and self-possession of the dear little performers.

October the thirty-first—Hallowe'en festivities commenced at three o'clock this afternoon and continued for the remainder of the evening. Although there was little of an entirely new character in the diversions, all entered so heartily into them that keener delight could scarcely have been experienced by the participants.

For some weeks past, our recreation-hours have been enlivened by the strains proceeding from Miss Marjorie Mitchell's "Victor," kindly placed at our disposal, temporarily. We are all

most grateful to Marjorie for this contribution to our pleasures.

November the second—Night for the annual corn-roast! consequently, excitement! At about seven o'clock, we gathered around a glowing bed of coals and, with merry chatter, proceeded to thrust against the ruddy embers, various edibles, which we presently withdrew and found, even when slightly burned, quite palatable! Next, we danced about the fire with song and laughter, halting at length to sing, at the close of our happy evening, "Ave Maria Loreto."

November the eighteenth—The Juveniles again afforded us an extremely pleasant evening by the programme which they prepared and carried out successfully to honour their dear Mistress of Schools, on the occasion of her Saint's name day. After a floral presentation, the following numbers were presented:

Canadian and American Band—

Solo, "Home, Sweet Home".....

Play, "Our Family" (composed by the performers.

Piano Solo, Hungarian Dance.....
Tableau.

Rose Dance.

Dialogue, A Tragedy.

Gipsy Dance.

Chorus, "Mother Machree".....
Hymn.

November the twenty-third—The St. Catherine's Literary, anticipating by a few days the feast of their glorious Patroness, celebrated it this evening by presenting a very interesting programme for the delectation of the Community, the St. Teresa's Literary and the Minims. The piano, mandolin and vocal selections were very artistically rendered and received fitting applause. In the College Play, more than mediocre histrionic talent was displayed. The risible powers of the audience were constantly exercised and the plaudits at the conclusion of the comedy proved a perfect appreciation thereof. Later, a dainty repast was served by the members of the S. L. C.

November the twenty-fifth — American Thanksgiving Day duly celebrated! A prolonged rest in the morning, the opening of home-boxes and sharing their contents, some favorite books and various games for afternoon and

evening, all tended to make a very satisfactory holiday.

December the fourth—A visit to the bazaar held by the Sodality of St. Patrick's Church in aid of the Children of Mary Bourse for St. Augustine's Seminary.

December the eighth—The beautiful Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady. In the afternoon, the following Young Ladies had the honour of being received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary:

Miss Mary Bampffield, Mary Dawson, Mary Murray, Maria Gardiner, Florence Hennessy, Rita La Berge, Lillian Seitz, Frances McKenny, Anna Mary Mudd, Anna Bowen, Gertrude O'Neill. Those admitted to the Sodality of the Holy Angels were: Miss Cornelia Noyes, Lucile Sanders, Lorraine Power, Mildred Seitz, Jeanne Connaughton. The Blue Ribbon, as badge of honour, was also bestowed on Miss Lotta Williams and Miss Agnes Ballard, the Green Ribbon, on Miss Montrose Phillips. After the Reception and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Reverend B. J. O'Neill, O. C. C., gave a very impressive discourse, in which he laid much emphasis on the fact that there is grave necessity of guarding faith and virtue in these days of subtle temptations; that the obligations now contracted were not merely for the few days of school-life but for the remaining course of existence; that great care must be exercised through the coming years in the selection alike of books and friends; that in the preservation of the precious possessions of virtue and reputation, the constant and tender solicitude of the gardener for his rarest and most delicate flower should be emulated; and that in every experience of life, Mary would still prove herself the unfailing Refuge, the Tower of Strength, of her devoted children.

December the twenty-second—Another happy school-term has closed for us and, as we leave for a gladsome holiday, there lingers in our ears and hearts the sweet music of our Christmas programme.

PROGRAMME.

Carols on the Way to Bethlehem.....

"The Star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still and shall not cease,

And we listen still to the tidings
Of glory and of peace."

Chorus, Aspiration

"Over the heights the snow lies deep,
Sunk is the land in peaceful sleep,
Here by the house of God we pray,
'Lead, Lord, our souls to-day.'

Shielding like the silent snow,
Fall His mercies here below.
Calmly, then, like the snow-bound land,
Rest we in His protecting Hand,
Bowing, we wait His mighty Will,
'Lead, Lord, and guide us still.'"

Kammenoi-Ostrow Rubenstein
Anthem:

- (a) Three Angels Came to Me...Holmes
- (b) There Were Shepherds.....Foster

Gipsy Dance (Mandolin).....
Little Girls' Song and Holly Dance.

- (a) Bethlehem Gounod
- (b) Nazareth Gounod
- (c) Mary's LullabySchafer

Buona Notte Nevin
O Holy Night Adam
The Shepherds' Vision.....Rev. J. Dollard

ADESTE FIDELES.

Among the gracious visits paid to the Community and students during the past term by friends from a distance, we recall those of the following: Reverend M. J. Rosa, C. M., Reverend Fr. Gillis, C. S. P., Reverend S. J. Quigley, O. C. C., Reverend B. Garvey, O. C. C., Reverend A. Smits, O. C. C., Reverend Fr. McRae, Reverend Fr. Duffy, Reverend Fr. Schmitt, S. J., Reverend Fr. Cullinane, Miss Cullinane, Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, Prof. Martin, Prof. Rohr, Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Power, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Soliman, Mr. and Mrs. Seitz and family, Mrs. Gormerly, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. MacMahon, Miss Grace Sears, Miss Roesler, Mrs. T. Duffy, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Pigott, Mrs. Flynn, Miss Rita Coffey, Miss E. Rogers, Miss Dorothy Souther, Miss G. Cannon, Miss Margaret O'Malley, Miss Berkhardt, Miss Edna Duffy, Miss Angela Duffy, Miss Florence Mullin, Miss Jeannette Mullin, Miss F. Peterson.

GERTRUDE O'NEILL.
LILLIAN SEITZ.

**School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount
St. Mary, Hamilton.**

In Acknowledgment.

Again the RAINBOW has to thank
The genial Bard of Athol Bank
Who now, as ever, is so kind
As joy in every page to find:
Whoe'er the author, what the theme,—
All kindly praised, as poet's dream!
His numbers cheer, and teach that life
Still holds that peace, which far from strife
Is found where'er the poet sings
Forgetful of all sordid things.
His greetings glad come bound together
With emblem meet—a sprig of heather!

November the seventh—An opportunity, rare as it was admirable, was afforded the school by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D., to attend an Illustrated Lecture on Bermuda, poetically known as "The Land of the Lily and the Rose."

The trip was not a flight of imagination, for Mgr. Mahony had travelled in the Bermudas and so vivid was his portrayal of these enchanting isles—this fairyland caressed by the ocean and made fragrant by all the flowers of the tropics—with their coral reefs, marvellous grottoes and caves, sea gardens of wonderful beauty, with fishes strange in form and colored with flaming tints of every hue, that his hearers had no difficulty in yielding to the power of suggestion and mentally visiting every delightful scene which he described in the easy, entertaining manner which characterizes his style of speaking.

The Bermudas, Mgr. Mahony explained, consist of three hundred and sixty-five islands—"one for each day of the year," the Bermudian will tell you. The rocks, of which they are formed are the product of the tiny coral insect, after centuries and centuries of labor—and they are still laboring. The islands being surrounded some ten miles out by a series of coral reefs under the surface, makes approach impossible for vessels, except through a few places where there are breaks in these reefs, and which require the aid of skilful local pilots. Consequently, anchor is cast about two miles from shore and within sight of frowning fortifications, for England has rendered these shores impregnable—they are her strongest fortifications

next to Gibraltar. A tender conveys passengers to the dock at Hamilton—the steamer is too large to pass up the channel—and the trip on this tender is a revelation of beauty, as it threads its way among numerous little islands, through the brilliant, pea-green, sunlit water, so clear that one may see twenty feet below the surface. On approaching from the sea the many islands appear a mixture of dark green woodland with dotted habitations of purest white, the winding narrow roads, like white ribbons entwining the velvet olive-green, while here and there shoot up aloft the tall, majestic palms that wave to and fro in the breeze.

"Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
Gently we stole, before the whisp'ring wind,
Through plantain shades, that round, like awnings, twin'd

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green
That the enamour'd keel, with whisp'ring play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way.

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a shining dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave;—in every myrtle grove
Secluded, bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;

And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,
Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount."

So sang Moore, more than a century ago, and the Bermuda of to-day has not changed since then, except to become more beautiful and more easy of access.

Macadamized roads, made of the coral limestone crushed in a stone crusher and rolled with

a huge steam roller until they are as smooth as an asphalt road, extend nearly the whole length of Bermuda or Long Island. We were interested in the views of Hamilton and those along the road from Hamilton to St. George's. On the right were hills covered with thick growths of Bermuda cedar, which is the nearest kin to the cedar of Lebanon. Hedges of oleander with flowers of all shades of red and pink, white and yellow, line the roadside and grow between the cultivated fields. These bushes are from sixteen to twenty feet in height, and during the month of June when the blossoms are in their glory, the landscape presents one burst of color.

How peculiar the houses look!—all built of the white limestone which is the natural formation of the islands. The stone is cut from the quarries into square blocks with a specially constructed saw. The blocks harden when exposed to the air, as they are very porous. The effect of these picturesque dwellings, raising their white walls and roofs from a background of green cedar, is most beautiful.

Mgr. Mahony's description of the lily fields in full bloom was a delight, and we fairly revelled in the picture shown. They usually lie sloping down a southern exposure, he said, protected from strong winds by little wooded patches of cedar-trees that grow up to about twenty feet high. These trees are the abodes of many bluebirds and scarlet tanagers, whose bright plumage looks doubly vivid among the sombre green. Driving along the hard white roads, one may pass many lily fields and not observe them, because of the mode of dividing up the patches by planting hedges of oleanders that grow to a considerable height.

Views of coral growths in process of formation were now shown. From a boat with a glass bottom one can easily observe to a distance of twenty feet below. Fish and marine vegetation appear, and the effect of the light filtering through the valleys, as one floats over these coral growths and banks, is very beautiful.

And the fish story was *not* a "fish-story," after all, for the waters, we were told, teem with varieties of all sizes, many of them marvels of coloring, such as the angel-fish, from five to eight feet long, with very large wing-like pectoral fins encroaching forward, glistening in lovely shades of silver and changeable light blue, almost iridescent,—not to be found, as native,

in any other part of the world. In contrast is the devil-fish—not pleasant to encounter, even in a picture. One is sorry to see the "yellow grunt"—what a misnomer for a creature of such exquisite beauty, with silvery sides and gold-tipped fins and tail!—taken from the water, but the opportunities offered to the disciples of Izaak Walton are too precious to be overlooked.

Haunts of the poet Moore, who spent happy days in this favored spot, were shown and some of his most striking verse recited, all tending to bring to the mind of the audience the many unique conditions surrounding life in the sea-girt isle.

Mgr. Mahony's masterly treatment of the subject was a delight to his hearers, as was evidenced by the enthusiastic applause that followed his lecture.

November the twenty-first—The Sacrament of Confirmation administered in the convent chapel by our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton.

Preparatory to the administration of the Sacrament, His Lordship addressed the candidates with the calm, clear, persuasive faculty of the apostolic teacher, calling special attention to the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost in God's Church as the guiding principle that preserves her from error in her doctrinal teachings—in all questions of faith and morals—and as being the true and confirmed realization of the promise of Christ before He returned to the bosom of His Eternal Father—"I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever."

Vested with the sacred authority and power which God has given to the Bishops of His Church, as the successors of the Apostles, this zealous Shepherd of his flock dwelt upon Faith—Divine Faith—and its effects. "Faith," said His Lordship, "is certain knowledge," laying special stress on the word "certain." "Why do I say certain knowledge? Because when there is not positive certainty there is no faith—only doubt. Within the Church of God is found this note of certainty. Faith has ever been the source of her life and vigor; in its defense died her martyrs, and through its power and influence men have left their homes and gone into foreign lands to enlighten those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

We listened eagerly to every word as it fell from the lips of the venerable Prelate, words of encouragement—words of warning—words that will long be cherished within the hearts of those whose privilege it was to hear them.

His Lordship then besought the Holy Ghost, with His Sevenfold Gifts, to descend upon those favored souls, making them strong and perfect members of the Church Militant.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the impressive ceremonies of the day.

November the twenty-fifth—The daughters of Uncle Sam who grace Mount St. Mary's halls were not unmindful of the celebration befitting "American Thanksgiving Day." Accordingly these fair maidens, exhilarated by the crisp November air, and with a zest gratifying to witness, betook themselves to a first-class confectioner and—well, no matter—the result proved satisfactory to all—even to the Canadians—though one was heard to declare that, never again would she indulge in more than one cream-puff at a time!

The tea-tables wore an unwonted air of festivity, American Beauties and the rose of Old England harmonizing admirably, while the Stars and Stripes waved above them, proudly conscious of their sway.

The evening hours were enlivened by the stirring strains of the Victrola, which Mrs. D. J. Galvin so kindly placed at our disposal, and for which we desire to renew our expression of gratitude through the columns of the RAINBOW.

December the eighth—The words of Our Divine Lord—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God"—were forcibly brought to mind this morning when a favored little one—Emma Springer—approached the altar to receive for the first time the Bread of Angels. Only a few short months before, this privileged child was adorned with the spotless purity of her baptismal robe, and to-day—oh, wondrous condescension of Divine Love!—Jesus is the Guest of the little one who has been suffered to come to Him.

Fair of soul, robed in the garments of innocence, sweet as the roses she touched so tenderly, the dear child had the joy of sharing her happiness with her mother, who knelt at the altar rail beside her.

The chapel was exquisitely decorated for the occasion, the altar especially, on which white roses and chrysanthemums clustered in graceful profusion.

December the twenty-fourth—With the music of the bells ringing out their message and weaving their rhythm through our thoughts, we are entering on the snowy Vigil of the Nativity. The golden melody of that sweetest hymn, the "Adeste," is already thrilling our hearts, attuning our souls to gladness, as it rises sweet and clear above all the joy of home-going and gift-giving, and haunting us through the happy hours of the day.

O that the spirit of the gentle Christ-Child would fill the world with the joy that outlasts the festive season, bringing peace and all good things into our daily lives!—that the far-distant song of the angels, hovering o'er the heights of Bethlehem, would plead irresistibly to the hearts of men, so that, ere the dawn of another Yuletide, there might be a glorious fulfilment of the prophecy—"In terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis!"

ANITA.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

The great event of this term has been the arrival from Ireland of the Irish Mother Provincial, who came to visit the distant houses of her Province in Gibraltar. The circumstances of the time prevented our giving her such a reception as we should have wished, but she received a warm welcome from all, and there is much regret that her stay was not longer.

We were delighted to see again our former companion, Mercedes Zurita, who has returned after two years' absence. Her sister, Isabel, remains here as a boarder. Her mother, the Marchioness of Campo Real, will spend the winter in Gibraltar, and Mercedes comes for the day to take finishing lessons. Her cousin is fighting for the Allies in the French Army.

Gibraltar has welcomed a new band of wounded heroes from the Dardanelles, but it is pleasant to relate that the majority of the first detachment have been able to leave the Rock, completely restored to health.

You can picture our enthusiasm on receiving a visit from Father Fahy, chaplain to the Australian contingent at the Dardanelles. We sat

spellbound, listening to his tales of hardship and heroism, related in the most matter-of-fact manner and without the slightest reference to his own share in the brave deeds which he recounted—but his fame had already preceded him. He said Mass for us on the Feast of St. Lawrence O'Toole. The last canonized saint of the Green Isle has reason to be proud of this young Irish priest.

I enclose a photograph of some Loreto girls distributing refreshments to the wounded at



PUPILS OF LORETO CONVENT, EUROPA, SERVING REFRESHMENTS TO THE WOUNDED.

Pepita Rodriguez, Josephine Imossi, Louisa Porral, Maisie Pedley, Mabel Speed, Muriel Imossi, Elisa Rodriguez.

Catalan Bay, Gibraltar. Many of our girls have also provided for the amusement of those in Hospital by getting up amateur musical entertainments for them. One feels one could not do enough for those defenders of "Home and Country."

We were ever so much pleased to receive the RAINBOW. It is difficult to decide which article in it deserves most praise where all are excellent, but there was special excitement on seeing among the contributors' names those of Shane Leslie and Wilfrid Ward.

As I am a new chronicler I feel sure of pardon from my indulgent readers for many shortcomings. I hope my next contribution will be more interesting.

ELFRIDA CHURCHILL.

In the years to come, memory will hold precious, not the brief moment of triumph, but the love and sympathy of friends, and will seek to recall, not the plaudits of success, but "the touch of a vanished hand, or the sound of a voice that is still."

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Parsons, N. Y.

Work and Love!

Elise Cuth



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XXIII.

APRIL, 1916.

No. 2

"Work and Love. Elizabeth."

A message came to us, over the sea,
 Seeking our far-off land;
 Ah! dearly prized should that message be,
 Writ by a royal hand.
 For its sweet words lifted our hearts above,
 As it whispered tenderly—"Work and Love."

These sweet words follow us day by day,
 Like an exquisite, endless song,
 Gladdening the toil of our love-blest way;
 Calling the angel throng
 To bear our hearts to the land above,
 While we whisper joyously—"Work and Love."

Sweet words of tenderness, joy and peace,
 Hallow the years to come.
 Never, we pray, may your music cease
 To gladden Loreto's home,
 Till the long years lead us to rest above,
 And the "work" is crowned by eternal "love."

To Carmen Sylva.

Nom de Plume of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, a graceful writer of prose and verse.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 Wied's sweet bud in noontide bloom,
 Twining memory's softest garlands
 On a white, rose-wreathèd tomb;
 Summer sunbeams, wooing, sought thee,
 Then the death-pale shadows wove
 Silver veils of mourning round thee,
 Lingered on thy harp of love.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 Singer of the woodland ways,
 Sorrow-guided, sorrow-lifted,
 Tenderly I watch thy lays;
 Watch the love, all love excelling,
 Ringing through the "fairy" strain,
 Watch thee, childless mother, chanting
 Joys that faded into pain.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 Thou hast jewels and a throne,
 Yet the golden glory paleth
 Near some treasures all thine own;
 When thy spirit-pearls are scattered
 Over many a far-off scene,
 Let not sadness ever greet them,
 Care these jewels, poet Queen.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 In thy gentle woman heart,
 Musing on the power that healeth,
 Praise the wise physician's art;
 Yea, but own the nobler mission,
 Given to those whose wise control
 Guides the weak and heavy-laden,
 Binding up the wounded soul.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 Life is lone, forbid us not,
 Trust unfaltering, trust supernal,
 Pause before our sheltered spot.
 Pause! The soul with grief o'erburdened
 Oft hath learned the peace of tears
 Where, beside the Sacred Fountain,
 Stays the Comforter of years.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 Not for thee the veiled shrine,
 Not for thee its inner breathings,
 Not for thee its power divine!
 Bend we not in earthly homage,
 Bend we at a viewless Throne,
 And a voice is answering ever,
 Still to thee, alas! unknown.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 We who tread another road,
 We who through the mortal shadows
 See the Spirit-light of God,
 Leave us in the Temple foldings,
 Leave us to the peace we know,
 Carmen Sylva! where we're resting
 Thy free footsteps cannot go.

Carmen Sylva! Carmen Sylva!
 Why with yearning goeth forth
 All my soul, in pleading accents,
 Seeking the Roumanian earth?
 Why? Because thy harp, intoning
 Love and sorrow, sought this scene,
 And my spirit, space forgetting,
 Calls thee sister-poet Queen.

M. G. R.



On ne tardera pas à
trouver la terre
froide et sombre
sans un aube
entre la lumière
cristalline.

Carmen Sylva

Sine hont og



Minne Torgens
mødet med for
fjellen bærtevortet,
og et myr vinter
generativt.
Hos mig en minne
Havtommene
afslappet, det var for
gode jernstift
Jættan!

Carmen Sylva

Sine hont og

Carta postală.

Who is the poet who
wrote to Carmen Sylva?
It is lovely and full
of understanding!



kindest thanks
for the beautiful
photo and the
charming poem!
How splendid to
live beside
Niagara and the
grand impression
for the young souls!
Trina Nov. 1003 Elizabeth

The Inner Thoughts of a Ruling Queen.

By HER MAJESTY, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

I.

"What Christmas Means to Me."

WO often when people have wished me a merry Christmas, have I felt a lump rise in my throat, and their well-meant efforts to make the day a bright and happy one have so often brought tears to my eyes, I feel inclined to try, at last, to tell what the anniversary of the festival really means to me, by describing some of the Christmas Eves that have been most important in my life.

For not, from one day to another, could a child of Western Europe be transformed into an Oriental princess—the memories of one's childhood and traditions of one's birthplace are too strong within one for that. And thus it is that, notwithstanding our deep affection for our new home, and in spite of the warm sympathies that bind us to the people of Latin race, over whom we have been called by Fate to rule, we two—the daughter of the Rhineland and son of the Swabian Alp—can never quite divest ourselves of the feelings and associations among which we grew up, and which, far from being effaced by subsequent experiences, seem but to have gained in intensity by the circumstances surrounding us in later years. Among these associations are some of such special sadness and regret, belonging to the present season, that the return of Christmas is like the reopening of an old wound whose pain will never quite cease.

Gloomy enough indeed must that first lonely Christmas have been, which the newly-elected young prince spent in the land of his adoption, where he still felt himself to be a stranger. With thoughtful consideration for the homesickness which he had vainly hoped to have hidden from all, the gentlemen in attendance on him had set up in his room, draped and garlanded with flowers and surrounded by lights, the portrait of his mother, just arrived from Sigmaringen, to give him the illusion of taking part in the usual happy family gathering, which, in every German household, is so important a feature of the festival.

But when, on entering the room, he suddenly saw the sweet face gazing at him with wistful tenderness, and noted the traces of sorrow which

recent events had left on the beloved features, then his pent-up feelings almost overcame him, and he had to turn aside to conceal the emotion he could not altogether repress. For he remembered how deeply the mother's heart had been wrung within the past year, not merely by the parting with him, the son she had seen with such misgivings set forth into the dim, dark unknown, but also by the loss of the other no less dearly-loved son, who, still a boy in years, had already met a soldier's fate, dying in her arms, within three days after the battle, of wounds received on the hard-fought field of Königgrätz.

II.

First Years as Queen.

His thoughts went back, too, to the fair young sister, whom he recalled setting out, a few years before, full of high hope, enthusiasm and courage, for the foreign land whose monarch was waiting to welcome her as his bride. He remembered the circumstances of her early death in Portugal, among her new people, to whom she had so endeared herself by her sweetness of character, that she was as deeply and generally mourned in Lisbon as in Düsseldorf by those among whom her youth had been passed; while by her husband she had been so adored that he found it impossible to survive her, and very shortly followed her to the tomb, exclaiming with his last breath: "Thank God! I shall soon be with my Stephanie again!"

All this passed swiftly through the gazer's mind, for it all seemed written on the gentle countenance that looked forth from the canvas, with that same expression of sweet serenity and resignation that was on the delicately-chiselled features to the very last, in extreme old age.

This was the first Christmas spent in Roumania by its new ruler. Three years later he was no longer alone. We kept it together, we two, for the first time, and under the tiny little Christmas-tree, which, to his amusement, I had lighted up and carried into his study for him to admire, I had placed, with a beating heart, one small object—a wee little cradle—the tiniest that could possibly be found.

Next year our Christmas rejoicings were much disturbed by a Ministerial crisis, which took up all the King's time and thoughts, so that the candles on the tree were well-nigh burnt out ere he could rejoin us; the baby, too—the gladly-

welcomed baby—was still too small to understand or pay much attention to what was going on. Still, there was much to be thankful for; was not the war—the cruel war between France and Germany—at an end, and were we not blessed with a child? And although it was only a girl, we could hardly complain of that, since there was every prospect that many more would follow, and surely among them would be the wished-for son.

The third Christmas in our married life was again upset by political events, to such an extent, indeed, that for a moment, it seemed as if we might be forced to abandon the work we had taken in hand and wander out into the world again. No one had time to think of the tree, again, the lights had quite burnt down before we could assemble. And to add to the discomfiture of that dreadful evening, my poor little one-year-old girl was almost sent into a fit by fright at the bleating of a little toy-animal, whose machinery somebody had imprudently set in motion dangerously near her. It was a terrible disappointment, and the harder to bear because I had been looking forward to this Christmas with such delight. My child was already so interesting—she showed intelligence far beyond her age, and was quite a companion to us both, our chief consolation, indeed, in the time of trial we were passing through.

III.

The Little Fairy.

Then came a bright, happy Christmas—that of 1873, just after my return from my first visit to my girlhood's home, where I had the pride and happiness of showing my darling little girl to all my old friends, and of witnessing their admiration for her. The little Fairy, as all called her, won all hearts by her pretty ways and pretty sayings. She was highly interested in all she saw—there were so many things and people I had told her of, and at first she kept asking everyone: "Is that really Mamma's Rhine?" Ah! I cannot bear to tell much about her yet! Only thirty years have gone by; it is still too soon to speak of her! In the introduction to the "Rhapsodist of the Dimbovitza," I have tried to note down some of the sweet words that were always streaming from her dear little lips like poetry, making me feel, as I have often said, that my child was the one true poem of my life!

Yes, this, the Christmas Eve I speak of, was one of the good old kind, with numberless guests, a whole bevy of laughing young girls and countless small children, too—for there were all the little orphan girls and foundlings from our great Asylum, with whom my darling often played games; and through the midst of the happy throng, danced the graceful little figure, more fairy-like than ever that night, for it really seemed as if wings had sprouted from her shoulders and as if her feet no longer touched the ground!

Among her presents, was a little toy carriage, in which she took her seat while the other children drew her in triumph, and with peals of laughter, through the rooms. That was a lovely evening, indeed, and will always shine amid surrounding gloom. For, soon after that, everything grew dark—quite dark!

There had been only one thing wanting to make this Christmas Eve quite perfect—I missed not being able to begin it in the proper German style, with the singing of an anthem in a darkened room, while the tree was being lighted up behind closed folding-doors, during the last verse. But one never knows when one is really well off! This trifling disappointment meant much to me at the time, and afterwards I knew that, in spite of it, that evening had been the best and happiest in my whole life.

IV.

Roumania's Christmas.

Another thing, too, had always been a little bit of a grievance to us both—the fact that our Christmas, being fixed by the Old Calendar, no longer fell together with that of our kith and kin in the western countries; so that, however much we might be united in loving remembrance and by the interchange of gifts, we could never unite our thoughts in its celebration at the self-same moment. This, henceforth, stood us in good stead, for we could make it a pretext for no longer having any Christmas festivities at all. We could always say to ourselves at the proper date, "It is not yet Christmas here," and, then, twelve days later, it was so easy to tell oneself, "Christmas is really past!"

It helped us, too, that in Roumania, as in all other Latin countries, New Year's Day is a pub-

lic holiday, and all presents are made then, Christmas being simply observed as the religious festival. But we were careful never to let any of our own relations suspect that we had given up keeping Christmas altogether, so as not to spoil their rejoicings for them.

It was very hard to bear, though, that first desolate Christmas, and, since then, they have always in reality been the same to me. We were silent, even towards one another. I left the King at work in his study, went back to my own lonely room, and, sitting down at my writing-table, wrote off four or five poems—each a cry of pain from my aching heart—one after the other.

For a long time, all the years were alike after that. All the joy had gone out of our lives; how could we pretend to be happy, or take pleasure in such seasons any more? She was gone, and she sent no other to fill her place.

V.

A Mother's Grief.

Perhaps it was in order that no other might fill it, that she might be sure of never being forgotten. But oh! There is no fear of that! Had a dozen children come after her, not one could ever have taken her place in our hearts, nothing could ever fill again the aching void her absence leaves. To have had one child, and to lose her so soon! There is no grief like this. It did, indeed, undermine my health, the perpetual longing for her—the more so because I could not bear to speak of it to anyone; and if, for years, I had to be carried from room to room, unable to walk a step, I know that it was not so much from any physical weakness as it was the weight of sorrow that, in real truth, took my bodily strength away.

So much has already been spoken and written about our public lives, but about the true—the inner—life nothing has ever been told. And who, indeed, could have told it? Who is there can guess what is passing inside another soul? And even towards one another we were silent, we two, because neither of us dared to speak of what was uppermost in our thoughts. The blow had fallen and we could never recover from it, but we had to put on smiles to face the world, and to manage somehow to struggle cheerfully through our appointed task in life.

After that last Christmas-tree, my darling's last one here on earth, I did not see another for

many, many years, until the winter I spent as an invalid in my mother's house on the Rhine, when, to please her, I had myself wheeled in my chair up to the organ to take my place there and lead the singing for her, as in old times. The flood of memories that rushed over me as I struck the first chords it would be impossible to describe. Enough that here once more, as on so many occasions, the thought for others' happiness enabled me to force a smile to my lips and to go through the hard ordeal.

On my return to Bucharest, as soon as I was strong enough, three years later, it was our turn to be invited to a Christmas family party, for, during my absence, the heir to the throne had brought home his beautiful young wife, and their hearth was already blessed by the presence of two children. For the first moment, when I saw the two fair little heads beneath the tree, I felt as if the knife that is always in my heart were being turned and twisted in the wound, and an agonized prayer went up from my soul to God that I might have strength given me to bear the pain.

VI.

Youth and Age.

It has passed now, the anguish which the sight of other children brings to the bereaved mother's heart, and, like every other trial which we bear in silence for the sake of others, has been rich in subsequent blessing. Only a few weeks more and I shall once more be ready to take my place under that tree, among the little throng, whose childish voices, as they welcome me with boisterous affection, gladden my heart, and to whom I would always fain appear in the light of a Fairy Godmother, laden with gifts, and skilful in inventing some new surprise, some marvellous amusement never heard of before, to make each Christmas more delightful than the last. But even they can hardly guess, as they rush to meet me with outstretched arms, the whole depth of long-repressed maternal tenderness in the bosom to which they are folded, the cravings of the lonely mother's heart, as their sweet lips press her cheek.

Last Christmas, I was paying a visit to the Convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Bucharest, where so many poor children are cared for and tended with unselfish devotion, and one poor little sufferer attracted my

special attention. The good nuns told me how the story of my invalid brother's life, and of the patience and heroism with which he bore his sufferings, had comforted this little creature on her bed of pain. For this reason she so much wished to see me, and, to reward me for having written the book she loved, she brought me her greatest treasure, a picture of St. Elizabeth. I held her a long time on my knee and she leaned her poor little head against my bosom, with the big, melancholy eyes staring wistfully into my face. Afterwards, I heard how this poor little creature, more than an orphan, since she had never known either father or mother, had said to the nuns, when I went away: "What a pity that the Queen is not my mother! She would have been such a good mother to me!" I sent her a little Christmas-tree, all for herself, and am looking forward to hearing of her pleasure in the pretty things I hung on it for her.

In this manner, then, has Carmen Sylva's Christmas often been spent—more often in mourning than in gladness, even in the days of childhood. For mine was not the thoughtless, careless youth which so many can look back to, and which most parents wish they could ensure to their children. So many of my early days were passed in the sick-room, by my beloved father's side, or beside the couch on which my little brother, an invalid from his birth, struggled with the pain that hardly ever left him. So that when with all the sweetness of early memories so much sadness is mingled, one's heart may well grow heavy as one looks back down the long vista of years; and one takes refuge from the sadness of one's thoughts in music or books, or in one's own pen and the pouring forth of one's sad thoughts in verse, as I have done. Now, all the heartache lies behind me, and I am rapidly approaching the term—the sixty-one years—that I used to sigh for when I was only twenty! It seemed to me then that one was only unhappy because one was young and one's heart beat so wildly, and that in old age one would have outlived all sorrow and enter a period of perfect peace and rest.

VII.

Time and Ourselves.

I was not mistaken, the time of tumult and heart-beating and anxious longings is over now,

and the perfect peace I looked forward to is already here. It is so beautiful and serene and calm, and I am so grateful to the dear, kind sixty years that have brought me this, and wonder to myself how so many human beings can be so blind and thankless and only rail against their good friend, Age, to whom they owe such blessings. One of the best of these is that one has grown perfectly indifferent to the comments of the world on one's actions. For how should those who were not acquainted with the motives that prompted those actions possibly be able to pass judgment on them?

One learns in time that the praise or blame of one's own conscience is the only criticism worth having. The soldier-king who led his troops to victory at Plevna has remained a hero—greater even than the laurels won on the battle-field could make him—in the eyes of his wife and of those who know him best, by his single-minded devotion to duty and his absolute disregard of public flattery or misrepresentation. I cannot resist telling how, at a time when the Opposition party was attacking him with extreme violence, he one day remarked to me, with a quiet smile, as he laid down the newspaper he was reading: "I wonder what mistake I can have made that this paper should speak well of me!"

It is often one's fate to be misunderstood, especially if the part one has to play on the world's stage is a prominent one. I remember once asking a great scholar of my acquaintance to give me a definition of the tragic hero, and he replied: "The tragic hero is he who either upholds the human in vain opposition to the natural law, or who, in obedience to the laws of nature, comes into conflict with the laws of man." And he cited examples of Oedipus and Antigone.

But time sets wrong judgments right, and all who live long enough outlive many mistaken ideas concerning themselves. We ought each of us, perhaps, to write our own lives, as none but ourselves can ever know what the true meaning of each life has been. And yet, no one can be really impartial enough for that, and perhaps the real truth is that everyone in this world has many lives, according to the shape that life takes in the eyes of others.

VIII.

Looking Backward.

I know, for instance, that I am a different person to my maids and to my friends, and that I appear in a very different light to my pet kitten and to the people who read my books, and that the Roumanians and the Germans cannot take quite the same view of me. And all these can, of course, only tell what they see, and they can only speak of the person they know, and too often the things they relate are the most unimportant trifles, and the person they describe very little like the true Carmen Sylva. For instance, in all my biographies, the story has been told how, as a small child, I tried to run away to the village school, and many people have laughed at this; but the true story, the true reason why I ran off, because I was in such a hurry to carry to the poor children the big bundles of warm clothes my mother had given me for them—that, no one ever took the trouble to relate! And yet this and similar anecdotes of my childhood would, perhaps, have been better worth having than much that has found place in these books, for such stories paint a child's true character, and the character never changes through life. I know for my own part that, to this day, I think and feel exactly as I did in my earliest youth. My faith and trust in God are just the same and I look forward to the day of my death with the same serene and joyful confidence as at the time when my mother taught me that it is the best and happiest day in our whole lives—like a beautiful Christmas Eve, she used to tell us, to make her meaning clear to our infant minds.

So I wait and watch for the true Christmas that no sorrow can mar, no cloud can dim. The Christmas down here on earth is only the image of it, but it can be so dear and sweet to most of us that we know by that how perfect the great, eternal Christmas will one day be!

CARMEN SYLVA.

The Greeks had a foot-race in which speed and endurance were not the only tests. Each man at the start was given a lighted torch, and the laurel wreath was for the one who came in first, "with his torch alight." Success in life is not merely "getting there," but, more important still, in keeping the light of God burning in our hurrying souls.

Easter.

We cannot bid the darkened eyes
See gold and blue of spring-tide skies;
We cannot bid the nerveless ear
The melody of wild birds hear;
We cannot from the poisoned tongue
Command the chains to be unstrung,
Nor by the single touch of hand
Make trembling paralytic stand.

Such wondrous miracles, 'tis true,
Friend, neither you nor I can do,
But there are deeds, grand, beautiful,
For you and me, if dutiful
We can, with love and tenderness,
Find some poor waif left motherless;
With care and thoughtfulness infold
The almshouse inmate, worn and old.

We can, with gentle, earnest tread,
Adown the ward seek narrow bed,
There feelingly to do our best
To soothe the sufferer into rest;
Upon life's highway we can go,
Despite scorn's bitter, biting blow,
Our hands outstretched, without our blame,
Unto our sister veiled in shame.

"Be not the first the stone to throw."
Said Son of Mary, long ago;
We can to hearts lone, drear and sad,
Bring gleams of sunshine warm and glad;
Woo the flowers of hope and joy to bloom
In souls that pine for faith's perfume;
Aye, by the Master's sacred plan,
An Easter mission has each man.

KATHLEEN KAVANAUGH.

William Finn, Martyr-Hero of the Dardanelles.

Eye-witness Tells How the Chaplain of the Dublin Fusiliers, at the Landing on Gallipoli, Had Both Arms Shot Away as he Blessed the Dying—His Last Words Were: "Are Our Fellows Winning?"

BY THE REV. DR. PETER GUILDAY.

"WELL done, the Dubs! Your deed will live in history!" said General Weston, commander of the division, in an address at Gallipoli to the Dublin Fusiliers after fifteen days of continuous fighting. "You have achieved the impossible. When I first visited this place with the staff, we all thought a landing could never be made. But you did it. The impossibilities were overcome. I am proud to be in command of such a regiment."

General Weston was cheering up his men because he knew they were unusually depressed by the loss of a man who was the idol of the famous old fighting fusiliers. He made no reference to their sorrow, for they all felt that the memory of it was too poignant to be recalled just then. Their minds and hearts were all on one and the same scene. Their own gallantry was forgotten in the remembrance of that little man in khaki with a priest's collar and the ascetic face of a student who had died with these words on his lips: "Are our fellows winning?"

Aye, they were winning; winning after one of the bloodiest engagements of the war, but in Father William Finn, their chaplain, they had lost their best friend. He was loved by them all, from general down to the youngest soldier in the ranks.

Praised by Minister.

It was on Thursday, April 8, that the transport Ansonia sailed for Gallipoli. On board there were two clergymen, Father William Finn, the Catholic chaplain, and the Rev. H. C. Foster, the Church of England chaplain to the 2d Naval Brigade. Shortly after the young priest's death at Gallipoli Mr. Foster wrote an appreciation of his gallant conduct, his blameless character and the geniality of his disposition.

"To see him quietly at work among his own men of the Dublin Fusiliers," writes Mr. Foster, "gave one a clue as to why this courageous priest was so respected and beloved. He always had a

sympathetic ear for trials, tribulations, difficulties and troubles of his men; and when they were depressed and tired of the somewhat monotonous life on board the transport, he was ready with an amusing tale and a cheery word; so much so that the Irish soldiers as usual twisted his name a bit and he became widely known as 'Father Billy O'Flynn, of the Dublin Fusiliers.'

"I know," said the Rev. Mr. Foster, "that he helped his men to live purer and better lives. He called his daily mass his 'Few Words,' and one thing is certain—his talks will not be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear them. Many of his latter addresses were on the subject of contrition, and he taught all his men a little act of contrition to use when they required it, and he asked them especially to repeat it if they were wounded and no priest was nigh: 'O my God, I am sorry that I have sinned against Thee, because Thou art so good, and I will not sin again.'"

Trained to Send Death.

Father William Finn is a fine figure on one of the glorious pages of English bravery. The Dardanelles had to be stormed. That was the order from London, and the landing was to be made on the Gallipoli peninsula. The horrors of that scene can scarcely be described.

The transports, filled with soldiers, mostly Irishmen, steamed as close to the shore as possible, but kept outside the range of the Turkish guns. All along the shore they could see the thick lines of barbed wire, and behind the hills they knew that merciless engines of death had been erected with every range accurately fixed. The guns were trained to catch the men as they landed. When the order came to disembark from the transports and to enter the boats waiting to take them to death the first regiment to do so was the fighting Dublin Fusiliers.

The day appointed was Sunday, April 25th, of this year. On the Saturday before their chaplain, Father Finn, heard the confessions of the men on board the transport, which was then anchored off the historic Island of Tenedos, said Mass for his men, and gave them Holy Communion. All through the wars in which they have taken part it has been recognized that the Irish are among the most religious soldiers in any army. Their bravery without a doubt is due to their religious piety.

"For the reason," says a recent writer, "that he is a praying man the Irish Catholic soldier is a fine fighting man."

And now it turns out that the Irish Catholic priest is the finest fighting man of them all. Up to this great war the world has hardly known its Catholic priesthood. Now the men have come into their own. No consideration of danger has kept the Catholic chaplain in this present war from administering the last sacraments to the men dying in the trenches. Besides binding up the wounds of the fallen soldiers, he has the important duty on his hands of enkindling their souls with a courage like his own.

Courage of the Christian.

Those who are not coreligionists with him or his men recognize this all-powerful influence, and every liberty is given him in all the different armies now at war in Europe to exercise his spiritual sway over his soldiers. The Catholic men in all the armies want their priest near them. They want to know that he will come to them if they are mortally wounded; they kneel in battalions and sometimes in whole divisions to receive absolution from his lips, after they have offered up to God in a body an act of contrition for whatever they have done against His divine law. This is real religion, and this is the courage which is born only in a Christian heart.

Mass is said wherever possible—a door laid on two trestles will often serve for an altar, and two tiny candles at either end, sometimes stuck in the muzzles of two rifles. The soldiers cover the altar with evergreens or flowers if there is time, and the highest officer present will serve the Mass like a little child. It is one of the most inspiring sights of the present war to see entire divisions of men who up to this time in most cases have neglected God, kneel with bowed heads at the benediction.

The chaplain hears confessions in the trenches, in ruined houses, along the roadsides and in the open fields, anywhere that the men are, and the men avow openly that they will go to death unafraid if he is known to be near. There is also a beautiful spirit of comradeship between the representatives of the different religions—Jewish rabbis and Protestant ministers in the several armies and the Catholic priests meet on the same common ground of assistance for their men, one helping the other.

The future historian of the war will find many singular and somewhat amusing occurrences in this fraternal assistance between the representatives of the different creeds.

Within and Without the Fold.

"You ask me," says Canon Morette, of the 7th Regiment of the French line—a veteran of the war of '70—"to give you some details for publication. You must know that I am little inclined to see my poor prose in print, but there is an incident of the type you mention—this mutual assistance between the clergy of the different armies, which has an edifying side.

"It has often happened to me to give absolution to groups of the enemy's wounded. Many times it is impossible to separate the Catholics from the Protestants, and so I give absolution to the entire group after exhorting them in German to form an act of contrition in their hearts. Often I read word by word in German an act of contrition to them and both Catholics and Protestants join with me, and then I give absolution to them all. It is an exceptional thing, I admit, *mais que voulez-vous?*"

"During the first days of the battle of the Marne our regiment took many prisoners, mostly Protestants from Saxony. I sent for the French Protestant chaplain of our corps to assist his wounded coreligionists, but he neither understood nor spoke German. Let him blame me who will, but I acted as interpreter for him and translated his French exhortation into German for their comfort. 'Tell them this,' 'Tell them that,' he kept on saying to me, and I did so.

"The most scrupulous theologian might have found grammatical errors in my translation, but no dogmatic ones. I admit in the beginning I had my doubts, but now the moment I find a Protestant among the enemy's wounded I speak to him of God and heaven, and without causing him the least embarrassment about his own faith, I prepare him, if necessary, for death."

Always Thought of Others.

The Rev. Mr. Foster corroborates this mutual spirit of peace: "Many a pleasant talk have I had with Father Finn, pacing up and down the deck of the *Ansonia*, and I remember that the topics we discussed were many and various, and included the Oxford Movement, Cardinal Newman, Pusey, the Cowley Fathers and our future

landing on a hostile shore. His sympathy and kindness to me I shall never forget. He was broad-minded and always thought of others.

"He celebrated Mass on the fore well deck beneath a big tarpaulin, and always had an excellent attendance. He put this place at my disposal at 7 a. m. on Sunday mornings and did everything in his power to help me."

The Dublin Fusiliers had made their peace with God on Saturday morning, April 24th, the day of Father Finn's last Mass. They had been, as it were, reborn with a courage not of this world's making, and like the Irish Guards at Cuinchy (where Michael O'Leary won the Victoria Cross in February, 1915), who knelt with their chaplain in the trenches a few minutes in silent prayer and then sprang to their feet and dashed across the exposed space which separated them from the enemy, who was hurling a murderous fire into their ranks, routing the enemy at the point of the bayonet—like these, their countrymen, the Dublin Fusiliers, their hearts at rest with God, silently took their places on the old collier, the River Clyde, which was waiting for them and set out for the shore.

As they reached the shore in the faint dawn of that Sunday morning not a sound was heard save the muffled noise of the engines. The chaplains were ordered not to land with the men, but to wait until the next day, when the positions would be in the hands of the British. Father Fahy, the chaplain of another division, which landed on the shore further north at the same time with the Dublin Fusiliers, writes: "However, I disregarded orders and sneaked off with my men, and it was fortunate for many a dying man that I was ashore that morning. Had I known the inferno I was rushing into I believe I should have remained behind."

Father Fahy's Narrative.

Father Fahy was on another destroyer with the Munster Brigade. He had seen Father Finn that morning and bade him good-by in case anything should happen to either of them. He landed with his men, and in his description of the scenes which ensued, of which he has written recently in a letter to a New York priest, we can well realize the terrible danger Father Finn was facing:

"It was 4.30 a. m. and there was a faint glimmer of dawn in the eastern sky. The de-

stroyer next to us began to man her boats and suddenly inferno broke loose from shore. Such a fearful hail of bullets from rifle, machine gun and shrapnel as passes all imagination! It was appalling.

"There was no cover. We were packed so closely together that one bullet would wound or kill three men, and we could not hit back, for the enemy was invisible. The bullets were dancing off the funnels and upper parts of the destroyers. The order was given us to man the boats and we tumbled in as fast as possible and pushed out for the shore.

"It was only 300 yards away, but to me it seemed miles and to have taken hours to reach. There was dreadful slaughter in the boats. I could then see only what was happening in my own. First the 'cox' was shot; then an oarsman fell dead across my feet; then a bullet came through the boat and grazed the puttee on my leg; then another of the men collapsed without a sound, and we knew that he was dead. And so on. It was horrible. I never expected to reach the shore alive.

"There was only one anxiety among the men—to reach the shore and rush the Turks with the bayonet. After what seemed like endless hours the boat touched bottom about twenty yards from the beach. As I jumped up to get out, a bullet went through the sleeve of my jacket and caught the lad behind me. A shrapnel splashed a man's brains over me. Another caught the gunwale of the boat between my knees as I was getting out and nearly blinded me with splinters.

Among Falling Bullets.

"I was pushed from behind and fell into about four feet of water. I went promptly to the bottom, and being loaded with a pack, three days' rations, a water bottle and an overcoat, I found the utmost difficulty in rising; I almost thought I had been shot. I never realized till then how difficult it is to walk quickly through water dressed.

"I got on the beach exhausted and had to lie down among the falling bullets to get my breath. I had made up my mind by this time that I had but a poor chance of getting through the morning alive. Anyhow I picked up a flat stone and held it in front of my head and it was fortunate I did so, because a bullet that would have brained me glanced harmlessly off it.

"I moved forward then to where the tide had made a little bank along the shore. All the soldiers carry a small intrenching tool, but being a noncombatant I had none. I tore up the sand with my bare fingers and made a little shelter in front of me. I never felt so small in my life. I felt as if I could squeeze myself into a thimble. I must also admit that I felt a little cowardly, but it was only for a few minutes.

"The lad on my left, not feeling safe, raised himself a little and began to dig with his intrenching tool. He was shot through the heart. The man on the other side of me got a bullet in the thigh and was in great pain. I pulled him toward me, and lying flat as I was, cut his trousers open and put on a dressing. Every soldier carries a little bottle of iodine and a field dressing, which can be applied in a few minutes.

"I had a look around then and saw all the other boats landing. They were suffering just as much as our boats had suffered. The beach was strewn with dead and wounded. Two boats landed about fifty yards from where I was. They held fifty soldiers each, but only twenty came ashore altogether. They came under the fire of a Maxim gun, which can rattle off about 600 shots a minute.

"But these twenty had their revenge; they captured the gun and bayoneted every man of the crew. So far only a few minutes had elapsed from the time we left the destroyer, and as there was a good number of men ashore the order was given, 'Fix bayonets and charge!' I could hear the click of the bayonets fitting on to the rifles, and then in the semidarkness our men gave a wild Australian cheer and rushed the hill.

"Poor fellows! Had they seen it in broad daylight they would never have attempted it. Military experts say that it is one of the most famous charges in history. It is almost incredible that they could have dug out the Turks from such an impregnable position in so short a time. My first impulse was to grab a rifle and bayonet and go with them. The cheering and the yelling would do your heart good."

The Plan of Attack.

While Father Fahy was going through these exciting experiences, Father Finn was still aboard the steamer River Clyde, to which his men had been transferred from the transport. The plan decided upon was as follows: The

steamer was to run as close to the shore as possible, and then the men were to emerge from doors cut in the bows of the ship; they were to jump quickly on to the lighters, which formed a sort of gangway between the River Clyde and the shore, and then to cut the barbed wire and assault the forts at the point of the bayonet.

The moment the doors opened the plan was carried out with success, but in cutting through the barbed wire much time was lost and a horrible rain of shells from the Turkish forts was let loose. In a hail of bullets, shrapnel and machine-gun fire the first section of the Dublin Fusiliers dropped like leaves on the beach.

Father Finn could not hold himself back any longer. In spite of the orders—orders which were given only for the purpose of sparing him as long as possible to his men—he ran to the commanding officer and begged to be allowed to go ashore with his soldiers.

Riddled With Shot.

Without waiting for an answer he stepped from the bow of the River Clyde on to the lighter and ran toward the shore to the nearest group of fallen Fusiliers. He had not gone many yards before a bullet hit him in the chest and the spurt of blood which followed told him he was badly wounded. Another bullet hit him in the thigh as he kept on, and still another in the breast.

By the time he had reached his men he was literally riddled with shot. One hand had been torn by a shell, but disabled as he was and in spite of the terrible pain he was suffering, he crawled along the beach from dying man to dying man, giving absolution and consolation to every one. A piece of shrapnel shot off what was left of his right hand as he was blessing one dying soldier, and lying on his side he gave blessings and absolutions with his left, which in turn was literally shot away as he raised his arm high, again and again, for his men to see. Another piece of shell crashed into his brain and the soldier who leaned over to help him heard his last words in that one short conscious moment before the end comes:

"Are our fellows winning?"

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Palms of Victory.

IT was Palm Sunday. The clear, white shine of a joyous April morning smiled down upon the people that poured from the great bronze doors of the church, overflowing down the broad steps, streaming away into little companies and groups, finally thinning into twos, and threes, and single walkers.

I was one of those walking singly, unconsciously sensitive to the influence of those around me, bearing their bits of branches of palm held aloft, or dangling, as the mood moved them. Here and there groups of children untangled from the crowds, first one ahead and then another, as is the wont of children, waving their branches aloft, shaking them to and fro, and tossing them lightly, to cause the graceful, drooping fronds to ripple and glisten in the sunlight. The greater number of the older people bore their symbols of victory with a vastly different grace; there was an air, so it seemed to me, of conscious tolerance, something deprecatory. Exceptions impressed me, and of one at least I may speak presently.

* * * * *

As I strolled along, homeward bound, feeling strangely the mystic meaning of the renewal of life all about me, the transparent light of the spring day, the faint touch of verdure on branch and tree, a hurried step behind me tapped lightly on the pavement, and a sprightly voice called to me to wait. I waited till my friend came up, and after a pleasant greeting we walked on together. I noticed that she carried a thin little wisp of palm, so tiny that it might have been furled about the finger and carried conveniently within the palm of the hand. She caught my questioning glance.

"Oh, I left my palm branch in the church," she began, in a sort of breathless voice—she had hurried perhaps. "You know I think it foolish to take them home, just to grow faded, and dry, and finally one has to burn them. I always keep holy water in the house. As for the palms, why I have been to places where they stacked them on the walls for years, until they were literally covered with dust and cobwebs. I think anything like that is simply ridiculous—don't you?"

"Well, somehow, I like to take mine along," I replied, "perhaps not from the most exalted of motives—sometimes I fear I am afar off from

the perfect one. I like to walk along with my palm in my hands; it seems to bring me in touch with many strange scenes and people of all ages. Then, I try to bear in mind that it recalls with a force stronger than words the event our Palm Sunday commemorates."

My friend said nothing for a moment. "I always feel," she remarked after a little, "that everybody is looking at me, and thinking how queer I look with a big bunch of palm leaves—and I do detest to have people stare at me."

I was aware from a first glance of the handsome, expensive and very modish coat and hat she was wearing—of so extreme a style that either hat or coat would have been conspicuous in a show-window of novelties! And yet, she could with complacency and apparent sincerity declare that she "did detest to have people stare at her." What is so enigmatic as human nature?

And so we chatted on until we came to the parting of our ways. As we halted a moment in our farewells, there passed us a woman simply and quietly dressed, with that in her face which told of a strong and earnest nature that had known adversity. It revealed that, for some cause or another, inscrutable, unsolvable, she had been singled out and called to bear sorrow and suffering. Within her hands, graceful as a caress, she carried a beautiful branch of palm, unfurling and shimmering like silk in the sunlight as she walked. As she passed us, she smiled and bowed, and as I watched her on her way, she little dreamed how she drew my heart after her. The rest of the way home, my thoughts were full of the two women. They seemed to me, verily, types.

* * * * *

There was the one, the first to greet me, the wife of a successful man, a man of affairs, blessed with wealth and strength, and possessing after a manner a certain degree of prettiness, the prettiness of mere flesh and blood; her children were all that such a mother might desire; and the husband, as I have said, was successful, prosperous, standing high in the community. One might say that here was a woman possessing the best gifts Providence bestows, all of fortune's favors. And yet how very small looked forth her soul! She was like a flower bobbing so gaily upon the surface of the stream of life that one could not but wonder if it were possible for her

to grasp even so much as an echo of the deep undertones of the Infinite, to glimpse even a ray of the light of the hidden meaning of things. What were symbols or sermons or august types to such as she? And still, all life's best gifts, fortune, health, strength, beauty, leisure, opportunity, were all poured out at her feet.

And then I thought upon the one who had passed last—the one with the bitter-sweet face, its comeliness marred by the inward stress of strong feelings, the overcoming of resentment and regret, with the look in her eyes as of one who has looked upon the crucifixion of everything in life saving Faith. And as I thought of her, the branch in her hand became indeed her palm of victory. And yet, all that the other possessed was denied to this one.

It was my privilege to know that within her little circle she was giving and doing for others—a sweet and fragrant personality, diffusing light that does not blind and awe as great shining lights sometimes do, but building, helpful, cheerful. Within the bleak, unlovely commonplaceness of a humble occupation, her hidden life flowered, nurtured by the secret sources of a never-failing faith.

* * * * *

Thinking of her life, the thought somehow became incensed, as it were, with the memory of arbutus fragrance—the bitter-sweet odor, piquant, evanescent as the smell of moss, of the little flowers hiding their pink and white stars, like strings of pearls, beneath the drifts of dead leaves and pine-needles, and many times covered with snow. Perhaps the thought came so, because the little daring arbutus, twinkling with its tiny burden of perfume beneath the drifts, has chosen for its home the chill, bleak sides of hills that lift their shaded faces northward. You may search patiently through the woods, but in no place, save upon the north sides of the hills, may you discover the precious little flowers. And how like the human arbutus! On the north sides of the hills of life they grow, beaten by the bitter winds, shaded from the warmth and glory of life's suns of happiness, hidden from the hasty, passing eye by the commonplaceness of ordinary appearances, and yet how lovely the spiritual life within; the warm heart with its ready sympathy; the spirit ready to forgive; courage and character, and a faith fearless and

dauntless. Of such type, the human arbutus—the woman who passed me with her palm of victory lifted, its green fronds glistening, unfurling about her like pennants of light as she walked.

But what of the other? With her poor little wisp of green curled about her finger, significant of the spiritual life neglected within, she walked, unconsciously covering herself with confusion, blinded by the dazzle upon the surface of life, the life, alas, that for her and all is so short!

And yet not for the shortness of life's duration here are we to hold fast to the faith that uptends—whether our way spreads before us, following the sun-kissed uplands of prosperity, or whether it climbs the north sides of hills, where the snow-drift lingers longest, against which the winds of adversity are driven with cruel force. There is a nobler motive, a motive in which fear should have no part; the hope in the fullness of that happiness which can come to us only when, perfected, we come face to face with Perfection—if it so be, that we may be accounted worthy to be found among that "great multitude" whom John saw in his vision:

"After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

LYDIA WRIGHT.

In these days of severe pressure and overhasty action, some part of the margin of leisure should be spent in cultivating the lost art of solitude and meditation. To see how studiously people strive to avoid being alone is to be led to believe that they fear something vacant or terrible when they are alone. Yet to live well, one must be friends with oneself; for we gather in solitude the strength and balance that enable us to return helpfully to the world.

"There are no bargains on the counter of success, the price is always work." Something for nothing is a disappointing dream. What is worth having is worth working for, and sooner or later, in one form or another, we must pay the price of all that we receive. It is the price that makes us at once honest and appreciative. Neither God nor nature will pauperize mankind.

The Sons of Saint De La Salle in the New World.

First Foundations and Early History of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in North America.

IN the wake of the discoverers and colonizers of America came the apostolic missionaries of the Catholic Church to carry on the work of evangelization and civilization according to the commission received from her Divine Founder: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." Wherever the Church of God is engaged in her soul-saving mission, there too will always be found the Christian school wherein is laid the foundation of the moral and intellectual edifice of Christian society. From the moment, therefore, that the colonies in the New World began to be definitely organized, steps were taken to provide for the proper Christian training of the children. To supply the necessary teachers, the founders and early missionaries of New France looked naturally enough to the religious Orders of their mother-land and, especially, to the newly-established Congregation of St. John Baptist De La Salle which had already achieved phenomenal success in France. The story of the coming of the Brothers of the Christian Schools to North America is, therefore, an important chapter in the history of Catholic education in the New World.

Early Attempts to Secure Teachers.

From the time of their arrival in Montreal in 1657, the Sulpician Fathers made frequent attempts to organize schools for the instruction of the young. For a time, they themselves undertook the task of teaching the boys, but they soon found it impossible to carry on this work in addition to the pastoral duties that they were called upon to exercise, both in the town and in the surrounding villages. It was, therefore, necessary to try another plan, and an attempt was made to interest some zealous people in the work and to induce them to devote their time to the education of youth. Unfortunately, so far at least as the boys were concerned, little success crowned these efforts but they served to start a movement in favor of popular education that would ensure moral support and financial assistance for the work.

In 1688 three pious laymen, John Francis Charron, Louis Leber, and John Fredin, fired

with zeal for souls, determined to attempt the undertaking. Charron, a native of Blois, was a Quebec merchant and possessed a large fortune which he generously sacrificed for the work. Leber was of a Breton family that had settled in Canada and he died in the odor of sanctity in 1707. Of Fredin we have no record. The Institute founded by Charron "was to care for poor old men and children, French as well as Indians." Its members took the name of "Brothers Hospitallers of St. Joseph of the Cross," but, ordinarily, they were known as "Charron Brothers." Their project was approved by the king of France, sanctioned by the diocesan Bishop, encouraged by the seigneurs, and thankfully welcomed by everyone. Soon three more joined the founders, and in 1701 six Charron Brothers took the religious habit. In 1702 they made the simple vows of religion and, in 1704, added a vow of stability. The future now looked promising when, suddenly, Pontchartrain, the minister of the government, judging that "the care of the sick is a duty more suitable for women than men, notwithstanding the spirit of charity that may prompt it," forbade the rising congregation to wear a religious costume or to receive any more novices. This was its death-blow. All the subjects except three left Brother Charron, who resolved henceforth to limit his work to the training of teachers for country schools.

Seeing his enterprise in danger, Charron set out for France and at Paris vainly begged that his Brothers might be united to the Society of St. Sulpice. He was advised to go to Rouen and there apply to the Superior of the Brothers of the Christian Schools for subjects for his work. St. John Baptist De La Salle had resigned the superiorship the previous year and now in humility enjoyed the happiness of obeying those who had received their Rule and their schools from him. It was, therefore, to Brother Bartholomew, the immediate successor of the holy Founder, that the appeal was made. At first it was favorably received, as appears from a letter from the Superior General to Brother Gabriel Drolin at Rome, dated January 18, 1718. He says: "To all appearances we shall soon have an establishment in Canada and we hope that it will be with the authority of the Prince (letters patent from the Regent). That would greatly contribute to our solid establishment in France, supposing the affair succeeds."

The project, however, did not succeed. It was not the will of God that, at that early date, there should be such distant foundations. The holy Founder, St. John Baptist De La Salle, knew it as it were by intuition, and kept continually repeating: "What are you going to do? What are you going to do?" So Brother Bartholomew broke off the agreement that had already been signed. Not long after, Brother Charron died on board a vessel a few days' sail from La Rochelle, on his way back to Canada.

In vain did the Fathers of St. Sulpice attempt to keep up Charron's work. No postulants came in and, at last, in an attempt to help matters out, Brother Chretien Turc, Charron's successor, crossed to France in 1722 and gathered a few subjects. While soliciting the protection of those in power, he left his young recruits with the Brothers of the Christian Schools at Paris to be instructed in the art of teaching. In 1724 he was again in Paris engaged in some financial speculation which unfortunately failed and he lost everything.

To save their Institute from inevitable ruin, the Charron Brothers then sent another of their members, Brother Gervais, to France. He attempted to arrange a union with the Brothers of the Christian Schools and, in 1737, two of the latter, Brothers Denis and Pacificus, were sent to Canada by the then Superior General, Brother Timothy, to see for themselves what could be done. The envoys soon learned that the creditors of the hospital belonging to the Charron Brothers were just waiting for the installation of the new staff to seize the furniture, etc., to get back their money. In spite of the entreaties of the Governor General of Canada and of the ministers of Louis XV., Brother Timothy gave up the project and recalled his Brothers.

It was with regret that the two Christian Brothers left the country that had given them so cordial a reception and where their zeal would have had so vast a field of action. In fact, the De La Salle family was not unknown in New France. Lancelot De La Salle, who settled at Rheims in 1561, was the grandfather of Eustache De La Salle whose daughter, Rose, married Nicholas Marquette, a judge of the court of Laon. Of this union was born the celebrated Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, who died at Quebec in 1675. This Rose Marquette was the grandaunt of St. John Bap-

tist De La Salle. Several De La Salles were in Canada in 1733. A cousin of the holy Founder, likewise called John Baptist, had but just returned to France where he became known in his family as "Marquis of Quebec."

First Foundations of the Brothers in America.

Forty years more passed before the sons of St. John Baptist De La Salle settled in America and, even then, Canada was not the scene of their first foundation. In 1777, they opened the Royal College of St. Victor at Port Royal, Martinique. This lasted till 1792 when it was suppressed by the newly-proclaimed Republic. It is probable that the expelled Brothers retired to the United States and it seems altogether likely that they were in some measure responsible for the efforts made from 1815 to induce the Institute to make a foundation in Kentucky. Bishop Flaget, first Bishop of Louisville, wrote, through his vicar-general, under date of November 20, 1817, "We should like to have a community of men like the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who could teach our young men, not only to read, write, and cipher, but also agriculture and the different trades."

About the same time, Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans sent pressing requests to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda to use its influence with the Institute to obtain Brothers for his diocese. On December 25, 1815, the Cardinal Prefect wrote to Brother Gerbaud, the Superior General, begging him to give some Brothers. On December 30 of the same year, Pope Pius VII. himself repeated the request in these words:

"Our venerable brother, William Dubourg, lately consecrated and named by Us Bishop of New Orleans, ardently desires to bring with him some of your Brothers to teach the youth of his vast diocese which has so great need of them. We earnestly recommend this matter to you, most beloved son, and We wish that, if you have some subjects that are willing to go to that country and whom you judge fitting for this pious work, you will let him have them if at all possible. This would be a favor most agreeable to God and to Ourselves."

On April 20, 1816, Brother Gerbaud gave an affirmative reply to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda and on July 1, 1817, three

Brothers sailed for Louisiana, arriving at Annapolis after a voyage of seventy-five days.

In 1818 they opened a school at St. Genevieve, near St. Louis. At first all went well. But four years later, in order that the Brothers might find other schools in conjunction with lay teachers, the diocesan authority separated them from one another. There was now no longer any community life nor communication with the superiors and, in those days, correspondence was slow and difficult. Lacking proper support and direction, the poor men gradually lost their vocation. In after years, Brother Patrick, the Assistant-General, made the acquaintance of one of these former Brothers who spoke of the regret that his companions and himself had always felt for the disaster. In 1853, the last survivor of the band—formerly Brother Fulgence—begged to be allowed to make a retreat in one of the Brothers' communities. He distributed in alms the fairly large fortune he had made and, at his death, he had nothing but the religious habit in which, in his will, he requested to be buried.

Because of this failure, the spread of the Christian Brothers' schools in the United States was delayed. They were eventually to re-enter the country from another quarter.

The Coming of the Brothers to Canada.

In 1830, the Superior of the Sulpicians in Montreal at the instance of Bishop Lartigue, asked Brother Anacletus, the Superior General, for four Brothers for Canada. Political conditions prevented an immediate arrangement. Things were so uncertain in France that it was not thought opportune to establish distant foundations. At last on October 10, 1837,—just a century after the voyage of Brothers Denis and Pacificus—four French Brothers, led by Brother Aidant, Provincial of Nantes, embarked at Havre for Canada.

After a rough passage of twenty-three days, they landed at New York on November 3d., and on the 7th. reached Montreal where the Sulpician Fathers awaited them. For the first six months they lived at the Seminary where they were made thoroughly at home by their hosts whom they, in turn, edified by their piety and regularity of life. A school was opened on December 23d. in buildings belonging to the Seminary and adjacent to Notre Dame Church. Two

classes were crowded the first day and it was necessary to open a third. One month after the opening a solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung at which Mgr. Bourget, co-adjutor Bishop, assisted and, at the close of the ceremony, he went to the school and blessed the class-rooms in which 270 pupils were now assembled.

In the following June, the Sulpicians made over to the Brothers, for a dwelling, a house that they owned beside the school. Here was inaugurated the first Novitiate of the Order in America, for it was felt that steps must at once be taken to secure on the spot the necessary subjects for carrying on the work. This house, however, soon proved too small, and to give increased accommodation, Reverend M. Quiblier, the Superior of St. Sulpice, procured a large property on Coté Street on which was a house that had once been the country seat of the governor of Montreal. An addition was built to it and the Brothers moved in. Both house and chapel were blessed by Bishop Bourget who, in a touching exhortation, expressed the wish to see the work grow and the schools multiply in his diocese. As events proved, his wish was amply fulfilled. Subjects flocked into the Novitiate from Canada and the United States and even from Ireland, whose persecuted children were then seeking a refuge in the New World. In 1840, a school was built beside the Novitiate building and dedicated to St. Lawrence. It replaced the first school that had now become inadequate to accommodate the ever-increasing number of pupils. This school still exists and now, as a private academy, has a large number of boarders as well as day pupils.

Already the Brothers had acquired such a reputation as educators that persons of authority and distinction came from all directions to see the work. One of these visitors was Lord Sydenham, the Governor General. The pupils gave him an exhibition of their work in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and, so charmed was he with all he saw, especially with their order and industry, that he gave some valuable prizes as a testimony of his appreciation. Their Lordships the Bishops of Montreal, Quebec, Boston, and Kingston also visited the school and were especially loud in their praise of the excellent religious instruction given to the pupils. Bishop Bourget opened some additional classes in his own residence in October, 1843, and these were

continued until 1852, when the house and Cathedral were destroyed by fire.

The children of the many poor exiles from the Emerald Isle who were flocking to America to escape the horrors of famine and pestilence, likewise attracted the zeal of the Brothers and, in 1843, special classes were opened for them in the old house of the Recollet Fathers. This was the origin of the now flourishing St. Patrick's School.

In 1844 the Brothers opened a school at Three Rivers and another at Quebec. In the old Fortress City the number of schools has steadily increased until to-day the Brothers have six flourishing establishments there. The present Commercial Academy is the outgrowth of their first school. The others were opened in the following order: St. John's, 1849; St. Patrick's, 1851; St. Roch's, 1853; St. Saviour's, 1865; Jacques Cartier, 1908.

The Provinces of Canada and the United States.

Once more the Brothers of the Christian Schools entered the United States in 1845 and, with this foundation, began their extensive and fruitful labors in the great American Republic. Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore had written to Brother Aidant in 1842, begging him to use his influence to obtain Brothers for a school in Baltimore and, about the same time, the Superior of the Lazarists at St. Louis, Mo., made a like request for that city. The first school was opened at Baltimore in 1845 and at St. Louis in 1847. At the request of Bishop Hughes, the Brothers opened their first house in New York in the summer of 1848.

The last house founded by Brother Aidant, the zealous pioneer Provincial of the Order in America, was that of St. Bridget's, Montreal. He returned to France in 1848 and was succeeded by Brother Facile, a man who entered upon his labors in the vast American Province (including Canada and the United States) with a brilliant mind, large heart, and wonderful capacity for organization that have left their impress upon the work even to the present day. He is properly regarded as the Patriarch of the Institute of St. John Baptist De La Salle in America. At the time of his arrival, Brother Facile found in all but fifty-one Brothers, but the remarkable development that followed showed that God's blessing was upon his labors.

By 1858 there were 120 Brothers and 40 Novices in Canada and 200 Brothers in the United States. In the meantime other houses had been opened in the Province of Quebec in 1849 and, in 1851, at the request of Bishop Charbonnel of Toronto, the Brothers opened their first school in Ontario in that city on May 1, 1851. This was known as St. Michael's School and was located on Richmond Street. At the General Chapter of the Order held in 1861, Brother Facile was chosen Assistant General and was obliged to take up his residence at the Mother House in Europe. In his higher position, however, he continued to interest himself in the affairs of his Order in his beloved America with which he was particularly charged.

Now that the Institute was spread throughout a great part of Canada and the United States, it was found necessary for convenience of administration to divide this vast territory into two Provinces. Accordingly in 1864, Upper and Lower Canada became the Province of Canada with Mother House at Montreal and the houses in the United States formed the Province of the United States with headquarters at New York. Of the latter, Brother Ambrose, Director at St. Louis, Mo., became the first Provincial. Meanwhile many new foundations were being made. St. Ann's School, Montreal, another school for the children of the Irish immigrants, was opened in 1862, and the first house of the Brothers in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, was established in 1864.

This same year Brother Facile resigned his position as Assistant General and was succeeded by Brother Patrick who had himself received his religious training in the Montreal Novitiate. Under the guidance of this worthy and devoted son of St. De La Salle and the first Irishman to occupy so exalted a position in his Order, the American Provinces developed rapidly. The first Junior Novitiate or Preparatory College of the Order in America was opened by Brother Patrick at Montreal in 1876. From the first this undertaking was signally blessed and was greatly encouraged by the Bishops. The saintly Brother Facile, who had done so much for the cause of Catholic education in America, died at Marseilles in 1877. In compliance with his dying request that his body might be laid to rest in the country that had been the scene of his labors, his remains

were brought to America in 1886 and interred in the cemetery of the New York Novitiate.

Truly the Institute of St. John Baptist De La Salle had thrived on the free and fertile soil of America, and in many extraordinary ways it had experienced the special blessing and protection of God. In 1880—but little over forty years after the first four pioneer Brothers landed in Montreal—the Brothers of the Christian Schools had 105 houses and 1065 Brothers in North America. Of these, 307 Brothers and 32 houses were in Canada and, in the United States, four Provinces with 758 Brothers and 73 houses.

The words of the Right Reverend Monsignor Mooney of New York, spoken on the occasion of the blessing of the present Mother House at Pocantico Hills, N. Y., may fittingly close this sketch:

"In the whole history of the matter of Catholic education, inasmuch as it had a history, has the presence of the Brothers of the Christian Schools been a vital factor in its development and in its progress. Coming here when the question became a burning one, they took up their own special work in the spirit of their saintly and providential Founder, and giving themselves to it with his own singleness of purpose, his own unalloyed simplicity of motive, his own humble but absorbing desire to be above all and beyond all the instrument of doing the greatest good to the greatest number of God's poor, their record has been the record of Catholic education to a great extent within these United States. And if to-day the prospect here is really bright, if to-day, in spite of indifference and opposition, nay more, hostility; if to-day the prestige of Catholic schools and Catholic scholars is not dimmed by any comparison with any other; if to-day the thoughtful and the candid upholders of other systems are prepared to acknowledge the efficiency and thoroughness of their methods, their real and genuine training, and their marked adaptability to the demands and needs of our American life,—this happy and auspicious result is due to the presence and the labors among us of the sons of the sainted De La Salle."

BROTHER SIMON, F. S. C.

Another Word for Belgium.

SO many of our own sons are in the fighting trenches, so many of our heroes are maimed or dead, so many great deeds are being daily wrought by our own forces on land and sea, that in the stream of self-praise or self-pity we may perhaps overlook heroic Belgium. Not that we should ever forget it through wilfulness or neglect, but through the mere powerlessness to cast ourselves out beyond the intense emotions mobilized in our own souls. For this reason there will be nothing but thanks for any one who will do for Belgium what Belgium will not do for itself, and recall men for a moment from the sight of their own deeds to the heroism of Europe's ewe lamb.

Heroes are of two kinds—the resolute and the steadfast. I know not which is the greater; and the heroes, who perhaps know, will not decide.

The hero resolute is discovered on occasion. With that suddenness, which is one of the qualities of war, a great danger threatens. The commonality of men, and even of fighting men, are struck motionless. They await the danger with a quiet which is perhaps the shadow of lost hope. If they see a desperate venture which might save others at the cost of life, a thousand wild thoughts hold their limbs rooted to the earth. Give them a word of command, and obedience will unlock their limbs. But left to themselves they await death with the quiet of despair.

It is at a moment like this that the hero resolute comes into his own. The overwhelming circumstances, which nothing in his life could have led him to expect, seem to be a matter of daily occurrence. He deals with them as if his life had been spent in their midst. What genius is to the man who fathoms truth when other men are out of their depths in error, heroism is to the man who takes a thousand risks and faces almost inevitable death in the narrow self-chosen path which he swiftly resolves to follow. Sometimes he dies—but the rest live. But mostly he lives; for the Master of life and death looks kindly on the hero who by his bravery takes God the Redeemer for his God.

The hero steadfast is of another fibre. It is not a sudden onrush or plight that discovers him. He does not live any intense moment on a level high above the heads and wills of his fellows.

He does not suddenly summon from the still fastnesses of his soul massed levies of power and daring. He is not the gift of a supreme instant of intuition and resolution.

On the contrary, he is the matured growth of time. He is discovered, not in the opening moments of a battle, when many men have the inspiration to be brave, but in the last hours of a wearying day of fight or flight, when the hero resolute may perhaps have sunk back exhausted into sleep. He is not at his best in moving forward to attack, but in failing to move backward towards defeat. He is not gifted in the art of undertaking or planning; but what he once takes up he has the art never to give up, and what has been planned for him to do he will die rather than desert. His symbol is not the sword, with its swift thrill of intense pain; but the Cross, with its lingering hours of agony.

I wish all my readers knew what our forefathers meant by the forgotten word "to thole." If they knew it in its untranslatable vigour they would say that "the hero resolute dares, and the hero steadfast tholes."

* * * * *

I have said I do not know which hero is the greater. Only this I know, that the man who has both modes of heroism is twice a hero. And this my readers know, and the whole world knows with them, that Belgium is that hero with a double portion.

At nightfall, when Belgium could not summon her full board of counsellors to deliberate, she found a thrice-armed plunderer at her door, offering her the twelve hours of night to choose between dishonour and death. The deliberate choice of night for this ultimatum was the first discharge of that "frightfulness" which has given a new word or a new meaning to the vocabulary of war.

The little ewe lamb was at once the hero resolute. She met the miscreant with almost a saucy daring, as a deep-sea yacht might saucily dip its bowsprit into a storm-angered billow. And she still rides the storm.

Months have passed. The slow tragedy of a martyred people has been wrought, and is still being wrought, in Europe's Haceldama. Every kind of national suffering that could crush a people has been vented on the saviours of civilization. Belgium loved peace; Belgium is in the fiercest fire-zone of the war of wars. Belgium

loved 'to till' the soil; the soil is wasted; and the tillers cowed or fled. Belgium loved the Arts; and her world-famed monuments, now in ruins, have been "cannon fodder." Belgium loved her own people; and thousands of her people are fugitives in foreign lands. Belgium loved freedom, having fought for it through two thousand years; and Belgium, after a few years of freedom that have enriched the world, is once more the slave of a tyrant whose yoke is not only thralldom, but insult. Belgium loved God; and God's ministers have been shot and God's homes destroyed.

Every billow of the deeps of sorrow has swept over this little people. But the land of sand dunes is, not as the sand, but as the rock. It still stands. It still fights. It still tholes.

It is the hero steadfast.

King Albert is at once the saviour and the symbol of Belgium. He has realized the proverb of St. Vincent de Paul, a man who knew: "Le bruit ne fait pas de bien; le bien ne fait pas de bruit." He has added to his heroism the consummate touch of reserve. His words are still to seek. Even the destruction of his people has not unlocked his lips; it has merely unsheathed his sword. "In silence and in hope" may not be his motto; but must have been his model. Like his people, he has suddenly dared without a cry; and is now tholing without a word.

The day will come when history will have to give the King of the Belgians a name. "Albert the Silent" would be such a name; true, yet not sufficient, as failing to give the heroism that was the soul behind his silence. I sometimes wonder if we could find a fitter title than "Albert the Undaunted."

Indeed, I shall hope one day to see somewhere in the halls of humanity a statue of Albert with the words,

ALBERTUS INVICTUS.

and near it a symbolic statue of Belgium, with the words

BELGIA INVICTA.

VINCENT McNABB, O. P.

The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers—they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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APRIL, 1916

It has already been asked who is to pen the great epic of the war now devastating the fairest and most populous centres of Europe, and who will be the first to immortalize on canvas or in marble the tremendous realities of 1914—

Death, even the appalling lines of death at the hands and guns of the ruthless Huns, takes on something almost of majesty. In the shelled trenches it may still be "eloquent, just, and mighty," because the hard pent rage has eaten inwards, and the war has become a crusade.

Defeat inspired the historical painters of the seventies. Victory, let us hope, will be the new theme.

What masterpieces must be born! Think of the terrific combats described by correspondents; the tragic artillery duels; the deeds of mitrailleuse; the battles in the air and under the sea; the sacking of Louvain!—Louvain where, since 1834, the stately doctorate had been conferred,

and solemn reunions had taken place with all the splendour of the old academic formulae.

Can we not already see French, Belgian, British, and Russian artists contemplating the "glory that was Rheims" in a background of ruddy flame?

*

Dolce far niente—sweet doing nothing. Could you manage it? Very few persons know how. We must "keep moving," as the police say, at this season, keep on doing things. To the majority of people to-day rest is impossible. From the business man, unable to refrain from fresh efforts despite his accumulated millions, to the club-woman, who boasts of seventeen meetings a week, everybody is toiling and slaving, as if life meant nothing more than the expenditure of so much vital energy per hour.

Of course, to be able to thoroughly enjoy doing nothing one must have a great deal to do. To wake up in the morning feeling one had absolutely nothing to do all day would be horribly boring, whereas to know that there are at least a dozen things waiting to be done and not to do any of them is the only way to enjoy doing nothing. Far, however, from realizing this, the generality of the people to-day seem to devote all their energies to making more work for themselves. Even when they have not to earn their own livelihood—in which case their efforts are more or less justified—people seem incapable of sitting still for any length of time, and if they do not actually want to make money for themselves they invent all sorts of harrassing devices in the shape of bazaars and charity entertainments, in general, in order to make it for somebody else; while others, with nothing to say, and still less knowledge of how to say it, are so imbued with the necessity of work for work's sake that they flood the press with superfluous articles, and the libraries with unnecessary novels. The very fact of writing makes them feel busy, and "business" being the fetish of the day, they are

willing to sacrifice to it not only half of the pleasure of life, but their health and their youth.

If they only knew it, the world would really be none the worse off if half these people did less and did it more intelligently, and also, perhaps, a little more sympathetically. As it is, people are too busy to be of much use to their friends. In trouble, it is true, they rush to each other, but they rush away just as quickly, and in ordinary circumstances, they have no time to come at all.

A noted physician, a well-known exponent of physical culture, was recently asked:

"You are a great believer in women being active, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, but I am also a great believer in women being quiet. It is just as important that a woman should study to be quiet as it is that she study ways of being active. Unceasing activity is mighty hard on the human system, and the human machine is such a delicately constructed bit of organism that it cannot stand the strain of constant motion. We would need fewer hospitals and sanitariums if our people were less constantly active than they are."

An ancient writer says:

"There is no mortal truly wise and restless at once; wisdom is the repose of minds."

Montaigne once wrote:

"Have you known how to take repose? You have done more than he who has taken cities and empires."

*

Comment on the following tribute to the Irish troops would be superfluous:

"I am astonished that Glasgow folks, and I have met quite a number since my return from that 'hell' out there, seem to be unaware of the extraordinary bravery which was displayed by the Irish soldiers, especially the Munsters and the Dublins. As you know, I am not Irish and have no Irish connections whatever—in fact, I was rather opposed to the granting of Home Rule—but now, speaking honestly and calmly, after having witnessed what I did—the unparalleled heroism of these Irishmen—I say nothing is too good to give the country of which they are, or rather were, such worthy representatives.

"My God, it was grand! It filled one with admiration and envy; because certainly no soldiers could show greater daring and bravery than these fine boys did in face of an awful fire and destruction. Ayé, the race that can produce such men, supermen, as those chaps were, to do such glorious work for the empire, has the most perfect right to demand and, what is more, to get the freedom of its country and the right to rule it. Yes, it is but the merest truth to state that there would be no Dardanelles campaign heard of to-day if it had not been for the extraordinary services of these Irish troops, white men every one, and I have no doubt but that God has taken them to Himself.

"Oh, but they deserve a rich reward! What surprises me is that the papers here have not been full of their praises. I would have expected that it would have been made widely known that the Irish boys had at least saved the situation and displayed a bravery the like of which was never equalled. It is a shame and a scandal, because I can tell you there is not a man in the service who is aware of the great gallantry but who would willingly do anything now for the Irish people, yes, the Irish Catholics. I have no religion, but it was most charming and edifying to see these fine chaps with their beads and the way in which they prayed to God. We are all brothers, but to my dying day, I bow to the Irish."

*

Saloniki, or according to the commoner spelling, Salonika, has for twenty-two centuries borne a woman's name—a witness to the love a man had for his wife. Cassander, King of Macedon, founded the city in 315, B. C.; he had married the sister of Alexander the Great, and as a mark of his affection for her, he gave the place her name, Thessalonica.

It soon became the capital of the kingdom, and grew rapidly in importance as the great port through which much of the commerce between Europe and Asia passed. What is now the main street, the Grande Rue de Vardar, was once the terminus of the famous Roman highway, the Via Egnatia, that connected the Adriatic with the Ægean Sea; the remains of two imperial arches

built more than fifteen hundred years ago still span it. Until the seat of empire was transferred to Constantinople, Saloniki was the metropolis of the whole peninsula that includes Greece; since then it has ranked second in wealth, population and commerce among the cities of European Turkey.

Among the many striking events in its history was the coming, probably in 53, A. D., of a letter from Corinth to the little band of Thessalonian Christians, including "of the chief women not a few." That letter is the earliest piece of Christian literature that has survived—the oldest part of the New Testament. The spirit that animated the little band prevailed, in spite of every trial and persecution; through the succeeding ages their church was the bulwark of Oriental Christendom, and Thessalonica was known as the "Orthodox City."

It is impossible to predict with certainty what is to be the future of this most interesting city, sacred not only to the Christians, but also to the ancient classical world, since it lies in sight of Mount Olympus, the fabled home of Zeus and other Grecian deities. It is rich in Roman, Byzantine, and early Christian architectural remains. Few places are more picturesque, for from the foliage of its elms, cypresses, and mulberry trees rise numerous domes and minarets.

*

Sixty-four years ago it was thought that Napoleon III. might violate the neutrality of Belgium, and then, as now, Great Britain was ready to accept an invasion of Belgium as a *casus belli*. In this connection it is of interest to recall the following passage from the published "Letters of Queen Victoria" (vol. II., p. 362):

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Feb. 3, 1852.

To the King of the Belgians.

MY DEAREST UNCLE: My warmest thanks for your kind little letter of the 30th. Matters are very critical, and all Van de Weyer has told us *n'est pas rassurant*. With such an extraordinary man as Louis Napoleon one can never be for one

instant safe. It makes me very melancholy. I love peace and quiet—in fact, I *hate* politics and turmoil, and I grieve to think a spark may plunge us into the midst of war. Still, I think *that* may be avoided. Any attempt on Belgium would be *casus belli* for us; *that* you may rely upon. Invasion I am not afraid of, but the spirit of the people here is very great—they are full of defending themselves, and the spirit of the olden times is in no way quenched.

*

In this day of feminine radicalism the late Queen Elizabeth of Roumania must be classed as an old-fashioned woman. She believed that woman's place is the home and that "there should her husband find her," a doctrine which the modern woman would find as hard as the rich young man in the Gospel found the direction to sell all that he had and give to the poor. But Queen Elizabeth made her work in the home of service to her people and of interest to the world at large. That world is the better for her having lived in it, quite apart from the service she rendered her people through her royal prerogatives.

*

"Will you allow me," writes an old-world *correspondent*, "to ask your readers to consider whether we women are making for civilization or barbarism?"

Our tight and scanty clothing and our ungraceful manners set one wondering whether 'mere man' is thinking better or worse of us, and if it is not all rather barbaric. To see a pretty young girl lolling back in an easy chair with a fine display of feet and ankles—to say the least of it—smoking cigarettes is, to my mind, a picture that is not altogether pleasing, and the absence of courtesy to older people makes one regret the good old times.

I am well aware that the world cannot be put back and that we are living in a transitional and revolutionary epoch, consequently, many changes are to be looked for and many, no doubt, are good and will make the position of women better in the future; but I fancy I see a tendency in the

present fashions in dress and behaviour to cheapen women in the eyes of men instead of idealizing them.

I am far from wishing to see women placed on pedestals or made into the mincing miss of old days; at the same time, I dread anything that is likely to take away from the self-respect of either sex. After all, outward forms and habits are some indication of the inner man or woman. 'A perfect woman nobly plann'd,' a fit companion for good men, is, to my mind, the ideal to make for, and, after all, we cannot live without ideals."

*

It is from the standpoint of one who loves the Old World with all its delicate beauty, and whose sympathies are equally divided between all the noble men and women of the different countries now in the death struggle of a stupendous war, that the Reverend Dr. Guilday, of the Philadelphia Archdiocese, an author of wide repute, approaches the sacred subject of the ecclesiastical heroes of the present war. As a contributor to the pages of many of the leading reviews and as one of the young professors at the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C., Doctor Guilday's name is known already to a host of readers.

In the long line of doctors graduated from the University of Louvain, Belgium, since its foundation, in 1426, Doctor Guilday was the last. He is an American, born in Chester, Pa., of American parents, thirty-two years of age. Besides studying at Louvain, he was at the University of Bonn, Germany, and lectured in Europe before learned societies in German, Italian and French. Doctor Guilday was in Belgium when the war broke out, and immediately after he had taken his Degree he was summoned back to America.

His preparations to return to America after such a long absence were hastened by the outbreak of the war in August, 1914. Belgium was then in the midst of that gallant defense of her

altars and firesides which went down in a blaze of glory at Liège and Namur; and among the first to fall before the invading hosts of Germany were some of Doctor Guilday's closest friends of University days.

The world seemed to crash in upon Doctor Guilday, and all the joy of his seven years at Louvain and among army men at the frontier was blotted out, for the first news he heard on his arrival in New York was that Louvain was no more. Her students had been scattered. The very newspapers that morning contained the account of the death of his best-beloved companion, a young priest of Namur. Louvain's professors had been driven out of town, and its old ancestral halls, built in 1317, beaten to powder by the guns of the conquerors. They had all loved Germany so much, Doctor Guilday explained, and had profited so sincerely by the scientific work of the universities and learned men, and had used its language as freely as French in their classes at Louvain, that his mind was simply bewildered by this most awful fact of the present war. He had seen London mad with war fever in July. Then came the world conflagration; and from it all arose a handful of patriots—hero priests whose records are for the first time set down in the series of articles written by Doctor Guilday, and which will appear in the columns of the RAINBOW.

Rubenstein said that if he omitted his piano practice one day, he noticed it; if for two days, the critics noticed it; if for three days, the public noticed it.

The harp of character is subject to deterioration, and only constant care will keep it in fine tune, and only constant practice will keep the chorus of the graces so perfectly trained that they will produce rich chords and sweet melody. Character is a costly product and we cannot have it unless we pay its price. Its price is "all diligence." We must not relax one string a single day, but keep them all tuned up to concert pitch and ever vibrating with the music of Christian spirit and service.

The Psychological Novels of Mgr. Benson.

HERE is a prevalent opinion among a certain class of Mgr. Benson's readers that his most far-reaching work has been in the psychological novel; that his is, essentially, the last word in that department of literature, which, from *The Mill on the Floss*, to his own latest book, has occupied so important a place in fiction. In his lecture on novels, George Eliot was entirely ignored, and this is strange, because whatever her artistic limitations, she is the only non-Catholic psychological novelist who has given us real souls with infinite longings and spiritual ideals beyond any human satisfaction. She fails, indeed, to solve her own problems, but she at least goes so far as to recognize what really matters. If one follows attentively the history of this kind of writing, one discovers a sort of gradual evolution from interesting Maggie Tulliver, with her vague yearnings and dim ideals, to uninteresting Marion in *Loneliness*, who fulfilled that ideal in the performance of a prosaic but heroic duty.

The most contemptuous charge brought against Mgr. Benson by the world outside his own atmosphere, is that his novels are elaborate tracts. For a priest this is, of course, praise. He was, indeed, first the apostle, then the artist; and each book contains some principle of the spiritual life, some deep truth, to which the wit and sparkle and power of the setting of the story are only accessories to aid its serious impression. That he was apostle as well as artist is his chief claim to distinction in this special kind of literature.

If Christianity is accepted as the true criterion of thought and conduct, it must count in all psychological fiction; it belongs to the inside of life. Robert Hugh Benson, from the time he began to realize his own soul was essentially a Catholic *anima naturaliter Christiana*. But he was even more: he had received the gift of gifts. That curious blending of simplicity and mystery; that original literary manner, confiding, yet remote; that mingling of boyishness and maturity, reveal the mystic; as such he writes. He is so real and so simple that he seems capable of seeing things only from a supernatural standpoint; and as he sees the vision, so he tells the story, which gains in interest and entertainment from his knowledge of the other points of view as well. But to

be in sympathy with his aim and to recognize the ingenuity of his peculiar methods, one must make the necessary effort to forego the merely conventional outlook, and to look at things as they really are. If, before beginning a novel of Mgr. Benson's, we took the trouble to read a chapter from the Discourse after the Last Supper, or one of St. Paul's Epistles, or Père Lallemand on the gifts of the Holy Spirit, or St. Teresa's *Way of Perfection*, or a volume of St. John of the Cross we should be in the right attitude of mind for one of these books. Nor is this suggestion light or irreverent. The novel, in this priest's hands, was an instrument for diffusing the knowledge and love of God, as in St. Paul's day the letter was the great apostolic medium. One might force comparisons further and say that these novels create a sort of wireless telegraphy, quivering out into the world from the dynamo of a soul of piercing vision, and finding in every case somewhere a receiver. The message may miss the many, but it reaches the few. This literature of applied mysticism, these illustrations of sanctity in fiction, present, certainly, the highest and most right-minded use of the imaginative faculty, and also the truest. After all, if Francis Bernardone is a saint, so is Frank Guisely. The mediaeval beggar becomes the modern tramp; one is historic, the other (possibly) imaginary, but they are the same in motive, and inspiration; the circumstances do not matter. In this, as in many of his books, the author has set up a sign to be contradicted. "What a strange young man to give his friends so much trouble!" one reader exclaims on finishing *None Other Gods*; "How sordid!" says another. "How like St. Francis of Assisi!"

" . . . If St. John of the Cross were to write a novel, I think it would be along these lines, only Spanish and mediaeval, of course." It really does not matter whether the hero tries to build up an old Italian church, or works in a London jam factory; whether he begs in Assisi or in Kensington, the idea is the same; the Poor Man of Nazareth has spoken to each, and the young English nobleman of modern days, and the light-hearted troubadour son of an Italian merchant, leaving all, follow. *The Conventionalists* is of the same general character, so is *The Sentimentalists*, although one deals rather with a purely contemplative vocation evolved in the most commonplace British surroundings, and

the other with reality and unreality in conversion of heart. The subject of all these novels is the soul in relation to God.

This leads us to another charge brought against Mgr. Benson as a writer of fiction: that he never succeeds in pure character-study as it is generally understood. His butlers and baronets and fathers and mothers and Catholic priests and Protestant vicars have no individuality; they merely stand around one central figure and minister indirectly (apparently) to some religious *dénouement*. There is truth and untruth in this statement. He is not merely a dissector of character; he is a true psychologist—as such pre-eminently Christian. He leaves mere moods, situations and problems of temperament, to artists who specialize magnificently in the non-essential. A priest has more to do and farther to go; besides, he knows more; he understands conscience and the deep things of the soul; he cannot, if he would, speak from the shallows, or attach to the surfaces of life significance, which his experience of others as well as of himself tells him is exaggerated and false. A man who devotes his own inner life to the knowledge of God, can hardly be vitally interested in mere human moods and situations, as such. And yet these matters form the elements of the usual psychological novel: humanity in relation to creatures, as St. Ignatius would put it, with no reference to God and seldom to conscience; although in a few of Meredith's one can perceive some recognition of the Decalogue hovering over public opinion, and really, though imperceptibly, directing its currents. When a priest, however, deals with such minor matters as moods, disposition, circumstance he knows too well what they mean, to exaggerate their importance. He realizes the immense yearning of the human heart, but he also knows the satisfaction in renunciation, that paradox on which the highest Christianity rests. To do otherwise than to choose for his subject a soul in its relation to God, would be to sacrifice the priest to the artist. His method is to pick out one human being capable of spiritual impression, and study it in connection with its inspirations and temptations, its duty and its graces. The soul in question may be ordinary, as in the case of Percy Brandreth-Smith, or unusual, like Frank Guisely. It does not matter, provided there is some response to

the supernatural. Mgr. Benson has been severely criticised for selecting Percy for his average man; but there are many of us who must remember some very Percy-ish moments in our spiritual history, and recognize the artistry of it all. What really constitutes the dull tragedy of the ultimate failure, however, is the loss of such exceptional graces, thrown away for an alluring but very ordinary temptation. Nevill, in *Initiation*, is also an average man with perhaps more average graces than Percy, yet he comes out on top of his peculiar trial, and utilizes it. As if to balance Percy and raise our spirits (which sounds paradoxical under such circumstances), Mr. Main is placed in contrast; and what a perfect piece of work that one figure is, even from the artistic point of view. This type exemplifies the real message of the writer—that nothing matters but the supernatural.

Mgr. Benson's art is sometimes painfully realistic, with a relentless supernatural realism. Whether he chooses to send his soul to the gates of hell, as in the case of Jack Weston, and bring him back with the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, or whether he takes a boy like Val, struggling with an overmastering imagination; or a girl like Mary Weston, steadily refusing and finally accepting an insistent grace, we have to feel that God and the soul are the only realities; that grace matters immensely, and that after all, we are enough alike for any soul of ordinary education to do for a type. We make a great deal of our "temperaments" and our "situations" and the "problem of circumstance," but with this truthful and ruthless novelist, these are only relatively significant in the real life of the soul where

There is no shuffling, there the action lies;

and as we read, we, too, must become more simple and elemental in our own secret consciousness, or we shall miss the point. These novels are spiritual dramas in which the author can only manage one protagonist at a time, because the study of just one soul is so absorbing. He takes this, Hamlet-wise, and makes all the rest act in the capacity of mere circumstances; so the fathers and footmen and mothers and nurses and friends and illnesses and shocks and illusions and good fortune and disappointments, to-

gether with the "temperament" of the individual in question, simply supply the

Machinery just meant
To give the soul (its) bent,
Try (it) and turn (it) forth sufficiently impressed.

The drama itself with its climax of grace followed by the inevitable catastrophe or triumph, deals with the issues of conscience or those more elusive acquiescences and rejections on the higher plane of inspiration. One thing is quite certain; the soul itself can be mistress of the situation; free will can choose its own course. One is tremendously impressed with the terrific power of choice.

But although they are only secondary, the circumstances are managed with consummate art. The dear old nurse, "Benty," in *The Coward*; the servant's gossip; the mere people who go in and out and leave no particular mark on the story, are perfectly wrought all in their own way. The conversations are lifelike and often intensely funny; one finds oneself laughing as one reads, it is so humanly clever and alive. Take Lady Sarah, for instance, and her mother. How skillfully the artist shows up the mental processes of these ignorant, undeveloped souls, and how amusingly he records them. *A Winnowing* is considered the most weird of all these books, but it is also the wittiest. The little digression on Jim Fakenham is one of the few instances in which even the ardent novelist despairs of a soul lost in unreality—"a quiet, inhuman machine," without even a longing, which is at least a sign of life.

I love contemplating people of this kind because the subject is so endless and so evasive. I have no certainty of what Mr. Fakenham thinks about, but I am stimulated to form unverifiable conjectures for ever. . . . He lives and he will die, and as to what he will do then, not even I dare to form conjectures of any kind. He is the strongest argument for the annihilation of the soul that I have ever met.

Evidently the artist had come freshly from "Jim" before committing him to his canvas. This suggests negatively the quality which he requires in his central figure, no matter what his faults—a capacity for reality. Even Percy had his real moments. One suspects, more than once, backgrounds to the foreground of each picture,

something that must have helped imperceptibly, but surely, to lead up to the present situation, to its triumphal or disastrous issue; some forgotten good, some forgotten and unrepented evil, making for present strength or weakness, or, as in this last case, the utter neglect of all supernatural inspiration, to end in such colourlessness.

Another charge against Mgr. Benson as a novelist, is that he depreciates the priestly character, either to show up the weak points of the clergy and teach them how they ought *not* to behave, or to prove, as in the case of *Initiation* and *The Sentimentalists* that the mere layman is likely to possess more insight, and certainly has more tact in dealing with souls, and with spiritual situations generally than the average priest. The Anglicans, too, are disgusted with his vicars and curates along other lines; truly he has dealt unfairly with the ministers of the old dispensation and with the priests of the new. Nothing, it seems to me, is so far afield of the actual truth, among all the misconceptions regarding Mgr. Benson's intentions, as this charge. If one will only take the trouble to look a little deeper, one will see that he is merely sticking to his old and fixed habit of dealing with the supernatural aspect of all life and what is in it. A priest has so much more than "tact" or any purely natural gifts; he controls, by his official character, such immense treasures; his actual powers are so far beyond and outside himself and all that belongs to this world, that these little human matters are irrelevant, although, when possible, they also can be pressed into the great service. Essentially they do not count. He, perhaps, over-accentuates this in order to impress a great fact on his readers. Certainly, to those who know the man, he is incapable of intending either rebuke or disparagement. When he means that, his methods are quite different. Besides, there is a variety of priests in his books. Father Percy Franklin, although he is a character in a prophetic novel of purely intellectual imagination, belongs to the psychological class of subject in himself, and he is easily the most dignified and holy figure in the group. One lingers over that extraordinary description of his visit to Westminster Cathedral when the process of a soul getting into a sense of the Divine Presence is literally analyzed, and the heroic struggle for the Faith is accurately recorded. This personality approaches the

sublime more nearly than the author generally chooses to take his heroes.

In *The Sentimentalists* it is, after all, the idealism and fresh charity of the young priest that counts most in the ultimate conversion. "Father Dick" is truly delightful and a fair type of the youthful Levite who does so much good by merely being what he is.

Then there is the sleepy priest in *None Other Gods*, who is so pitilessly described as overcome by his first meal after the unnatural Sunday fast, and somewhat cross; yet what quiet heroism lurks in the background of the mere fact, and how speedily the priesthood asserts itself at the possible need of a soul, in spite of the brazen impudence of the incipient saint on the doorstep. That tremendous sense of official duty which is like a conscience within a conscience, is emphasized in each separate type. No matter what may be the natural limitations, there is always that alertness where the sacred ministry, as such, is involved; that mental habit of keeping to God's side of things where there is question of duty. Mgr. Benson, in these as in all other types, is realistic as far as his gift carries him. He paints people and things on the outside as he sees them, but he evidently expects that the underlying fact shall be equally perceptible to any one who takes the trouble to look. In any case, idiosyncrasies are fairly divided. He describes, according to his vision, everybody who falls under the stroke of his pen. Mr. Main, one can see, is specially dear to his heart, second perhaps to none of his heroes in his affections except Frank, whom he calls "the most lovable person" he has ever known; and this is his pre-sentment of Mr. Main:

Mr. Main was the middle-aged curate with ritualistic tendencies severely repressed. He stood now—the poor man—by the side of Mr. Tempest, the organist; for he had no voice and the least possible appreciation of music, and contented himself with turning over the music when Mr. Tempest violently bowed his head in that direction. He was a melancholy-faced man with long pointed jaws and bald temples—all of a dusky complexion, and he was everything that the vicar was not. He had no small conversation; he had no taste; his sermons were the last word in dreariness; he could never take the lead anywhere at anything. It was indeed re-

ported in the parish that it was only at the earnest solicitations of the Bishop that Mr. Bennet kept him at all. No one would deny Mr. Main's efforts; he was ruthlessly conscientious in visiting his district, and called upon the sick every day; he was always punctual, always patient (even when he was treated with scarcely disguised disdain by the less Christian members of the choir), and always dreary. Yet three or four people in the parish liked him particularly.

Then later, after his heroic conversion: "He was no longer in clerical clothes; he bore a faint resemblance now to a very respectable man-servant who had fallen on bad times. . . . He smiled bleakly as he took the friar's hand, and the smile disappeared instantly."

The friar, "in a very short time, learned to what type he belonged: to the clumsy, slow, sensitive, obstinate type, whose sense of duty is their sole motive." This is not ridicule, nor satire; it is not even mere respect; it is veneration for a soul of unconscious greatness, touched into a living picture. We bow our souls to reverence Mr. Main as he passes in the long procession of the priest-novelist's heroes. But, of course, this is only a curate convert. When he wants a clerical figure of any kind, however, Mgr. Benson never hesitates to select it from any source; when imagination or memory fails, he takes the part himself as a very inferior understudy. There is a suggestion of his own little "Jim" of *Initiation* in the audacious simplicity with which he introduces his readers into all manner of religious establishments, accurately described from personal observation. We visit a Franciscan with Percy; we inspect a Carthusian cell with Algy; we are admitted to a Benedictine meal with Frank; we are permitted to be present at an interview between a Jesuit and Marion Tenterden in a parlour at Farm Street! It is all so daring and at the same time so confiding, that, really, if one does happen to recognize one's own type among the crowd of very real beings on the pages before us, one must take it in the spirit of simplicity with which it is presented, and with a wholesome sense of humour.

Certainly Mgr. Benson, who was first of all a priest and quite secondary a writer, could have had no intention of detracting from ecclesiastical dignity or showing up apparent defects for any

other purpose than to prove how little they matter essentially. Nevill's attitude towards Father Richardson before and after his "Initiation" explains the difference that the sense of the supernatural makes in the point of view; and this is the special mission of the apostolic-novel. Father Richardson was just the same person that he was before: Nevill simply saw and understood, and gave the right value to things. There is a similar example in *A Winnowing*.

Mgr. Benson has been criticised for another weakness in his craft. He is said never to have portrayed a real woman. Here again I can only repeat my first statement: souls are his one business in life; and he deals with that in humanity which is far deeper and more interesting than the mere surface differences in the masculine and feminine outlook. Still, artistically, and because as a close observer of externals, he cannot help himself he does give admirable sketches here and there of the purely accessory feminine, and he sometimes penetrates for our benefit the workings of her inner consciousness. Mary Weston and Marion Tenterden do not belong to this class of side-issues. They are the chief actors in their separate dramas, and it is noticeable that they both come out triumphant in the conflict of conscience. But for a feminine picture, Aunt Anna is a very subtle work of art; she can hold her own with any modern creation of the purely womanly type. There is a suggestion in her complex and delicate nature of that exquisite piece of workmanship, "Lady Castlewood" in *Esmond*. She repays study. The mother of Enid is one of those surprises which life and Mgr. Benson so often spring on one. Lady Sarah has already been noticed. The little scene in the nursery before going to Mary's clothing, is drawn with unerring skill, and Lady Sarah's mental remarks and general state of mind during the ceremony are recorded with the fidelity of photography. Yet, how very lovable Mary's benighted friend actually is! Somehow one feels that if the small thing in the nursery fails to "pass on the torch of life" by the extinction of her own little flame, her mother's big and broken, though stupid, heart may receive a torch of another kind, handed through the iron grille of the neighboring cloister; for she is of the quality of those to whom Faith comes through pain. She has always had unreasoning hankerings after Mary in spite of everything be-

cause of something in Mary's life to which she can find no clue.

Then there is Enid. One is almost afraid she is drawn from life. No one could possibly imagine her. "In the latter days there shall be . . . men without affection." One always suspects some hidden and perhaps forgotten evil at the back of such a nature. Still she is not a mere study. She is presented as a fact. There is really no light and shade—it is all dark there.

But one of the dearest and truest types, one which we all know and recognize as strangely familiar, is the blessed middle-aged friend whom her creator left behind him as a message and a benediction on one large, unlabelled, but valuable class of women. Unconsciously to herself she is a real factor in the lay-apostolate, not in those busy lines which she has marked out for herself, but by the mere goodness of her nature which makes the things about her good also, in spite of themselves. Have we not all known some sort of Maggie Brent? Rhadamanthus and rosaries are her symbols and circumstances, but her influence reaches out to infinities from the compelling warmth of her heart: a warmth, be it noted, kindled by the supernatural fire burning in her own innocent soul, not just mere ordinary heartiness, and reaching out to spiritual issues quite beyond her humble dreams. Marion, as a woman, is not interesting; she seems to be just a conscience and only that, as far as the story goes; but in that capacity she is absorbing. Maggie is alive, however; we can hear the loose rosary beads running about her bureau drawers even after she has gone, so vivid is the memory of her presence. And one sees how truly she was a living actual grace to her friend, who, sitting in the deserted room among the scattered emblems of Maggie's technical mission in life, at last responds to her winning influence.

A very important circumstance in *None Other Gods* is Jenny. Jenny does live here in England, and indeed wherever such types find a world to thrive in. She is not presented as a heroine; she is just a sane, sensible, handsome girl, perfectly well-bred, and never, under any conditions, stupid. She is sketched in firm, dignified lines, and we must find out for ourselves whether she is a very distinguished young lady, or a pitifully mean and sordid soul. In spite of all her sweet reasonableness, however, Jenny has one

really bad, unreasoning, disturbing night, witnessed only by the small dog, Lama, who, like all Mgr. Benson's animals, is a work of art. If there is such a thing as the psychology of domestic animals, he understands it thoroughly. We are permitted to see as much of Jenny's little soul-storm as Lama sees, though from another point of view, of course, and at the same time somewhat distracted by the conduct of the solitary little witness of his mistress' agitation. Jenny belongs, however, to the large group of mere accessories to the chief interest of the drama in hand. And it must be confessed that this class of character is common in these books. If such side-issues, however, do not occupy a prominent place in themselves, they add immensely to the entertainment of the reader, who could hardly bear the strain of the intense reality of the story, without occasional excursions among the surfaces of life, which the author presents with such unerring judgment, because he understands so well their relative values. It is in these details which do not seem to matter, that Mgr. Benson shows the acute power of observation which would have made a great novelist of him even if he had not been also a mystic. Take this bit about Val's sister May, a very insignificant young person in herself, but contributing incidentally to the anguish of the situation.

. . . She was fundamentally unimaginative as her mother. Sentiment took the place of imagination on the top; and this lack of imagination sometimes made her feel unduly hard on Val; and sometimes obscured the malice of his crime. The result of the whole was that she had certainly drifted a good way apart from Val during these last months; since a boy is naturally intolerant of capriciousness, and May had seemed to Val distinctly capricious. There had been moments when he had leapt, so to speak, at her kindly moods; established, as he thought, an understanding one evening; and the next morning had found her with the blinds drawn down over her friendliness and a façade of cold dignity presented to him.

This is one of those many instances of close discernment which in any case would have made Mgr. Benson an effective novelist. There is a whole volume of tragedy in that paragraph; to come up against sentiment without imagination is an agony unique in its way. Yet no one has

ever before put it into words. This discrimination between the imaginative faculty and sentiment is an astonishing piece of insight in an Englishman; in the average Briton, sentiment is usually much more in evidence than imagination. But Mgr. Benson is cosmopolitan when he treats of human nature as such. His character-portraits, however, are entirely English. I hardly think he was capable, clever and observant as he was, of giving a true outer or inner picture of men and women of any other nationality than his own; as far down, at least, as that stratum of a being where there is just the Soul with a capital S; where moods and tendencies and outside ways of acting and surface ways of thinking no longer count.

He may have recognized this limitation himself as he never attempted to make a serious study of any specimen of human nature outside his actual experience or beyond the reach of genuine imagination.

He has one rather annoying technical defect. His names are repeated in different books in a very confusing way. There are several Algys, several Marys, Jennys, Gerties and Marions; Jims, Jacks and Dicks are scattered about everywhere; this is a little puzzling when a name has come to mean something very definite. He even repeats surnames, as in the case of two Father Franklins; the two Percys create a strange conflict of thought. This fault, however, is one which he shares with Shakespeare and other prolific writers; even Dickens, who excelled in the curious suggestiveness of his surnames, is careless in his repetition of Christian names, as in the case, for instance, of Arthur Clennam and Arthur Gryce. Such teeming imaginations, however, are too full of people to be over-careful of their mere labels.

It was said long before Mgr. Benson began to write fiction, that only a priest could be a true novelist, because he alone has the authority and opportunity to penetrate the depths where lie the roots and motives of action. But this very fact would naturally produce reticence and a sense of the extreme daring and possible danger of such a venture. It took a singularly child-like soul to waive all risk or perhaps to be unaware of it, and in the simplicity of his heart to launch into the reading world a perfectly new form of literature, with a rapidity which hardly gave one

time to get over one surprise at the consummate daring of the thing before another was presented in that "shrill" purple which was always recognized with a thrill of expectation. One remembers all this now with a pang, knowing that the old familiar thrill can never come again. It is true, none the less, that these books hold something imperishable, something immortal, in the highest sense; they are classics of a new kind and meaning, which will stand the wear and tear of time and change, because there is in each a quality of thought that reaches out beyond vicissitude; they deal fundamentally with what is external and infinite.

There may be at times a lack of restraint, an exaggeration in the non-essential, here and there; often, perhaps, in the rush of overwhelming thoughts, a want of constructive balance; his sense of humour may at times run away with his discretion; his love for the out-of-doors and his understanding liking for the brute creation may delay the story too long for us, while he is merely taking breath; it must be confessed that there is a certain sense of haste about his work, however deliberate the underlying thought, just as in his sermons; but so lovable and trustworthy is the man himself behind it all, that dipping his faults in our affections, we must perforce convert even his gyves to graces. His value to those who receive his message as he transmits it, lies in the fact that he translates the *realities* into terms of human conduct. It is almost fatal to take up one of these novels to verify a quotation, or to illustrate a remark. One gets lost in the book and forgets time by the clock, and then tries to come to the practical conclusion that an hour of the precious day is lost. The unreal platitude is crushed by the conviction that it is very stimulating spiritual reading after all. That this was the author's chief object becomes more and more evident as one goes back to pages, read at first with an immense curiosity, now with a more enlightened satisfaction,—an enlightenment that came first of all, perhaps, from the novelist himself. And this will be—is now, indeed,—one of his chief merits in the unsparing energy of that "crowded hour of glorious life" which ended all too soon.—*M. I., in The Month.*

From a Curate's Window.

"To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God: to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier,—more blessed, less accursed; it is the work of a God."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE mission of Father Damien was to bring the blessings of Christianity to the barbarous natives of the South Sea Islands. His work confined itself to the Hawaiian group, in general; while it remained for Molokai, in particular, to witness for all time to his stalwart heroism and to his exquisite charity.

The islands are situated in the Pacific Ocean, about half-way between Australia and America. Various descriptions of them are not only flattering to sense but to repose and rest. They read at times like the gay colored catalogues which reveal the beauties of places like Bermuda. Some writers in order to do justice to their complexions confess they were forced to steal colors from the best poets. The tropical climates, as well as their fruitfulness and grandeur of scenery, suggest the Garden of Eden, without the slimy serpent. Mountains are there and delicious streams are eternally falling over green precipices into the blue sea. The very water at times, by contagion, takes on special beauty-spots and colors. Mr. Clifford, a traveller and an artist of no mean repute, could not do justice to the shade of blue in the water that laved their shores; the white of the coral beneath it; or the intense coloring of the fish that abound in it. Groves of cocoanut-trees stand like soldiers in battle array and march inland from the beach. The gardens are rich with roses, lilies, myrtles, gardenias, heliotrope and passion-flowers. When Mr. Clifford sailed into one of their coves or ports the prospect was so entrancing that for fit expression he recalled to memory the following lines taken from "The Lotos-Eaters":

'Courage!' he said, and pointed to the land,

'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;

And, like a downward smoke, the slender
stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did
seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward
smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows
broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-
tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd.

Few whites, apart from the missionaries, were as familiar with the islands as Robert Louis Stevenson. He made three cruises among the various groups and, in his book, entitled "In the South Seas," attempts vivid descriptions. His experience at Hawaii and his pen pictures of Molokai did not come out to his satisfaction and hence do not even appear in the latest edition of his writings. The largest portraits of Molokai in his pages are perhaps the hurried glimpses which necessity forced him to give in his classic, "Defense of Father Damien." The following quotation from his visit to Marquesas may be taken not merely as suggestive but as typical of the other groups. "The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea Island, are memories apart and touch a virginity of sense. On the 28th. of July, 1888, the moon was an hour down by four in the morning. In the east a radiating centre of brightness told of the day; and beneath on the sky-line, the morning bank was already building black as ink. Although the dawn was thus preparing by four in the morning, the sun was not up till six, and it was half-past five before we could distinguish our expected islands from the clouds on the horizon. Slowly they took shape in the attenuating darkness. Uahuna, piling up to a truncated summit, appeared the first upon the starboard bow; almost abeam arose our destination, Nuka Hiva, whelmed in cloud; and betwixt and to the southward, the first rays of the sun displayed the needles of Uapu. These lifted and pointed about the horizon like the pinnacles of some ornate

church; they stood there in the sparkling brightness of the morning a fit sign-board for a world of wonders.

"The land heaved up in peaks and rising vales; it fell in cliffs and buttresses; its color ran through fifty modulations in a scale of pearl and rose and olive; and it was crowned above with opalescent clouds. Thence we bore along shore. On our port-beam we might hear the explosions of the surf; a few birds flew fishing under the prow. Winged by her own impetus and the dying breeze, the Casco skimmed under the cliffs, opened out a cove, showed us a beach and some green trees, and flitted by again, bowing to the swell. The trees from our distance might be hazel; the beach might have been in Europe; the mountain forms behind modelled in little from the Alps; and the forests which clustered on the ramparts a growth no more considerable than that of the Scottish heath. From close aboard arose the bleating of young lambs; a bird sang in the hillsides; the scent of the land and a hundred flowers flowed forth to meet us; and presently a house or two appeared standing high upon the ankles of the hills, and one of these surrounded by what seemed a garden."

The modern ready-make thinker, of which there is a surplus, may start a knowing smile and wonder wherein lies the heroism of our subject. It would seem, at first glance, that the field of Damien was filled with everything but pain and sorrow and difficulties which beset the way of real reformers. Is it not easy to play the apostle whilst a perpetual summer envelops one in golden sunlight? Is it difficult to practise charity where brooks gossip friendly on the way to the sea; where birds sing cheerily on the hills, and where the sea swishes soothingly on the beach? Such questions start the other and more personal query—why are you not there, with your superior culture and your superior criticism?

Our hero is so far elevated above the pale efforts of modern reformers that any comparison made would be at a loss to Damien. His weakest attempts challenge the cream of their endeavors. If our subject had failed ingloriously in his ideals; if after he had reached the islands he discovered that his zeal and enthusiasm had outrun his valor and his strength; his exclusive intention would have been superior to the Victor

Victrolian theories which color and make heavy the atmosphere of the times. His original plan was to spend his days with the natives, striving to lift them out of barbarism into civilization and Christianity; and had his work thus confined itself, Damien would have left humanity under a debt which all the modern reform movements could never meet and never pay. You could not drag with wain-ropes the reformers of the hour through the footprints made by Damien, though they talk as incessantly, though not so musically, as the spring brooks, and would have the patient crowd believe they have kissed the tear-stained cheeks of poor humanity. Our hero would have been beautiful above the sons of men if he had spent himself for the Hawaiians and lived within a stone's throw of Honolulu; but the truth is that he effected much more than he dreamed of in the beginning and climbed to dizzy heights of moral grandeur and personal heroism. He not only went to cannibal "Brothers" in order to Christianize and civilize them, but he chose to love those almost exclusively who had been stricken with the fearful plague of leprosy. Damien stooped like Christ to the needs of a thousand lepers, and, in spite of their offensive appearance, their scaly flesh, their decadent limbs, their noisome breath and gangrenous bodies, he loved them with an affection that was edged in gold because born of his love for Christ. Invite a modern Reform gusher, social worker and general uplifter; or any one dedicated and consecrated to the "ists" and the "isms" of the day; ask them to leave all things and give their rich sweet lives to the leper cause, and they will run away so fast that a Mauser bullet could never discover them and a swift aeroplane would be eternally tardy in their pursuit. The artificial flower always looks like the real until you go into the garden and bring to table a freshly opened bud sparkling with pearls of morning dew glistening on the petals. The real reformer and the artificial brotherhood-man are as far removed in spirit, intention and motive, as the snow-topped mountains from the smallest flower in the valley, or as widely separated as the icy currents in the arctic circle from the heat waves at the equator.

It is difficult and next to impossible to find any points of contact and shades of sympathy between the subject of our sketch and the humani-

tarians of the moment. Comparisons spell a grave loss to Damien and create an accidental glory for the moderns. The sole object of the "isms" is "the loaf of bread, the jug of wine and Thou"; while Damien took a vow of poverty and stepped out to succor the cry of the wild in the South Seas. Some of the movements in behalf of men would not last over night but for the fact that golden talkers promise things to the crowd which tickle the palates and satisfy the animal in human nature; while Damien had no "before election promises" to make. He went to men who had naught to share with him but their sorrows and their diseases and poverty; and with joy singing in his heart, he drank of their cup of tears and suffering. The purpose and the philosophy of modern reforms are the enthronement of selfishness; while our hero went to stricken men with self stripped as naked as a sword. The uplifters in our time succeed in proving their love for one class of brothers by muckraking the other set of comrades; while our youth of Flanders walked into the very hearts of cannibals with nothing but love at his side and lovelight in his eyes. We are to have such a broad reign of love when the Millennium comes to pass that even now in some quarters "free love" is the prospect held out to sick humanity; Damien denied himself the presence of his mother's love, transferring it to foul lepers for the sake of Christ, thereby transfiguring it. The object of the present-day movements for the betterment of the race, whether you think of "Grape Juice Politics," "The War in Hoboken," "Spotless Town Tenements," "Gay White Roads," "Votes for Pankhursts," "Babes in the Woods," "Society of the Equal Division of Ice-Cream and Chewing-Gum," and other reformatory movements, would have been lost on our hero. He did his work effectively, without having recourse to any of them. He reformed himself as well as he could, to begin with, by appropriating as much as possible the principles and spirit of Christ, and then he went forth to aid sick and weeping humanity without even a soap-box or rasping oratory. He revealed, in consequence, to the world such a vision of Brotherhood and kinship and charity, so high, so crystalline, so close to the divine, that all the reformers from Germany to Milwaukee will never approach it, though they sit around and talk of

brotherhood until Gabriel deafens them all with his trumpet. In other words, where men need charity the most; where they stand in painful need of the small comforts of life; where sunshine almost mocks their ugly sores; where men would find music in the friendly voice of a comrade and see Heaven in his kindly countenance; where men are beyond the power of science and sigh only for the wines of charity and brotherhood; in just these places the talkers and workers for humanity are noticeably present by their absence. You could not find a soap-box in or near Molokai, with a magnifying glass. But in these sweetest and saddest spots of the globe you will find religion, Christianity and Catholicity, represented in the persons of her sons and daughters. No modern reformer is on the scene, no uplifter ever heard of the place, no modern sculptor of the needs and sweetness of brotherhood, ever thinks of such places except to thank his God that he is somewhere else. When the crowd has time enough to measure the progressive movements of various colors, it will be plain to all how much is truth and how much is fiction in the reform gush of the hour. When a few things are tested and the truth is seen as clear as daylight, men will begin to appreciate all the reformers as they did the scientists of the last century, who did everything but create God. Their appreciation was summed up as follows by a wag who was wise, and did a little thinking, and then thought:

"Ding Dong; Ding Dong.
Affinity, Radiation, Absorption,
Absorption, Radiation, Affinity.
Capillary Attraction and Endosmosis,
Endosmosis and Capillary Attraction.
Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding Dong."

Had I Known

Build a dark sepulchre of stone
And in it place each sigh and moan,
Each loveless word, each vain regret,
Each "Had I known"—and then forget.

Build a dark sepulchre up the road,
Then turn and lock thy heavy load,
Each throbbing thought that worries thee,
Each past offense—then lose the key.

KATHERINE WARD.

Madame Ampère—Wife.

IN the world of science the name of Ampère holds its special place of honor as that of the discoverer of the science of electrodynamics. By an invention, in 1821, Ampère foreshadowed the electric telegraph, destined soon after to perform Puck's miracle and "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Many quite unacquainted with his abstruse and most valuable writings, share the universal affection of his contemporaries, for surely the simplest and kindest among great men. Not only praise, but this affection accompanied him throughout a life which well bore out the truth of the words of De Musset: "Nothing renders us as great, as a great sorrow." The influence of his early marriage upon his subsequent career is obvious, and it is therefore curious that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" fails to find room for two words—Julie Carron. Their four years together appear at first sight but a short chapter in a remarkable biography, and in lonely later days Ampère married again. But when he died, in 1836, a note-book was found treasured among his private papers, and upon its faded cover it bore in Latin the inscription: "Of Love." Its plain and unadorned prose is more poetic than many a poem. Its purity, wreathed in the flowers of dead spring, shows as exquisite a blossom as the white lilies of the homely garden of his widowed mother at Polémieux. Never was a more innocent idyll, never does a slender ghost look out upon us from the dim past with more appealing tenderness than the girl-wife who first recognized the genius of her husband.

To realize what first love meant to André Marie Ampère, it is necessary to glance at the boyhood preceding it. His father, modest shopkeeper though he was, gave joyful recognition to the talents of his son, and did not grudge the costly books and geometrical instruments "from which he educated himself," as the proud parent records in the noble letter which was his last will and testament, for his lowly position brought him no security when the Revolution shook society to its foundations. As a holder of municipal office, he boldly protested against the atrocious crimes committed in the name of justice. Fearless in the cause of right, he uttered a plea for mercy which fell on deaf ears, and doomed him to the scaffold. His fortitude was unal-

tering: "Do not tell my little Joséphine of the fate of her father, let her be a child still," he wrote; "but tell our son from whom I expect everything."

This beloved son was then eighteen, and as he often said "knew as much of mathematics as he ever did," that is to say, enough for epoch-making researches. He had also read and re-read the *Encyclopædia* to such purpose he could quote it at length fifty years later. The happy calm of his studies was rudely shattered by this tragedy, and for more than a year his reasoning powers deserted him. Aimless and hopeless, he roamed the meadows in solitude, a prey to pitiable grief, until a fortunate chance placed Rousseau's letters on botany in his way, and awoke his love of knowledge in the most healing fashion. An enthusiasm for Latin poetry came with this intellectual revival, and once again he could look towards the future. Suddenly he became conscious of a want—a void. He wearied of his books, and there comes this momentous entry in his journal: "One night as the sunset was fading I walked by the brook and I saw—" The rest is silence there, but we know that a pair of blue eyes destined to light his life with a soft radiance, met his own upon this evening in early spring. The delicate and dainty Julie, with her bright grace and intelligence, soon learned what lay behind the rather uncouth appearance of the shabby scholar who was at once so learned and so unversed in the way of the world. Every line of the journal bears testimony not merely to the charm with which any honest lover endows his lady, but to the real refinement of the modest home of this girl of nineteen. Her mother was also a widow, and there is a pretty old-world ceremony in the way the two widows treated the attachment the ardent Ampère was incapable of concealing. The Carrons were also in humble circumstances necessitating economy and household activity. When Ampère's sister came to see her friend, she helped her to take down the dry clothes swinging on the lines as naturally as possible. But when we read the books that Julie lent her adorer—books they were plainly able to discuss together—it is to be struck afresh with the remarkable ability for self-education of the Frenchwoman. There was real intellectual life in the simply furnished rooms, even if we smile to hear how madame and her daughters were "so

busy writing tragedies," that they bore being snowed up with perfect equanimity.

Julie had no dowry, and in France the dowry was and is such an essential, we get the best proof of her fascination in the proposals of an eligible doctor for her hand. He, too, was young and very deeply in love, and pleaded his cause with a pertinacity we cannot but admire. It was in vain. Julie had her practical side, knew well the material advantage of such a marriage, but was firm in her refusal. The shy wooer who was rebuffed by a look, who thought it bliss enough to eat a bunch of cherries which had been upon her lap, had contrived to creep into her heart. She never wore that heart upon her sleeve. The "gentle reticence and dignity," admired of Andrew Lang, was the dower of this middle-class maiden.

To take up the journal, and to read the daily record of hopes and fears is to be amazed at the double individuality it reveals with so much naïveté. On the one hand we see a student immersed in difficult experiments in the highest walk of pure science, on the other a very Romeo for this village Juliet. There is no touch of pedantry in the story, unless the traces of the botanist are to be found in his accuracy. Julie makes a bouquet for his sister of jasmine, privet, and double campanula, and, joy of joys, gives him one of these last! He puts it away to be treasured and called his talisman, as if for him there were no such things as mathematics in existence.

Sainte-Beuve likens it all to the early charm of the primroses in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The way of this maid with her man for all its reserve, had a beautiful background of discernment of his character. After a time, we find her advising him as to his manners and his dress, and we find him pathetically anxious to please her in these trifles as in all else. From the night when he walked by the brook, ambition awoke with love. It is enough that this golden-haired Julie believes in him. He will be worthy of her. They are already as one in religion, for the lofty mind of Ampère never knew unbelief. For a time, like so many other decent people, they had to go in secret to receive the sacraments with risk to life itself—for those who ministered or worshipped.

At last the wedding day came, and a happiness for both, poverty and sickness were power-

less to injure. It lasted only four years, and even these comprised long periods of enforced separation. Necessity compelled Ampère to accept a professorship of physics at Bourg, whilst he left his infant child and ailing wife at Lyons. For after giving him the son destined to a brilliant literary future, the health of the joyful young mother steadily declined. The devotion of her husband cheered her weary period of weakness and suffering, and he kept every letter from the brave little hand, which only relinquished the pen at the very end. He tells her again and again how these letters are treasured with the "talisman"—the withered campanula with no trace of the blue loveliness of that summer afternoon.

One day he "makes a festival," by carrying them into the meadows to read them over and over. He is so enraptured he forgets to dine, but goes straight back to his pupils, "calm and satisfied, with a clear head." His absent-mindedness makes Julie fear he will scatter his precious papers "among the daisies," to be the ridicule of the curious finder. But if he has to send her pathetic excuses for having burnt his best clothes with chemicals, he knows how to take care of those treasures signed by her name. It is she who is the guardian of their slender income, she who looks after his clothes with a pretty care that her genius shall make as good an appearance as possible. Complaints are few, for she divined his need of sympathy and, above all, encouragement, with an exquisite intuition. "Believe Julie loves, and will always love you, and that she sends you a big kiss. But you do not tell me if you have found a hair-dresser, if you have a comfortable bed, if you want a little more money, or any odds and ends. 'Papa, I love you.' See it is your son who finishes your letter." He replies directly, forgetting to answer all her practical questions. He is too full of delight in the words "traced by a tiny hand with a tiny one to guide it."

He is a pathetic mixture of sentiment and science but with Julie mere feeling is held in check by a common sense, making her a creature "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." Only once her longing overmasters her determined courage. "Oh! if only we could be together." Poverty sternly forbade the full en-

joyment of companionship. Even when she grew worse and Ampère suffered cruel pangs of anxiety, there could be no cessation to his work. "Ah, how I sigh for the moment of reunion," he writes. "Will the holiday never, never come." That she had a clear comprehending brain is manifest by the way he explains his experiments to her, breaking off in one instance to confess penitently that he wants a few more towels, because he is afraid he has disobeyed her and spoilt the others in the laboratory. Sometimes when Julie is a little better, she goes out to show off her small son with charming maternal pride, and sends triumphant accounts of his social success.

"Already he sings and dances, every one admires him, and all the other ladies wish for babies of precisely the same pattern." It seems a strange coincidence that the child of so much love should himself have adored a woman for more than thirty years. Jean Jacques Ampère never married, and was one of the most faithful admirers of Madame Récamier, who bore the name of the young mother who left him an orphan at three years of age.

The name of Julie Carron deserves remembrance. When we consider how her walk by the brook-side in the April sunset was concerned with the ardent resurrection of ambition in the heart of Ampère, surely she had her share in his achievements. She made the most of her short time to show us the pattern of an ideal wife for a scientist. "Courage, faith, a keen sense of honour, a gentle firmness. These are no mean equipment for a difficult task. To recognize a great man before he has arrived is no light matter. When the chorus of the praise of the world makes music about his path, it is easy to join in it. This girl, ready to 'make caps for the poor, to bake tartlets,' saw the genius in the bashful lover behind his awkward exterior. The handsome doctor had no chance with this unlikely rival.

Julie died as bravely as she had lived, but not before she saw the dawn of full recognition for her husband. The last words in the book of love best show what her pure and potent influence had been: "O Lord God of mercy, deign to reunite me in Heaven with her Thou hast permitted me to love on earth."

ROWLAND GREY.

Good Friday.**Some Rambling Reflections.**

I AM a busy man—I have not as much time as I could wish for following up mental flashes which may turn out mere will-o'-the-wisps or which may be more permanent illuminants leading nearly to the light of day. But the busiest machine must lie by occasionally for overhauling, else its movements get clogged. I generally "lie up" about Easter: my way of lying up is to walk about in the busy haunts of men and observe my fellow man: he is well worth studying. Old tags fortify me when my purpose grows weak. I say to myself,

The proper study of mankind is man.

I had capital opportunities for the study of humanity on Good Friday. I rode on the tram-cars, I crossed the River Mersey on the boats, I strolled along the New Brighton shore, I entered hotels and cafés, and saw in abundance the unwritten-about portion of our race enjoying

A brief spell of enjoyment,

if not of rest. I saw it in all ages, eating, drinking, walking, riding, boating, even seasick. There was material for another "*Les Misérables quand ils ne sont pas si misérables*"—all but the poor mothers: they had no enjoyment except perhaps of a vicarious nature, and that their thoughtless and restless progeny both supplied and spoiled. Where was I rewarded by a real "find" after a prolonged search for jewels in what was rather much of a mud-heap? The conoscianti will perhaps say, remembering the day and forgetting the time and place, "In the church," and they will be right. But who else could guess it? In this so-called Christian land I do not think one in a thousand of the crowds I met enjoying the fine weather attached any religious importance whatsoever to the day. I fancied I saw a grim smile on the else inexpressive features of the disciples of Confucius, who formed a quite appreciable proportion of the pleasure-seekers, as who should say "Why send missionaries to flesh the fangs of White Wolf in our land when their own people are evidently so ignorant or careless of the religion they pretend to believe in?" But what, it will be asked, did I find of special note in the church? Let me say. I had, of course, attended the early Mass of the Presanctified, and I reserved my making of

The Way of the Cross,

till the late evening service. What a lot besides the glorious example of *real* poverty has not Francis of Assisi given to the Church! He lived at the close of the 12th. and beginning of the 13th. centuries—just when the Crusades were in vigour. In fact, he went himself with some of his companions to convert the Caliph of his day, and nearly succeeded. And when he saw the numbers of Christians who could never hope to visit the land sanctified by the sufferings of the Christ, he determined, long before our advanced modern educationists had invented the object-lesson, or Edison had perfected his cinematograph, to put as far as he could before every Christian in the world a vivid series of pictures representing the Passion of Christ. He had previously brought the Nativity, with its attendant circumstances, to their clearer and better knowledge by the devotion of the Crib, and there are few, if any, Catholic churches to-day in the whole world that have not the Way of the Cross permanently erected and frequently travelled by both

Saints and Sinners,

to the advancement and confirmation of the former and the frequent conversion of the latter. And what church, however small, nay, what pious Catholic family, has not its little crib at Christmas time? Incidentally, what an impulse to literature and art did not Francis give not only in his own Italy, in the 13th. century, but to all lands in all successive ages. In fact, Francis may with truth be looked on as the author and inspirer of whatever was good in the Renaissance. Dante's poetry undoubtedly is traceable to Francis and—I say this to the few—to certain Irish poems. Giotto, Cimabue, and all the great painters, sculptors and architects, contemporaneous and subsequent, were inspired to render permanent by their several arts the lessons Francis preached with burning eloquence. No devotion in the Catholic Church is so fruitful in virtues and graces as this Way of the Cross, trodden not only by Christ but, in a lesser way, by His Mother, the Mother of Sorrows. None is, of course, so

Appropriate for Good Friday.

My own earliest recollections are of my mother (God rest her soul!) taking us children every Good Friday to make the Way of the Cross at an



Our Intercessor.

Oh! what a world of sadness dwells
Within Thy lifted eyes,
To Thee, alone, the wide earth tells
Its woes. To Thee arise
The sorrow none but Thou mayst hear
Poured forth to Thee, in grief or fear.

And yet the light around Thee seems
A ray of steadfast peace.
Thine is the home of those soft beams
Where the quick heart-throbs cease.
Dear Savior, bid us watch that light,
E'en through the darkest, dreariest night.

— S. M. GERTRUDE.
Loreto College, Dublin.

old ruined Franciscan Abbey, dating from 1346, but dismantled two hundred years later by the arch-tyrant, Henry VIII. And from 1546 down to my own time the people for thirty miles round never failed to visit the old abbey on at least two days in the year, Good Friday (for the "Stations") and August 2d. for the Indulgence of the Portiuncula—a remarkable instance of a sound local tradition remaining unaltered for centuries in a rustic and mostly unlettered community.

But what did I find in the church? Well, I entered a church on the southern bank of the Mersey, about 6.30, and found I was too early—the hour for evening devotions was 7.30. But others besides myself had mistaken the hour. A group, perhaps a dozen, of

Dark-Skinned Goanese Seamen

were there, waiting patiently. Outside, the sun was still shining pleasantly, the ways were thronged, the sounds of music and the dance, of gay laughter and rough, good-humoured banter, filtered into the dark, solemn church, but these poor sons of a sunny, merry, distant land, and, at the same time, the children of a Universal Mother, Holy Church, thought the day was not one for amusement. I thought of how a dozen British tars let loose, say, in Frisco, at just the same moment, would pass the time. If the Captain needed to assemble his crew suddenly, would he send to look for them in a church? Just figure to yourself the whole circumstances—sailors in a far-away land after a long and laborious voyage, attended perhaps by not a few dangers, getting ashore with money in their pockets among a population all in holiday, spending the sunny hours in a cold, dark church, waiting alone for the service. And when the congregation began to dribble in I could see the animation grow in those dark countenances as if they felt at home. I don't scruple to say I kept my eyes pretty nearly fixed on those distant relatives of mine suddenly brought

So Very Near to Eye and Heart.

They evidently knew no English, but they piously followed the "Stations" from their own prayer-books, and even sat out the very eloquent and touching sermon which a fervent young

priest preached to the large and devout congregation, largely male, which had gradually assembled. I longed to express my feelings of Catholic brotherhood to the dark foreigners, spiritual descendants of Francis Xavier, but my lack of practice in spoken Portuguese was an insuperable bar. I don't know why the sailors of most other countries, at least of Latin countries, differ so much from the English-speaking variety in matter of piety. I have met in Italy, in Spain, and especially in Breton towns, processions of sailors, coming, in bare feet, and with lighted candles in their hands, from their ship just landed, through the streets to the nearest church, the Captain in some cases bearing an ex-voto to be left in the church in thanksgiving for safe arrival. I think the British tar, landing in Portsmouth, doesn't show any undue haste in visiting a place of worship. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," says,

An Undebout Astronomer is Mad,

and the same might be said of the sailor. He has what landmen too often lack, time to reflect on past and future during the silent watches of the night. He is frequently in danger of death, and therefore I know of no man, not even a soldier, who has more need of the consolations of religion.

Happily, too, the Goanese sailors were not the only edifying portion of the congregation. Do not misunderstand me: the whole congregation, the whole service, was edifying—I speak then of

Very Special Edification.

Right in front of me was a young mother—I have reason to think her Irish—with her very young baby in her arms. The poor girl, for she was no more, tried to hold her baby, to use a prayer-book, and to make all the numerous genuflections of the Way of the Cross. Well, if I couldn't speak to the Goanese, I could to her—and I did, my age entitling me. I whispered, "Our Lord told John to take care of His Mother Mary, and He tells me to do something for you—sit down!" She gave me a grateful glance and took my advice.

Are these rambling thoughts of any spiritual use to *you*, dear reader? If so, be in return of some spiritual advantage to

J. C.

War and Tenderness.

The Making of Heroes.

ONE of the most beautiful descriptions of a human character was given by Lacordaire in nine words—"Fort comme le diamant; plus tendre qu'une mère." Hard and tender—the combination sounds like a paradox, and yet it has in it the making of the perfect man.

"Fort comme le diamant"—a simile, like an analogy, must not be pressed too far; but, in choosing the diamond to illustrate his meaning, Lacordaire must have had in mind the union of stainless purity with unconquerable fortitude. In the white light of the precious stone, the manifold hues of the prism are blended, like the component elements of a noble nature; and the gem has a power both of resisting and of penetrating, which makes it an apt symbol of righteous hardness. Stress must be laid on "righteous," for we all know only too well that there is a kind of hardness which is neither righteous, nor in any sense admirable:

This man's metallic; at a sudden blow
His soul rings hard. I cannot lay my palm,
Trembling with life, upon the jointed brass.
I shudder at the cold, unanswering touch;
But, if it press me in response, I'm bruised.

This kind of hardness, which is insensible to every appeal, however tender and moving, and bruises the hand that touches it in love or entreaty, is one of the most detestable, and not one of the rarest, of qualities. It is the very temper of Materialism, and of that abominable doctrine of human life which places the advancement of the race in the extirpation of the feeble and of all whom it is pleased to pronounce "Unfit."

The holy hardness which Lacordaire extolled is a very different quality. It is hard towards itself. It knows the absolute necessity of self-discipline. It can even rejoice in self-sacrifice. It is indeed the very stuff out of which martyrs and confessors are fashioned. And, externally, it is hard—not towards failure and infirmity, but towards falsehood and cruelty and insolence. It can endure, but it can also punish. As the tenderness saves the hardness from becoming brutal, so the hardness saves the tenderness from degenerating into moral flaccidity, and mawkish tolerance of hideous wrong. "Tender and

True" was the noble motto of a famous race; and true tenderness will, like true charity, give its own body to be burned; but will not look on, in timid or idle acquiescence, while a small nation is trampled underfoot, or human liberty is strangled.

"Plus tendre qu'une mère." Surely it is the most beautiful exemplification of tenderness. A mother's love means an absolute self-sacrifice for the dependent life, a passionate sympathy with its wants and weaknesses; a supernatural courage in defending it from danger. Above all, a mother's love is born of suffering; and the truest tenderness has a similar origin. Even so said George Eliot: "A heart that has been taught by its own sore struggles to bleed for the woes of another—that has learned pity through suffering—is likely to find very imperfect satisfaction in the 'balance of happiness,' the 'doctrine of compensation,' and other short and easy methods of obtaining complacency in the presence of another's pain."

I am—Heaven knows—no lover of war. The vast majority of the wars which have been waged in the history of the world have been wars dictated and vitiated by wrong motives. But the war in which we are engaged to-day is dictated by Tenderness towards the victims of oppression, and therefore demands all the salutary Hardness which we can supply—both the hardness of endurance and the hardness of action.

As far as our actual combatants are concerned, they are showing this high quality in ample measure. From St. Paul's days, to "endure hardness" has been the mark of the "good soldier"; and our private correspondence, even more convincingly than what we read in newspapers, tells us that it has become second nature, not least to those who, before the war began, had no notion of what "hardness" meant.

But endurance is only one half of Hardness. Righteous war requires not less the hardness of action—the spirit which, when duty is plain, smites and spares not. I lately received a letter from a young officer of artillery, saying not a word about Hardness, in the sense of privation or danger, but thus illustrating Hardness in action: "It seemed strange for me, who have always loved church architecture, and have tried to keep Sunday in a Christian way, to spend all last Sunday in trying to shell a beautiful Gothic

tower—or rather, to spare the tower and kill the Germans on it.”

On Hardness, whether active or passive, displayed in the field, it is impertinent to enlarge; but Hardness is not less necessary for us at home. We must brace ourselves to bear the various burdens which war lays upon us; to control emotionalism, and to discipline our lives. We must learn to mourn without complaining, and to suffer the torturing pain of long-continued anxiety. We must so play our part that the solid force of an Empire, united in a great enterprise, may be seen and felt all round the world.

This is salutary Hardness; but Tenderness is wanted to make the ideal complete, and here again we are daily receiving lessons from the front, which the most zealous humanitarian may be proud to learn—tenderness to the wounded, tenderness to captive foes, tenderness to the dying, tenderness to the memory of the departed, tenderness to the anxieties of friends at home, tenderness to those who mourn, and withal a complete self-forgetfulness and a care for others which no torture can subdue. A lad from whose wounds the life-blood was draining pushed away the water which was pressed to his parched lips, saying: “Take it to my pal first; he is worse hit than me.” He died, but his spirit lives.

And Tenderness does not end with tenderness for human beings; and England shows the best side of her nature when, amid the Hardness with which she endures, and the Tenderness with which she ministers, she remembers the non-human members of the “groaning and travailing creation.” It is easy enough to ridicule the generous rivalries of Violet Crosses and Blue Crosses, and Dumb Friends’ Leagues, and the Societies for the Protection of Horses in time of War; but we shall not fight the worse because, amid the pressure of our own anxieties, we have remembered the community in suffering of man and beast:

There is no sword on earth that Time will not lay at the feet of the Angel of Death; and the soldiers of the Church Militant of humane belief confidently await the findings of that great Court Martial which all appeals of humanity must reach at last.

G. W. E. RUSSELL.

**Letters Written by the Late Lieut. Coffey
of the Australian Forces in Gallipoli—
Vivid Story of What Turned
Out a Hopeless Case.**

GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

IN A DUG-OUT.

DEAR PATER AND ALL:

Just as I started writing this, an Indian battery close by opened up for the usual noonday exchange of courtesies with our friends, the enemy. Now and again, the deeper whizzing boom of a big howitzer breaks into the field-guns’ cracking monologue and jars the ground. Occasionally, the staccato chatter of a maxim in the trenches informs us that in the firing line some Turk grew too bold—but the chances are he is still alive. And constantly—so steadily that one barely notices it, so used to it are we—one hears the “spat-spat” of rifles, occasionally breaking into a sharp fusillade, to inform the Turks our men are awake. At odd moments there is a small, sharp, high whine of a stray bullet; possibly fired at random. These strays sometimes explode with a “crack” as the heated bullet strikes a strata of cold air, and scatters filaments of hot lead. Very rarely one lands among the dug-outs.

But in the heart of the gully, where we, officers and men alike, live, move, and have our being, men go about their petty duties quite safely. Only in the early morning or late evening—just before dusk—do we hear the whine, screech, and crash of shrapnel-shell, searching alternately for us and any one on the beach, a hundred yards below us.

Only last night a shrapnel-shell, fired from Gaba Tepe—all those which reach us are fired from that point—caught an Indian transport worker. The stretcher-bearers were out like a shot, and got him away before the next one came. The Sikhs are smart. It is curious for us to see these shells bursting alternately, above and below our position, and always missing us. They know we are here, but somehow they don’t seem to be able to get the correct angle.

It gives one an odd detached attitude towards it all; and somehow although we have been here only forty-eight hours, I feel as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world, this fighting. To-morrow I take my platoon into action.

To our right, and front also, the Turks are

lying—mining, sapping, firing, bombing, all the time. How long will it last? Very early, we think, we shall make them give up. We “have their nerves” and they know it. They won’t face the steel when the Australians wield it, but to Kitchener’s men they stand adamant. Verily, we are proud, with good reason, of the A. I. F.

Yesterday morning a man came down the track from the trenches. He was going to the beach because his thumb was shot away; but he smoked quite unconcernedly. “Been in action?” one man asked as he passed. “No; I was in the trenches and a sniper got me.” So, grinning cheerfully, he passed.

In the afternoon I went all along the firing line with the officer in charge of the machine guns; it was an interesting tour; but, save for occasional grenades and some rifle-sniping, everything was quiet. Now and then in the trenches you may see protruding the feet of some long-dead and decaying Turk.

I was going to tell you of what occurred since I wrote Mil. and D. from Lemnos Is. On the evening of the fifteenth we were transferred from the transport to a small fast packet steamer which conveyed us fifty-seven miles to close in-shore at Anzac Bay, just north of Gaba Tepe.

The four-day-old moon had just sunk below the horizon when the packet stopped. Not a light showed from us on the packet as we went aboard a naval tug and lighter and were towed ashore.

The land, looming up black against the clear starry sky, was dotted here and there with lights from dug-outs on the hills, and looked for all the world like Kirribilli Point. There was only the steady patter of rifles to remind us that we were at last in the war zone. Now and then a stray bullet whipped the water and ricocheted off, or sank with a sharp hiss. We landed at a small pier built by our men and then had a long mile climb to Shrapnel Gully, our packs (which weighed sixty pounds when filled) feeling like a hundred pounds when we finally reached our destination. Shrapnel Gully is so named because the Turks are able to search it from their positions.

On the morning of the sixteenth we were up at 5.30. We had real bacon and eggs for breakfast, which was just finished when two German aeroplanes came flying over our position at an altitude of about five thousand feet. One of

ours rose soon after theirs and they made off, heading back east. All three had only disappeared when a third German in a monoplane, which was not a Taube, came flying over. With my glasses I clearly saw two black iron crosses painted on the wings of his machine. He dropped four bombs on the side of the gully, but did no harm. Then he made off while our guns opened on him with shrapnel. The fleecy clouds in his wake from bursting shells and of M. Venizelos, the Premier of Greece, he going for all his engine could do, made a pretty picture.

After that entertainment I reported at Brigade headquarters and was sent on to the 24th. Battalion, to which Mr. Finlay and myself are now attached. The remainder of the day was spent in getting acquainted with our surroundings. We watched the regular evening shelling of the beach with great interest. The gun which does this work is believed to have accounted for nearly a battalion in odd daily lots of from one to forty casualties. It is a “75” believed to have been captured from the Servians by the Austrians and lent to the Turks. It has been nicknamed “Beachy Bill” by the men and cannot yet be located, though probably it will be destroyed ere you receive this. “Beachy Bill” fires morning and night with devilish accuracy and regularity, and the bursts of his shells are beautifully timed.

The Turks have several “75” guns, and they do more or less shooting with them; but never at night when their flashes could be seen and their positions located. Two shells burst here this morning, one doing no damage, and the other burying a trio of officers, who, however, were dug out unharmed, though somewhat shaken. Save for those two shells our sector has been very quiet to-day; but in about an hour the enemy’s guns to-night will be made lively with bombs.

Most of the real fighting occurs at night, about 7 to 9, p. m., or 4.30 to 6, a. m. Were that not so I would not now be lying on a shelf in a fire trench, writing this letter.

We had a treat for lunch to-day: “Stewed beef and onions!” Our usual three meals are: Sliced bacon, tea and “dog biscuits”; boiled rice, tea and dog biscuits; dog biscuits, jam, bully beef and tea. So that real meat is a luxury; so are onions.

When you fare well at Sunday dinner, thank the Lord you are not in Gallipoli, where dog biscuits are a "pièce de résistance."

How are you all? I am quite fit and hope to remain so. It is pleasant to be here and hear the "boom, whirr-rr!" of our trench mortars, and listen to the popping of our rifles or the spat of Turk bullets on the sand-bags; but not so nice is the "whizz-crash!" of "75" shells that sends us flying to cover.

By the way, this position is known as "Piccadilly Circus." To the left is the "Chess Board." To the right "Lone Pine," "Brown's Drift," "Scott's Post," etc.

Give my love to Mater, Auntie and all. For the present, with love.

FRANK.

* * * *

IN A DUG-OUT.

DEAR PATER:

Since I penned the last letter, which was written under a bombardment of our position, we have been drawn back into our resting gully; and I might add that while this place seemed lively enough after we arrived here, in comparison with the real firing line it is Paradise. To be sure we are not entirely safe anywhere on the Peninsula, and one never knows when one's turn will come.

For example: Yesterday morning our battalion was relieved after forty-eight hours' continuous work, and myself and another officer—a Lieut. McElroy of Melbourne—were for twenty-four hours in charge of the reserves. We spent a quiet day and night and had a fine sleep. When we were relieved this morning and started marching our men here, the Turks must have observed us, or guessed that something was being done, and opened a hellish burst of "75" explosive shells. They hit all around us and never touched a man for half an hour; and, just as we were properly started, a man named McCarthy, a private, ten or twenty feet ahead of me, got a chunk of shrapnel-shell about an inch square in the fleshy part of the thigh. He was a strapping six-footer, but that brought him down as would a sledge-hammer. You have no idea how the concussion of an explosion shakes one up; but, given a cigarette, he joked like a gentleman. It was the last shot of their bombardment; but it shows how suddenly these things happen.

I haven't changed my clothes for five days; and, as for washing—well, we spare enough of the precious water to shave with. Still, I have so far escaped the *bête noire* of the army—dysentery.

We have no candles here, so I am afraid I shall be unable to reply to Dorothy and Auntie to-night, as the sun is going down.

I was surprised to-day to find that young George Gibbs, cousin of Herbery Byrne, is one of the men in the platoon I command, No. I. Platoon.

Captain Parkes interrupted me to say he wishes to be remembered to you. He is a keen soldier and an efficient commander who shares all the danger with his men. He is about forty now.

Speaking about danger: The man who has been in action and says he does not fear anything is either a liar or a fool. Mr. Tulloch, a Scotch officer in "C" company, who always headed our bombing parties from the trench—a brave man—has been sent to hospital to-day because his nerves are shattered. The only saving grace of shell-fire is that you know when you hear an explosion that the danger is past.

As platoon-commander, I have to remain right in the first line to keep an eye on the men while shells are falling; but, believe me, there wasn't a second of those times I wasn't scared. Every honest officer will tell you the same. But the curious thing is, you get the feeling that you've a job to do, and if you are to be put out of action it might just as easily happen there as anywhere else—so you get not frightened exactly, but rather what I might call "indifferent."

I had to laugh yesterday when we were being shelled—our men are quite irrepressible. At the height of the bombardment a piece of shell flew with a chirp like a bird—exactly—close to the head of one man. "Catch that bird and cage it," was all he said.

These men are wonderfully keen. God help the Turks if we get to close quarters. Nothing will stop them once they start. They are such genuine sportsmen when they're hit that no matter how badly injured, they'll never murmur. I must say it again, I love these Australians—they're the pick of the whole Dardanelles forces, and our worry is not whether they'll charge but whether we can stop them when they've gained

enough ground and further advance might be unwise.

The night before last the Turks attacked on our left. They were beaten back, and when we counter-attacked and took their own trench their casualties were estimated at 500, while ours totalled five. We gained forty yards. "Forty yards!" I have often heard people sneer at papers describing it as something fine to advance that much. Well, if those people had been in the firing line three days, with thousands of Turks within eight hundred yards' radius of the loophole, and heard the "smacks" of hundreds of bullets on the sand-bags constantly and often felt the concussion of bursting shells, and all that time saw exactly two Turks fifteen hundred yards away, well, they'd change their tune, I'll wager. Men have been fighting weeks and then wounded, and they say when they get to the hospital that they've never seen a Turk, except as prisoners.

We are expecting to be ordered on a general charge on the whole line at any time now. In fact, I was told to-day that some of the headquarters staff are offering 50 to 1 that we will be through with this part of the enemy in six weeks. There is no doubt that if we had 40,000 Australians here we'd have the Narrows in jig time.

Real news here is absolutely non-existent. If ten miles north of us our line advanced 10,000 yards, we'd not know it here for days after you did in Australia.

Remember me to Aunt Sarah. I'll write if I get the chance soon.

FRANK.

* * * *

IN A DUG-OUT.

DEAR AUNTIE:

These letters of mine, at this stage, are necessarily devoid of interest because of the laws of censorship, and, what may appear strange, the utter lack of news. In Australia you have the advantage of perspective, while here we are at such close quarters, our vision is naturally so concentrated on our immediate front that we have little time to devote to consideration of matters on either flank. It is only when we are out of the trenches that we have time to try and ascertain any news of the whole army.

And this "news" consists of 99.95 per cent. rumour. Occasionally genuine news filters

through—such as the loss of E3—but we only hear it some time after the outside world has absorbed it from the morning papers. Generally we hear that at such and such a point our men have surrounded many thousand Turks, who surrendered. In the end it generally is a canard. If, however, there has been a concerted action on the whole line, headquarters issues a printed statement of results and casualties, about a week later.

There are many thousands of Turks who are prisoners in Egypt; but they have all been captured in batches of from three, up to as many as 2,000; but, generally speaking, they come in in small units.

Yesterday afternoon I saw a pretty and inspiring sight. One of our aeroplanes started to reconnoitre the Turks' position on Gaba Tepe, south of us here, where they have guns which cause us a great deal of trouble. When I first saw him in the clear blue sky he seemed a dragon-fly, about three thousand feet up. You could distinctly hear the drone of his engine when he was still some miles away. After circling our lines he started off for Gaba Tepe at about fifty miles an hour. As he headed south the Turks opened fire on him with shrapnel, which burst with a white fleecy ball of smoke, a good deal above or below him. Instead of sheering off he volplaned low over their lines and circled the position twice at a thousand feet. All the time they rained in shrapnel, and on his second tour he actually passed through the smoke of previous bursts. He then rose again and flew back to report. Apparently he obtained some good information, because soon after our guns opened on Gaba Tepe; and last night the enemy refrained from their usual sunset serenade.

We are going into the firing line for another 48 hours' spell, in an hour and a half; but, looking from this dug-out across the indigo water to the Isle of Imbros wrapped in an opalescent haze, the sky clear as crystal—oh, yes, it's war all right, a Taube just dropped a bomb at the foot of the gully. I don't think it did any damage. It's now gone and all is peace again. It's a typical Indian summer day, such as they have in Kentucky—perfect. Rather funny my just waxing eloquent over the quiet—interrupted by a bomb—isn't it? But unless a plane is very low the damage it does is almost nil. It's only luck if they hit anything; just as we may—if we were

fools like the Turks are—waste hundreds of shells and never hit a plane.

The weather continues gloriously clear, but cold at night, bitterly cold, with a strong breeze from the Black Sea.

By the way, I've started that Hail Mary. War works wonders in regeneration! What! They are calling for us to fall in, so I must close.

With lots of love to all. As ever,

FRANK.

* * * *

IN THE TRENCHES.

DEAR PATER:

Although I received a letter from Auntie in which she informed me that you had left for America, I am presuming that any of my letters to you will be read in Sydney before going forward.

One never knows when one may be wounded or killed out here, so I have taken every opportunity of writing. Escapes, narrow escapes, are so frequent that unless actually hit one barely notices danger. And everything comes so unexpectedly. For instance, down in the gully where we rest, while out of the firing line, we have been in the habit of considering ourselves quite safe from shell-fire; but yesterday morning, just as I left the quartermaster's store to return to my dug-out, a shrapnel burst before me. I was spattered with about five or ten bullets and a jagged piece of the shell case struck between my feet. The shell burst a shade too high, and, consequently, the bullets had lost most of their force; so I was quite unharmed. And so it goes. When my turn comes I shall get it; but Abdul, as we call the Turk, will have to use better aim and time his shells better. I hope I may never get it!

So far we have not been attacked in our position; and I am inclined to think that Enver Pasha will have to get fresh troops all along the line before the Turks will face us. They have had a terrible lesson, and their best, the original troops, simply will not face us; they fight quite desperately when we attack.

Already there are signs that fresh troops are here, and we know it in this way; their old troops were very careful not to expose themselves, while during the past few days the Turks opposite us have now and then stood up to see what our trenches look like. In nearly every

case those who stood up will never answer another roll-call; our men are deadly shots.

On the 26th, and 27th, I had my first practice in bomb fighting. On these days I was sent in charge of my platoon on another section of the firing line, where, in spots, one could almost touch their parapet with a rifle and bayonet; and actually, in one spot, both sides are separated only by a line of sand-bags. There is little rifle fire on this section; we are a bit too close for that. So bombs are used, thrown by hand.

These bombs are of various kinds, generally weighing about two pounds, and are mostly cast-iron globes filled with a powerful explosive. There is a short fuse attached which you light from a "slow match" or a cigarette, the latter is surer, just before you throw it. If they land among close lines of troops they do terrible havoc. In one case which came under my notice a bomb killed three men and wounded four others seriously.

Most of Abdul's bombs are gun-cotton charged. Before they land they deaden that sound by putting them in small cloth bags. We have a fairly effective way of localizing the explosion, and, as a general rule, they do little damage in proportion to the charge. Alertness is our safeguard, and where there is a possibility of a bombing duel our men cannot be caught napping.

* * * *

I had just finished the first part of this letter, and lain down to snatch an hour's rest, when another officer arrived to relieve me, and bringing a hurry-up order for me to return to headquarters. In the pitch darkness I had to make my way through the communication trenches, which are really a "maze," down to the battalion. On arrival there I found that I had to proceed to the beach to take charge of our battalion fatigue, whose duty it is to unload stores. It involves night work, but it is much better than the trenches in that one may obtain a proper sleep at night; because here we have none of the steady, weary tension of the firing line.

The Turks, whether because they are afraid of revealing gun positions or not, only use their artillery during daylight, unless to repel an attack. So once darkness sets in we are safe, except for occasional stray bullets. During daylight, however, Abdul sends periodical bursts of shrapnel along the beach. He has only a few

guns that reach here, and they seldom fire on us unless they are properly shielded by bright sunlight. If their gun positions were shadowed, it would mean that that flash would be readily observed, and their shooting is really remarkably good. Their high explosives are useless here; but the beach is always crowded with men, either going for a swim, or else engaged on some work or other, and among them shrapnel is effective; hence I think it is really more dangerous than the trenches.

From my own dug-out I have a very fine view of the shores running north and south; and as dawn breaks and the morning mists slowly lift, it is a daily picture worth remembering.

It is curious how after a short time fighting affects one's sense of proportion. To sit in an armchair and read of a destroyer shelling enemy positions, with enemy shells sending small waterspouts all round her, the while the boat is twisting, turning, describing figure 8's and 5's, and constantly firing, makes exciting news. But just before sundown yesterday, while I was sitting in my dug-out, I witnessed that incident beneath me, about three hundred yards off shore, and it seemed the most natural scene in the world.

We hear practically nothing of war or other news here, Dame Rumor proving our constant and unreliable attendant.

I am, so far, fit and well. The hill climbing proves a very severe test every day. Love to all.

FRANK.

Easter Lilies.

A bed of lilies, snowy fair,
Abloom with angel graces;
Like dreams of bliss they smile at me
From out their fair, white faces.

God's couriers of love, they come
Life's vanities to leaven;
The angels' smiles are fresh on them,
And glimmerings of heaven!

O lilies pure—O lilies fair,
Teach me life's lesson duly,
That I may see it through love's eyes,
And live it bravely, truly!

ESTHER DAVIS.

The Children of the User.

Baby Refugees, Rescued From the Trenches by the Nuns.

A HUNDRED AND TWENTY children, wide-eyed and breathless, walked along a dusty road leading to a shaded avenue of beech trees, which, in turn, showed the way to what the sign-post referred to as Les Vieux.

The scene was Normandy, and was not a little enhanced by the picture of six black-robed nuns, with rosaries swaying from their girdles and music singing in their hearts. Children and nuns had journeyed night and day for many hours to reach what was pointed out as Les Vieux—had journeyed from the land where one hears the song of the shrapnel rather than the lilt of birds, the night-time roaring of cannon oftener than the hundred drowsy breathings of domestic animals at rest. They were Belgian children and Belgian nuns.

Three of the smallest tots carried three flags, a Belgian, French, and English. Presently they came within sight of Les Vieux. An old château, in grey stone, with Norman turrets looking up to the sky, and grilled windows, breathing of secrets and old-time feuds.

Small wonder the wide eyes became a little wider! Irma even dropped her flag in her excitement.

In front of the great door which stood midway between the turrets stood four more nuns and an Englishwoman, who had helped to get the children there.

At sight of her the hundred and twenty of them, carefully trained all the way from Belgium, came to a sudden halt, and shouted, with all the enthusiasm of teens and absolute unconsciousness, "Vive l'Angleterre! Vive les Anglais!"

"Les Anglais" had been a magic word with them for some days. They knew that, in some tangible way, their life was to be greatly influenced by it, for a future of many months. So the cheers were followed by the Brabanconne in both Flemish and French, and a kind of Flemish Tipperary, which all the Belgian soldiers are now singing.

Then the whole hundred and twenty marched in through the big doors of the château to a large room absolutely mountainous in food. It was then that one had an opportunity of seeing

them as they were, in all their tired tawdriness. There were the twins Verkoven, who had known no home but the trenches for four months. The grimy, grey dresses they wore had also known the trenches for the same length of time, without being changed for day-time tub or night-time back-of-chair. They seemed in a sort of maze, the twins, and clung to each other as if fearful of insincere motives in this strange, quiet land. So long had they been accustomed to the noise of bursting shells that a rational order of things seemed untrustworthy.

Madeleine was the eldest, and was seventeen, though one would not think so. She was small and pale-faced, and wore black. Now and then the tears would come rushing to her eyes, and she would brush them back impatiently. Honest tears they were, and natural enough. They were for a mother who had not escaped from the little village when Madeleine did.

Many of the little children were barefooted. And sore and tired little feet they were. But there was a surprise for them in the next room. Of the whole hundred and twenty flaxen heads only about a dozen had known the kindly influence of a comb for many weeks. One could see the Soeur Supérieure Gertrude looking at these masses of two-coloured locks, and mentally visualizing a next morning scene in the wash-room, with scissors and comb.

Everything was so very wonderful to them! The long tables of food, spotlessly clean; the plates and knives and forks, and, not least important, the food itself.

At first some of the children were afraid to touch it. The fear of unusualness clutched them, so that they even forgot that they were hungry. But when Sister Agnes explained that it was an English food called oatmeal, and that the English were very fond of it, the day was won.

Bedtime was an absolute orgy of childish luxury. Rows and rows of iron cots, with clean sheets, pillows and blankets, stood silently soliciting tired, touselled heads. And two hundred and forty eyes opened wider, and old-time, aerial castles, constructed before the days of destitution, began to take visible form again. Tangible form, moreover, right before their very, wondering eyes! Would they dare to soil these beautiful beds? They had nothing to wear but things they had worn for many weeks.

But there was another surprise! Neatly folded in the lap of the top sheet of each bed was a new nightie!

It was too incredible! Perhaps there would be a little difficulty as to adjustments of size, but all that would arrange itself in due time.

Such dreams there were that night! Such riotous, blissful, satisfying dreams! And when the morning sun peeped in through the long windows of the château, a hundred and twenty pairs of eyes suddenly opened upon a reality no less satisfying.

It seemed that the whole world was a great Pandora's box, suddenly burst open to fling surprises about. For after breakfast, itself an event, there was an assembling in one of the large rooms, in which was a long table piled with mysteries.

The mysteries were English, like the oatmeal and blankets, but they were of all sorts of colours. At first they seemed to be all sorts of colours. The mysteries underneath were white, and were to be worn under the coloured ones.

A whole new outfit for every child! And in a corner of the room were dozens of boots, which would offer a later problem of adjustment, just as did the nighties.

Irma had a green frock, Marie a red. The two babies, Marie and Marguerite, aged five and seven, had very pretty frocks with lace on them! And Marie forgot her Flemish shyness in the great storm of pride which swept over her. It was the first time she had ever had lace on a dress!

It took a few days to become acclimatised to the new order of things, but gradually life became normal, until the old days spent in the association of shell and shrapnel became only an unpleasant memory. Lessons and play, alternating justly, made the days fade into weeks. And no day was ever complete without a prayer of thanksgiving to Les Anglais, whom the children were flatteringly learning to imitate by sleeping with their windows open at night!

MARGARET BELL.

A Trip to Cadiz.

A SHORT time ago we had a trip to Cadiz and found it very interesting. We left Gibraltar about 6, a. m., in a small steamer, which sails for Algeciras on the other side of the Bay. I spent most of my time on the

steamer trying to imagine what the peaceful scene looked like at the time of the great siege of Gibraltar, the tranquil waters disturbed by all the ships, and the quiet of the place troubled by the roar of guns.

Arriving at Algeciras we had our luggage taken to the custom-house, where, as we were English, we were not searched. The Spanish people had to go into a little room where they were felt all over to see if they had tobacco or other articles of contraband concealed on their person. We then entered a large motor-car which was to take us the rest of the journey.

The first hour on the road was amid mountains, the car twisting and turning among the ever-changing romantic scenery. At the end of that time we arrived at the small town of Tarifa, which is situated at the most southerly point of Spain. Here we stopped a short time, but, when we resumed our journey the scenery was changed. We ran along a road parallel to and near the beach, but, after a while, turned inland through a region called "La Laguna" because it is flooded every winter. Being summer, this was a very dull place, all the herbage having been dried up by the heat of the sun. Presently we saw something white rising above the plain, and, as we approached we found it was a town, Vejer de la Frontera, built on the summit of a very steep hill. It dates back to mediaeval times, the site having been chosen because the unaccessibility of the hill on one side renders defense more easy. We soon reached the grape-growing district, whence the fruit is sent to Chiclana to be made into wine, for which the district is famed. Chiclana itself is a strange old-fashioned town, with narrow cobbled streets and spotlessly white houses. When again in the country we saw a number of vultures, which were devouring the carcass of an animal. Next we came to the "salinas" or salt-making district, where seawater is evaporated to form the noted San Fernando salt. This was a dreary region, salt-pans on all sides and scattered about salt pyramids from twenty to forty feet high.

The isthmus joining Cadiz to the mainland is very narrow, and is completely made of sand, being only wide enough to allow a road, a railway, and tram-lines to run along.

Cadiz is a true old-world town, with extremely narrow streets and high houses, as it is on a peninsula, without much space; in some places

one has to stand in doorways to allow the tram to pass. It has a quaint old market, round which are stalls offering such goods as torn books, rusty keys, knives which will not cut, broken furniture, and similar apparently worthless articles. There is a museum commemorating the time when Napoleon held nearly all Spain, and the king held his court in Cadiz. In it are fire-arms and other relics of that time, besides a model of the town as it was. In an old church, now belonging to an asylum for the insane, can be seen three pictures by Murillo, one of which was never finished, as the painter fell from the staging and soon after died.

We returned by sea on a small steamer, starting early in the morning. As we sailed peacefully out of the harbour it was hard to think of all the furious sea-raids England had had there in days gone by. When we passed through the world-famous Trafalgar Bay I recalled the great fight and saw in imagination every event of the battle. Although the wind was against us, at times driving spray right over the vessel, we at length reached home safe, very pleased with our visit to Cadiz.

DOROTHY BRIDGER.

LORETO CONVENT, EUROPA, GIBRALTAR.

History—Its Advantages.

FOR what reasons does the study of history rank as such an important factor in education?

Primarily, we may be assured that an education without history is as incomplete as a colossal structure without a foundation. At least the fundamentals of history are essential on which to base the principles and ideals of all grades of study.

In order to ascertain in what degree of culture and prosperous development the world of the future will be, and what best results may be divulged from it, we must first find out through history what it has been and what beneficial effects have been reaped by efficient and zealous individuals. To understand what man is and will be, it is first necessary that we discover what he has been. That we may the more lucidly perceive what may be designed and accomplished in the future, history is the authentic standard on which to mold our ideals.

History is the one study which is absolutely necessary to all in whatever sphere of life their avocation may be. It stands as a mighty tree, with all other studies as its branches.

What of the powerful kings, famous generals, illustrious statesmen and politicians, artists, writers and sculptors of eternal renown? Why did all these constitute an enviable portion in the annals of history? Doubtless, for their monarchial might, military prowess, magnetic and influential oratory, and artistic and imaginative powers of creation.

But for more than that. Would we find such talents and genius cultivated to-day unless such ones had delved deeply into the traditional statistics of their ancestors? Scarcely, we say, and justly so. The sovereigns of the present imitate the modes of government as laid down by their predecessors:—Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, and Alexander the Great.

The skillful general in the army endeavours to execute the precise military tactics and manoeuvres as used by his resourceful warrior brother of ancient days, such as those exercised by Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon. The leader studies the exploits, enterprises and battles as recorded in history, which tend to the welfare and progress of the country for which he is responsible and which he must continually be prepared to defend.

And likewise the artist, who holds as his ideal of artistic genius either Raphael, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Rubens or Andrea del Sarto, whom he desires to equal, or, if possible, to surpass.

Would our government be existing to-day if it were not for history? Decidedly not.

The system of laws, as utilized by the early Romans, was conducive to establishing the various codes of laws as practised universally to-day. The reason for maintaining the Roman system as an example is doubtless due to the continuity and practical durability of that constituted rule. Our senate and parliament may be considered as modelled on that of the Roman period, through the reading of history. The famous statesmen of the present would, we may presume, never have attained their ambitious pursuits unless assisted by the achievements of former individuals, as recorded in history, who by their ability and determination were successful in forming a body of leaders.

Also the writers and poets whom we consider

invaluable: The immortal Milton, one of the greatest poets, would probably never have written his wonderful *Paradise Lost*, had he not travelled through Italy and had some of the poetic genius and sublime imagination of the idealists, Dante and Petrarch, and the powers of diction of Homer and Horace, instilled into his fertile mind from the historical accounts of their talents.

In like manner Dickens, Shakespeare, Thackeray and many others also must have made a special study of the achievements of historical personages and based their works on the ideas of those on whom were bestowed laurels of glory and peerless fame.

The study of history aided one and all of these, as it tends to broaden the intellect, gives a clearer insight into human nature, promotes imaginative development and cultivates the mind by furnishing food for thought and encouraging the inventive growth of the mind.

A movement which proved the nucleus from which such universal changes originated is the Renaissance of the thirteenth century, which wrought such marvellous changes in the literary, artistic and educational phases of the ingenuous and cultured nature of the universal nations of to-day. To the Renaissance historians are unanimous in accrediting the stupendous exhibitions of talent and genius as displayed in the human race since that period.

The ideal Christian profits by the reading of the Bible and Imitation of Christ. The saintly lives of those recounted in Biblical and general history impress one with their superiority in virtue.

Instances of error and righteousness, as portrayed vividly to the lofty faculties of the Christian, are delineated in biographical depiction of those distinguished for their virtuous and noble or base and iniquitous lives.

The broad-minded man is always a zealous student of the social, political and educational classes of historical facts. All divisions of governmental, literary, and artistic capacity emanate from the one great source of ancient and modern history, by which the individual, ambitious for the perfection of his educational development, ascends to the zenith of his intellectual ability.

M. ADELE LA TOUR.

LORETO ACADEMY, 140 WELLESLEY CRESCENT,
TORONTO.

**One of the World's Greatest Masterpieces:
"The Imitation of Christ"**

AFTER the Psalms of David, there is probably no book in the whole range of devotional literature which is so widely known, so universally used by persons of the most completely divergent theological views, and so tenderly loved, as Thomas a Kempis's "Imitatio Christi." The causes of this extraordinary popularity are several. First, it is not controversial. It is, of course, wholly and convincingly Catholic; it was written at a time when practically no form of Christianity other than Catholicism was known in Europe; the Catholic creed and Catholic devotion are taken for granted. One complete section of the book—often omitted, however, in non-Catholic adaptations—treats of the Holy Eucharist and the doctrine of Sacrifice and Sacrament, both learnedly and devoutly; yet the author does not argue greatly concerning these things; still less does he controvert views opposed to those which he himself held. There is, therefore, throughout the book an atmosphere of complete rest and serenity. Secondly, the book treats of the spiritual life in its deepest, and therefore its simplest, realm. Christianity, it has been said, is Christ. It is not, that is to say, primarily, a code of laws or observances, though laws and observances are necessary for its setting forth; it is not, fundamentally, a series of dogmas, though dogmas are necessarily for the scientific statement of the truths which it, or any religion, contains; it is not essentially a series of devotional acts, though devotional acts are necessary for the expression and continuance of the spirit which underlies them. But Christianity is the Person of Christ, from whom Christian laws take their rise, of whom dogma speaks, and to whom devotion is directed. It is, then, directly to the Person of Christ that Thomas a Kempis leads his readers, setting that Divine Figure before them, certainly as their Saviour and their God, yet supremely as their Model. He is presented there, under the guise of His humanity, as the Perfect Man, by the imitation of whom can, alone, be found that peace which He promises; as the Master who Himself trod the road along which His disciples must follow; as the Teacher of the soul who, in dialogue after dialogue, describes how obstacles must be overcome,

how graces must be used, how the experiences of life must be met—how, in short, those supreme relations towards God and man, of which both the law and the Gospel speak, must be transformed by religion after Christ's own pattern and precepts.

II.

The book is sometimes described as a masterpiece of mysticism. This is perfectly true if the word is used in its simplest sense. It scarcely resembles at all the mystical writings of such persons as St. John of the Cross, or St. Teresa; these treat of a way of initiation—of modes of purgation, illumination and union—founded indeed upon an imitation of Christ, and intended to lead to the same end as that to which Thomas a Kempis aspires, yet ranged under completely different modes and images, and discussing en route a number of considerations—experiences, phenomena, introspections, and spiritual conditions—to which our author seldom, if ever, even refers. Such writers as these Spanish mystics present the spiritual life—the one under a parable of a rugged mountain that must be ascended, set about by precipices, battered by winds, engulfed in darkness, night upon night, with scarcely a glimmer between; the other, as an interior fortress, intricately built and fenced, inhabited by distractions, yet ruled by the Sovereign Lord who awaits the coming of His bride in the chamber He has set aside for Him and her. Such writers as these analyse the inner life of a Christian with marvellous insight and knowledge, yet by the very wealth and variety of their intuitions and illuminations terrify sometimes those simple souls who desire what they, too, desired so fervently. But Thomas a Kempis leads such souls as these rather to a little walled garden in the sunlight—such a garden as even the poorest may possess if he has but the will for it; and there brings the timid, loving soul to the feet of a brother who is yet a Master, of a Master who yet is God. Certainly he, too, leads the soul to the highest from the lowest; there is not a step on the Way of Sorrows—the Royal Road of the Cross as he names it—which he would have us miss or avoid; there is not the smallest and most minute act of kindness to a neighbor, of mortification towards self, or of love towards God, that has not its lesson in his teaching; yet he deals with souls, not as a guide brings the traveller over the



“ Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her.”

hills of death and storm, or as another may conduct a visitor through halls where the men-at-arms brawl and the dogs bay up to the bride-chamber in the heart of the castle, but rather as a mother, infinitely tender, yet no less resolute, disciplines her children, even while she smiles at them over their lessons on a summer's day. He presents the soul to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ to the soul; and there the two speak together. The Divine Figure is infinitely pathetic, yet almost intolerably strong; the soul is infinitely desirous—of desiring, if of nothing else—yet knows herself unbearably weak. He bears upon Himself the marks of His Passion beneath the brightness of His glory; she bears beneath the rags of her unrighteousness and the sears of her sinning the lineaments of a saint in making. Here then, the two speak together. He urges her to the highest, and shows how this may be attained only by submitting to the lowest. He does not spare her when she needs rebuke, yet never forgets to give her courage even in the midst of pain; and she, acknowledging her unworthiness, not only of glory, but even grace, grasps by the very knowledge of her weakness and the remembrance of her falls that grace which alone can lead to glory.

III.

A third reason for the popularity of the book, amongst even those who do not accept Catholic authority, may be found in its relation to the Bible. Its direct and explicit quotations from that source are comparatively few, yet, in itself, it may be described as being a strong solution of Scripture. It resembles in this respect a mediæval church which, although it has few actual texts carved or painted upon the walls, yet in wall and window, in carving and fresco and glass, presents under another form, the essence of the story of God's dealings with men, crowned and consummated in the great Rood above the doors that lead to the high altar. In the case of the "Imitation" it is the mystical, ascetic, and ethical teaching of the Scriptures that is so presented. Upon one page it would seem as if Solomon were once more uttering proverbs; upon another as if David were singing to his harp; from another the Shepherd of Galilee Himself seems to be reiterating, through the delicate deliberation of the author's style, the deep principles of the Beatitudes, the poignant warnings to those who

rejected or misinterpreted Him, or the sublime and moving discourses of the Upper Chamber. Yet above all towers the Figure of the Crucified, drawing all to Himself, uniting into a common system of devotion and spiritual wisdom the utterance of prophet and king and seer and saint, by placing in their centre the keystone of His Cross. That Cross had budded and blossomed indeed into beauty; its arms and head break out into gilding and flowers and angels' heads; yet in its midst, as in the record of Scripture itself, hangs the grim and blood-stained Victim of Calvary.

IV.

Lastly, the book bases its universal appeal upon the extraordinary knowledge which its author shows, not merely of those outward aspects of human nature that are within the reach of the most boisterous of optimists or the most superficial of cynics, but of that inner reality of it—that strange cauldron of motive and negligence, of self-seeking and altruism, of generosity and prudence—in short, of self as contemplated by self, the moment of whose first discovery is the supreme crisis of conscious life. In this book, then, the mind that has passed inwards for the first time, and found itself in a realm where all is strange and bewildering, where at one instant self-sacrifice seems the dominant motive, and at the next, self-assertion; when the soul, tormented by impulses which she cannot explain, now raised to an ecstasy of self-abnegation, now rolling herself in the gutter, believes herself alone in her experience, wonders afresh at God and man, and, most of all, at herself—in this book she finds a record of all that she has gone through, a prediction of her future, which, little by little, she verifies, and a promise of a secret which, if she will but faithfully adhere to it, shall bring her safe out of all her trouble.

V.

It is the extraordinary human knowledge of the book—no less than its divine wisdom—that is the key to its success, and, above all, of its power of reassurance. As when a sick man visiting a doctor, and learning from him, after five minutes' conversation, that his sensations, after all, are not unique; that he is suffering from a perfectly familiar illness, that his symptoms are thus and thus . . . finds, in the very recounting to him by his physician of all his trouble, an

amazing strength and encouragement; so, too, when a soul, first conscious of ill-health and egotism, first aware, in fact, of itself through unfamiliar discomfort, turns to the "Imitatio Christi," she finds, in the minuteness with which her own state is described, in the steady and accurate probing to which she is subjected, and the instant response of every nerve, as, one by one, each is touched by a skilled finger, a confidence, and, indeed, an alleviation, she could never have won from a merely unintelligible course of diet or medicine dictated for her obedience.

VI.

The book, therefore, will remain always as a monument of spiritual teaching, for it is not with phases or movements or fashions that it deals, but with the immutable laws of interior humanity. Even if Christianity itself were but a phase, even if Theism were no more than a movement, and immortality but a pleasant dream; even so, since, at its deepest, the soul is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," the "Imitation" could never wholly die, since it displays the constitution of that soul with an accuracy that can never be surpassed. And, from this very accuracy in undeniable facts, it supplies a kind of strong, if slender, apologetic for Christianity, a probability for its truth in matters that are for some minds doubtful, if not unknown. For it is hard to think that a man so clear-sighted as was its author in the verifiable realms of psychology, and humanity, so unerring in his knowledge of human frailty and human aspiration, could, after all, be utterly deceived in the remedies he proposes for the one, and the rewards he promises to the other.

VII.

Of the author himself comparatively little is known, beyond the unsurpassable revelation he has made of his own soul. He was a priest and a religious, at first one of the "Brothers of the Common Life;" his parents lived at Kempen (whence he took his name), near Cologne; later he joined the Order of "Canons Regular" at Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, and ultimately was elected Prior. He "finished" this book of his in the year 1441, A. D.; but fragments of it were extant nearly twenty years earlier. Other works have also been attributed to his pen, and, especially, a certain series of meditations on the Life of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels; but

for his authorship of these the evidence is neither so strong, nor so ancient, nor so widespread as is that on which it is believed that he wrote the "Imitatio." Translations of his book were freely and rapidly made from the Latin, in which it was written, into various European tongues.

It is remarkable how entirely absent from this book are all hints of the stirring events in the world at the period in which it was composed. It has all the peace of the cloister, and the serenity of a soul that loves the cloistered life, and makes no account of the superficial world of external event. Yet it is none the less profound—in fact, it is all the more profound for that very reason, since the man who wrote it knew well that it is in the world of spirit that real history is made, that here alone are the conflicts that count, that here alone irremediable disaster and inalienable victory are reached, since the Kingdom of God is within us, and "cometh not with observation."

R. H. BENSON.

A Day at the Abbey.

A FEW of a drama to be given by the College students occasionally drifted in to us from the Mother House, and a silent yearning to see and applaud their success found echo in every heart. Great, indeed, were the enthusiasm and joy with which we responded to an invitation from Reverend Mother to attend a *matinée* performance the following Wednesday, January the twenty-seventh.

A week of incredible expectancy and our day of bright prospects arrived. The wings of Time fly swiftly—not one precious moment was lost until we had arrived at the station. Here a number of day-pupils awaited us, their faces beaming with delight. Merrily we boarded the train for Toronto and were soon speeding over a familiar route through a wide expanse of country. The hour seemed all too short as the slackening speed and general commotion in the train indicated the nearness of our journey's end. A few moments later we reached the welcoming portals of the Abbey, where Alma Mater's children were greeted by their dearly loved Reverend Mother Stanislaus and Mother M. Colombière.

In the College rooms a warm reception awaited us and we passed a pleasant hour chatting with old friends and forming new ones. The remainder of the morning was spent in ex-

ploring the many classrooms, wending our way along lofty corridors and winding staircases, through dormitories rich in significant shades of red or blue, and pausing from time to time to examine rare collections of curiosities—and once to revel in a myriad-volumed library. At Rosary Hall we lingered long, for now we trod on sacred ground. At the further end we paused on bended knee before the open portals of a high-arched chapel to adore the Holy of Holies in His Tabernacle home.

After dinner we were graciously invited to visit the Loreto Abbey Day-School on Brunswick Avenue. There, too, we were cordially received and taken on a general tour of the house. Beautifully modelled in modern architecture, each room is appropriately furnished—we could not but envy the students privileged to pursue their studies under such favorable conditions. On reaching the roof garden exclamations of delight and wonder were heard on all sides. From this lofty point there is a splendid view of the Queen City and its palatial homes. Gladly would we have lingered in admiration of them but the afternoon was far advanced and so, regretfully, we made our adieux and returned to the Abbey.

The concert hall was already rapidly filling but we were arranged within unintercepted view of the stage. Above the hum of low voices was heard the silvery tinkle of a bell and all became silent. Slowly the curtain rose, revealing the garden scene of "As You Like It." The artistic interpretation given by the remarkably clever cast evidently appealed to the audience, judging from the unstinted applause that rang through the hall as this sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies, in which no one suffers, no one lives an eager, intense life, progressed.

When, later, the performers appeared among us they were laudably congratulated and the play charmingly discussed. Then we repaired to the refectory to enjoy a dainty spread, enhanced by animated conversation with many kindred spirits. But it must be short, though sweet, for the hour for departure was fast approaching. Though loath to leave this interesting companionship we hurried off for our wraps and met at the front entrance, and, vainly attempting to express our deep gratitude for such generous hospitality, bade all farewell.

When with the dawn of the morrow we again

tread the stern path of chosen duty, the remembrance of the perfect day that had been ours under the blue and white banners of the Abbey, must cheer us on and keep song and sunshine in our hearts.

MARIE FAHEY.

LORETO CONVENT, HAMILTON.

The Lotos Land.

THE story of the wanderings of Ulysses contains many interesting experiences in strange lands. Tennyson has chosen one of these adventures as the subject of his poem, "The Lotos-Eaters," and, in describing the country of the Lotos, has created a picture which charms the hearer by its imagery and beauty.

In the opening lines of the poem, Ulysses is the speaker who, after the fall of Troy, sets sail for his home in Ithaca. But storm succeeds storm, the ships, driven out of their courses, are mercilessly tossed about in the raging sea. Finally when all hope is abandoned the wind abates its fury, the waves grow less formidable and their roll gently drives the ships to a strange shore, supposedly on the north coast of Africa, near Carthage. As they draw near the light breeze gradually dies down and the water grows calm and peaceful as it ripples softly on the yellow sandy beach of the Lotos Land.

It is already late afternoon when the mariners set foot on this strange and beautiful shore. The atmosphere is heavy and oppressive and scarcely a breath of air stirs the tree tops. High up above the snowy mountain peaks the sun seems to linger as if it were under a spell or as if charmed by the extraordinary beauty of the scene, which it is loath to leave. Though still broad daylight the full moon is rising above the valley, lending rather a weird effect to the whole scene.

In the west the sun is peacefully sinking to rest in a glorious canopy of crimson sky, which tinges the mountain peaks with a deep yellowish colour.

Tall dark pines, stately and magnificent, climb up the mountain side above the rocky ledges. Beneath them are many beautiful nooks and recesses carpeted with cool green moss, through which the ivy creeps gracefully, twining around sharp juts of rock and gnarled tree trunks. The long rolling downs stretch out in either direction as far as the eye can see where the Lotos blooms in

luxurious profusion, filling the mild air with its rich, oriental perfume. The pollen from these flowers heightens the yellow tint of the landscape.

In some places the sound of a waterfall may be heard dropping lazily over a craggy ledge, halting, then once more continuing its downward course, with countless twistings in and out of the hills. From the inland the long river winds slowly between mountain clefts, past shady groves and green meadows bordered with palm. Here by its marshy banks the fragrant galingale blooms, and in the stream the slender poppy droops its head as if it, too, were under the narcotic influence of the deadly intoxicating Lotos. A hazy mist rises slowly from the river and spreads like a thin curtain over the surrounding country.

Now a light breeze springs up, the air is cool and fresh, the shadows lengthen beneath the palms, the sun in all his majesty has disappeared, and the snowy mountain peaks shine and glitter like bright stars over the dusky valley. Innumerable tiny streams wind slowly down the mountain side like silver threads over which the moon casts her long glimmering rays.

This is the sight which greets the eyes of the weary mariners. The whole atmosphere suggests a languor and indifference to active life, of which the sailors feel the effect as soon as they set foot on the Lotos Land.

ELEANOR ANGLIN.

LORETO ACADEMY, 140 WELLESLEY CRESCENT,
TORONTO.

To forget—that is what we need—just to forget. All the petty annoyances, all the vexing irritations, all the mean words, all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the bitter disappointments—just let them go. Learn to forget. Become an expert at forgetting. Train the faculty of the mind until it is strong and virile. Then the memory will have fewer things to remember, and it will become quick and alert in remembering. It will not be encumbered with disagreeable things, and all its attention will be given to the beautiful things, to the worth-while things. No matter what scientific problems you are trying to solve, take up the study of forgetting. The art of forgetting will give added lustre to all your literary, business, or scientific attainments, and it will add immeasurably to health of mind and body.

Horace.

"Quod si me lyricis batibus inseres sublimi seriam sidera vertice."

HORACE, to whom the ever-reverting finger of Fame ascribes the title of "Prince of the Lyric Poets," and he alone of all the Greek and Roman "wits", may be said to live. Although only the son of a liberated slave, he had access, through the instinctive foresight of his father, to all the avenues of learning. Deeply sensible of the debt thus incurred, his acknowledgment of how much he owed that father is one of the most touching passages in classical literature.

While in Rome attending Greek lectures on philosophy and mathematics, he formed a friendship with Marcus Brutus, and later on, as a Tribune, was present with him at the battle of Philippi. His exploits on that fatal field were not very distinguished. When he afterwards returned to Rome, his estate having been confiscated, he secured a position as a public clerk in the Treasury, but the bony fingers of poverty clutched at him, and in order to evade them he wrote verses. Then it was that he met Virgil and Varus, by whom he was presented to Maecenas, the patron of Literature, and these became lifelong friends.

In accordance with his fondest aspirations, Horace has been pointed out as the "prime performer on the lyre" by the successive centuries, as they scurry down the corridors of time. His greatest dread—to be quoted by schoolboys—has also been realized. If to be quoted until every superficial inch of the toga has become threadbare (from quotation) constitutes perpetuity of poetical existence, according to the theory of Ennius, "Valilo vinio per ora virum", such a life has been pre-eminently vouchsafed to Horace. What could be more appropriate at the present day than "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."

Undoubtedly his poetry is the most widely diffused throughout the world, for it is said, if every copy was destroyed to-morrow, it would be easy to form a committee in the House of Commons, for instance, which could restore the entire text within a week, it has been so drilled and flogged into the numberless generations of schoolboys. It has withstood the wear and tear of the class rooms without losing any of its charm

and freshness. On this point Byron appeared to differ when he wrote:—

“Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so.
Not for your faults but mine; it is a curse
To understand not feel your lyric flow,
To comprehend but never love your verse.”

We nevertheless can hardly believe that the beauties of Horace were lost on Byron even in his earliest hours of idleness.

The manuscripts of Horace have come down to us ungnawed by the tooth of Time. The perfect preservation of his writings is only equalled by the universality of their diffusion. In his last ode—No. 30, Book 3—or rather what he intends as his last, since the fourth book was written at the instigation of the Emperor Augustus, his prophetic soul poured forth anticipation of lasting glory:—

“Exegi mamentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius
Quod non imber edan, non Aquito impotens
Possit dirueri aut innumerabilis annorum series
et fuga temporum.”

It is plain to the intuitive gaze that whatever mischance may befall the heavier and more massive productions of ancient wisdom, the lyrics of Horace shall outlive them all.

Horatii curiosa felicitas:—This, one of the earliest criticisms on the Odes, still remains the phrase which most completely describes their value. Something between luck and skill was Horace's secret. The characteristics of the Odes are their wonderful charm and perfect literary finish. The lofty ring and rhythmic force of his best Odes in Alcaic metre have never been equalled. His political Odes aim at imposing stateliness and sonorous dignity, while his Love Lyrics exhibit grace, polish and elegance. Other poets wrote to celebrate a single mistress, and Dante his Beatrice, and Petrarch his Laura, but Horace addressed his Love Lyrics to many. His deepest affection, we are led to believe, was for Lydia, whom he addressed in his famous and only Ode in amœbaeum metre:

“Quid si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque iugo cogit aenco
Si flava excutibur Chloe
Rejectaeque potet janua Lydiae?”

“Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est tu levior cortice et improbo
Iracundior Hodria
Tecum vivere amen, tecum obeam libens.”

This Ode has found a host of imitators and translators in every language and particularly in English. In the Eleventh Ode of Book Three, there is to be found the most celebrated example of the figure of oxymoron in Latin. The concluding lines of the Bandusian Fountain.—

“Fies nobelium tu quoque fontium
Me dicente, cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis unde loquaces, lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.”

display to perfection the *tyrra-lirra* of his style.

Since the most universal of passions was lacking in Horace, he drifted on through years, contented with his existence on his Sabine farm, which he infinitely preferred to the ceaseless turmoil of the Capitol. He refused to be the possessor of the most lavish gifts that Augustus wished to bestow upon him, even declining the confidential position of Secretary in the Royal household. He expresses himself thus:—

“Cur invidendes postibus et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?”

Yet, he was by no means a recluse; his effusions bear testimony of the pleasant frame of mind in which they were poured forth, and are redolent of the joyousness of happy and convivial hours.

Certain emotions of his nature were finely responsive. All in all a man, he was ever true, firm and ardent in his friendships. In fact, the two themes, friendship and patriotism, occasion his noblest utterances. When his beloved Virgil was setting out on a voyage in a frail vessel of that period—only a plank between him and Libitina, he burst forth in these words:—

“Navis quæ tibi creditum,
Debes Virgilium finibus atticis
Reddas incolumen precor
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.”

Maecenas, who preferred the reality of influence at the court of Augustus to the possession of splendid and empty titles and remained a simple eque, was a man after Horace's own heart, and

he certainly must have been attracted by something remarkable and lovable in the Poet Laureate when, after an unbroken intimacy of thirty years, he could commend him to his master on his death-bed with the words, "Horatii Flacci ut mei memor esti."

Men of intellect will continue to value Horace's happy epigrammatic phrases which are "Jewels five words long, that on the outstretched forefinger of all time, shall sparkle forever."

"Non omnis moriar." The "Songster of Tivoli" is dead. Nigh two thousand years have passed, the jewels still glitter like stars on the dark velvet mantle of night.

FRANCES MITCHELL.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The Departure of My Brother:

WAR had not been declared a month when my brother Fred, a boy of nineteen, secretly made his way to the Armories to enlist in the Nineteenth Battalion. Without hesitation he was sent to the medical health officer for inspection and within a few hours returned home in full uniform. But not to stay, for they had already stationed him at the barracks in Exhibition Park, Toronto.

From that hour he did not seem to belong to us, though he occasionally did appear at dinner hour with a beaming face and ever ready bit of humour. The soldier was under such strict discipline that every time he wished to leave his quarters he was compelled to get a pass, which was issued and signed by his general or colonel. However, much of a soldier's freedom depends upon himself. If he be punctual and orderly in most cases he is not denied a pass. On one occasion he and two others were late in returning to the camp and when they arrived the gates were closed. They were aware of the fact that they would be severely reprimanded if they failed to answer the roll, which was called at six o'clock in the morning, so it behooved them to devise some means of entering the camp by the far gate, but to walk over to this even on hands and knees would be no use at all because the fence was only about a yard high and they could easily be detected by the sentinel on guard. There was nothing left to do now but to crawl along the three or four rods on their stomachs. They accom-

plished this feat much to their own discomfort and escaped, fortunately, with a few bruises and scratches.

A great part of the day is spent in long marches and drills, while a portion of the night is used for manœuvres and scouting. Military affairs are kept so close that we had little or no idea of when the Nineteenth Battalion was taking its departure.

One day, however, about two months later, my brother phoned to acquaint us with the news that orders were given for every man to be ready with "kit and water bottle" to leave on the midnight train. As to their destination, or from what station they were going, he could not say.

With as much haste as possible we packed a goodly sized "hamper" and made our way to the exhibition, where all the soldiers and their friends had gathered.

Oh! what a scene! Thousands of people had assembled here to see their dear ones, but the question now was how would it be possible to find a single person in this terrible mob, divided into groups of three and fours, some one soldier boy in each group the centre of attraction.

I asked an officer near by what means I would take to find "Private De Foe." He waited a minute, drew in a deep breath and shouted at the top of his voice, "Private De Foe! Private De Foe!" A few yards away another officer took up the cry and he shouted in like manner, "Private De Foe! Private De Foe!" Thus the shouting passed on from one to another until finally a big fair-haired, red-faced boy, nearly six feet tall, made his way to us.

We gathered around him eagerly, but the first thing that caught his eye was the "hamper." He was in very high spirits and in such a nervous and excited state that he talked at random nearly all the time. The boys could hardly believe that they had actually eaten their last meal in Toronto, and they hoped their next "cookhouse" call would find them miles away. This term "cookhouse" is the place where the soldiers dine and they are called by a bugler, generally a little fellow about fourteen. He blows two long notes, which sound like "Come to the cookhouse door, boys, come to the cookhouse door!" Immediately everything is dropped and a mad rush is made for the "cookhouse."

There were only a few more minutes! Already the final bugle-call had been blown, the soldiers were now moving on towards the train.

Up to the camp came the cold, black, thunderous engine, puffing as if restless to be on the move again—indeed a most unwelcome sight to us. Then the command, "Make for your bunks, boys; make for your bunks!" reached our ears. We were not to be daunted and moved along with the crowd. The men were packed into the train, thirty to each car, while we were left outside.

Up went the windows!

Great loud shouts arose, cheers, songs and speeches simultaneously! The boys leaned half way out of the windows just to catch one more glimpse, waving various colored handkerchiefs in one hand and their caps in the other.

Thus the train pulled out.

AILEEN DE FOE.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

A Theme of Sorrow.

IT has been snowing all day. The grounds and the trees and the roof-tops are laden with the soft white skyey substance. Over its glistening surface my spirit rushes like a snow-bird in wild search for its home. Shall I find it with half the true instinct of the wild bird? I am not so sure as the bird and I am not so wise in the quest. I have been wasting my substance on the air and I find the waste in my heart. If I had been as true to my God as I have been true to a vanished hope I would not now be unworthy of His sweetness and light.

Pursuing this world's kaleidoscopic pageant rather than the glory of God!—and now my eyes have grown dim and my hand has lost its sureness, and to-night I am tired—too tired to retrace my foolish steps—too motionless to rise up and begin again. I have so often commenced over again, and I have failed and failed and failed. And now nothing remains of this mundane crusade, nothing except the experience that is bitter and tells me in a hopeless way that I have nothing more to give. Long ago I gave up all I had and dreamed high dreams and hard things came into my life and I bore them alone because I looked for the hope that I chose for myself, not for the wider hope of God. I am very weary. It seems a shameful thing to turn to God jaded out from

seeking other glories. Besides, I am too hopeless, too miserable, too weak, too useless, too utterly weary. And everything is gone except my pride. I am proud yet. I feel it in my very hopelessness. It rises from my despair like Arthur's Excalibur from the dreaded sea. It holds me down from making one last appeal to His goodness!

I cannot be mean. It would be mean to beg from One whom I have always neglected, and put in second places, and third places. The first places were for—well, I have none now. I am so weary. Sometimes I wish it were all over, and the ache in my heart were out, and I could unfurl my wings for the passage to that gracious dwelling-place. But I am very weary. I cannot face it, and I am not ready to set out. The day was when voices said: "Come higher! higher! higher! Let go! Trust me! Take the plunge into the chasm of my love and I shall send my angels to hold your feet from the craggy sides. Come, I am here over the bottomless middle and the splendour of heaven is around Me, and the velvet of the mosses beneath Me. Trust Me!"

But nothing I took from the sweets of these invitations except the memory of them. I could not be inspired or persuaded to regard them. I was not afraid of the leap. I was not a coward. But at the time I held my own Golconda of plans and I dreamed of pleasant Beulah vales of my own making and walked away from Him "who maketh Arcturus, and Orion, and Hyades, and the inner parts of the south."

And I sought and worshipped my idols until this hour. And they have crumbled around me and I see "neither sapphires nor clods of gold."

If I were still a plastic little creature—I used to be—and could watch my worlds crash and be appalled over the destruction only until I began to build them up again! But, O My God! I behold short years and I am walking in the path by which I shall not return. And I know why Thou hast deserted me!

Last night I wept, for the sadness on my spirit was crushing my heart out, and when the early morning came I went to God's altar and for a moment my eyes beheld the Blessed Host. Like a sudden joy came the thought, "This is His goodness to a wanderer!" And His face shone again and I heard His voice:

"You must look again where you looked before. You saw the *matter*, the *form* passed you

unobserved. Your eyes are held by only the *flow* of things. Why are you so short-sighted and distracted by many things? One thing alone is necessary. Do you not know the treasure that you seek when it jostles you?" And He smiled an irresistibly patient smile.

It gave me courage to answer: "I sometimes wonder why You never expect anything of me. You know the truth and You tell it to me wonderfully, for it does not discourage me. And sometimes I rise up and begin all over again, and sometimes I forget what I am and think only of You. And the thought is the loveliest thought, but I can never tell it for my language is weak for the joy of love, and no human expression is adequate to embody Your image. But now, Divinest Lord, when I feel the suction of eternity and look for the evening refulgence I find only darkness and night!

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Red Leaves.

Sweeping from off the sea,
The wind in boisterous glee,
Down from the parent tree
Blew the red leaves.

Autumn was fair as May,
For, though the sky was grey,
Bright was the earth and gay
With the red leaves.

All nature was asleep
Wrapped in its silence deep,
Nothing awake to peep
At the red leaves.

Now glints the barrel blue,
Drops, other than the dew,
Of a deep crimson hue
Stain the red leaves.

Now destruction rages high,
Peace from the land doth fly,
And many dead men lie
'Mid the red leaves.

KITTY AGUTTER.

LORETO CONVENT, EUROPA.

Alumnae Column.

Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

Patroness—Reverend Mother Stanislaus.

Honorary President—Mother Colombière.

Honorary Vice-President—Mrs. Maloney.

President—Mrs. Lalor.

First Vice-President—Mrs. T. P. Phelan.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. Rooney.

Recording Secretary—Miss Devaney.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Rooney.

Treasurer—Miss D. Darrien.

Convener of House Committee—Mrs. McLaughlin.

Convener of Entertainment Committee—Miss Seitz.

Convener of Membership Committee—Miss M. Mallon.

Convener of Press Committee—Miss A. Kelly.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Loreto Alumnae Association was held at Loreto Abbey on the afternoon of January fifth. Mrs. O'Sullivan gave a most interesting report of the convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, at which she was delegate for the Alumnae, followed by a vocal number, by Miss L. Ramsperger, accompanied by Mrs. Bach, both members of the Alumnae. Mrs. T. P. Phelan tendered a vote of thanks to the talent of the afternoon, which was seconded by Miss Mallon. Tea was poured by Mrs. Phelan and Miss Hynes, assisted by Miss Roesler, Miss Kelly, Miss Baker and the Executive.

The special concert given by the Loreto Alumnae Association on February first was one of unusual interest for the programme was furnished by Miss Julia O'Sullivan, assisted by Mr. Ernest Seitz and Mr. Rudolf Larsen. Miss O'Sullivan is a former pupil of Loreto Abbey, and before commencing her studies in Russia with Professor Auer, had been heard frequently at Alumnae meetings. Besides several shorter selections, Miss O'Sullivan generously gave the Sinding Trio, which was the chief number of her programme at Foresters' Hall the previous week. The Alumnae showed their appreciation by presenting the artist with a bouquet of orchids and lily-of-the-valley, and a vote of thanks moved by Mrs. Maloney and seconded



St. Mary Magdalen.

Oft have we seen you, sorrow-laden, kneeling
Close to the Cross of tears,
And watched your woe-worn loveliness, revealing
Your agony, your fears.
But all is past—in voiceless adoration
You lift your head above.
This is the hour of heaven-lit expectation,
The peace of perfect love.

—S. M. GERTRUDE.

by Mrs. Rooney was extended not only to Miss O'Sullivan but also to the assisting artists. The President, Mrs. Lalor, held a reception in the drawing-rooms after the programme, when tea was poured from a table bright with daffodils, yellow candles and golden tulle and presided over by Mrs. Rooney and Mrs. Maloney. The assistants were Miss E. Clark, B. Boland, M. Thompson, M. Power, M. Small, B. Butler and M. Doherty.

At the expiration of Mrs. E. P. Kelly's term of office as one of the two trustees of the scholarship fund, the Executive elected Miss Alice McClelland to hold this office. Miss McClelland's appointment is for four years.

A delightful twilight musicale was held at Newman Hall, on February twelfth, when the Executive of the Loreto Alumnae Association were hostesses, Mrs. Lalor—President, Mrs. Rooney—Vice-President, and Mrs. Small receiving. The programme was arranged by Miss Seitz and splendidly rendered by Miss Mary Morley, Mrs. Henning and Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. Fauld accompanied Mrs. Henning and Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. Doane and Mrs. Lalor presided at afternoon tea. The concert was well attended by the officers and members of the Alumnae.

A donation of twenty-five dollars was sent to the British Red Cross by the Alumnae, who are greatly interested in the good work being done by them.

On February twenty-first, in the presbytery of Our Lady of Lourdes, the marriage was quietly celebrated of Beatrice Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Cosgrove, to Mr. Milner Chace Hart, son of Mr. Milner Hart. The bride was attired in her traveling suit of navy blue, with grey and rose hat, and nosegay of lilies and orchids. Miss Clare Cosgrove acted as her sister's bridesmaid, and Mr. Percy Kane was best man. After a reception, at which only the immediate family and friends were present, Mr. and Mrs. Hart left for Bermuda. On their return they will reside on Clarendon Avenue.

Mrs. Hart has been a member of the Alumnae since leaving school, and, this year, is on the House Committee. She has the best wishes of the Executive and members of the Alumnae.

ANNE KELLY,

Convener of Press Committee, Loreto Alumnae Ass'n.

School Chronicle.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

We were all grieved to hear, on our return to school after Christmas vacation, of the loss recently sustained by two dear former Loreto students, Miss Grace and Jean Sears, in the death of their brother Reg, who had gone bravely to the front at the first call of duty and was there killed in an encounter with the enemy. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the surviving members of the family.

January the sixteenth—We have been enjoying a week-end visit from one of the ever-welcome post-graduates, Miss Kathleen Ridout, Toronto. This evening, we gave a card-party in her honor, at which she won first prize.

January the twenty-first—Feast of St. Agnes, and of her namesake, our beloved Mistress of Schools. Some hours of leisure, granted to us this afternoon, and an entertainment in the evening have left us very pleasant recollections of the day.

February the second—We were surprised and pleased to learn today that Miss Kathleen Ridout had entered the Novitiate at Loreto Abbey and will be known hereafter as Sister M. Alicia. In the career of devotedness upon which she has entered, we prophesy for her exceeding happiness.

February the fourteenth—St. Valentine's Day brought, as usual, much pleasure and excitement. In the evening, the St. Teresa's Literary gave a valentine party, planned and executed with utmost perfection. The hall was prettily festooned in red and white, and the mazes of the colored "cob-web", along the various threads of which the seekers must pursue to find a valentine, added to the pleasing effect. When the contestants in this trial had all brought back their trophies, prizes were awarded according to the dexterity with which each had performed the task. Then followed an archery contest—each competitor being in turn blindfolded and presented with a gilded arrow, with which to pierce the target, a large heart-shaped card with golden centre. The prizes here, as in every case, were valentines.

Miss Frances Shreve, with her accustomed grace and daintiness, next danced some very pretty toe-dances. Two other competitions claimed the next half-hour, and, after the last prizes had been awarded, ice-cream and cake were served by the members of the St. Teresa's Literary. We offer, once more, to the S. T. L. our congratulations and thanks for this delightful evening.

February the sixteenth—Through the kindness of our good friend, Reverend Father Rosa, C. M., several of us had, today, the privilege of seeing a rare and very fine art collection, now on exhibition in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

February the nineteenth—An imposing and beautiful ceremony took place in the convent chapel this morning when Miss Euphemia Rogers, Jamestown, N. Y., who had been a student here for five years and was graduated last June, and Mr. Paul Rohr, Ph. D., Professor, D'Youville College, Buffalo, were united in the sacred bonds of marriage. The bride was attended by Miss Dorothy Souther, Class '14, now attending St. Elizabeth's College, N. J., while the duties of best man were performed by Mr. Malone, Buffalo. The altar was adorned with smilax, ferns and white and crimson roses. Reverend Father McMahon, Buffalo, assisted by Reverend Father O'Neill, O. C. C., Niagara Falls, officiated. To the strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin, on organ and harp, the bride entered, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Dan Rogers, who presented her to the groom at the entrance to the Sanctuary. During the Nuptial Mass, the school-choir sang, to the accompaniment of harp and organ, two choice selections, whilst, at the Offertory, Mr. Francis Rohr, brother of the groom, sang soulfully "Tota Pulchra Es."

The wedding breakfast was served in the convent drawing-room, the guests on the occasion being Reverend Fathers McMahon, Buffalo, and O'Neill, O. C. C., Niagara Falls, Ont., Mr. Rohr and Miss Marie Rohr, father and sister of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rogers, Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. F. Rohr, Miss Lancaster, Mr. Malone, Buffalo, Miss D. Souther, New Jersey, Miss A. Duffey and Miss F. Mullin, Lima, Ohio.

About one-thirty, all were invited to the con-

cert-hall, where Miss Alice Smith, Chicago, an alumna of Loreto, Niagara, and now world-famed harpist, gave a delightful programme, beautifully varied and sincerely appreciated.

If the fervent prayers and good wishes of friends prove effectual, then will the estimable young couple, who have set out to-day on their new career, experience manifold blessings.

February the twentieth—This has been a particularly pleasant day, owing to the fact that it is the feast-day of M. M. Eucharia, Superior, and the Silver Jubilee of Sister M. Alice. An additional joy was occasioned by the presence of some of the post-graduates, namely, Miss Dorothy Souther, Angela Duffey, Florence Mullin and Lima McCall.

February the twenty-second—A half-holiday in honour of the "Father of His Country," the great and glorious George Washington. Part of the afternoon was spent in the time-honoured game of "Cache! Cache!" In the evening the following programme was carried out effectively and enthusiastically under the superintendence of the St. Catherine's Literary Society:

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Charades. | 6. Word Contest. |
| 2. Buzz. | 7. Quaker-meeting. |
| 3. Bright Ideas. | 8. Proverbs. |
| 4. Fruit-basket. | 9. Spoon Pictures. |
| 5. Mind-reading. | 10. Cross Questions. |
- II. Packing Grandmother's Trunk.

Much pleasure is being derived from the beautiful Victrola donated by some members of the Alumnae. We all feel most grateful to those who have so effectively added to our means of amusement and particularly to Miss A. Mudd, Chicago, who was, we understand, the originator of the idea.

This, the shortest month of the year, will be memorable for having brought us the severest winter weather and, also, very many pleasant occurrences—among these, the following delightful programme, given in our concert-hall by the members of the Musical Clubs of Niagara University, under the able direction of Reverend G. A. Campbell, C. M.:

PROGRAMME.

March, Loyal Friends.....
Combined Clubs.

- Vocal Quintette, "Sleep, Mah Li'l Kinky Haid."
Messrs. Callahan, Monsees, Breckbill,
Martin, Spina.
- Instrumental Quintette, Old Favorites.....
Messrs. Spina, Mason, Callahan,
Sullivan, Dittoe.
- Waltz, Danube Waves.....
Combined Clubs.
- "Somewhere a Voice is Calling".....Tate
A. Spina and String Sextette.
- Violin Solo
J. V. Hickey.
- Vocal Solo, "My Mother's Rosary".....
E. Martin.
- "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny".....Bland
Combined Clubs.
- Bass Solo, "Mother's Old Sweet Lullaby"....
A. H. Breckbill.
- Lady DaintyO'Dell
Combined Clubs.

February the twenty-eighth—This afternoon, we enjoyed exceedingly Mr. McAuliffe's clever recital of several of the late Dr. Drummond's French-Canadian poems. Particularly appreciated were, "The Notaire Public", "Leetle Ba-teese" and "The Curé of Calumet."

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

March comes in calm, peaceful, shining,—in strong contrast with the red, wrinkled face of war. His great hands he raises and the earth-mother trembles for the spots of blood on her mantle is the precious blood of her children!

December the tenth—Rev. Dr. L. O'Reilly, of St. Augustine's Seminary, addressed us this evening on the subject of Lourdes. Lantern slides, showing the apparitions and aspects of the surrounding country, enhanced the delightful lecture. Dr. O'Reilly had visited Lourdes while in Europe and had met and conversed with the brother of Bernadette. Among the interesting scenes were,—Bernadette clad in peasant's attire, the old homestead where she was born, the grotto, the bush and rock where Bernadette's attention was first arrested by the apparition, and the modern Basilica that crowns the sacred spot. The Reverend lecturer told us the story of Berna-

dette in a charmingly simple manner. I am sure we all loved her more after his dear words. We were interested particularly in the heroism she evinced in meeting her Curé's opposition. It seemed such an insurmountable cross for an illiterate little girl to be treated as an impostor by the good Curé. But Bernadette had an image to place before her sight that filled her with joy and she did not seem to see the difficulties that others placed in her path. This image was her "Lovely Lady." We hope we shall have the privilege of hearing Dr. O'Reilly again.

December the fourteenth—We were pleased to have a call from Rev. M. Staley, our former chaplain, to-day. We shall always remember his kindness. The recollection of it will help us as a source of happy memories in our lives.

December the fifteenth—We enjoyed this afternoon greatly. We went to see the little drama, "Florinda," enacted by the junior pupils at Loreto Abbey Day School, Brunswick Avenue. The costumes were beautiful and the staging was excellent. The various rôles were played with remarkable skill considering the youth of the performers.

The "Movies" this evening, in the Abbey Auditorium, enlightened us on the nature of a drop of water. Protozoa as large as boats darted around. "Four thousand times enlarged!" said the Movie conductor. It was a real survey through the microscopic world, for which marvellous journey we are indebted to Miss Mary Power, B. A., through whose instrumentality the "Movies" came to the Abbey.

December the sixteenth—Perhaps no event of the season proved so enjoyable as the De La Salle Concert this afternoon, given by the boys of the Brothers. The drill exercises were unusually interesting, also the music by the boys in the Orchestra called forth our heartiest applause. There seemed to be at least fifty violinists, and, under the able direction of Mr. Richard Clarke, gave forth harmonies that school girls never fail to appreciate. No wonder we became loquacious on our way home.

December the nineteenth—We had the unusual distinction of having a Major in the soldier's interesting uniform attend Mass with us this morning—Major Paul Maloney. Major

Maloney will accompany his two daughters, the Misses Frances and Eulalie, who have been at school at the Abbey, to their home in Cornwall. Our good wishes go with them for the joys of a happy holiday.

January the first—We were pleased and delighted to receive a call on the first day of Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen from the Hon. Dr. White, Principal of the Normal at Ottawa. The distinguished guest is the brother of Mother Colombière, local Superior at the Abbey.

January the fourth—It was a delight to listen to the beautiful description given by Mrs. O'Sullivan of the meeting in June at Chicago of the Confederated Catholic Alumnae Association. Mrs. O'Sullivan's method of narration, her selection of pretty, interesting details, her genial manner and sunny smile would hold the attention of all from a little child to an ancient grandmother. No wonder the Confederation found her out and requested her to speak. At the conclusion Mrs. O'Sullivan called on the Vice-President of the Confederated Association, Mrs. H. Kelly, for a statement of the nature of the work deputed to the Loreto Alumnae. Mrs. Kelly said that the object of the Association is threefold: (a) to hold up Catholic ideals and to spread Catholic literature among Catholic women; (b) to improve the social condition of Catholic women; (c) to endeavor to secure for every Catholic girl a Catholic education. The last of these was entrusted to the Alumnae of Loreto.

It was a wholesome pleasure to listen to the views of the distinguished lady. There was a consistency and a cleverness in Mrs. Kelly's remarks that was profoundly convincing, and we were proud of the glory that came out to us from our own two dear speakers.

January the sixth—We had the honour, this morning, of assisting at the Mass celebrated in the Abbey Chapel, by the Very Reverend Dr. Kidd, President of St. Augustine's Seminary.

January the twelfth—With sorrow we chronicle the early death of one of our beloved teachers, Sister M. St. Hugh Canning. Her passing was serene and tranquil. Like a little child, bent on an object that absorbed its very being, so anxious to obtain it that no one could

distract it from the quest, so was our dear little Sister in the last ebbing moments of her life, unconscious of any presence except God's, and of any sound except the voice of the prayers chanted so gently and so fervently by the kind Chaplain, Father Dutton, and answered by the breaking voices of her Sister novices and the nuns. So her beautiful spirit passed on to God. We extend our sincerest sympathies to her bereaved parents and friends. R. I. P.

January the eighteenth—We offer our deepest sympathies to the Misses Margaret and Kathleen Peters on the sad occasion of the death of a cherished uncle. Earth loosens her binding strings on the living as her beloved pilgrims pass away and finally the survivors look more to heaven than to earth because heaven holds more of their treasures.

January the twenty-seventh—This morning we enjoyed the honour and the privilege of assisting at Mass in the Abbey Chapel, celebrated by the Right Reverend Bishop Scollard of North Bay. His Lordship is the uncle of the Misses Frances and Eulalie Maloney, young ladies of the boarding-school.

January the twenty-eighth—This evening I was entrapped behind the stage by the curtain going up. I was obliged, therefore, to remain until it went down, and so it came to pass that I saw "As You Like It" from behind the scenes. There was Audrey with tousled hair, and Orlando in green doublet and hose, and melancholy Jacques with the blackest wrinkles, and mottled Touchstone with bells jingling on his scallops, and poor William looking scared and besmirched, and saucy Phoebe and her shepherd-shadow, and lovely Rosalind and Celia in white robes glistening with jewels, and Adam bent and old wearing his gray hairs in honour, and the Duke and the banished Duke, his brother—forsooth all—"As You Like It."

Out rushed Orlando in Lincoln green airing his too just grievance to the "old poor man" Adam. How he loved him! But everybody loved Orlando—everybody except his brother Oliver, and Oliver was a villain. In dashed the villain and the brothers wrangle! "Help! help!" I lost my sense of reality and would have be-

trayed my corner but I was saved by what I saw. On the opposite side of the stage, ensconced in a place of safety also, was some one with a very frank, open face, who was laughing. Laughing at a duel! I recovered myself with a little ridiculous shock. Then the curtain came down and I prepared to make my escape.

I reached my room. I looked out of the window at the night sky. The heavens were dusted with stars. They were glorious! Some stood out conspicuously, others dimmed in backgrounds. Like the players, I thought. And when I had installed "As You Like It" in the sky I began all over again, enlarging the circumferences until I measured up to Jacques'—

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players."

February the first—The violin recital by Miss Julia O'Sullivan at the Abbey, this evening, was a delightful diversion and grand privilege for us. The Alumnae Association, the students of the College and Academy and the Religious were congregated in the large Concert Hall to enjoy the excellent programme. Words are inadequate to describe the harmonies that filled the Auditorium at the wizard touch of the illustrious young artiste. The "Katherine Parlow of the East" the local papers designated Miss O'Sullivan, after her public recital in the city, a few days ago—and it was our privilege to enjoy a musical treat of such excellence this evening.

In the closing number, a trio by Sinding executed with inimitable dash and brilliancy by Miss Julia O'Sullivan, Mr. Ernest Seitz and Mr. Rudolf Larsen, elicited great applause.

At the conclusion Mrs. Lalor, the President of the Alumnae, and her assistants, Mrs. Rooney and Mrs. Maloney, expressed the appreciation of the highly pleased and favoured audience.

February the third—What a delightfully interesting evening we have had! Few unexpected visitors to the College lecture-hall have proved more interesting than Dr. O'Reilly, who, in response to his desire to meet the "cast," was shown into our "sanctum."

Dr. O'Reilly, although so young, has travelled extensively throughout Europe and Asia, and among the many wonderful sights he described to us it would be impossible to say which was the most interesting.

The miracles which he saw performed at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, at the grave of the "Little Flower"; the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius; his interview with the old nurse of "Little Nellie of Holy God"; his visit to the home of the Curé of Ars; his description of the Catacombs where he studied under the famous Italian lecturer, Merucchi, were only a few of the extremely interesting and instructive subjects he talked about. Father's description of the Holy Land, particularly his sail down the Sea of Galilee at midnight, his visit to Bethlehem, the night spent in the church on Calvary in which he had to remain in order to be able to say Mass there in the morning, were so vivid that we almost imagined ourselves there. Father told us of many amusing incidents also, especially in connection with the fanaticism of the Eastern Monks, whose beautiful monastery he visited at Mount Athos.

How reluctantly we saw Father leave, and only the promise to return soon again and his invitation to us to visit the Seminary reconciled us.

February the third—We are exceedingly grieved to learn of the death of our dear former pupil, Madame L. Morin, (née Mabel Claremount) one of the victims of the recent fire in Ottawa. At the time she was the guest of the Speaker's wife, Madame Sévigny, also a former pupil of the Abbey. We have all the fondest memories of dear Mabel's charming manner and sunny disposition. We extend our deep sympathies to her bereaved husband and mourning friends. R. I. P.

February the seventh—The Very Reverend G. Scholly, C. SS. R., arrived this evening for the purpose of conducting an eight days' retreat for the postulants, who are preparing for the ceremony of Reception, on the fifteenth. We think they are highly favoured, after his little visit with us this evening.

February the fifteenth—This morning the Chapel of Loreto Abbey witnessed an impressive ceremony on the occasion of the religious reception of nine postulants into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the absence of His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, Right Reverend Mgr. Whalen officiated, assisted by Reverend Dean McGee and Reverend F. Murray, C. S. B. A

sermon of great eloquence was delivered by Reverend G. Scholly, C. SS. R., whose masterly presentation of eternal truths filled all with enthusiasm, but more so those preparing to consecrate their lives and hearts to the Divine Master.

The newly received were:—

Miss Eileen Kelly (Sr. M. St. Margaret).

Miss Anna McCarthy (Sr. M. St. Thomas Aquinas).

Miss Martha Cronin (Sr. M. St. Martha).

Miss Kathleen O'Donnell (Sr. M. Leona).

Miss Claire O'Connor (Sr. M. Adrian).

Miss Marguerite Street (Sr. M. Thérèse).

Miss Edna Coleman (Sr. M. Theophane).

Miss Alice Dwyer (Sr. M. Gratia).

February the twenty-sixth—A very pleasing and artistic recital was given this evening in the Abbey Auditorium by the pupils of Miss Marie C. Strong, assisted by Mr. Gerald Moor, a clever and promising pupil of Professor Hambourg. Among Miss Strong's pupils were Miss Rheta N. Brodie, the charming soprano; Mr. J. Dennis Hayes, the popular baritone; Miss Dorothy Kingsford, Miss Verna Harrison, Mrs. George Monteith and Miss Melba Mulene. All gave evidence of careful and artistic training, which reflected credit on their painstaking and efficient teacher. A very appreciative audience testified by frequent applause to the enjoyment afforded by each number.

February the twenty-eighth—Miss Helen Galligan, of the boarding-school, takes her departure for her northern home to-day. We hope Miss Helen will be with us soon again.

March the fourth—What a joyful entry was effected in the Reception Room this morning by Miss Marguerite Wilson when she learned that her beloved father had arrived from the far East!

March the sixth—The Masquerade Ball! And still they come!—down the broad centre staircase a strong procession, led by a picturesque maid of "colonial days" with "Summer" bedecked with garlands of roses. Then followed "A Grecian Maiden," an "Old Dutch Cleanser," a red-coated Soldier, a Gipsy, Buster Brown, a Tambourine girl, Spanish dancers, Bo-peep, Canada, The Allies, Red White and Blue, gypsies, college students, clowns, little maids of

Japan, Irish colleens, Marie Antoinette, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Quakeresses, Jenny Lind, French maids, a candle, a ghost, khaki, Highland and Russian soldiers, Music, a lily of the valley, a holly girl, babies and even a coloured mammy.

At the conclusion of the Grand March, little Miss Peggy Ryan—a tiny tot of three—sang "We'll never let the old flag fall," and "On the way to Dublin." The interesting masqueraders proceeded thence to the refectory, where a sumptuous banquet awaited them.

On returning to the Concert Hall the happy revelers executed a very pretty flag drill, interspersed with patriotic songs. Then the dancing commenced. What glorious confusion! A demure little Quaker dancing with a sparkling Spanish maid, Little Lord Fauntleroy smiling on a witch, Buster Brown leading Marie Antoinette through the maze of the waltz, a dark-eyed Italian gesticulating with a fair maid from Holland, a great brown owl protecting Little Red Riding-Hood! It was all very bewildering.

During the evening Mr. Ryan, a veteran of the Boer War and now incapacitated to don the khaki, very kindly and masterfully recited the "Song of the Trench" and other patriotic poems. The resounding applause told how much appreciated was this feature of the programme.

The prizes were awarded as follows: III. School—First prize, "Summer" (Miss Frances Mitchel); second prize, "Erin" (Miss Agnes Moore); third prize, "A Spanish Girl" (Miss Evelyn Doyle). II. School—First prize, "A Comic Costume" (Miss Frances Owen); second prize, "Topsy" (Miss Madeleine Herbert); third prize, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (Miss Muriel Ryan). I. School—First prize, "A Coloured Child" (Miss Agnes Lee).

March the seventh—Violence alone prevented our weaker selves from making a burglarious entry into the French young ladies' "Party table." But fear of disedifying our dear and polite companions wrought in us a good work and so we remained only admirers of the groaning spread, and well-wishers of the pretty party. They were: The Misses Germaine Garneau, Françoise Langlier, Irene Marcotte, Marie Lusier, Marie Leonard, Jeanne Dupré, Françoise Simard, Rachael Cassavant and Simone Clement.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring.

The sun that blazed red-gold behind the naked trees last evening climbed a pearl-blue sky to-day. The touch of spring is in the air; spring with the spell of magic and mystery that invites the artist's brush. Surely no harsh weather will come to catch this impetuous vegetation and frost the bushes where new builded lie the early nests of robin and hedge-sparrow with their dainty treasures.

The school had been anticipating a pleasant afternoon at the Orphans' Festival, and—it goes without saying—there was no disappointment.

A general air of good feeling pervaded the assembly, which worked like a charm and made everybody feel delighted with the entertainment and everything connected with it. Indeed the little tots before the footlights, who raised their wee voices in song, carried the audience by storm. It was easy to see by the applause that followed their performance that they had made the hit of the afternoon.

The outside talent was all that could be desired.

What an adept in the art of entertaining young people Mr. McAuliffe is! No sooner was he announced than we quickly betook ourselves to the concert hall, sure of enjoying a rare treat. His repertory embraced old-time favourites, rich in poetic thought and imagery, but I think it was his Drummond selections, in which the writer touches the minor chord of life with great surety and deftness, and passes from humour to pathos and from pathos to humour, that made the strongest appeal to our risible faculties.

Dr. Drummond has evolved unique types of the French-Canadian habitant—Mr. McAuliffe made them very real to us.

The students of Mount St. Mary were hostesses of a card-party to the young ladies attending the Normal School.

The presence of the teachers was an added feature of interest and pleasure.

Prizes were won by Lillian Stafford and Kathryn Harris.

Later in the evening refreshments were served, after which partners were selected, the hall cleared, and dancing feet glided off to the strains of merriest music.

This has been a well-filled and very enjoyable week. To-day, Major Huggens gave us a graphic description of his experiences in France and Flanders, whither he had accompanied the Canadian Contingent, a year ago, and the conditions under which fighting is carried on. Only those who have been on the ground have any real conception of matters pertaining to modern warfare.

General interest centered in Major Huggens' description of trench-making, covering parties, bayonet charges, sandbags—how little time the men who fill the latter, or the subaltern who lays them amid the zipping bullets, have to ponder the unique romance residing in these little gray sandbags, fashioned perchance by some woman's hands in the tranquil firelight of a quiet hearth. Some day—if the war spares him—a poet will sing the deathless lyric of sandbags and other mundane things of trench life, but the time is not yet.

His Lordship paid his usual pre-Lenten visit this afternoon—a visit replete with interest and eagerly anticipated.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Religious had the honour and privilege of entertaining him in the parlour. The joy that beamed from happy faces gave testimony to the realization of the honour conferred.

Following is the programme of recital of Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, given in our concert hall:

Overture from William Tell. . . BRASS ORCHESTRA
Gounod's Ave Maria, Soprano. . . MARIE RAPPOLD
Meditation from Thais, Violin.
.....ALBERT SPALDING
Quando-me'n-vo from Bohème, Soprano. . .
.....ANNA CASE
Spring Song, ViolinALBERT SPALDING
Irish LullabyMANUEL ROMAIN
Till's Serenade.INSTRUMENTAL QUARTETTE
My Laddie, SopranoANNA CASE
Infanta March, BanjoFRED VAN EPS
Old Erin, TenorWALTER VAN BRUNT
Beautiful Galatea Overture.CONCERT BAND

Miserere from Il Trovatore, Soprano and
Tenor . . . AGNES KIMBALL AND JOHN YOUNG
The Boston Commandery March

. NEW YORK MILITARY BAND
Dance SELECTIONS

Mardi Gras had been a day of glorious anticipation—and oh, the realization!

On but rare occasions had such general co-operation been shown in arranging for any fête as was manifested at the meeting of the committee in charge.

At 4.30, an impromptu entertainment brought a really merry audience to the hall. First there was a chorus—Rule Britannia—then a piano solo, by Mary Burns, followed by a playlet, "Mrs. Willis' Will," of which the following was the cast:

Mrs. Robinson *Testamentary Executrix*
MARGUERITE DOYLE.

Rachael *Housekeeper*
MARIE FAHEY.

Jenny *Peasant Girl*
ESTELLE WALSH.

Mrs. Dwindle *Would-be Lady of Fashion*
OLIVE DELORY.

Mrs. Spindle *Would-be Fine Lady*
AGNES O'DONOHUE.

Gertrude Murphy contributed a piano solo. The chorus gave "Night Bells" and God Save the King.

After the entertainment, the students repaired to the dining-hall, which was brilliantly festooned. Appropriate place-cards invited them to their respective places. The guests of honor were: Reverend A. J. Leyes, Reverend F. J. Hinchey, Reverend J. O'Sullivan, Reverend J. McGreavy and Reverend W. Dermody.

With their clusters of daffodils and tulips, the tables fairly radiated spring, but we were not interested in the decorations—rather in those who were enjoying the sweets of life while they are still tempting, with much of the dear nonsense and laughter that characterize a Mardi Gras festivity for school-girls.

Toasts were given by Father Hinchey to "His Lordship," whose feast (St. Thomas of Aquin) it was; by Father Leyes, to "The Ladies of Loreto," and by Father O'Sullivan, to "The Students of Loreto Academy, Mount St. Mary."

Dancing and games filled the evening hours. Rea Hurd and Augusta Gustiana were the fortunate winners of prizes:

I really think when all were far away in Slumberland, the joys of to-day were subjects of sweet dreams. Not until the "purple curtain" fell were they dismissed.

ANITA.

Personals.

"Anna, do you know that Sister has been looking for you?"

"Yes. That's the reason she can't find me."

"Marjorie, I don't see how you can be so naughty."

"It isn't a bit hard."

"A fib is the same as a story and a story is the same as a lie."

"No, it's not."

"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the University."

"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man and he knows more about lying than your father."

"What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

"The moth. It eats nothing but holes."

"Dad says he's sorry now that he said he couldn't afford an auto for we all want it more than ever."

"What zone is this in which we live?"

"Temperate."

"Correct. Now, what is meant by a temperate zone?"

"It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter an' red hot in summer."

"We are vegetarians, you know."

"That's my church, too."

"Now, children, what is it we want most in the world to make us perfectly happy?"

"The things we ain't got."

"I wouldn't be in her shoes for anything in this world."

"Of course not. They'd hurt you terribly."

"Hear about the Czar being wounded?"

"No. How's he been wounded?"

"Seems the Germans have cut off his retreat."

"Name one of our Allies."

"France."

"Now name a town in France."

"Somewhere."

"What is the meaning of *pernicious activity*?"

"That is when some one goes to my cabinet, upsets it, takes everything out, and says it is not in order."

"What's the difference between popular and classical music?"

"It's popular if you enjoy it, it's classical if you don't."

"I've got a bad head to-day."

"I do hope you'll be able to shake it off."

"Oh, these old exams. I'm sick of them. My brain is on fire."

"Why don't you blow it out?"

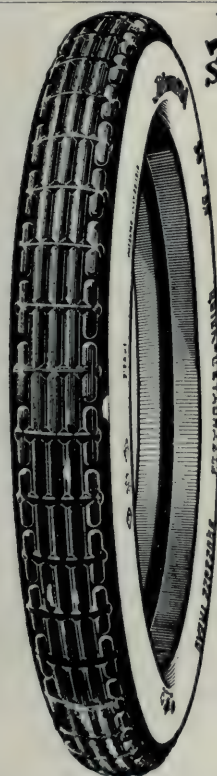
"What did Caesar exclaim when Brutus stabbed him?"

"Ouch!"

"I don't think my picture looks like me at all."

"You ought to be grateful."

"I asked George how he liked my new slippers, and he said, 'They're immense.'"



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NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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No. 3

COLLEGE NUMBER

PART I.

Oh, Tender, Gentle Boy:

Oh, tender, gentle Boy!
Do those rapt eyes behold these war-filled days?
Or, are their horrors hidden by our tears?
What presage of the coming thorn-crowned
years

Troubles the sad perspective of Thy gaze,
And dims Thy father's joy!
Thus early to Thy heart the nails are pressed,
And Sorrow builds her home within Thy breast.

C. A. C.

Varsity in War Time.

"A complete and generous education is that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of peace and war."

—John Milton.

A TIME of national crisis and strain makes a searching test of University education. Has the University study and association succeeded in moulding and fashioning men, "strong to will and dare," men with magnanimous heart to meet the duty and the opportunity nearest at hand, men fit to lead their fellow-men, "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield?"

It is a curious fact that in the last generation there had obtained generally in all countries of Europe but one, and everywhere that European civilization had spread, a conviction that war, actual war and butchery of men, had become a thing of the past. A call to arms was the remotest possible event in the expectation of our young men. Arbitration, peace conferences, unions, and if need be, strikes were the modern method of meeting difficulties. It was not a

tame world by any means, not dull as Horace Walpole complained in his day with "no war, no politics, no madness, no scandal." We had all of these in abundance except war, and the few eruptions of it in distant lands were the last flickers of a dying volcano. But volcanoes do not die.

Our universities in these years prepared men and women for the duties and responsibilities of peace and prosperity, and oftentimes their graduates preferred the less prominent paths and ways of life. How would they stand the test of war with its positive demands? Men prepared for life are prepared for its uncertainties—"the readiness is all." So our Canadian youth, with the youth of other nations, are not made or marred by this great upheaval—they are sifted and tested.

When the unfamiliar call of the bugle and beat of the drum were heard in our land, who were first to answer it? From the West to the East the voice of the University graduate and student with an enthusiastic "adsum." Five overseas University battalions have formed, trained and marched away since the opening of the war, "to do their bit." These young men were nothing daunted by the fact that each is a mere unit in a mighty host—he valued his life at its true worth and knew that the hero is not the man who waits for opportunities his fellow men have not, but the man who meets humble calls with a heroic heart.

From the University of Toronto there are at present on "active service," two thousand one hundred and fifty graduates and students. There are members of the Board of Governors, some

eighty-five members of the Faculty and men from Arts, Medicine, Science and all the courses. Two hundred received their degrees last year in February in the now familiar khaki uniform, resigning the pen for the sword, fit and honored graduates of their Alma Mater. The Honor Roll of those who have given their lives for the cause of justice and freedom is already large. Some of the most promising of the young men, graduates and undergraduates, have sealed their bravery and readiness with their blood. "In course of years," to quote President Falconer, "their contemporaries will grow old and pass away one by one, but those men who went out of life near together at this eventful time will always remain young, remembered as they were in their prime, of bodily strength unabated, of dauntless courage, of fair fame, the example in this University for untold years of virtuous Canadian youth who, though they lived far from the rumours and preparation of war did not refuse to yield their lives for the maintenance of those principles which outlast all human life and give substance and worth to the pilgrimage of each, whether it be for twenty years or fourscore."

The University Hospital, organized in September of 1914 by doctors and surgeons and medical men from Canadian universities, was soon magnificently equipped by the generosity and activity of patriotic University men and women and friends, and numbered one thousand beds and almost one hundred nurses from Toronto hospitals. In January, 1915, they embarked for England and from the night before landing, when they slept in life-preservers for fear of submarine attacks, they have faced every danger and trial in order to be able to minister to the sufferers on the field. There was some delay in London and part of the hospital is in France, but the greater part of it is established at Saloniki and was able to serve the soldiers in the Serbian retreat, most of whom were crippled by frozen limbs. Hospital ships passed back and forth from Alexandria to Saloniki and nurses and young doctors ran the constant risk, with the wounded, of submarine attack. There have been spells of lack of provisions, of fever fighting, of overwork, all of which have proved the fine mettle of the men and women thus devoting their lives.

And what is Varsity like at home? The same spirit of earnestness and high endeavor has sloughed off many a frivolous or useless pursuit. Social life must prove its claim to exist by furthering patriotic enterprise. West Hall of the main building and Examination Hall have been the headquarters of hospital sewing circles, and the girls of different colleges and classes have taken a generous share in the work. Knitting of socks and mufflers has prevailed in all gatherings, even venturing to show itself in the lecture room. Men in khaki, both professors and students, are a familiar variation of the sombre-gowned college denizens.

But if you really want to test the tone of Varsity in war time, pass along by the campus in the early hours of morning. Up one of the winding roadways through the hollow, across between the buildings, comes a serpentine line of tan-coloured figures, left, right, left—left—left, as they march to the corporal's count. Soon the campus, that velvety green sward, so jealously guarded of other years, is the scene of military manoeuvres. The grass spots are nothing more than specks that even in these summer days will not long withstand the tramp, tramp of military feet. It is now the reserved ground of the C. O. T. C., the Canadian Officers' Training Corps of U. of T. This corps was instituted in the beginning of the war and is constantly being depleted of men and officers who join the active battalions, and as constantly filled up by First Year and Second Year men. Military drill has become a curriculum subject, and eight o'clock and four o'clock or later lectures have given place to it. The corps was composed in the beginning of five companies, but having given so many to active service it is now reduced to four, which embrace all the colleges.

Surely then the University has not failed to inculcate an appreciation of the realities of life. Her sons will not dream of what ought to be, nor yet sink into apathy, because life is ever the same story of ideal and disillusionment, nor hold themselves as a class apart on whom active life has no claims. No, they will march ever breast forward in the van of life's army of brave men and women and prove that high endeavor in the midst of the circumstances life offers is the noblest aim of man. "The readiness is all."

Biographies of Our Collegians.



Gertrude McQuade, B. A.

"Give me an animated form
That speaks a mind within."

Miss McQuade is the banner-bearing student of Loreto Convent, Stratford. After receiving her early and secondary education in Stratford, where she already showed an un-

usual ability, Miss McQuade came to the Abbey in September, 1911, obtained Senior Leaving with Honors and then entered upon a College Course in October, 1912, taking up Honor Moderns. With extraordinary facility she has obtained the leading place not only in Loreto College but even in the whole University class of her year. She has had First Class Honor standing throughout, has carried off the University Italian prize each year and in our own College has held each year the Mary Ward Scholarship. Nor has all this academic attainment hindered her from shining in social circles and other activities. She has been a valued member of the RAINBOW staff and the Loreto correspondent for the "Varsity." We all expect to share the warm sunshine of her future fame.

* * *



Teresa O'Reilly, B. A.

"Heights by great men reached
and kept
Were not attained by sudden
flight
But they while their com-
panions slept
Were toiling upward in the
night."

Miss Teresa O'Reilly came to the Abbey in September, 1908, from

her home in Wildfield, well equipped in knowledge and character, and began at once to fulfil the end for which she came. There has been "no stay, no pause," in her career. She obtained Honour Junior Leaving in 1910 and Honour Senior in 1911, which prepared her to join the first Honour Class of Loreto Abbey College,

October, 1912. What stretches of literary ground in English, in French, in German and in Italian have been mapped out and investigated in these four years by her bright, untiring intellect—it fills one with awe to contemplate. Sir Thomas More and Renaissance scholars as well as Gladstone and Cardinal Newman with their fifteen hours a day of application have become credible to us in our observation of "little Treese." Nevertheless in drama, and social College life and in the skating season she takes a prominent place. In the summer of 1915 she blazed another trail when she went a-teaching in a far away spot in the foothills of the Rockies. College posterity will owe much to Miss O'Reilly. May she reap the returns of her sowing!

* * *



Edna F. Duffey, B. A.

"Maiden with the meek brown
eyes.

In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk of evening
skies."

Miss Edna Duffey is a native of St. Thomas, Ontario, but has been a resident of Lima for the last

decade. Her education has been Canadian. The early years in St. Thomas, High School and Graduation course at Loreto, Niagara, all preparing her gradually for a Toronto University Honour English and History Course, taken at Loreto Abbey College. A nimble wit and facile pen have procured her great success in her college work. Gigantic fields to cover for examination work could not daunt her pioneer spirit, and "late leaves" and the motto "seclude and eliminate" were the stringent antidote administered in the spring for any earlier minutes unduly devoted to mirth. Miss Duffey has been a member of the RAINBOW staff each year and 'tis said she answers to the pseudonym of Samuella Pepys in journalistic ventures. She appeared as "Celia" in the "As You Like It" of this year and was also an active member of the Dramatic Execu-

tive. She has been the able President of Class 1T6 and the representative of St. Michael's Women in the formation of the Women's Student Council of the University.

* * *



Irene Long, B. A.

"Her spirit is tender and bright
as dew,
Of May-morn fresh, when
stars be few."

Miss Irene Long was born in Whitby, Ont., and having profited by what Whitby could give of education in St. John's

Separate School and the High School, she winged her flight for Loreto Abbey College, joining the College class of 1T6. From that time her sunny presence and gentle thought have made her most popular among us. The Common Room piano will miss her persuasive touch and warbler's voice as well as we. In our dramatic work there has always been a place just made for Nemo. The gentle Emmeline of "Poudre aux Yeux," the bewitching Melissa of "The Princess" of last year, and Monsieur Le Beau of this year's "As You Like It" are irrevocably connected with this dainty Senior in our memories. In social events she has been one of our leaders. To her has often been entrusted the charge of the corridor light, the mysterious responsibilities thus entailed being known only to the initiated.

* * *



Ellen I. Madigan, B. A.

"Strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Miss Ellen I. Madigan belongs to Deseronto, Ont., where she received her early education, and in spite of a small allowance of health succeeded in obtaining Junior Leav-

ing standing at the age of fifteen. A thirst for further knowledge and culture led her youthful steps to the portals of Loreto Abbey College. It was not long before this frail maiden evinced the persistent spirit of a conqueror. She climbed the heights of mathematics and Christian Doctrine, and First Year medals went home to Deseronto as trophies. Of Logic, Psychology and

Religious Knowledge she has been the College oracle—text books attest it. Nor has any field of learning daunted her—she is an enthusiast for literature, and lo!—when drama was the occupation of the hour the supreme surprise to students and audience was to find our studious Miss Madigan a "tapissier" made to order for the French play, a most astonishing Cyril of the noisy ballad in "The Princess," and a worshipful, wise and melancholy Jacques that made much of the success of "As You Like It." For such as her

"All experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams the untraveled future."

And read by the past, her future is full of promise.

Roblesse Oblige :

Stand up, oh, Mother!

When the fateful message comes,

As come it may,

Remember her who stood

Beside her Perfect One

That bitter day.

Will you, whose prayer

Inspired His prayer the vigils thro'

Be now outdone?

Nay! Let the one deed

Canonize you both—you—

And your martyr son.

C. A. C.

The Wisdom of the Sky.

How sad and strange it seems, that certain souls,

Few and elect, should during life be made

The target for misfortune stern arrayed,

Thwarted and turned from their longed-for goals,

And scourged, as if between the wide earth's
poles

No others dwelt; while souls of coarser grade

Are born and thrive and from the planet fade

With less disaster than the burrowing moles!

Behold a mystery of loss and gain!

The pure and noble raise contentions high,

The gentle Christ was whelmed in woe and pain,

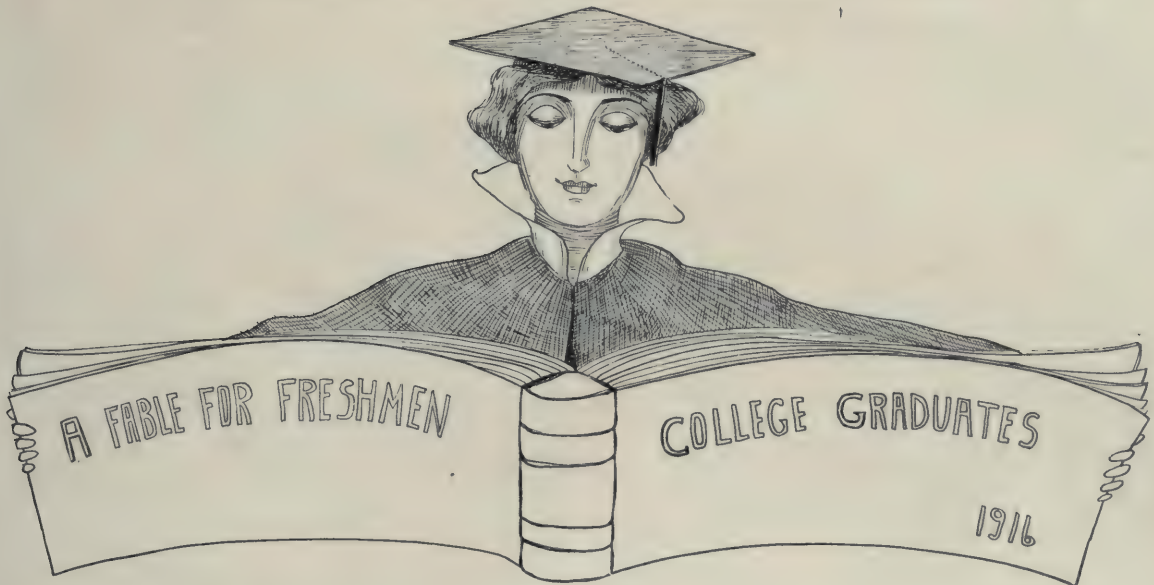
God's holiest ones 'mid rage and hissing die!

What marvels shall be shown, when death makes
plain

Creation's plans—the Wisdom of the Sky!

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

TORONTO, FEB. 7TH.



The Hellespont from all accounts
 (Leander's story notwithstanding)
 Was but a shallow little pool
 Which folk like you and I could stand in
 Compared with that Pierian stream
 Which figures in this gentle theme.

Fair Hero would have burned her light
 In bootless watch thro' the long night
 'Ere her Leander would appear,
 To calm her intermittent fear
 Of being discovered—had she seen
 Such waste of water in between
 Herself and her Leander

—So—

'Twas left for this great age to tell
 (I would my pen could do it well!)
 The exploits of five heroes bold
 Who braved the Classic stream that flows
 Directly 'neath the Muses' nose
 Through Varsity, and then right through
 The All-conquering ranks, the tried and true
 Successors of Great Michael's Hosts,
 But here delayed by many a toast
 To winners in the Hall of Fame
 ('Twould take a century to name,)
 It takes into its head to turn,
 Oh, such a wild impetuous turn!
 And sweeps with a tremendous roar
 Right thro' Loreto's open door.

Here, every year in early Fall
 Brave maidens flock from court and hall
 And those with daring spirit leap
 Into the surging billows deep,
 Nor heed the warning voice of friends
 Who prophesy a woeful end.
 Up to the neck in learning's tide
 They plunge,—reckless of all beside.
 In vain Society may try
 To lure them to a spot more dry;
 The wise, they've heard, are bid, "Drink deep."
 Forgive them if they read, "Sink deep."
 They deem that academic lore
 Should enter in by every pore
 And saturate them thro' and thro'
 With all that's beautiful and good and true.

First at the brink there comes a maid
 Who knows not how to be afraid,
 To cowardice so great a stranger
 She heeds not obstacle nor danger.
 In vain allurements try her might,
 She promptly glares them out of sight
 Her motto is "Sail on," they say,
 "Nor look behind, nor let dismay
 Get in and clog your swimming gear;
 No breathing spell until the year
 Has justified your highest aim
 Then—well—two new initials to your name!"
 Her friends esteem her valor highly
 So much for T. (B. A.) O'Reilly.

Next comes, Oh! Look! the facile swimmer
 Whose strokes soon make her shore-line dimmer
 The gift of tongues is hers by right
 And saves her many a woeful plight.
 (And haply puts her into some,
 For sorrow unto all must come.)
 "Amo, amas, amat, amamus,"
 "Erro, erras, errat, erramus."
 As glibly as the silver moon
 Slips off her bright nocturnal shoon
 So glide the foreign forms of speech
 Adown her tongue, without a breach.
 But not too quickly to arrest
 Our ravished ear with one that's best,
 The tongue whose syllables for ages
 Have poets served as well as sages.
 Gabble she can in macaroni
 Without the aid of any pony.
 If such a gift were only mine
 I'd die of purest joy—decline.
 "Dive deep, deep in, and never wade,"
 We learn from G. (B. A.) McQuade.

A sudden splash! Hold!! Help!!
 —Alas!!!—

The time for all precaution's passed!
 Niagara's daring leap has taught her,
 This wild enthusiastic daughter,
 To swim the rapids of the deep
 And gleefully the waves to leap
 As if it were her element
 As if—as if her heart was bent
 On challenging a submarine
 And didn't care a smithereen
 For "Susan Mary" locks, or sea
 Between her and her "ain countree."
 Now take her moral to your soul
 "Enthusiasm wins the goal."
 But even a puff may grow too puffy
 To suit our friend E. (B. A.) Duffey.

Talking of submarines, no wonder
 So many merchant ships go under
 For here's a human submarine
 Whose periscope sweeps the whole scene
 And with an aim precisely right
 Captures most everything in sight.
 At differential calculus
 She wonders any one should fuss,
 The fourth dimension's merest play
 To while away a holiday.
 She revels in philosophy
 And as for grave theology
 A handbook she did once compile,
 (You'll find it on our College file)
 With every point from A to Zee;
 Just buy a copy and you'll see
 Where Christian Teaching first began,
 Likewise N. (B. A.) Madigan.


Is that a mermaid's voice I hear
 Falling so sweetly on my ear?
 Those graceful moves, that gentle mien
 Bespeak a gentle soul I ween,
 One all unused to battle much
 With puzzling problems, and all such
 Unfeminine pursuits and aims.
 Rather her arts would best proclaim
 An "Angel of the House's" rôle,
 A beauty-loving little soul.
 And yet, her prowess, none the less,
 We're bound at all times to confess.
 One may be tender and yet strong—
 She proves it, Miss I. (B. A.) Long.

MORAL:

Though waves be steep and waters high
 They've reached the landing high and dry,
 Not one or two—but one and all
 At good old Convocation Hall
 Where laurels hang on every bough.
 Go, Freshman, and do likewise Thou!



Graduation and Baccalaureate Sermon.

 ON Friday afternoon our graduates in their dainty white festive attire covered by the dignified scholastic cap and gown and laden with flowers, drove off to University Convocation amidst the congratulatory plaudits of school and Faculty. University Convocation is a gorgeous event in itself, with all the brilliance of variegated hoods and caps and the remains of mediæval symbolism, that hang round every detail from the procession entrance to the final Latin dismissal of the President, and the retirement of the Faculty, again in procession. However we shall not pause to describe it in detail. Our graduates returned, adorned with their baccalaureate hoods and our home festivities began—but home festivities cannot be shared by the public either.

On Saturday morning at half past nine a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in honour of this second College Graduation. The celebrant was Rev. J. Ryan, C. S. B., of Saint Michael's College; the deacon, Rev. L. O'Reilly, D. D., of Saint Augustine's Seminary; the sub-deacon, Rev. F. D. Meader, C. S. B., while our own Chaplain, Rev. Father Dutton, acted as master of ceremonies. The baccalaureate sermon as given below was delivered by Rev. Father Powell of Saint Michael's College, and much appreciated by the students, members of the Community and many relatives and friends who were present.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

"You are the salt of the earth, but if the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"—Matt. v., 13.

It is a great honour to be present here to say a few words to the graduates of Loreto Abbey. It is an honour because they themselves have reflected the greatest glory on account of the high standing they have taken in their academic career. But, young ladies, although your academic career has ended, your real life work is now only beginning. "You are the salt of the earth." Permit me to bring you back to the occasion on which our Divine Lord said these memorable words. The multitude had swarmed around him, and leaving it, he went up into a high mountain, and took with him there his chosen ones, his disciples—those who were to be

his leaders in the teaching of his doctrine, and there apart, alone with them, he delivered that most perfect code of moral conduct and of sweet charity that has ever been known on earth, and after he had delivered these beatitudes, he turned to them and addressed them in the words in which I address you—"You are the salt of the earth, but if the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"

In this statement there are two principles: first of all, there is the principle that one has to perfect herself, and secondly, there is the principle that no matter how lowly, no matter how humble we may be, man cannot live apart without in some way influencing his neighbour. In the Divine economy—in the plans which we see manifested in the Universe, we discover these two principles: we discover the principle that each thing needs the development of its own nature to arrive at perfection, which is its duty. We see it in the plant life; we see it in the animal kingdom, and we do see it in man. We take a seed and plant it in the ground, and if due conditions are there, gradually it develops into a plant, and finally blossoms into a beautiful flower. When it has reached its perfection, then decay gradually sets in, and it returns to the earth from whence it sprang, to bring forth food for other plants that will spring up in its place.

Just so must be your career. First of all you are to strive to aim at the ideal which was placed before the minds of last year's graduates—you must try to be perfect, and in order to be so you must aim at the whole development of your nature. You must cultivate mind and heart. Your academic career is now ended, but oh, how infinite, how vast, is the knowledge yet unattained! Your minds have been thus far developed so that they are now in a position to grasp greater things than those with which they have been so far entertained. Your minds have received growth, and a capacity has been engendered there for clear thinking, for prudence, and above all, for a full realization of what a Catholic Graduate means in this wonderful country of ours.

Oh, what does a Catholic Graduate mean? If you will permit me, I will trace out for you what I consider a line of conduct for a Catholic Graduate. You Catholic Graduates have received the seal of the State, signifying that it is satisfied

with your academic training. A Catholic Graduate has received in her four years undergraduate life, a clear, concise, and learned disquisition of the Catholic faith, so that she is able to give a reason for the faith that is in her. There is outside the Catholic Church an undercurrent of belief that the Church is opposed to education. It is a duty—your duty—to dispel that error. You must tell in your various paths of duty, the attitude of the Catholic Church towards education. You must tell them how the Church when she was persecuted and violated, reared up from the Catacombs schools and colleges second to none in all academies of that time. You must tell them how the Church, when she was allowed to emerge into the brightness of God's sun, how she built basilicas and placed beside them schools. You must tell them of the universities of medieval times. You must tell them of Alexandria and its scholars, Origen, Clement and Catharine, of the sons of Monte Casino, who spread learning all over Italy. Yes, tell them of Paris, Montpelier and Salamanca, of Louvain, Leipsic and Freiburg. Tell them of Oxford, Cambridge and Glasgow—of all those founded and endowed by the Catholic Church, and blessed by the Pope of Rome. Yes, tell them that the Church has never been an enemy to education, that when barbarism spread over all Europe, it was the Church that undertook the work of civilizing the peoples.

But then again there is something far greater even than making known the attitude of the Church towards education. There have been stolen in our day words which the Church has always guarded closely. These words are "Charity" and "Humanity." We hear on every side about Charity, but it was the Church of Christ that first whispered that sweet word into Humanity. It was the Church of Christ that undertook to lead agonizing humanity and placed it on her bosom and inspired it with true light and grace. Yes, it is the Church that stands to-day amid the clash of arms and the flash of armor—it is the Church that stands alone and tells all men—Let there be peace; let brotherly love have place. Yes, it is the Church and the Pope of Rome whose voice is heard most clearly to-day.

You must tell them all this; but words are nothing. Conduct is far greater than culture. In your conduct—ah, that is where the sermon

must be preached by you. In your conduct you must show the world what it means to have been educated, brought up under Catholic direction, to have had instilled into you the principles of morality and dogma. You must by your conduct show that the heart has been trained, and also that it has been restrained by the teaching of Mother Church. You must show, then, that you understand whereof you speak in matters of religion.

These, my dear young ladies, are some of the lines of conduct which it seems to me you must make known, but there is another one which is probably more interesting, and that is the relation, the direct relation of yourself to the locality in which Almighty God may see fit to have you placed. You know there is no such thing as "chance." God, from all eternity has known exactly what you are going to do. He has willed from all eternity that you do a certain work, and oh, would that I could prophesy and look down the unborn years and see how well you will have accomplished that work! But the work will be done as you do it, and if you do not do it, it will be left undone. God has chosen you out of the masses, and no matter how universally educated we become the college graduate must necessarily be the leader, and as leader must be diligent. You are, first of all, graduates, but then, more than this, you are Catholic Graduates, and it is as Catholic Graduates you must make yourselves felt in the world in which you are about to enter. You will be placed somewhere, probably at home, where you will have intercourse with your fellow beings. There is a tendency among some to forget that Catholicity is the greatest honour that God has bestowed on human beings. To be a Catholic—to be one of God's Church—to be one in whom God's grace is an edifice grander, more beautiful than any basilica of granite or marble—to be one to whom He has given Himself wholly, coming and placing Himself upon our tongues, and being the Food of our souls. Oh, what an honour! Who can conceive how anyone could ever be ashamed of being a Catholic? But, still we have examples of it. Then we have those who are not exactly ashamed of being a Catholic, but who stand aloof from everything that is Catholic, who enter with heart and soul into all sectarian and non-sectarian movements outside

the Church, but when it comes to aiding her in matters of philanthropy, in matters of social welfare, in matters of spirituality, we have those who hold themselves away. It is incomprehensible. Education brings out, development makes large and renders the mind capable of grasping all humanity. Therefore, be true to yourselves, true, too, to the principles that Christ has laid down. Take as your model our Blessed Queen. Ask her to look after you through life—to be your teacher, your guide, your counselor, your friend. Ask her sometimes when you are put to the severer tasks and tests, and you feel weary and discouraged—ask her then, ask her the first, the greatest of all teachers, to teach you. Beg of her to ask her Divine Son for just a little aid that you may continue on the journey, and then when the journey of life is ended, you will find that great teacher—Mary our Mother—will bring you before her Divine Son, and there, for all eternity, you will be in school learning day after day, the beauty of the Godhead, of which this universe is but a grain, but an atom.

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Loreto Alumnae Association, Toronto.

Rev. Mother Stanislaus,
Loreto Abbey.

DEAR REVEREND MOTHER:—

Please accept the good wishes and congratulations of the members of the Loreto Alumnae Association in the recent success and Graduation of the Nineteen Sixteen Loreto College Class.

To think of five brilliant pupils graduating at the University under the teaching of their own dear Loreto Sisters, indeed reflects great credit on their Alma Mater.

Sincerely,

VICTORINE ROONEY,
Cor.-Sect'y.

May the twenty-third, nineteen sixteen.

* * * * *

St. Michael's College Alumnae.

The members of the Class of 1915 had already decided to organize the Women's Alumnae Association, but no inaugural meeting had yet been possible so that the class of 1916 shared with their predecessors the honour of forming Saint

Michael's Alumnae. The meeting was held Sunday afternoon, May 21st, all eligible members but two being present, and an incipient constitution was discussed and adopted. Miss Mary Power was made chairwoman, and elections were in order, the following executive being the result:

President, Miss Mary Power, B. A., '15.

Vice-President—Miss Madeleine Burns, B. A., '16.

Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ryan, B. A., '15.

Treasurer—Miss Gertrude McQuade, B. A., '16.

Representative—Miss Edna Duffey, B. A., '16.

Other preliminary questions were discussed and it was unanimously agreed that the Alumnae should interest itself in the Catholic part of the "Big Sister" movement, in which Miss Power is already an active associate.

Shakespeare Tercentenary.

THE celebration in all English speaking countries of the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's departure from the world, whose mainsprings he seems to have known better than all others, has been a useful one. It has not taken the form of brooding and arguing on how he lived and what happened to him, nor how much inference of his own life and opinions can be gathered from his writings—whether he was once caught by the law for poaching, whether he joined the ordinary convivial gatherings of his kind, whether he loved his wife, whether he appreciated more his plays or the wealth they brought him, and whether he died Catholic or Protestant—all this is more fruitless than futile. Tradition has strange persistence and a reliability incredible to most people, and many a tale of Shakespeare can be traced to the seventeenth century and deserves credence. For people whose interest lies in these details, there is a rich field to explore; but not for us. For us "the play's the thing." The celebration of the Tercentenary everywhere in colleges and schools, English, American and Colonial, has been dramatic. The greatest American newspaper, the *New York Times*, has printed a special picture supplement of the plays, their stage history and famous actors and actresses who have portrayed them, and best of all, there have been everywhere, amateur per-

formances of different plays. When we recall the meagre stage equipment of Shakespeare's day and the enthusiastic audience who listened to complete editions—the whole story and every line of poetry—we are tempted to envy the Elizabethans their child-like and story-loving nature, and to deplore the modern craze for sensation, the impatience that prefers moving pictures and decimated plays to the beautiful literature as Shakespeare wrote it.

Our year, however, provided a fitting celebration for us: the dramatic presentation of "As You Like It," and the class study of five other plays. We can understand why a man could make up his library of the Bible and Shakespeare. If you want to study humanity and its noble possibilities in this life, take Shakespeare, if you want to study life and its supernatural possibilities, take the Bible.

We began in the atmosphere of the "dew-dropping south," the moonlit orchard scenery of Romeo and Juliet, and in their exquisite poetry, we mused,

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears."

We passed next into the realistic, rollicking life of Hal and Falstaff with its heroic counterpart of war: the irresistible encounter of Falstaff, "the valiant lion," and Hal, "the true prince," offset by that other encounter of the two Harrys with its solemn prelude,

"Sound all the lofty instruments of war
And by that music let us all embrace
For, Heaven to earth some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy."

Another season set us in

"the pleached bower
"Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter."

And we followed Beatrice as "like a lapwing she runs close by the ground" and anon "is couched in the woodbine coverture." "Much Ado" mingled the atmosphere of the other three and here with Dogberry we "suffered salvation," "most tolerable and not to be endured," explain it as you will. During this time we were still preparing the dramatic performance of "As You Like It" and gleaning the numberless clues which such work gives to the reading and understanding of

any play. Our year's work brought us finally to the antipodes of Romeo and Juliet, to the clear, biting cold of the northern clime, the preparation for war and the long delays of revenge contrasting effectively with the precipitation of the July days of the south with the "mad blood stirring." In "Hamlet" we studied the mature portrayal of life's ironies, the mixture of "good and bad in the best of us," the mystery of tasks and capacities that would discourage one, did it not rather prove "the providence in the fall of the sparrow."

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will."

The best interpretation of the plays is gathered from great actors. The critics mostly fail in objective imagination. They cannot picture and place. Shakespeare wrote with the stage in his mind, and Falstaff's cushion for a crown and dagger for a sceptre were part of the available equipment. The clown in Hamlet had the same idea of clearness if not the same ability when he explains the "crowner's quest law":

"Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, wil he, nil he, he goes—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life."

So had the weaver and his company, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," this idea of clearness when they decided that "one must come in with a bush of thorne and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine."

Nor are the plays punctuated with many stage directions, for they always presupposed a stage manager. In one of the German plays read by the First Year, the stage directions were so detailed that when a man was supposed to withdraw behind a bush the author, with national authoritative spirit, suggested that the side scene would do, or some tall house plant. However, the indication of stage arrangements in Shakespeare are thick-sown. Little touches like Romeo's description of Juliet in the balcony scene,

"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand," or the impatience of Hotspur in the scene where he and Glendower and Mortimer discuss the fu-

ture division of the land yet to be won: "A plague upon it! I have forgot the map!" which Glendower answers by pointing to the table, "No, here it is!" Again, in the ghost scene Hamlet says, "It waves me still," and the stage action is readily followed in the next speeches, "Hold off your hand" to Marcellus and Horatio, and the repetition,

"Unhand me, gentlemen!

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that let's me!"

Study out the duel between Mercutio and Tybalt or the fencing scene in Hamlet and you will find stage movements all accurately woven into the text. Every scene, in fine, will furnish some such example.

Good acting and stage tradition serve a still greater end in such scenes as the potion scene of Juliet and the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, and that between Hamlet and his Wittenberg friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Did Juliet drink the potion in a fright, in a fit of excitement worked up by the horrible conjectures of her imagination? The genius of an actress will tell us. Ask an actor, too, just at what point Hamlet changes from tender to harsh in his behaviour towards Ophelia when she returns his gifts, and he will say: "When Hamlet goes up stage after his first speech about the nunnery he catches sight of Polonius and the King and grows indignant." So, too, an actor will solve the question of the turning point in Hamlet's first interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and many another problem for the literary friends of Shakespeare.

Actors also and stage traditions are the best guides for the study of individual characters. Was Hamlet "fat and scant of breath" and thirty years of age to suit the actor, Burbage? Possibly so. At any rate it is from those who have endeavoured to live the characters that we can become best acquainted with Polonius, with Claudio, with Lady Capulet and many another. They have gathered up every crumb of suggestion the play gives, and it is astonishing how many crumbs can be gleaned even to indicate personal appearance. The more obvious indications such as Rosalind "more than common tall," and Hero in Benedick's description "too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and

too little for a great praise," and Hotspur's "speaking thick" are everywhere supplemented by tiny hints that fascinate a student. Juliet's "Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek" and Paris's

"Poor soul! thy face is much abus'd by tears," or the Nurse's

"See where she comes from shrift with merry look!"

can be paralleled from any of the plays. Falstaff's size, "A plague of sighing and grief," he says, "it blows a man up like a bladder," and Bardolph's ugly face and Hal's opponents, "the mad fellow of the North, Percy, that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, and he of Wales that swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook," are examples from that most objective and realistic of all the plays, Henry IV. The wedding morning in "Much Ado About Nothing," Beatrice entering her cousin's room, says:

"Good morrow, sweet Hero,"

and is answered,

"Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick tune?"

When Hamlet sees the ghost in the Queen's chamber we are made aware of the effect on him by the Queen's words:

"Alas! how is't with you

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

And with incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.'

But having thus learned to appreciate the actor's point of view, and not finding the excellence of histrionic ability very common or the plays often adequately presented, we find other delights that are the dowry of the student. In the words of a critic, "Shakespeare divined life, he did not merely copy it," and a student can meditate and consider at leisure as a mere theatre-goer never does. It would take a lifetime and no small measure of his own genius to appreciate fully all he portrays of life. Pope, in polished couplets, says of him:

"Shakespeare, whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight
And grew immortal in his own despight."

But whatever was the motive of his play-making, the plays were the product of a divine insight into the ways of human nature, its foibles and frailties, but also its essential nobleness, "life, in the living it, savors of worth." You may always take it for granted that Shakespeare's intuitions are right and worthy of any labour it might cost to understand them. If one can read aloud the speeches of Falstaff to the prince with less need to blush than in reading those of the prince to Falstaff, it is not an indication of more grossness in the prince but of a certain restraint imposed on Falstaff by the princely dignity set aside only as far as Hal himself wills. If one cavils at Cordelia's behaviour under her father's unreasonable anger, it is from want of sympathetic understanding of the circumstances. Such an admirably true nature as Cordelia's must have felt and acted as she did.

Our year of Shakespeare brought innumerable considerations to mind. There is so often woven into the web of his tapestry a thread of reminiscence and presentiment which each human heart recognizes as true to life. This reminiscence and sense of fate is the very theme of the star-crossed lovers. On the night of the masque ball Romeo says:

"my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail!"

When Romeo is banished and the lovers part, Juliet says:

"O God! I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below
As one dead in the bottom of the tomb."

And at the tomb, beside the supposed corpse of Juliet, Romeo says words that are a strange echo in thought and figure of his former speech:

"Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!"

Before the battle of Shrewsbury, Hotspur, though determined to fight at once, seems unconsciously impregnated with premonitions of the outcome:

"Come, let us take a muster speedily,
Doomsday is near; die all; die merrily."

In the bright comedies the work-a-day world is full of briers, but also of song, and the minor key is lightly touched. In the last act of *Hamlet* there is the refrain of the designs of Providence. "Why, even in this was Heaven ordinant," says Hamlet, and again, "Thou wouldst not know how ill all's here about my heart." To this Horatio says, "If your mind dislike anything, obey it."

But Hamlet's noble answer is: "Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all: since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?"

Thus reminiscence and presentiment play their part as in life, but must not overplay it and become the guide of action.

And now what shall we say of the other legacy to the student who spends hours with Shakespeare, the memory filled with the wholesome humour of life so aptly prevalent, with the ripest human philosophy, with echoing poetry for many a "sweet session of silent thought?" To hear Polonius say, "Brevity is the soul of wit," while his senile loquacity wraps his phrase of meaning in fifteen lines of words; to hear Touchstone say to Audrey:

"I am here with thee and thy goats
As the most capricious poet,
Honest Ovid, was among the Goths;"

to hear Dogberry's desire to appear in the written document against the offenders whom he has the "exhibition to examine," "Oh, that I had been writ down an ass," and to hear Falstaff put forth the subtle plea that having more flesh than ordinary men he is therefore entitled to more frailty—and then in every fresh reading of the

plays to find still new and unexpected sparkles of wit is like tasting good wine to which the years are adding constant zest.

The philosophy of Shakespeare does not penetrate into

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns,"

but it is formed on the great laws of life that will prepare one to move courageously towards that country. From the earlier wisdom that "youth and observation" taught—such as:

"How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry."

or Juliet's

"Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills."

or Claudio's

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."
and innumerable others, he ripens into the deeper thoughts of Hamlet such as:

As this temple waxes
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal."

and this:

"He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused."

And of the poetry and music who can fitly write? The Shakespeare gardens now sometimes to be met with are a revelation to all who are not intimately acquainted with the plays. From Ophelia's armful of northern wild flowers and the scene where

"A willow grows aslant a brook
That shows its hoar leaves in the glassy stream,"
to the battle-field of Shrewsbury where

"The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day,"
and in the southern warmth of the moonlit night,

lighting up the pomegranate trees and the garden till time for the "lark, the herald of the morn," we are everywhere close to Nature's beauty.

The songs scattered through the comedies, "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Sigh no more, Ladies, Sigh no more," "Come Away, Death," and many more, make marvellously "sweet division" in their varied keys.

But it is like the acting of the plays, only experience can prove the present entertainment and permanent value of a knowledge of Shakespeare. Come and try it.

II. YEAR ENGLISH.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

"The Tempest"

"THE TEMPEST" is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space. It is a birth of the imagination and is transfigured with

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

The whole play is pervaded by an atmosphere of wonder and mystery and seems steeped in glories invisible to the natural eye, yet made visible by the poet's art—thus leading the thoughts insensibly upwards to other worlds and other forms of being.

No play or novel has been discovered to which Shakespeare could have been indebted for the plot or matter of "The Tempest." The poet, writing without a map, placed his scene upon an island of the mind and it has suited his purpose to transfer to his ideal whereabouts, some of the marvels and wonders of trans-Atlantic scenery. Ariel's trip from "the deep nook to fetch dew from the still vex'd Bermoothes" indicates that the Bermudas were in the poet's mind, but it would be as possible to go to history for the characters of Ariel and Caliban as to go to geography for the size or locality of their dwelling-place. It is

"An isle full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight, and
hurt not."

The characters of this wonderful piece of imaginative art are as far removed from the

world of man as the scene wherein they play. The play opens with Prospero who can "command the vasty deep" at the height of his power. He is no ordinary man; Olympus trembles at his nod. Standing in the centre of the whole, he acts as a kind of subordinate Providence, reconciling the diverse elements to himself and in himself to one another. Though armed with supernatural might so that the winds and waves obey him, his magical and mysterious powers are tied to truth and right, and "his high charms work" only to just and beneficent ends. Prospero is an ideal character; he—the wise and good man—is the ruling power to whom all the other inhabitants of the island are subject.

Miranda, the "Eve of an enchanted Paradise," is unlike any of Shakespeare's other creations—even his sweetest and loveliest. She is a pure child of nature and might have inspired Wordsworth's vision of a maiden moulded into grace by "the silent sympathy" of elemental things.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her in her enchanted solitude are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Miranda retains her woman's heart as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these from the supernatural and poetical circumstances in which she is placed assume a cast of the pure ideal. She has no taught scruples of honour like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defense. Her bashfulness is less a quality than an instinct; it

is like the self-unfolding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious.

Ariel and Caliban are equally preternatural though in opposite directions. Ariel's very being is spun out of melody and fragrance. He is an arrant little epicure of perfume and sweet sounds who "drinks the air before him." Moral ties are irksome to him; they are not his proper element, his home is "under the blossom that hangs on the bough." This delicate Ariel fills the air of the isle with sweet music or with solemn, at his master's bidding; he perplexes Prospero's enemies with "airy tongues that syllable men's names;" he is a sea-nymph, and he is a harpy.

At an opposite pole from Ariel, the spirit of the air, is Caliban, who is of the earth earthy. He is an untutored savage, part man, part demon, part brute. His language is permeated with the poetry and imaginativeness which are the property of the child of nature. Yet he is a being formed of gross materials, who was raised by Prospero from the condition of an animal to that of a human being without being really civilized. Schlegel finely compares his mind to a dark cave into which the light of knowledge falling neither illuminates nor warms, but only serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours generated there.

"The Tempest" presents a combination of elements apparently so incongruous that we cannot but marvel how they were brought and kept together; yet they blend so sweetly and work together so naturally that we at once feel at home with them, and see nothing to hinder their union in the world of which we are a part. In the mingling of the natural and the supernatural there is here no gap—no break—nothing disjointed or abrupt. In reading "The Tempest" we seem transported to a region where we are strangers yet old acquaintances; where all things are at once new and familiar and where unearthly visions hardly touch us with surprise. That our thoughts and feelings are thus at home with such things and take pleasure in them—is not this because of some innate aptitudes and affinities of our nature for a supernatural and celestial life?

"Point not these mysteries to an art
Lodged above the starry pole."

EDNA F. DUFFY, B. A.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Byron.

Was it thou?—I think
 Surely it was—that bard
 Unnamed that Goethe said,
 Had every other gift, but wanted love,—
 Love, without which the tongue
 Even of angels sounds amiss.
 Charm is the glory which makes
 Song of the poet divine;
 Love is the fountain of charm.
 How without charm wilt thou draw,
 Poet, the world to thy way?
 Not by the lightning of wit,
 Not by the thunder of scorn.
 These to the world, too; are given;
 Scorn it possesses and wit—
 Charm is the poet's alone.
 "Hollow and dull are the great,
 And artists envious and the mob profane."
 We know all this, we know;
 Cam'st thou from heaven, O child
 Of light, but this to declare?
 Alas! to help us forget
 Such barren knowledge awhile,
 God gave the poet his song.

THESE lines, as our readers doubtless recognize, are taken from M. Arnold's poem, "Heine's Grave." But Arnold here made a slight mistake. The poet of whom Goethe said that he had every gift except love (that is benevolence, sympathy and the spirit of agreement) was not Heine, and was not unnamed. Goethe was one day speaking to Eckermann about Byron and the spirit of opposition and censure and misanthropy which infects and injures so much of his work, and then the conversation turned to a contemporary German poet, Count von Platen, whose spirit of negation and contrariety Goethe also criticized. "It cannot be denied that Platen has many brilliant qualities," said he, "but he is lacking in love. He loves his fellow-poets and his readers as little as he loves himself; and thus we may apply to him the saying of the Apostle: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am but as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.'" (Conversations of Goethe, Decembr 25, 1825.) On another occasion also he spoke of Platen, saying that he had many of the requisites of a good poet but that his unhappy polemical tendency was a great impediment to him. And he added that Byron had been ruined by his polemical temper, and Platen

should abandon such an unfruitful line. Platen then was described by Goethe as a poet who had many gifts but lacked love. The poet who had every gift but love was neither Platen nor Heine but Byron.

For this is just what Goethe says of Byron in a hundred places. "Were it not for his hypochondriacal spirit of denial (or, contradictory spirit), Byron would be as great as Shakespeare and the ancients." "The British may think of Byron as they please, but they can show no poet who is like to him; he is different from all the others and in the main greater." "His talent is incommensurable. He never indeed could attain to reflection upon himself. Distractions and party-spirit would not permit him to perfect himself in quiet. But, where he will create, he always succeeds, and we may truly say that with him inspiration supplies the place of reflection. He was always obliged to go on poetizing; and then everything that came from him, especially from his heart, was excellent. He produced his finest things without thinking about it, or knowing how it was done. I never saw the true poetical power greater in any poet than in him. In his apprehension of external objects, and in a clear penetration of past situations he is quite as great as Shakespeare." In the second part of his *Faust* Goethe took Byron as the representative of modern poetry. "I could not make use of any one but him as representative of the modern poetical era, for he is undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest talent of our century. Again, he is neither classical nor romantic, but like the present day itself. Then he suited my purpose on account of his unsatisfied nature and polemical tendency." "If Byron had had an opportunity of working off all the opposition in his character by a number of strong parliamentary speeches, his poems would have been much more purely poetry. But as he scarcely ever spoke in parliament, he kept all his feelings against his nation within himself; and to deliver himself of them he had no other means than by expressing them in poetry. I could, therefore, call a great part of his works of negation 'undelivered parliamentary speeches.'" "Permitting everything to himself and excusing nothing in others, he necessarily put himself in a bad position and made the world his enemy. He continued in the path of

contrariness and fault-finding. He left neither Church nor State unassailed. The renunciation of what was traditional and what was patriotic not only caused the personal destruction of so eminent a man, but his revolutionary turn, and the constant mental agitation with which it was accompanied, likewise prevented his talent from its fair development; and moreover his perpetual negation and censure is injurious even to his excellent works. He who will work aright must never rail—must not trouble himself at all with what is done ill, but only to do well himself. For the great point is not to pull down but to build up, and in this humanity finds a pure joy.”

Goethe did not deny that some of his own poems derived energy from the study of Byron. “Seek a stronghold,” he said to Eckermann, “in the literature of so able a nation as the British. And, besides, our own literature is chiefly the offspring of theirs. Whence have we our novels and our tragedies but from Goldsmith, Fielding and Shakespeare? And in our own day where will you find in Germany three such men as Byron, Scott, and Moore?”

REV. M. J. RYAN, D. D.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY.

La Pierre De Touche.

(The Touchstone)

“**L**A PIERRE DE TOUCHE” is the title of a sprightly little comedy written in collaboration by the popular French authors, Augier and Sandeau. It was produced at the Théâtre Français in 1853, and, we are told, gave offence. “The rich saw in it an attack on wealth; the nobility, a sneer at the classes represented by the Baron and the Margravine, while moralists and lovers of the melodrama were alike dissatisfied with the dénouement.” In defence, the authors have exonerated themselves by disclaiming any such motives in the plan of their drama, but as it was written in the period of growing industries in France, and consequently a period of middle class social advancement, they acknowledge that their aim was to show the evil passions of the times, envy, pride, the abuses of idleness, the revolt of suffering ambition. As for the abrupt ending, they feel satisfied that they have impressed strongly

enough the principle that the vices of a vicious man bring their own punishment.

To readers not supersensitive about attacks on wealth or nobility, and satisfied with a speculative ending instead of having a double peal of wedding bells to assure them that some of the characters “lived happy ever after” in good old-time fashion, the drama presents infinite amusement, and is found rich in characteristics which enliven a play and hold our interest from the first rising of the curtain until it finally drops. Humour, pathos, sweet homely touches, prevail throughout: characters a little too life-like to please any spectators who can trace their own tendencies in the weaknesses they portray, are grouped together with deft arrangement, bringing out in clear outline the marked contrasts they exhibit.

Contrast is also shown in the scenes and in the lives portrayed, making the whole play a study of how some human beings stand the test of altered circumstances, and making the truth evident that no character can be fully deciphered until some touchstone has proved its worth.

The curtain rises on a rather meanly furnished studio where Spiegel, an artist, is painting, while his friend, Frantz Milher, is stretched on a sofa, reading a newspaper. One news item which he reads aloud is the death of Count Sigismond von Hildesheim, who leaves an immense fortune, which fact gives Frantz scope to launch forth on the happiness of possessing wealth, and to speak bitterly of his own poverty and the lack of appreciation shown for his music. The two friends have been living together for some time, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. Spiegel has worked hard at his painting, Frantz, on the contrary, exerting himself as little as possible. His father had made every sacrifice to allow his son to follow a musical career, and when he died poor in consequence, he had nothing to leave his little adopted niece, who eventually proves a treasure as a model housekeeper whose sweet influence is beneficially felt in the artists' home. Frédérique is a demure little maid, who takes her place quietly in the small household, but as she grows into womanhood, the inevitable must happen. Both men fall in love with her, while she is quite unconscious of the fact. Frantz declares his love to Spiegel, who is heroic enough to further his interests when he finds that Frédé-

rique has given her young heart to her cousin.

Only one incident of any note has hitherto disturbed the uneventful life of these struggling artists. One evening Frédérique was playing Frantz's symphony when a strange gentleman entered and said:

"I was passing your window and your music arrested my attention; I sat on the stone bench and heard all. Tell me, who is the author of this symphony worthy of Beethoven?"

He was charmed to find that it was Frantz and spent the evening in conversation with the three friends. On leaving, he asked Spiegel to paint a picture of the whole scene to commemorate the happiest hours of his life, and gave him five hundred florins advance payment. This was the last they heard of the stranger, whose name even was unknown to them, until in scene six of the play, Baron de Berghausen surprises them with a visit and a request for a "Requiem," a "Mass for the Dead," a "De Profundis," in fact anything tearful that could be sung at the funeral of his cousin, Count Sigismond von Hildesheim, who had often expressed a wish for one of Frantz's compositions at his obsequies.

They scarcely recover from their astonishment when the Margravine de Rosenfeld and her daughter Dorothea arrive and make the same request. Gradually the mystery unfolds itself: the deceased Count Sigismond was no other than the stranger who had listened to Frantz's symphony, and their elegant visitors are his nearest heirs in the *eighteenth* and *nineteenth* degrees!

The next excitement is the notary Gottlieb's summons to repair to the Hildesheim castle for the reading of the late count's will. The first act closes with prophetic words that epitomize the whole play:

Frédérique: If we should leave happiness here?

Spiegel: Well, we shall know where it is, we shall return to seek it.

To the amazement of all, the bulk of the count's fortune is bequeathed to Frantz, and only meagre bequests are made to the Baron and the Margravine, both of whom are in very straitened circumstances in spite of their elegant appearance. At Frantz's request they remain at the castle during the month of seasonable mourning for the count, during which time they plan

how they might still have the fortune on which they were reckoning.

Meanwhile the influence of wealth upon the poor musician is becoming painfully evident. He is a mere tool in aristocratic hands and is gradually won over to the views deftly unfolded by the wily Baron and Margravine. Spiegel and Frédérique remain unspoiled and begin to look askance at their friend's assumption of worldly dress and haughty airs. Frantz still holds to his engagement with Frédérique and is preparing for the formal contract to be drawn up at a grand entertainment when the mourning season is over, but the Margravine introduces him to the social world and gradually his head becomes turned. Her plan is that Frantz should become legally the adopted son of the Baron and then marry her daughter, Dorothea, who, however, is in love with a certain Conrad de Stolzenfeld, a poor officer in the army.

The night of Frantz's expected triumph arrives at last. The castle is thrown open to the invited guests, the whole household are magnificently arrayed, even Spiegel assumes a courtly garb and addresses the Margravine in affected language, which offends Frantz, who plainly sees the veil of ridicule his friend is throwing over the whole affair.

The night advances and no guests arrive, much to the embarrassment of the host. The Baron brings him a letter from the "field-marshal," the supreme leader of fashion, who takes it as a huge joke (at the Baron's inspiration) that "the little millionaire" should expect *their* world to be present at his entertainment. The last die is cast: Frantz realizes that to be received among the nobility, he must indeed become one of them. He asks the Baron to adopt him legally and they set out that very night for Munich to consult a lawyer; the contract with Frédérique is postponed *for a week*, he tells her hastily on leaving.

In the fifth act we meet Frantz transformed into "Le Chevalier Milher de Berghausen." He reminds his adopted father that his marriage contract has to be signed on the morrow, but the Baron tells him plainly that he would be simply ridiculed for marrying a girl like Frédérique, and besides that the Chevalier de Berghausen is not obliged to keep the engagement made by Frantz Milher. He suggests giving her a modest dowry to ease his conscience, and then that

he shall marry Dorothea de Rosenfeld. Although Frantz sees through their joint schemes, although he cares nothing for Dorothea but still loves Frédérique (as much as such a man *can* love), he seems ready to yield to the suggestions when the last scene brings the dénouement.

On leaving their old home to come to the castle, Spiegel had brought his dog, Spark, which caused no small discomfort to the aristocratic household, as he was evidently a decidedly plebeian animal. Spark was not admitted to the reading of the will, because, as they said, he was not summoned, so Spiegel called out to him: "You can't enter here without a ticket." When Frantz was installed master of his domain and the steward came to him for his orders, Spiegel was asked courteously to give the first order, and with his inimitable humour, having reflected a moment, he said: "Have my dog brought in." Now in the last scene we find Spiegel overcome with emotion on finding out that Spark,—“that odious beast”—as the Baron called him, has been shot by Frantz's orders, and the artist who has been loyal to his friend throughout, now plainly tells him that not alone Spark is dead, but the friendship that had filled his life. He reviews in touching words their whole life, and the sacrifices he ever made for Frantz, sacrifices that he had the strength to make only because they received Frédérique's approbation.

"After taking my talent," he continues, "after taking Frédérique from me, you took your own honour, the aim and the consolation of all my sacrifices. There remained to me only my dog, you have taken that from me . . . be satisfied. . . . I am going away."

"We shall go away," Frédérique says, and in spite of Frantz's protestations and renewed offers, they leave as the Baron bids them "bon voyage" and a servant announces: "M. Conrad de Stolzenfeld!"

FOURTH YEAR '16.

Beowulf.

THE whole of Anglo Saxon literature has strong characteristics of its own, a force, a passion and a grandeur, which are the true reflection of the race whose history it records. For this reason and because of those steady qualities which saved it from absolute destruction at the time of the Norman Conquest,

this literature is of particular interest to English readers. The old English epic, "Beowulf," is the most important monument of Anglo Saxon literature. It is a medley of pagan legends and historical facts, to which was added later Christian sentiment by the poet who collected the fragments into one united whole.

The main story of the poem lies in the transference to the historical Beowulf of the mythical deeds of Beowa, who is here the god of the sun and summer. We are told in the epic that after the death of the Seylo, who was the leader of the spear Danes, Hrothgar became king. He built near the sea a magnificent mead hall called Heorat, where he and his thanes gathered nightly to feast and listen to the songs of the gleeman. The appalling visits of the monster Grendel, whom no weapon could pierce, quickly changed their joy to mourning. The story of these horrible raids spread abroad and Beowulf, who dwelt with his uncle, Hygelac, in the land of the Danes, undertook to free the land from the monster. The night of his arrival, he has his first encounter with Grendel, whom he attacks bare-handed. Grendel at length escapes with the loss of an arm, goes shrieking across the moor and plunges into the sea to die.

The following night the Danes are again surprised at their feasting by a half human creature, the mother of Grendel, raging to avenge her offspring. She seizes Aeschere, friend and adviser of the king, and rushes away with him over the fens. Beowulf pursues her and plunges into her horrible abode, while his companions wait for him on the shore. After a mighty struggle, the "merewir" falls under a blow from the magic sword which Beowulf found within the cave, and the fight is won. He returns to Heorot with the head of the monster. After fifty years of a peaceful reign, Beowulf goes forth once more to champion his people against a new enemy, a fire dragon, which keeps watch over an enormous treasure hidden among the mountains. The dragon is slain but the fire has entered Beowulf's lungs; he knows that Wyrd is at hand and he orders his body to be burned on the headland by the sea.

The ideal of a happy life has somewhat changed since the days of Beowulf. Then happiness consisted in the satisfaction of very simple

and primitive tastes. All that is tender and gentle found but little response in their hearts. When all the thanes are grieving for the lost Aeschere, Beowulf says simply:

"Sorrow not. It is better for each
That his friend he avenge, than that he mourn
much.
Each of us shall the end await
Of worldly life; let him who may, gain
Honor ere death. That is for a warrior,
When he is dead afterwards, best."

Yet there is heard withal throughout the poem a dreamy lament as in all other poetry associated with these grey northern landscapes. The sea of the Anglo Saxon is the North Sea with its heavy billows, bordered by barren shores and chalky cliffs. The souls of these people delighted in bleak boreal climes; the north wind, frost, hail, ice bowling tempest and raging seas recur as often in this literature as blue waves and fragrant blossoms in the poetry of the sunny south. The descriptions are all short, save when they refer to ice or snow or foamy surge. In Beowulf, the longest and truest description is that of the abode of the sea monsters:

"Secret in gloom is the land
Where they ward; wolf-haunted slopes; swept
with wind its recesses;
Fearful is its marish path, where the mountain
stream,
Underneath the recesses mist, nither makes its
way.
Under earth its flood is flowing, not afar hence
it is,
But the measure of a mile where the mere is set,
Over it, outstretching, hang the ice-nipt trees;
Held by roots the holt is fast, and o'erhangs the
water.
There an evil wonder every night a man may
see—
In the flood a fire."

The character of the hero lives for us apart from the mythical frame work. Like the manners and customs depicted in the poem, it is historical. Beowulf was possessed of immense strength, yet among a violent race, renowned for gentleness. Mildness and more than mortal daring met in him, and the mildness even more than the daring,

separates his figure from the rest. He was "jealous in honour," generous and courteous, faithful until death to his word, to his duty and to his comrades in arms. The character of Beowulf is the type of all the great sea-captains of the English race as well as of the just rulers whose duty it was to "govern men in peace so as to make them wise and happy; and to win fame in war out of the very jaws of death." The solitariness of the hero—his fewness of kindred—is one of the most pathetic points of the poem. Life had always seemed to him grim, needing fortitude more than joy. Beowulf never failed in battle and died at the end for the welfare of his people.

The poem is great in its own way, and its way is distinctively English. The men and women, at war and at home, are essentially one in character with us. This grand old epic wildly represents the daily life of the North peoples, the manners and customs of our forefathers in the continental lands of the English, and for this reason, is of great historic value. The story of Grendel's strife with Beowulf is a mixture of the old folk-tale, the nature myth, the heroic legend and the poet's imagination of a noble character. But the background of the poem is that ocean life and ocean mystery, which here begins English poetry and whose foam and roar and salt winds have once more, after long neglect, entered with equal fullness into its singing.

GERTRUDE MCQUADE, B. A.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Patriotic English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century.

THE poetry which sings of the deeds of valour on the field of battle, of love of one's country, and of the nobility of sacrifice may be called patriotic. The greatest poets of the nineteenth century did not fail to show that the greatness of their land had been evolved out of self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, and her people's respect for truth, nor to give them inspiration that they may tread nobly, whatever the cost, in the footsteps of the heroes of former days. This poetry has the inspiration of passion, and glows with the white heat of fervour. As Scott expresses it:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

The secret of patriotism is that it judges by high standards, and places freedom highest in the roll of national virtues. None of the "Lake Poets" ever wavered from the cult of true liberty which had inspired them from the first.

Few poets have given us a larger body of patriotic poetry and poetry impregnated with politics than Wordsworth. He had national aims and was full of the most ardent love of country. No poet save Milton has written with so large a touch upon national affairs, and has displayed so lofty a spirit. It would, indeed, have been singular in such an age if any man who possessed emotion enough to be a poet had nothing to say upon the great events which were altering the map of Europe, but the stress of that great period is felt in every line that Wordsworth wrote. His patriotism was of that diviner kind which is founded on principles of universal truth and righteousness. It was no splendid prejudice or no mere sentimental love of country; it gathered in its embrace the passions of Europe and pleaded in its strenuous eloquence the cause of the oppressed throughout the world. The defence of European liberty against the Napoleonic tyranny made him an English poet of the first order. "Merry England" and "Old England" were to him not only dreams of the past but ideals for the future. In 1828 he writes of—

"The beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty."

Catholic as Wordsworth's patriotic sympathies were, the noblest expressions of his patriotism are his addresses and appeals to his own countrymen:

"For dearly must we prize thee, we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men."

He fears the enervation of prosperity more than the buffeting of adversity. For the nation which has saved the liberties of Europe to fall into inglorious self-indulgence would be, to him, the last calamity in the possible tragedy of nations. It is then he thinks of Milton, whose "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," and invokes that mighty shade which haunts the Puritan past of England:

"We are selfish men;
O, raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power."

And it is when the memory of that heroic past of England is most vivid to his mind that he bursts out in exalted patriotism, and scorns the thought,

"That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish."

"The Happy Warrior," written in 1806 after the death of Nelson, who, to the England of his day, was the very incarnation of heroic virtue, breathes the very spirit of consecrated heroism. It is the idealized Nelson who stands before us in this poem:

"This is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

This is Wordsworth's maturest work in patriotic poetry, and perhaps expresses best of all his spirit of noble patriotism.

Campbell, moved by the new reign of liberty and the hopes of universal renovation awakened in France, plunges into the praise of freedom and enumerates her heroes. It was this timorous young poet who sang the bold strains of "Mariners of England," as true and fine a national song as ever was written. Deep patriotic feelings are expressed in the "Queen of the North" and "Exile of Erin," the former proclaiming "the glory and independence of Scotland." The English language has nothing finer or more inspiring than his patriotic ballads.

"Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep."

was the poet's answer to the suggestion of the proposed fortifications with which England has so often been adjured to defend herself against invaders. "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "The Mariners of England" are the boldest and most gallant of lyrics, and have enshrined Campbell's name as a memory to last as long as the language.

Shelley stands with Byron as a poet of revolt. Liberty, absolute and unrestrained, is the object of his worship. But Shelley speaks of England with pride and affection. He is too great to be wholly consistent in his pessimism:

"Men of England, heirs of glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurselings of one mighty mother,
Heirs of her and one another!"

His "Revolt of Islam" is patriotic; also "Hellas," though it is patriotism for another country. It was the uproar and martial clang, the drums and trampling of long and fierce wars, the mortal strife between revolutionary and reactionary forces that kindled the fiery indignation of Shelley and Byron, inspiring such lines as:

"Still, Freedom, still thy banner, torn yet flying,
Streams like a meteor flag against the wind."

and affected Coleridge and even Southey in their hot youth, when George the Third was King.

But Tennyson's opportunity came when these thunderous echoes had died away, when the Reform Bill had become law, when the era of general peace was just setting in. It is easy to idealize freedom, revolution, or war; but the praise of ordered liberty, of settled government, of political moderation is a more difficult task. It has been the peculiar aim of Tennyson to be the constitutional and in this sense the national poet. He gave eloquent and forcible expression to the ideas suggested by these aims.

"The land of just and old renown
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

Perhaps the most remarkable of his political poems is "Love thou thy land."

In nearly all his war poems, in "The Light Brigade," "The Heavy Brigade," "Lucknow," "The Revenge" and "Harold," the English are struggling with overwhelming odds, charging an army, or fighting one ship against a fleet. "They are three to one!"

His two memorable patriotic lyrics are "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The latter must have cheered many an English heart in the gloomy trenches of Sevastopol. The Ode on the Duke is a noble commemoration—a worthy expression of "the mourning of a mighty nation" and a striking tribute to the simple and noble character of the dead hero. Tennyson's love and pride of England's past did not dull his vision of the future. His last and fairest vision was "One

imperial whole. One with Britain, heart and soul! One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne."

The part of Browning was that of the philosopher and the artist—to watch and to record in the portrayal of his many characters the underlying principle of freedom, "which was the guiding star in all his work." He is too much occupied with the larger questions, relating to man's individual development and future existence to turn his attention upon those social or governmental means by which even the chance for individual development must be secured. This explains why in the writings of a man of such deep insight, and one whom you would expect to express his pride and glory in England, there is little truly patriotic to be found.

However, Browning was a thorough Englishman. He stood for freedom. In "Sordello" he has given expression to his democratic spirit by the interpretation of Sordello's character as a champion of the people, making him develop from the individual to the socialist bent on bettering the condition of the masses. In "Englishmen in Italy" he shows his disgust of Parliament for delaying in abolishing the Corn Laws. He believed that progress was at its height and was indignant at anything that hindered it.

Rudyard Kipling's masterpiece of patriotism is "The English Flag." "The Seven Seas" shows his attitude towards the English sailor. He writes:

"We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England 'home.'
Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith and our hope and our honour
We pledge to our native soil."

Watson in his "Poems on Public Affairs" presents to us an ideal England. His poems are trumpet-calls of a noble patriotism. He salutes England as "Wardress of Waters," "Builder of Peoples," "Maker of Men." The particular tone of his patriotism—idealism—is again expressed in the "True Imperialism" and "The Ideal Popular Leader." In his ode on the "Coronation of King Edward VII., he says of England:

"She will live to be saluted in the hearts of men
That greatly loving freedom, loved to free,

And was herself the bridal and embrace
Of strength and conquering grace."

Amidst diversity of message, with one voice
these poets all "teach us how to dare, and against
fear our hearts to steel."

ELLEN I. MADIGAN, B. A., '16.

March 1, 1916.

The Social Relations of Sir Roger De Coverley.

IT is not difficult for us to imagine the aristocratic, highly esteemed, old knight portrayed in the person of Sir Roger de Coverley. Where could be found a more admirable, old gentleman, charming in his very simplicity? We see him sought after and beloved by all his numerous friends and acquaintances, and Sir Roger, even during the latter part of his life, finds their society as agreeable as heretofore. His eagerness to enjoy forthcoming pleasure, which is uncommon in men of his age, together with his disregard of modes and forms, makes him more capable of affability towards all who know him.

He is presented to us in his fifty-sixth year—cheerful, gay and hearty—the possessor of a good house in town as well as in the country. As the "knight is the best master in the world and seldom changes his servants," his family consists of sober and staid persons. When we see him in the presence of his "valet de chambre," whom one might take for his brother, with his venerable grey-haired butler, and the coachman, who resembles a privy councillor, we can have no doubt of the personal attachment of his household.

Anxiety is depicted on the countenance of all present, when Sir Roger mentions the slightest indisposition, and every comfort is provided for him. He is quite conscious of the dignity of his position as master of a large household, but nevertheless he shows every consideration for the welfare of his inferiors.

As "landlord of his whole congregation of tenants," we do not find Sir Roger less attentive or considerate than in the case of his household. Their spiritual as well as temporal affairs are looked into acutely, otherwise the chaplain of the little country church, who is a favourite of Sir Roger's, would be continually in despair. If on a Sunday any of his people absent themselves

from the weekly service, Sir Roger feels it his bounden duty to inquire into the reason of this neglect. We can picture the stately baronet walking down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, who smile genially on him from either side. He feels secretly elated at this manifestation of his people's good will, but Sir Roger's little singularities are quite in keeping with his nature. They serve as a foil for his good qualities rather than as a blemish.

Sir Roger's friends do not consist entirely of his dependents. He has an extensive circle of acquaintances and friends, who have been captivated by the frank, genial disposition of this old man, utterly free from anything bordering on self-consciousness. On all sides he is met with hearty exclamations of delight, and on one occasion the *Spectator* says, "The salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hands, and affectionate looks which were cast upon one another."

His merry sense of humour furnishes entertainment for his friends, nor does Sir Roger refrain from relating an anecdote at his own expense. He, laughingly, narrates his experiences in being repulsed by a beautiful widow owing to "unrequited love," for which reason he was "real serious for a year and a half." Since his keen disappointment he is quite regardless of fashion, and continues to wear a coat and doublet, which as he says with a sly twinkle of the eye, "has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it."


The peculiarities in Sir Roger's conduct may be due, as Johnson thinks, to the habitual rusticity and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

The "melancholiest day" comes at last for the poor people in Worcestershire, for Sir Roger is dying. Even at this sad time, he is still mindful of the lady who so heartlessly thwarted his cherished hopes, and bequeathes to her a pearl necklace and silver bracelet. The funeral procession is impressive. His tenants follow as he is laid to rest among the family of De Coverleys, the men in frieze, and the women wearing riding hoods—Sir Roger's provision for the cold day. Mournful are the lamentations issuing from the hearts of those to whom during his life Sir Roger had been a gracious benefactor.

IRENE LONG, B. A., '16.

In The Quiet Hour.

" . . . Sometimes the setting sun . . .
Smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing;
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring,
Drops down into the night."

 NE evening in June, while seated at my desk in a room in the west wing of Loreto Abbey, I was attracted by the rich glow which seemed suddenly to transform almost every object in my study and, on seeking the cause, beheld the western sky suffused with the same glow, but much more pronounced and varied. Along the western horizon, stretching well out towards the north and south, a broad expanse of deepest crimson formed a foundation for the most wonderful and beautiful gradation of color, varying through orange, gold, pale yellow and violet, to deepest blue in the vault overhead. About midway between the zenith and horizon, where violet and blue were blending, the solitary evening star hung like a brilliant, suspended in mid-heaven, while nearer the horizon, in a beautiful setting of crimson and gold, appeared the gleaming silver crescent, "like a gem on the brow of the sky." A light, fleecy cloud bathed in the splendid glory of color, nestled low near the sky-line, completing the perfection of that wondrous play of color in the sunset-sky.

* * * *

"And thus, the stream of life that lingereth
In level places, and so dull appears,
Quickens its deepening current as it nears
The gloomy mills of death."

In early life, we strive to make the time pass quickly, but as we grow older, we would fain prolong the years. The tiny rivulet, descending from the upland, seems to steal along until it reaches a more level course, where, broadening into a stream it wanders leisurely, winding in and out, until at last it finds its way to the valley through which its permanent channel is furrowed. On and on it flows, its volume and velocity increasing, until its waters reach the mill-race, where they plunge precipitously over the barriers, and its course, as a stream, is ended. To the wondering heart of childhood, and to the eager heart of youth, when hope and enthusiasm predominate, the days seem years, so creeping is their pace, and *what is to be* is slow in coming. Life is dull while waiting for the years when deeds of note may be accomplished and fame be won. In life's decline, when hope so often yields place to memory, the eyes of age turn wistfully

and lingeringly towards the years that are past—those years of achievement—as if loth to see them recede farther and farther into the shadows, while all too swiftly the fleeting moments speed, till, unawares, life's term is reached.

* * * *

"The gowd is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that!"

Temporal goods, riches, so-called, are not the only wealth a man may possess, since he is spiritual as well as material in his nature, and, therefore, in what are called his possessions, the soul must have its share. Character, virtue, the treasures of grace, are goods of the soul and, like it, are imperishable. These are, on that account, the only real riches. A man rich in worldly wealth may purchase for himself houses and land, may surround himself with every luxury; but all his gold cannot buy the clear intellect, the upright will, the noble, generous heart. Lacking these, he is poor—abjectly poor, though he be a Croesus. What he is in himself, not what he possesses of things external to himself, is the measure of his riches or his poverty.

* * * *

"The secret pleasure of a generous deed is the great soul's great bribe."

The secret pleasure of a generous deed is an experience enjoyed by those only who are noble enough to prefer the good of others to their own. The great of soul consider their happiness incomplete unless shared by others; and even should the happiness of others demand some sacrifice, self is put aside and the sacrifice gladly made. As a rule persons are spurred to effort by the prospect of some personal good as a result, but to the great-minded alone does it belong to consider the *doing* of a generous deed their richest recompense. The self-seeker sees the good of others only to envy them its possession, but the generous soul sees the need of another only to relieve it, finding in this "the great soul's great bribe."

* * * *

"To err is human; to forgive, divine."

Strength and nobility of soul are required to support the pains and trials of life, and when satisfaction is sought, through revenge, for some insult or injury, it is a confession of weakness and meanness. We all consider kindness, generosity and charity to be the virtues of great and noble natures; in the hearts of such, revenge has no place. They realize that the voluntary yielding to so base a passion inflicts greater damage

on the moral nature than any injury which they could suffer from the malice of others. Even a pagan has said, "To conquer one's self . . . not only to raise an opponent, but even to load him with favours . . . whoso does this, him I do not compare to the greatest men, but I judge him most like to God." Those who freely forgive imitate the magnanimity of the Divine Sufferer, whose sublime revenge on his enemies was the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" illustrating in His own person the truth that "to forgive is divine," and that the noblest revenge is forgiveness.

* * * *

"How can we judge the whole
We who can see but the part."

No one can judge adequately of the life of his fellow-man, even though that life be ended.

"Life is a sheet of paper white,
On which each one of us may write
His little line, and then comes night."

When the child begins to exercise his reason, he is, as it were, beginning to trace the first letters of his "little line" on the blank page. In his progress to manhood, as life grows more complex, filled with conscious thoughts and acts, we may watch the words grow beneath the pen of the writer, and when the last word has been written, and the period placed to mark the end, we may read the line. But even then we may not understand. It may be that the page has been blotted by tears, or the line may have been written in a language unfamiliar to us. The line is there, and only the Master—Who alone holds the key to all records—only He can truly read life's little line!"

* * * *

"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

This may sound paradoxical, but it is true, nevertheless. No human being in his right senses attempts to accomplish a work without an aim, and when the attempt fails to reach the aim, disappointment is the inevitable result. But failure to attain our ideals, in temporal matters at least, need not result in mere disappointment. The knowledge which it gives, of the insufficiency of the means being used, may be applied to remedying the defect, thereby securing greater achievement than if the weaker attempt had met with its success.

* * * *

"Trust no future howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

The past can never return; it is dead. The future is still behind the veil. It is only the present which we can call ours. It alone holds the duty which demands the exercise of our powers in its fulfilment, and in the present we find the burden which may be ours to carry, already fitted to our shoulders. If in the present we are being tried in the crucible of pain, the present, too, has its solace for that pain. We should, therefore, live our life in the present. The past and the future should occupy our thoughts only inasmuch as they can illuminate and enoble the present. If the past holds any lessons of wisdom, let us cherish its lessons, and let us look to the future with steady hopefulness, awaiting the fruition of what is, as yet, but endeavor. Thus shall we realize the golden opportunity of the present, to which both past and future are laid under tribute, and by courage, energy and resolution make ours a life of *full* days replete with wisdom and beauty and truth.

"A."

Big Sister Work.

AM I my sister's keeper? We as Catholics hold a firm belief in the common brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God, which impels us to answer in the affirmative. The responsibility exists, therefore, not to be ignored, but to be met.

The children appearing in our Juvenile Courts comprise a class which has been the subject of much thought and it was with the purpose of helping the young delinquents that the Big Brother and Big Sister Movement was organized.

A method has been adopted whereby the children are looked after by their respective religious denominations, in which way I received my introduction into the work, having been asked to give some attention to the Catholic "Little Sisters" who might be helped. The girls were mostly court cases; some of the charges, however, were very slight, and it seems a pity that the children had become acquainted with judicial machinery for so trivial an offence.

In the course of the work I was advised to see His Grace Archbishop MacNeil, whose fatherly interest and kindly attention was equalled only

by the sincerity of his counsel, and one could not help but feel that, working under the direction of Toronto's venerable diocesan head, much could be accomplished in the way of "restoring all things in Jesus Christ."

The object of the association is very aptly expressed in the name of the Movement, and we who have known the love of a sister, her mutual and never-failing sympathy, the spirit of understanding bordering almost on that of mother-love, will surely not withhold our affection from the little sisters who are living starved lives and whose environment is conducive to a careless mode of life, if not vicious habits.

The mission of the Catholic Church is ninety-eight per cent. "saving" and, because of her sublime system of Sacraments, she is the one perfect organization for bringing the children of men unto eternal life. By this means, therefore, and trusting in the Communion of Saints, we hope to make of our Catholic "Little Sisters" chaste and pious women who will be a credit to their Church and whose lives will be holy and useful.

MARY POWER, B. A.

A Fire Phantom.

IF you are one of those people who on blustering wintry nights love to sit by an open fire in a comfortable chair, a box of candy at your elbow and a favorite novel for companion, and when the tale is done, lazily to gaze at the glowing coals until they dance and change before your very eyes into sprites—you will sympathize with my hobby. But if you prefer to use your time in more profitable employments and see nothing in the coals but the source of mere animal comfort, go no farther, for I can assure you that you will gain little from the reading.

One cold evening in November when the winds were whistling around the house, banging at the window-panes, swooping down the chimney and fanning the fresh fire into flame, I settled down to finish for the sixth time "A Tale of Two Cities." I was alone in the house and there was no likelihood of interruption for hours to come.

Time slipped by unnoticed as the sad scenes of the end of Carton's life were unfolded and when the final act of self-sacrifice was consummated the fire was in that state of molten heat most suitable for the gentle art of coal gazing. To ex-

tinguish the lights was the work of a moment and in no wise disturbed my trend of thought.

At first the phantoms refused to come forth from their fiery abode but gradually there appeared a certain tendency of the coals to unite and form groups, squares and circles, triangles and all the other geometric figures that made my life at school miserable and which waking and sleeping have haunted me ever since.

Who is that peering from the corner over there? The coals concentrate into two gleaming eyes in a face haggard and worn, with cruel lips drawn back over toothless gums in a horrid grin. The smoke wreaths twine around like Elfin locks and one bird-like claw grasps the pointed chin. It is the embodiment of all the evil and malignity of the revolutionary knitting women. See! Around her appear many faces, some old and loathsome, others young and paganly beautiful, but all branded with that horrible lust for blood shining forth from eyes that portray their distorted minds. These tiger eyes are turning their baleful glances on something shrouded in mist. The veil melts and before me is the guillotine with its poised knife, its ruffianly executioner and basket with grisly contents.

There is a figure at the foot of the scaffolding, not cringing in cowardly fear, but calm and peaceful as if in the knowledge of a life at least well ended. The frame belongs to a man in the prime of life and the face is that of one who has run the gamut of human emotions from bitter disappointment to transcending joy. The features are large and heavily marked with traces of dissipation yet handsome in a bold vigorous way. But the eyes hold the true spirit of the man, his nobility of soul which, despite the wreck his misguided nature has made of life yet has conquered in the end. Sydney Carton! In his eyes is the dawning of a peace beyond all understanding and of a comforting, sustaining hope that God who had shown him the error of his ways, and had given him this opportunity of atoning for his past transgressions would be merciful to His creature.

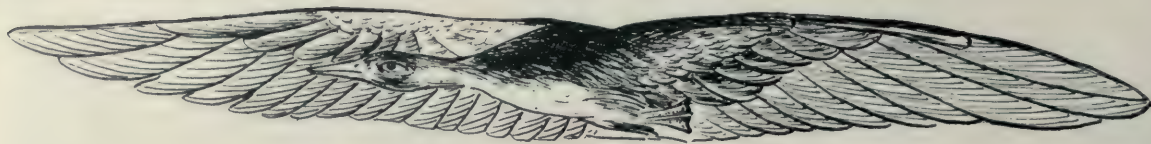
The neck bends! the knife falls; all is over.

The fiend faces retreat and blend into a mass of flaming clouds and in their midst appears the inscription:—

"Greater love has no man than this—that he give his life for his friend."

GRACE ELSTON, '19.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.



Niagara Rainbow

COLLEGE NUMBER

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JULY, 1916

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.—From the pamphlet accompanying this number of the RAINBOW, those of our readers who are not already familiar with the status and relationship of our College will be able to get the information and thus we may proceed directly to an account of the progress of the work.

There is a satisfaction similar to that given by a "Made in Canada" mark or any other recognized guarantee in asking the public to consider scholastic results obtained at such a superior test as the examinations of the University of Toronto. Hence in our effort to convince the Catholics of Ontario of the practical gains of our College work we point to the standing taken by our students in various years, in the spring examinations of the University or in the term examinations where these are given to the students of all the Colleges in common. The standing of Loreto Abbey College students has been excellent throughout in both term and final tests but we will instance only the last two years, 1915 being the date of our first graduation when four students obtained their degrees. This year at University Convocation, May 19th., the five young ladies, whose biographies are found in this number of the RAINBOW, received their Bachelor of Arts Degree, three of them as Honour students and Specialists.

In 1915 the graduating students all obtained proficiency, that is Honour standing in the General course. The majority of the General course students in all the years obtained a similar standing.

In the Honour course the results were brilliant. In the Third Year Moderns and in the First Year Moderns a student of Loreto Abbey College stood first in the whole University list of First Class Honours, Miss Gertrude McQuade in the Third Year and Miss Mary Doyle in the First. The other Honour students of all the years obtained either First or Second Class Honours.

This year the average has been just as good. Considering the fewness of our numbers we have much cause to be hopeful for future years and the possibilities larger numbers will bring. In the term work in Italian and in Mathematics, both University subjects which it was permitted us to do at our own College, our students stood high. In the Italian of Fourth Year Miss McQuade stood head of the list. Miss McQuade received Italian prizes in the preceding years of her course as did also Miss Teresa O'Reilly in the Third Year. The other Italian students in Fourth, Second and First Year made a First Class Honour standing. In the First Year Mathematics term examinations our students mostly obtained an average of over 75 per cent., while 90 per cent. was frequent, and Miss Madeline Smyth made 100 per cent. In the final examinations not a single student failed to obtain her year. The results were as follows:

Fourth Year Moderns—First Class Honours, Miss Teresa O'Reilly, B. A. Second Class Honours, Miss Gertrude McQuade, B. A.

Fourth Year English and History—Second Class Honours, Miss Edna Duffey, B. A.

Fourth Year General Course—Miss Ellen I. Madigan, B. A., Miss Irene M. Long, B. A.

Third Year English and History—Third Class Honours, Miss Claire Smyth.

Third Year General Course—Miss Helen Mullins, Miss Ettie Flanagan, Miss Mary Downey, Miss Aileen Kelly, Miss Marion Smith.

Second Year Moderns—First Class Honours, Miss Genevieve Twomey.

Second Year General—Miss F. M. Galligan, Miss A. McClelland, Miss K. Macaulay.

First Year Moderns—First Class Honours, Miss Hilda von Szeliska, Miss Madeline Smyth.

First Year English and History (Classics)—Third Class Honours, Miss Grace Elston.

First Year General—Miss Dorothea Cronin, Miss Gertrude Walsh, Miss Florence Daley, Miss Rose Mudd.

Senior Matriculation—Miss Martha Cronin, Miss Madelon Larkin, Miss Dorothy Brady.

*

The winner of the Mary Ward Memorial Scholarship, value \$160, awarded each year to the student obtaining the highest First Class Honours in the College classes, was Miss Gertrude McQuade in 1913, '14 and '15. Miss Dorothea Cronin in 1915 obtained the Loreto Alumnae Scholarship of the value of fifty dollars, having an honor percentage in Junior Matriculation Examinations. The same Scholarship was obtained in 1914 by Miss Madeline Smyth. It is open to competition by all matriculants from any of the Loreto Convents who purpose taking University work at Loreto Abbey College.

The above lists show the work done by the College in both Honour and Pass Courses of study and make evident the opportunities the College offers for Catholic young women desirous of University education.

The spirit of study among the students is not more general or powerful than the spirit of enterprise in social and other useful directions. Last year one of our students spent the summer

months teaching in a school in the West and this year her example has been followed by three and possibly four others. Besides taking part in all the patriotic undertakings of this year, the students are steadily increasing their intercourse and union with the students of the other Colleges. They have prepared to join the Women's Intercollegiate Debating Union in October and have already taken an active part in the formation of a Women's Student Council of the University which it is expected will be in working order for next term. There has been appointed a press secretary whose business it is to keep in touch with and supply items of interest to the students' paper, *The Varsity*.

One of our last year graduates, Miss Mary Power, B. A., has this year become the Catholic representative on the "Big Sister Movement" of Toronto and it is expected that others of our students will become associated with her in that zealous work. There has also been an initial meeting for the formation of the St. Michael's Women's Alumnae.

*

There is no need to dwell at present on the ordinary advantages of a University education, University association and intercourse. They are quite obvious and every day becoming more coveted by all the young men and women of this young country, now beginning to recognize its possibilities in so many directions. The advantages to prospective teachers, however, are perhaps not quite so obvious. Where time and means are not a matter of immediate consideration teachers have, it is true, always taken advantage of University facilities, but there has been a large number of teachers in Canada who have been forced to take the shortest route into the profession, that of the High School and Normal Course.

No portion of the community is capable of wielding a greater influence than teachers. They are the moulders of thought for the next generation, and nothing that makes for greater,

more learned and wiser teachers can afford to be neglected by a country zealous for its future.

The Education Department of Ontario, though narrow and rigid in its prescriptions, is yet wise in raising the standard for teachers. At the Normal Schools this year all the students were strongly advised to take degree courses in summer sessions at the University. Now in many cases students who complete their Normal Entrance work are under the required age for attending Normal, and might with great advantage continue their preparatory work by a University course, and be thus fully equipped for High School or Public School work. The opportunities of the future in teaching, as in other things, will undoubtedly be open to the best equipped mentally.

Since it is wise then for all students to aim at accomplishing a University course, is it not specially wise for Catholic students to do so in circumstances where secular knowledge and training shall be directed to form a spirit of enterprise and ambition to co-operate with the firmness and reserve power of Catholic Faith?

Our College Course claims to do this, to equip our young women with the secular learning and the advantages derived from University intercourse, and to add to that the Catholic moral and ethical training which will send them forth efficient champions of Catholicity, who will help to break down the timidity and inertia so often observed in Catholic action where it must meet non-Catholic.

It is then as to a work of zeal that we call the attention of the Catholic public, pastors and parents to the facilities provided at Loreto Abbey for Catholic young women desirous of University education. Our own students are our best advertisement and we point with confidence to their work and attitude.

*

Twice this year we have been called upon to think deeply on the mysterious value of human labor in God's vineyard, when He has seen fit to

call to His everlasting rest one who seemed to be perfectly equipped to carry on a noble work of zeal already commenced. In the beginning of the New Year, on the Feast of the Purification, Sr. M. Austin of St. Joseph's College heard the last earthly call after such a short illness we could scarcely believe it. Her personality was one of unusual charm and ability and her work promised so much for Catholic education. But the ways of Divine Wisdom are not our ways. Perhaps the vision of what she has done and what she could do was meant to impress all those who knew her, as well as those who came directly under her influence in order that it might deepen our sense of Eternity. "God doth not need man's labor" and when all eyes are fastened on some soul specially capable of doing His work on earth, He seems to assert His personal claims and say "But she is Mine, and I want herself more than earth needs her work," and we are left gazing after her like the Apostles after the ascending Master till the imperative calls of work remind us that our time is not yet.

*

Just within the last few weeks we have been reminded once more of much the same consideration by the death of Professor Edward J. Kylie, one of the most scholarly and most promising of Catholic educators, whose influence in the History Department at Toronto University has been remarkable, though not more remarkable than the influence he has wielded personally in so gentle a manner on all the circle of young men with whom he has dealt. The following is from the columns of the *Toronto Daily News*:

Why Edward Kylie should be taken away is a question that none of us can answer. He was on the threshold of a useful and influential career. Those who knew him well and saw him develop from year to year were deeply impressed by his serenity of temper, solidity of judgment and quiet sufficiency in the causes to which he was devoted.

No one could counsel more wisely. No one kept more of the cheeriness of youth. No one grew more quickly into the wisdom of age. In order to accomplish his object he could conciliate and compromise, but all that he yielded advanced the work he had in hand. If he had few asperities and few prejudices he nevertheless had very clear convictions, and adhered to these convictions with courage and tenacity.

He was a Roman Catholic devoted to his Church, but wholly without denominational narrowness. He was a Liberal, but with little interest in the common quarrels of party. He was a staunch Canadian and a resolute Imperialist. He was of the school which contends for actual Federation of the Empire as essential to its strength, efficiency and permanence. Indeed, his chief political interest was in the Imperial movement, and in its direction and extension no one in Canada was more active or more influential.

When the war began, he delivered various addresses in explanation of the causes of the conflict and in appeal to Canadians to sacrifice means, leisure, and life, if necessary, to resist the forces of German autocracy. He was among the first to go into training and to appeal by example to his fellows. Many months ago he made the great decision. He was on active service as surely as if he had been in the trenches. He gave his life for Canada and the Empire as truly as if he had died in Flanders.

*

“O, Jesus, to Thy Love, let me be forever devoted,

Who Holy as Thou art, hast deigned to require my heart!”

One more “In Memoriam” paragraph and this time not for one who shone as an educator or whose call was sharp and sudden, but for one who might be called “victime d’amour” as the Little Flower of Jesus expresses it—for our dearly loved Sr. Constance. In all the freshness and promise of a flower of the springtime,

she entered, a young convert of a year or so, at Loreto Abbey on September 8, 1904. Very gifted in mind and soul she seemed always a special favorite of Heaven, and because the frail exterior covered a martyr-like power of endurance and constancy, she was able in her short life to fulfil a long space. She taught in the Holy Family Separate School, Toronto, in St. Patrick’s School, Joliet, Ill., and at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and everywhere the children under her care felt that inexpressible influence which seems to belong to the souls destined for an early departure for Heaven. We think of her now as she herself once wrote of a sister Novice, “gazing with rapture on the King in His Beauty.” At the Abbey her beautiful voice will be much missed and her gentle presence, but her spirit will long hold its wonted sway. May we remind all those who love her that in spite of great suffering borne with great patience, she herself begged that we would show our love by our prayers?

*

One of the oldest members of the Institute of the B. V. M. in America died at Loreto Abbey, on the twenty-second inst., after having completed the golden cycle of her religious life a short year ago.

Mother M. Christina McCausland was one of the first pupils of Loreto Convent, Guelph, when a boarding-school was opened there, and, from her entrance into the Community of Loreto, she devoted herself whole-heartedly to the education of the young, in which she was entirely successful. Nearly every house of the Institute in Canada and the United States was at one time or other the scene of her labours. She held important positions in the Institute at times, and was always remarkable for her unflagging zeal in the Master’s service. In the evening of her life spent at the Mother House in Toronto, she was remarkable for her unvarying gentleness and spirit of prayer. R. I. P.



Loreto College Students in "As You Like It."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

In Arden's Forest.

(Written after hearing "As You Like It." played by the College students of Loreto Abbey.)

THIS is Arden's forest, fresh and fair,
And surely these are whom the master
meant

To act his verses; courtesy they lent
And comeliness to glad the landscape there;
And mirth, and dignity beyond compare.

No place was that for grief, or age foresent,
But frolic, laughter with the breezes blent,
Gladness and song combined to banish care.

How strange yet sweet to hear great England's
sage

Speak thro' the lips of maidens, who in fun
Most ably counterfeited manhood's rage,
And all our hearts and our applaudings won;
Till, by the magic power of Arden's trees
Lost youth returned, and made us one with these.

REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

The much and long deserved title of Litt. D. has been conferred upon Rev. J. B. Dollard by the Laval University in recognition of his high literary attainments. That some such tribute came not sooner, and from many other sources, is due to his own modesty. Of this his friends feel very sure. We offer him our warmest congratulations—and are happy in having these lines from his pen to offer our readers.

* *

Cast of Characters.

Duke, living in banishment....HELEN MULLINS
Rosalind, daughter to the banished
DukeMARY DOWNEY
Frederick, Duke's brother and usurper
of his dominions.....FLORENCE DALEY
Celia, daughter to Frederick.....EDNA DUFFEY
Touchstone, court fool.....GENEVIEVE TWOMEY
Audrey, a country wench.....MARION SMYTH
Oliver, } sons of { DOROTHY BRADY
Jacques, } Sir Rowland { KATHLEEN MACAULAY
Orlando, } de Bois { ALICE MCCLELLAND
Amiens, } Lords attendant { ANGELA VON SZELISKA
Jacques, } on banished Duke { ELLEN MADIGAN
First Lord.....DOROTHY CRONIN
Le Beau, a courtier.....IRENE LONG

Charles, wrestler to Frederick.....

.....GERTRUDE MCQUADE

Adam, } servants to Oliver { MADELINE SMYTH
Dennis, } { TERESA O'REILLY
Corin, }shepherds.... { GERTRUDE WALSH
Silvius, } { ETTIE FLANAGAN

Phoebe, a shepherdess.....FRANCES GALLIGAN

William, a country fellow in love with

AudreyGRACE ELSTON
Lords, Pages, Attendants, etc.

The Life History of the L. A. C. Dramatic Club of the Year '15-'16.

(By the Irresponsible Member.)

The First Meeting of the Club and What Came of it.

When the regulation taps of the gavel had called the inaugural meeting of the L. A. C. D. C. to order and the newly elected officers for the year had taken their allotted places, a certain psychical current of suppressed excitement seemed to presage a discussion of unusual interest. Nor were my telepathic perceptions at fault, for our respected President announced that the object of the meeting was to decide the vexed question, viz., to hold or not to hold our annual dramatic performance in this year of storm and stress. She then proceeded to sum up the situation for our benefit.

The mighty figure of the world war had thrown its baleful shadow over all events, past, present and future. It had completely enshrouded in its gloom all forms of festivities for amusement's sake, and branded them as unthinkable frivolities. Well, these things we had sacrificed cheerfully enough, for had not all of us fathers, brothers, cousins, and, well—others, wearing the khaki, and were we not all loyal lovers of the old flag. But now a different problem confronted us. Heretofore, our dramatic essays had easily justified their existence on several grounds, but, at the present epoch, there seemed but one standard to measure, one touchstone to reveal, the worthwhile. Would it serve the cause of humanity in the mighty struggle for the Right? With the pressing needs of the hour crying for succour from every quarter, the claim of "art for art's sake" seemed to lose its force.

But, on the other hand, our traditions had preserved the deeds of our predecessors who had covered themselves with glory in the field of dramatic art, and we were strong on handing down our traditions intact to posterity. Indeed, I might add here, that this spectre of posterity ruled us with an almost absolute sway. Many might have been our lapses but for its accusing finger. There was still another argument to be adduced in favour of a drama: This was a great year for Shakespeare lovers, the year of his Tercentenary, and were we to allow this great event to pass without recognition, we who had revelled in our Shakespeare classes during the past years, who had found his study a growing delight?

This then was the situation to be met. Small wonder, I thought, the speaker looked harassed, for to be President of a club that had no *raison d'être* was a cruel anomaly. Then, as if to aggravate the woes of the situation, there sat the treasurer of the L. A. C. Belgian Relief Fund and the executive of the L. A. C. Patriotic Club all looking, or so it seemed to her, aggressively self-righteous and snugly complaisant. And well they might, for was there not a comfortable balance in the hands of the one, and a quilt, wrought in the L. A. C. colours, progressing rapidly under the direction of the other, each square of which was to bear an autograph embroidered by the students, and, for the privilege of having his name so embroidered, the writer of the autograph was to pay a fabulous sum. Were there not, too, many afternoon teas in project, whose proceeds were to swell the coffers of the aforesaid societies? In the face of all this, what time and energy could we give to the production of a mere play? To an onlooker it might seem a simple solution to follow the common lead and "devote the proceeds of the entertainment to patriotic purposes" in the stereotyped phraseology of the day; but as our practical member from Y—— sagely remarked, when the expenses incidental to the putting on of a play in a manner worthy alike of our predecessors and of posterity were deducted, what would be left to devote?

Then, when a deadlock seemed likely to ensue, the resourceful member from W—— put forth her views thus: "Every member of this club

purposes giving generously of her time and money during this year to serve the Empire. Then, let the members jointly and severally agree to bear all the expenses of the performance. Let them give their time to its production. Let this enterprise be the unifying centre around which all the other associations will group themselves, and let the gross proceeds be given over intact to some special patriotic movement. Let us thus at the same time preserve our traditions and serve the 'Cause.'" Though we were a bit overwhelmed at the rapidity of this reasoning, the motion was carried with scarcely a dissenting voice.

The next point for discussion was the special object to which to devote the funds. The Recruiting League, the University Hospital, the Red Cross Fund were successively proposed; but just at this juncture we were all electrified, for now the timid, retiring member from L—— uprose and poured forth a flood of eloquence which carried the day. It would be impossible to do justice to her Ciceronian periods, but baldly her peroration ran as follows: "There are songs and plaudits enough, and to spare, for the soldier boy marching to battle filled with high hopes for glorious achievement. The eyes of the whole world are upon the soldier in the trenches, cheering him on to victory, but let me plead the cause of the maimed and war-worn hero who seeks again his native land, with all that makes life worth living gone, with no hope left, naught but a memory to solace his heart. He has given his all for his country. Let us then give our mite that he may find not only a welcome, but a home, awaiting him in his fatherland."

This time there was not even one dissenting voice when the motion was put, and, indeed, one or two city members were seen surreptitiously to wipe away a tear, thinking perhaps of—others.

Now that the way was shown, our enterprise quickly took definite form and shape. We forthwith undertook to fit up a ward in the Soldiers' Convalescent Home, pledging ourselves for its payment, whatever might be the success of our dramatic venture. Committees and sub-committees were appointed to take charge of every possible and some impossible departments, with an expedition and despatch that would have shown parliamentary tacticians, had they been

there to see, how feloniously they waste time in their ten-week sessions.

I, as one "not having any particular dramatic talent," so said our President, but as she caught a fiery gleam in my eye, hastened to add, "as she herself protests," (I had said so in a weak moment, but did not expect to have my assertion taken at a hundred per cent. value), was ap-

paid in to the Treasury, this trifling difficulty was obviated.

And thus it came to pass, that we, the loyal votaries of high Minerva, who had foresworn all lighter loves to offer incense at her shrine, abandoned our musty but beloved tomes, let the dust gather on our cherished Beowulf and well worn Tasso, discarded even our beloved Tacitus,



Orlando—"Forbear and eat no more"—As YOU LIKE IT.

pointed controller of the General Finance Committee. I might mention anent our then financial status, that, at one stage of the proceeding, the tall sylph-like member from the Fort rose to a point of order to ask how she, as treasurer of a deficit of ten cents, as shown by last year's accounts, was supposed to supply funds to committees demanding money for immediate expenses. A sub-committee being at once appointed to duly apportion the assessment for each member, and an advance loan being meantime

interrupted our study of the differential calculus and our quest of the fourth dimension, forsook the stately measure of the Faerie Queene, even put aside our fascinating First Georgic just at a thrilling point in cross fall ploughing, let barbarous mice nibble at the divine Homer, while we gave our days to soliciting the patronage and ready cash of an irresponsible public, and our nights to playing comedy, albeit it was the enchanting comedy *As You Like It* of the great bard in whose *comédies humaines* tragedy and

comedy meet and clasp hands as they do in life.

The Gathering of the Shelds.

And now did our maidens sally forth and traverse every quarter of the city, highway and by-way, thoroughfare and alley, and lure from the unwary their superfluous coin in return for the small bit of pasteboard which was to grant admission to the holder. Many and varied were the tactics they pursued. With unerring psychological instinct did they suit their appeal to the individual. Tender youths as yet unskilled in Cupid's art they addressed thus: "Come and see an Orlando, gallant and comely beyond praise, woo and win a Rosalind fair as any nymph that ever graced Idaean vales." To gentle maidens they said, "Come and watch a sweetly coy Celia change a morose and envious Oliver into a courteous suitor with the magic wand of love; to those of staid middle age, "Come, and the quips and jests of a Touchstone, born, not made, a wit, will drive away your cares and worries." To those of sterner mould they commended the wise saws of a Jacques as interpreted by one nourished on philosophy as on a mother's milk. They allured music lovers by promises of a sweet-voiced Amiens with whose clear notes would Arden's forest ring. For devotees of Terpsichore, maidens lissome as wood-nymphs were to tread a merry measure. But, when in their peregrinations they ran against a cynic who in answer to the patriotic appeals raised his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed, "O Patriotism, what grafts are committed in thy name!" on such a one these maids of cap and gown poured their vials of wrath and in scathing terms made answer, "Are we not giving our time, more priceless than rubies, our physical energy, our much taxed brain power without any hope of recompense except to help on a great and good Cause. More than this, we have made a solemn covenant with ourselves and each ticket-holder, that his modest fee will go intact to serve this Cause. Art answered, "Good sir?" And then in a chastened mood would he draw forth an extra coin to appease their just ire and would they graciously forgive.

But not yet was their work done, when each member had disposed of her allotment of tickets. His silver having been skilfully abstracted from the man in the street for tickets, his gold must

now be lured from the magnate in his office, for it was decided to encircle the programmes with lurid advertisements and thus offer men of affairs an opportunity of exploiting their wares. For this delicate mission were the most tactful and bewitching of our members selected. Wary and impervious, indeed, was he who might resist their seductive wiles and soft blandishments. A prospective audience is a word to conjure with, and right dexterously did they conjure with it. Not the primal æon of the Gnostics was endowed with greater potentialities than this visionary audience as forecasted by those smiling maids. Not Proteus himself was capable of assuming more varied shapes and forms. Was it a merchant in ladies' wares whose ad. was being solicited, then they assured him of a public just to his taste, for in a convent audience the fair sex was known to predominate. On the other hand a coal merchant, whose interest centered in the family circle was to find a veritable congregation of fathers and mothers assembled to witness a boarding-school play. Again, was it a bookseller to whose lucre siege was being laid, then did a students' play infer a student audience? To the dealer in haberdashery it was demonstrated more coyly but none the less effectively, that according to the eternal fitness of things a company of young women players must draw an audience of—well, their brothers and others. How could any poor mortal libel the good taste of his sex by failing to accept this hypothesis? In the face of such unassailable logic no wonder even quarter-inch spaces found willing subscribers.

The Rehearsals.

Thus our days were spent; and our nights were not less strenuous, and dreary enough they might have been, for there is much drudgery in the learning of every art, but our good fortune had given us a dramatic teacher whose ardent love for Shakespeare inspired us ever with fresh enthusiasm, and whose unflinching tact and courtesy smoothed the irksomeness attending our early efforts.

During the process of instruction we realized more and more clearly that the motive power of dramatic action comes from within, not without. She who best lived her character for the time being, best played it. It is a truism that our capa-

cities and limitations would oftentimes remain a mystery to ourselves, did not circumstances bring them to light. Assuredly, during those hours of practice there were many unsuspected deeps revealed, not only to observers but to the possessors. But—soft, let no one dare dream that I would by this insinuate that in their inimitable portrayal of their rôles Audrey and William were

in stagecraft, the bold enthusiasm of youth. Again, who so fit to interpret the master as she who has given her days and nights to the study of his pages, who has tried to pluck the heart out of Hamlet's mystery, who has wept with King Lear, whose heart has glowed at the trumpet-call of bold Prince Hal, who has laughed at the follies and frailties of mankind in Falstaff and Dog-



Celia—"Shepherd, go off a little"—As You Like It.

giving us self-revelations. Perish the thought! But, as it is by his imaginative power that the poet sounds the whole gamut of human passions, so by this same power does the actor portray them. But never had we suspected such vividness of imagination in such unassuming students. On the other hand, 'tis true many unsuspected limitations were revealed; yet, were our youthful players never quite disheartened, for some assets they felt were theirs. For tried experience, had they high hopes and aspirations, for long training

berry. All this had they done, and so took heart of grace.

The Play.

Now the time was at hand for our appearance before the footlights, but first must our stage apparel, war-paint and feathers, pass through a strict censorship. The Faculty having very uncompromising views regarding bloomer effects, it was with no small misgiving we awaited the verdict. However, by skilful manipulation of additions in the form of frills and flounces did

all and sundry finally pass muster and, by reason of one of these selfsame additions was the agile stage exit of one fair damsel all but fraught with dire disaster, but more of that anon. For most of us the clothes did seem indeed to make the man, and we were verily transmogrified by our stage makeup. But in some of us the eternal feminine obstinately persisted. In spite of ruffs, knightly dress and stage paint, our irate Duke Frederick would look ridiculously young and girlish. All our efforts could produce nothing more sternly masculine than a charming little Lord Fauntleroy.

As the day set for the initial performance wore to a close some thrills of apprehension were felt. 'Tis true, we had trod the stage blithely enough at a full dress rehearsal, and had won prolonged applause from an audience of school children, but, to hope is not to know, and besides they were immature and unskilled in dramatic art. Now, we were to face a coldly critical public, for whom amateur performances had long since palled, and professional ceased to excite. Yet, when the orchestra struck up its opening bars, there was gathered behind the curtain as goodly a company of players (or so my fond hopes deluded me) as ever gladdened the heart of the Master himself. Though so utterly unlike that gay rollicking company that trod the boards of the Globe Theatre and made Shakespeare the idol of Merrie England; yet were they akin in this, that both loved and lived close to the great bard, the one in his company as he poured forth his thoughts and visions, the other close to his spirit as he unlocked his heart in his immortal dramas.

With these thoughts I tried to bolster up my tottering courage, for was it not a bold venture for us to essay what many more experienced had attempted with but sorry success. For myself I cared not, my part was a very minor one, but the honour of our college was at stake, and that we held above price. But when the curtain rolled back in the Court scene and revealed Celia and Rosalind, methought surely the great Will himself would have looked approvingly on two such winsome maids. Nor, as they artlessly prattled of their affection, consoled each other's sorrow, loyally withstood a cruel parent's unjust wrath, all with a true girlish ingenuousness, would he have deemed them unworthy to play rôles as

dear to his heart as those of Rosalind and her gentle sister. Nor could a courtier of *le grand monarque* have acquitted himself, in the most punctilious of courts, with more polished grace and graceful polish than Le Beau when he delivered his messages to them.

Then, when Act II. disclosed the mystic forest of Arden, on whose sylvan dales the changing finger of Time can lay no blighting touch, on its green sward did a gallant duke and his merry train of foresters disport themselves in true Robin Hood fashion and prove how resolution may conquer adversity. There, too, the melancholy Jacques took the hearts of his hearers by storm, for, who so fitted to make the spirit of this "prince of philosophic idlers" live again in the flesh, as one who from tenderest infancy had fed upon abstract truth, and who had just completed a learned treatise in two volumes on dialectics, for the use of her fellow students? And so, with true philosophic disdain of life this Jacques parries Orlando's sword thrust with naught but, "Then I must die if you will not be answered with reason," delivered with the lofty equanimity of a Socrates or a Seneca. In this same scene Orlando shows himself worthy of the fair praises of his advance agents. With what gentle courtesy he lays down his "venerable burden!" And, although an adroit fencer might have caviled at his manner of wielding his sword, the most fastidious lover could have found no fault with his ardent and chivalrous wooing of Rosalind by proxy.

But as Shakespeare delights in contrast, he sets over against the grace and reverence of Orlando's passion the half-contemptuous and overweening wooing of Touchstone. Yet none the less surely does the latter captivate his Audrey, though I could not forbear thinking that, if the original William had pressed his suit with the same spirit and zest as this one played his part, Audrey could never have said him nay. It seemed to me in watching our gayly bedecked Touchstone strut and fume across the stage, and wave off with imperious gesture the simple shepherd, ere he made with him "an honourable retreat," that had one not known her manifold talents, one would say, "Here is a player fashioned by nature, just to fill this rôle."

While the foresters merrily hunt the deer,

from the deepest forest glades bursts a rippling melody of sound, sweeter than pipe of Pan or lute of Orpheus, and, indeed, methought once the greenwood began to move as if to follow after, but it was only Jacques under the trees moving in his sleep.

And as now the dénouement draws near, the action quickens and soon Rosalind, flitting through the trees as a butterfly amongst the blossoms, has gathered around her the four pairs of lovers for the final forest scene. Their approach towards the Duke draws from Jacques the sententious remark, "There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark." Then to the merry strains of music did those four pairs of lovers tread a mazy dance that seemed to express the very soul of rhythmical motion. A moment after, amid bursts of applause, the whole company bowed low before a charmed audience. 'Twas over, and "a great success," said everybody. But this was only the first night. We had won the favour of stalls and gods alike, but to hold is not to keep.

There was a second night to face. But the next night brought back first nighters who had come to be bored and stayed to praise. It brought numbers of ticket-holders and greater numbers of those whom the fame of the first night's performance had reached and who came to see for themselves. It brought, best of all, our beloved Archbishop, who smiled his kindly smile upon our efforts. With such incentives it was no wonder our stage-manager's oft repeated injunction, "Play up," was not needed, for each player threw herself into her part with such spirit and abandon as to draw rounds of applause from even blasé theatre goers.

The Aftermath.

So far all was roseate, but the end was not yet. When showers of bouquets and messages of appreciation couched in the most glowing, not to say fervid, terms, began to pour in from friends, co-eds., members of the orchestra—and others—when murmurs of "the best amateur performance ever witnessed" began to resound; when a distinguished writer and poet present announced his intention of immortalizing our playing in a sonnet, when, "mirabile dictu," bank cheques came from conscience-smitten patrons who felt that the trifling admission fee was not adequate

recompense for value received; then, indeed, did the long-suffering members of the Faculty gravely shake their heads, and fear much that the lust of fame having once seized upon us, we should hereafter yearn for barnstorming triumphs, and forsake academic halls, caps and gowns, for the stage and the buskin. Then were lectures resumed with all haste, then were extra sessions inaugurated, and plays and players became tabooed subjects, then was our mental pabulum confined strictly to the intellectual of the coldly classical type, and all that was romantic and emotional in our curriculum relegated to the background.

But I am anticipating, for to me, as you may fancy, the psychological moment was not the moment of the artistic triumph, but that tense point of time when the credits and debits were summed up and placed in the balance and *O gaudium infandum!* the debit side flew up and kicked the beam. The cloud was lifted. We were not to face bankruptcy but (we said it first in awestruck whispers), after our bond was redeemed we would have the sum of ninety-nine dollars to our credit.

Finis.

And now I pause before I begin to narrate the most momentous event ever chronicled in the history of our Dramatic Club, namely—the last meeting of the combined committees, assembled to decide finally upon the disposal of the surplus fund. The judges of the Supreme Court may have felt the situation was a tense one when they were formulating their decision on the bilingual question, or Wilson and Cabinet when they penned their final ultimatum to Germany, or Asquith and his Council when they fulminated the conscription bolt, but these issues were mere trifles compared with the problem of fitly and properly placing this mighty balance of ours. So fiery had been the discussions that I think our Honorary President wished in her secret soul that there had been no surplus. But there it was, a vital force to be reckoned with.

There had been much lobbying and rounding up of the "peace-at-any-price" members prior to the formal meeting. When the usual preliminaries were over, it was found that three parties existed—one, the ultra patriotic party, few as to numbers but very vehement as to sentiment, who

wished the total residue to be devoted to any patriotic purpose, no matter what; the moderate party, who advocated that certain debts of honour, so to speak, should be paid first, and then the balance given over to some specific patriotic fund; the conservative (because they wished to conserve their resources) party, who contended that the amount pledged having been paid, the residue should go, in part at least, to defray some of the enormous expenses with which each member was so heavily burdened. Brilliant speeches were made by the orators of the three parties. Finally, a motion embodying the views of the moderate party was framed, and though the discussion waxed hot, after the original motion had been divided and several amendments added, the ayes had it, apparently to every one's satisfaction. Some minor matters having been rapidly adjusted, the meeting was dissolved.

As the members filed out, and I saw the leaders of the Ultras and the Conservs, who had been slightly acrimonious in their speeches and very lurid in their metaphors, go gaily chatting, arm in arm, down the corridor, edifying examples of parliamentary urbanity, I realized with a pang, let me confess it, that the curtain had fallen on the last scene of the last act of our domestic drama.

Dress Comments.

Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It," was never more charmingly played by amateur actors nor in a better cause than on Thursday and Friday evening of this week in the Auditorium of Loreto Abbey. The College students of that institution have engaged themselves to pay for the furnishing of a ward in the Soldiers' Convalescent Home on College Street, and in order to meet this self-imposed patriotic obligation offered to entertain the public by this dramatic work. The play was prepared under the direction of Dr Kirkpatrick of the Toronto Conservatory. The hall and stage lent itself admirably to forest scenery and the young actresses distinguished themselves beyond expectation. The performance glowed with a wholesome enthusiasm as evident in William (Miss G. Elston) and Audrey (Miss M. Smith) as in the charming Rosalind and the gallant Orlando and the inimitable Touchstone. Dramatic pictures one after another in quick variety met with such appre-

ciation from the audience that the two hours and a half performance seemed all too short.—*Mail and Empire, Toronto.*

* * *

The success of the staging and presentation of this difficult Shakespearean play by a number of young lady students was a real revelation to the most discerning among those who were so fortunate as to see it. Very many of the parts were rendered in a manner that would have done no discredit to professional actors and actresses, and some that would have entitled even them to marked praise. The special difficulty of taking men's parts was in most cases very successfully surmounted. All the female characters were good,—the two leading ones excellent, Miss Downey's Rosalind being done with great naturalness, vivacity and charm.—The humorous male characters were also very well rendered, Touchstone and William especially so. Orlando was also excellently done. Indeed, with scarcely an exception, the characters were skilfully and well portrayed, and the students and the Abbey are to be heartily congratulated on the marked success attending so ambitious an effort. Much of this success must, of course, be due to the dramatic instructor, Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, and to the Sister who had charge of the practice. The memorizing of the parts was perfect, and the staging was creditably carried out.—*Catholic Register and Extension.*

Correspondence.

EALHFRITH, March 9, 1916

DEAR MISS FLANAGAN:—

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque for \$200.00 towards furnishing a ward in the Central Military Convalescent Hospitals on College Street.

On behalf of myself and my committee, I must ask you to extend to all the Loreto Abbey students, our very sincere and deep appreciation of their most generous gift for this splendid cause.

I would be very much obliged if you could at once let me know what name you wish your ward called. A further appreciation of your splendid and generous gift will be sent you later on, by the main committee.

With many thanks and congratulations to you,
one and all, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

EULLIEN CRAWFORD BROWN,
Convenor of Furnishing Committee.

* * * *

MILITARY HOSPITALS COMMISSION.
TORONTO, 18-3-16.

MISS FLANAGAN,
Loreto Abbey College,
Wellington Place, Toronto.

DEAR MADAM:—

On behalf of the Committee, in charge of the work of furnishing the Military Convalescent Hospitals, permit me to tender our most sincere thanks to you and to the students for the very generous donation of \$200.00, which I can assure you will be used to the best advantage.

We trust that both you and the students of the Abbey will visit our Hospitals from time to time, and see for yourselves what comfortable quarters have been provided for our returned men.

With renewed thanks, I remain,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) W. K. GEORGY,
Chairman V. A. Committee.

* * * *

(Telegram.)

MISS EDNA DUFFEY,
Forest of Arden,
Tree 206, Top Branch,
Loreto Abbey.

Loving good wishes. Congratulations to all
the cast. MOTHER BIRD.

January 27, 1916.

* * * *

The following letter was received at Loreto Abbey in acknowledgment of a supply of hospital shirts—white with the letters L. A. embroidered in blue on the pocket—made for the soldiers and sent by the students, during the present year.

QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORK GUILD,
CANADIAN BRANCH, 29-4-16.

DEAR ———:

Will you please convey to the pupils of Loreto Abbey a special message from Her Majesty, the Queen, saying how much she admires and appreciates the work which was sent by them to the

Queen's Guild. The Queen values the loving and loyal thought of the children and is much touched by the way they have worked, and sends to them each her grateful thanks.

The shirts were sent to a military Hospital, and are part of seven hundred thousand garments which Her Majesty distributed during February, March and April.

May I add my grateful thanks for your kind help and that of the teachers and pupils of Loreto Abbey.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

C. WELLAND MERRITT,
Hon. Sectr'y.

The Pilgrim at St. Just.

(Charles V.)

In the night the storms do surge and roar,
O Spanish monks open wide your door
And here shall I rest, free from worldly care
Till the morning bell quick calls to prayer
In the choir.

I beg from you whate'er your house doth give
A habit and a grave—to die I live—
A cell, wherein to mend my sinful past.
Of more than half this world so vast
I was Sire.

And now I bend in low and humble mien
The head on which once crowns were seen;
This form on which before king's ermine lay
Does humbly bow, now that you may
The cowl bestow.

So I, like those who lie so calm and cold
And know no more dread Passion's hold
Shall die to self, and be like to the famed
Old kingdoms past, whose glory once so named
Now ruins show.

R. M., '19.

“The first thought in every true University is to mould and fashion men, and only in so far as they are a means to that end do refinement and polish, taste and learning become an aim and an ideal. Style and form and various knowledge are important but they are vital only when they help to express the truth known and loved by ardent souls, inspired by genuine enthusiasm and a great purpose.”
Bishop Spalding.



Madonna of the Harpies.
(*Andrea Del Sarto.*)

PART TWO

The Extra-Mural Student.

CHAPTER I.—THE DREAM.

DREARTOWN, Aug. 3, 19—.

DEAREST AUDREY:

Behold me ensconced in this out-of-the-way place, well worthy of its name. When I told you that dad had fallen heir to a fine property and had decided to leave Pleasantville and seek "fresh woods and pastures new," the sequel was shrouded in mystery and consequently interesting to an imaginative girl like me, but alas, for the disillusion! This is the slowest old town possible, it's stupid and borish and poky and dull and prosaic. It has n't even an aristocracy like Cranford, not even a dog of any social significance. The whole population seems to be under a spell of some sort, and too inert to shake it off. They eat, drink, but certainly are not merry, except in their own way of course. Mother and dad are delighted with the slow old hole, and the youngsters quite hilarious over the freedom they enjoy. True, there are riding and boating and picnicking to no end, and were I in a better frame of mind the scenery might appeal to me, rising hills in the distance, stretches of lowland bedecked with wild flowers, corn fields and orchards laden with luscious fruit, winding roads that may lead down to Camelot for aught I know, but everything depresses me and I am quite disheartened over the prospect of spending the rest of my life in such a place. I might marry the milkman or the grocer who are great "catches," I believe, but even these conquests do not tempt me. I might become a Kitty Coleraine or a "pretty maid milking her cow," but I see plainly that these lassies are much more romantic in Irish melodies than in reality. Imagine me coming within the radius of a cow in my past life, and now I actually have to breathe bovine atmosphere and pass a whole flock—or drove, is n't it?—of them in my solitary rambles. The worst of it is that nobody sympathises with me and when I complain—you know I *must* complain: "No thought that ever stirred a human breast should be untold,"—I am looked on as a monster of ingratitude. So the days glide by from weary dawns to weary twilights, and then

stupid nights when I don't know what to do with myself. I subscribed for half a dozen magazines to-day, as I can't settle down to solid reading in my restless state. Who knows but the spirit might move me to attempt journalism in some form or other? I must do something definite, so if you can suggest anything to save a poor victim of circumstances, to provide a plank for a drowning woman, to give a helping hand to a creature in distress, to show the proverbial silver lining in a nimbus of the blackest hue, then let me have your advice and for once I shall be submissive enough to follow it.

The solitary diversion in the daytime is going for the mail, so do send me a budget like a dear and have in return my undying affection.

Lovingly yours,

M. GWENDOLYN HARCOURT.

DREARTOWN, Sept. 10, 19—.

DEAREST AUDREY:

You're a perfect love, a darling, an angel! You have turned my tide in a wonderful way and transformed me from *Il Penseroso* into *L'Allegro*. Your brilliant suggestion that I should follow an extra-mural university course nearly took my breath away! A thousand air-castles were built in a second and I was in such a flurry of excitement that I could scarcely finish your letter. I dived into the calendars you so thoughtfully sent me and the hours simply flew until midnight warned me that it was time to retire. Well, dearie, of course it took me days and days to find an adjusting process through which I could possibly venture to enrol my name on a university register. You know my education is an unbalanced kind of thing and these colleges are so inconsiderate that they make no allowances for individuality. The appalling array of "ologies" and "osophies" that met my gaze well-nigh disheartened me and I was tempted to cry: "This quest is not for me!" But ambition and a dogged determination spurred me on and my efforts met with success at last. I find a course in the Athenian University of New Athens that will fairly correspond with my intellectual abilities. It comprises ancient and modern languages,

a sane amount of the dry old things that I can't escape altogether and a magnificent scope for English literature, so you see I am quite at home in all these subjects. You remember that I always scored something in the linguistic exams. at High School, and though I scarcely remember how to bisect a polynomial or raise a triangle to the *n*th. power—oh, gracious! it's the reverse I believe—never mind, these things always give me a nervous headache—I feel so confident about my English that it will surely prove my consolation prize. One can't be a success in everything, and you remember how those provokingly clever girls at High School used to envy me when I carried the day at our "Rhetoricals."

Of course it's rather stupid to be obliged to begin with first year college work when I feel so far advanced of what is marked in the calendar. Imagine doing almost elementary work in Greek, Latin, and modern languages after the opportunities I have enjoyed. Why, Signor Spaghetti—I think that was his name—told me I could sing Italian like any native, and mother makes me talk French to her regularly, while dad says my interpretation of the classics is wonderful, even if my Greek is what Mrs. Browning calls, "A woman's Greek without the accents."

The English curriculum is something to dream of! Just think of revelling in all the writers I know and love so well. Won't I write stunning papers! I do hope they foster the poetic element as well as plain prose. I would simply love to have some of my "lispings in number" criticised by a really *unbiased* critic, don't you know. Of course the appreciation of my own kith and kin has been very gratifying all along, but I must have something more expansive in my life, so, like Paracelsus, "I plunge," and can hear your cheery words: "We wait you when you rise!" Oh, dear, I forgot that after all Paracelsus did *not* rise, but I wish myself better luck.

Don't you envy me, Audrey, just the least little bit? If only you were not married and so hopelessly encumbered, you might accompany me into these blissfully speculative regions, but in case Julian is looking over your shoulder while you read this, I had better say no more. I shall be dreadfully busy with my glorious work, so will not write again for "a while of time," in Anglo-Saxon phraseology, in the interval—I plunge!

Devotedly yours,

M. GWENDOLYN HARCOURT.

CHAPTER II.—THE REAL.

DREARTOWN, NOV. 24, 19—.

DARLING AUDREY:

"So the dreams depart,
So the falling phantoms flee
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."

In less poetical, but more emphatic Shakespearean language, "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark!" There's something very queer, Audrey, something quite mysterious that leaves me perfectly non-plussed. You're such a little witch perhaps you can give some solution to my problem, so I shall tell you all about it. Your last letter set me afloat in the most enchanting of Dream-Ships, in the season of rose-clouds and sunshine, the season when joy is everywhere. The birds sing it, the sunshine diffuses it, the zephyrs whisper it, the stars twinkle it, the flowers speak it, all nature reveals it—and as for human nature, it *knows* it, in every heart-throb and quick pulse-beat, in every happy smile and beaming eye, in the deep inner consciousness that life is a succession of sweet melodies—and why? Ah! why? Because life is a *dream*—one long blissful ecstasy of love or success, or self-complacency, or appreciation, or friendship, and we lull ourselves into a drowsy state by the music of our very thoughts. Thus I described the dream period for one of our "Rhetoricals," do you remember? And it all came back to me when you set my heart aglow with sweet expectancy. Like Percival,

"I was lifted up in heart . . . and never yet
Had heaven appeared so blue, nor earth so
green,
For all my blood danced in me."

I felt very conscious when I trusted to the post my first college exercises, mentally labelled "first class matter," and eagerly watched for their return. It was rather a surprise to receive them within a week or so, looking as if they had been through the war. It was dreadful, Audrey, to have such flourishes of red ink all over my neat papers. I think the English tutor must be a dyspeptic of the worst kind, or else he is tied down to a nagging wife who gets him on edge and he feels duty bound to wreak his vengeance on some one. It is perfectly ridiculous the way he criticises everything I say. If I use elegant

expressions, he marks them "pedantic"; if I aim at simple naturalness, he writes "colloquial" in the margin, or "commonplace," and if I dare venture into the mystic realms that always allured me, he decorates the paragraph with interrogation points and labels it "vague."

Criticism killed Keats, and I wonder which was the greater—the poet with his exquisite sense of beauty, or the critic unable to interpret him. There is something dreadfully wrong, Audrey, and I can't quite grasp what it is. Each week the tragedy continues and I am eagerly waiting for the climax. I won't give up even if the wretch uses a whole bottle of red ink on my dainty papers. I am convinced of the dyspepsia and the nagging wife now. I might send him some tablets warranted to cure the first, but alas! for the second.

Be sure to write soon and tell me what you think of this unspeakable, unfeeling, cruel man, who has fairly wrecked my dream-ship—oh, Audrey! you'd never guess what has happened since I made this dash after my dream-ship, *literally*, of course. The mail arrived, bringing me a letter from Marjorie Reed, and as I had not heard from her for centuries, I tore it open immediately. Talk of surprises! Her father was moved from dear old Pleasantville a month ago and is manager of a bank in *New Athens!*

Marjorie would n't write till she had something worth telling, she says, and just imagine, she knows everybody worth knowing already. She is in love with the place and the charmingly sociable people, the cultured air and the perfectly lovely social functions at which the Athenian professors take the lead. She insists that I must visit her as soon as possible, so I am simply wild with excitement. I wonder if she knows the wretched little tutor—I'm sure he's *little*. Won't it be fun if we meet! I'll instantaneously wither him with one vitriolic glance, see if I don't. Hurrah! the action advances as the play nears the climax. Good bye, dear, "the darkest hour is before the dawn," so the blushing Aurora may greet me with a smile after all and Phoebus may have his fiery steeds harnessed to his most brilliant chariot in my honour.

Affectionately,

GWEN.

DREARTOWN, Feb. 10, 19—.

DEAREST AUDREY:

Like a sensible woman I knew you would be satisfied with scraps of notes round Christmas time and willing to wait for a real letter till the annual upheaval had subsided. What a pity that people make such an agony of the season of peace and good will. Why it takes all one's time exchanging meaningless courtesies and sending cards of thanks for the useless gifts they have so *thoughtfully* bestowed upon you, and which you can't even offer to the poor. It's hopeless to think of reforming the world, I know, unless the entire race would read Jerome K. Jerome's chapter on Christmas gifts in "Second Thoughts Of An Idle Fellow." The illustrations are slightly overdrawn, for instance no girl could scarcely be idiotic enough to embroider in butterflies a velvet smoking-jacket for her father! But the general concept is excellent and if impressed upon people it would surely imbue them with a little more sanity on this momentous question. Christmas in Dreartown was just as stupid as any other day, in spite of the wishes that it might be "merry." I watched the old year out as usual and to beguile the dying hours I tried to court the Muse, with what success you may judge on reading my pentameters. The "New Year" suggested in them does not mean the calendar year beginning on January first. To me the new year means freshness and exhilaration, when I can say: "Jam hiems transiit," with a glad heart,

"Whan that Aprille with hise schoures swote

The droghte of March hath perced to the rote.
And smale fowles maken melodye."

Of course that's the new year with its opening buds and floods of sunshine and sowing of seeds so full of promise, and its joys seemed to dance before me in anticipation while I watched the dying embers lose their glow as the old year waned. Thus I moralized:

RETROSPECTION.

(The Soul's Plaint.)

Old year! I've no regrets to watch you wane,
To see you disappear, as ice and snow
Melt in the genial rays that gladly glow
O'er a new earth that throbs with life again.

Old year! you've not been kind to me! ah, no!
 You showered on me nor love nor sympathy.
 And in my heart you made no melody;
 What, then, could cause me grief to see you go?

Your promises were fair in bud and flower;
 You smiled serene and sweet when hopes were
 high,
 But when "the sere and yellow leaf" drew nigh
 The withered petals proved autumnal power.

O'er dead hope's grave they fell so thick and fast
 With every swaying breeze that stirred the air,
 Till naught remained of what was once so fair,
 Till dead hope silent lay in the dead past.

Your bleak and biting blasts, your cruel snows,
 Left naught of warmth, left naught of love or
 light
 Within me. Over all you spread a blight
 And over all your chilling spirit rose.

Only brief spells of sunshine, marred by fears,
 Came 'twixt your tardy dawns and shades of eve.
 What wonder then, I willingly receive
 The new year smiling, e'en thro' April's tears?

(The Answer.)

Why sorrowful, O Soul, and why dost thou
 In such complaining mood, disquiet thee?
 Because the surface only dost thou see,
 And ne'er for hidden depths dost thou allow.

When battling with the wind and waves of yore
 Such plaint was the apostle's on the deep,
 Thinking the Master unconcerned, asleep,
 They recognized the Lord but on the shore.

'Tis well that smiling spring can change thy
 mood!
 My reign is o'er, I bow beneath her sway.
 Yet hear my answer ere I pass away
 And do believe: God saw that all was good.

There must be a rift, in the clouds somewhere
 —somehow. I have been hard at work despite
 the disheartenment and intend to try the April
 exams., so you won't hear from me for ages. I
 am really going to visit Marjorie, who has been
 writing me the most alluring invitations, not to
 be accepted, however, until my college year has

come to an end. Do keep on writing as I always
 have time to *read* letters.

Lovingly,

GWENDOLYN.

CHAPTER III.—THE IDEAL.

NEW ATHENS, Aug. 17, 19—.

DEAR OLD AUDREY:

"C'est le premier pas qui coûte," is it not? If
 only I could begin this letter I might be able to
 tell you everything. Of course I am a wretch
 never to have written all these months, but I
 knew mother would give you the surface news
 and the depths were too agitated to be sounded.
 You see I am still in New Athens as Marjorie is
 a sympathetic darling and insists on a long visit.
 I arrived here when the earth was "white with
 May," and fairly revelled in everything. New
 scenes, new pleasures, new people, and in the de-
 light of having passed my exams., I was glori-
 ously optimistic. Marjorie gave a charming little
 dance to introduce me to her friends and you
 can imagine how lovely it was to be the central
 attraction in a group of "fair women and brave
 men"—or rather intellectual men, to be more
 exact, as they are mostly on the Athenian staff.
 Amongst others who claimed a dance or two
 was a Mr. Beverly, a perfect Adonis possessed
 of all the attractions that play havoc in women's
 hearts, so you need not be told what they are—
 probably you *think* Julian has them all.

We had a little chat on the balcony, with the
 pale moonlight lending its enchantment to the
 witchery of the scene and I found myself pon-
 dering upon a quotation grown familiar to me:
 "A hundred thousand faces pass before your
 eyes and are forgotten, mere physical impres-
 sions; you see one, and it is in your heart for-
 ever, as you saw it the first time." I have met
 Mr. Beverly very frequently since that night and
 as we waxed friendly, just guess the discovery
 I made! When he heard I was from Dreartown
 and an extra-mural student of the Athenian, he
 actually lost his usual imperturbability for the
 fraction of a second, then coolly said with a ris-
 ing inflection: "M. Gwendolyn Harcourt?" All
 my rehearsals went for naught; when the cur-
 tain actually rose, I found myself quite unequal
 to play the withering rôle. He was too polite to
 say anything *then* of course, but as time glided

by, and we met almost every day, we have learned to know each other better and mere social conventionalities have been superseded by heart to heart talks.

He has been English tutor for the past year, but next year will fill the professor's chair and very ably I am sure. He has neither dyspepsia *nor* a nagging wife (thank heaven!), but is delightfully optimistic and possessed of an irresistible sense of humour. He has shown me in his gentle way just what hampered my literary flights. I was another Icarus and my fragile wings carried me higher than they were able to sustain me. The wax melted (perhaps through some chemical process *red ink* liquifies wax) and I fell! Desultory reading and knowledge accumulated haphazard or stored up in the most intellectual home is hopelessly at variance with the systematized methods of modern education. Home influence is an indispensable factor, but only a factor in one's education. It does not foster accurate thinking and keen judgment and like Paracelsus, "All this I knew not and I failed." However, it has been "the triumph of failure," so I am satisfied. Were I not so advanced in my twenties I might begin at the first step of the ladder and climb it all over again in a different way, but another vista opens out before me—I think I shall offer my final hecatomb at the shrine of the classics, in the form of a monstrous apostrophe, somewhat after the manner of Clough:

'Sleep, weary ghosts, be at peace and abide in your lexicon-limbo!

Sleep, as in lava for ages, your Herculean kindred.

Sleep, and for aught I care, the sleep that knows no waking,

Aeschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar and Plato!"

Mr. Beverly thinks it would be better for me to abandon the Arts course and take up—Domestic Science!! "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter"—so good bye, *ma belle Aude*.

Yours joyfully, GWEN.

NEW ATHENS, Oct. 15, 19—.

DARLING AUDREY:

Your great heart was fully revealed in your sympathetic letter and now I come to claim your sympathy again. I have lived a whole lifetime

since you last heard from me, I have learned the full meaning of the "Soul's Awakening," and how sorrow, *real sorrow*, is an essential in the perfect development of every character.

At High School when we wrote our elaborate theses on the psychological climax of Hamlet, I wondered how *my* soul would stand the turning of its tide in the vague future that rose before me in the dim distance. Audrey, dear, let me introduce you to a new sister-in-law to-day, not M. Gwendolyn Harcourt, but Margaret G. Harcourt, for the new personality chooses the more sensible name. You will accuse me of lacking systematization, or like the *Précieuses*, of taking "*le roman par la queue*," if I don't begin with item one of my story, but it seems so far away it is like a voice from an alien shore now. The most blissful days and weeks followed my last letter. Life was full of roseate hopes for I had every reason to believe that Reginald—I mean Mr. Beverly—and I would take "the long path" together through life. What has happened to frustrate our hopes is public sorrow, it is true, but what a multitude of poignant private griefs makes up this almost universal grief that is casting its gloom so tragically.

"The Great War," as they call it—the fearful war, is calling for recruits and Reginald feels bound to answer the appeal. He will go overseas very soon as his long military training leaves him well equipped. In my new joy and my new sorrow I had no patience with the meaningless life around me, and following a happy inspiration I came to the Franciscan convent where I have been making a most restful retreat. The peace that reigns here is calming my agitated soul and the life is the nearest foretaste of heaven I could imagine. The nuns are partly cloistered, and in their pretty chapel are separated from the outside world by a massive brass grating about six feet high, resembling a veritable golden gate, through which we feast our eyes on the white-robed figures who look like angels kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament which is exposed all day, the Adoration ending with Benediction every evening. No wonder these people are happy for they have chosen the better part *that shall not be taken from them*. They are sure of our Lord's promise—"the hundredfold *and* life everlasting," while we poor mortals grope in uncertainty. The beautiful words of the Apocalypse seemed to float on the hallowed air, up-

borne by the incense, and a spontaneous stanza
took form in my active brain:

What fate will the hereafter bring?
What answer to our earnest prayer?
Who knoweth?

But sweetest canticle will sing
Those following the Lamb where'er
He goeth.

In this little chapel the various scenes of my
whole life seemed enacted before my now critical
eyes and I saw myself in an entirely different
light, realizing fully my utter selfishness, or
rather self-concentration. There is nothing that
can compare with the peace of heart that comes
to me beneath the sanctuary lamp where my
whole future is taking definite shape. I call this
precious time my "night watch" and extempor-
ized on it recently. Will you read my verses and
my heart at the same time?

THE NIGHT WATCH.

While I with Mary long for time to pray,
Yet Martha's duty to my portion falls,
Throughout the livelong day of ceaseless calls,
What charm sustains me with its wondrous
sway?

Is it God's golden sunlight all ablaze?
Or merry chirp of bird, or smile of friend?
Is it a whispered love, a chance to send
A ray of hope to brighten some dark ways?

Is it the Muses' wreath of roses placed
Upon my blushing brow to crown success?
Is it a long-sought, new-found happiness
To which the soul's awakening can be traced?

Is it the bridge of knowledge crossed once more,
Spanning the distance 'twixt the past and now?
Is it a voice intuitive telling how
The intellect to farther realms can soar?

Is it because the greatest earthly bliss
That God unto a human heart can send—
The finding of a true, congenial friend
Is mine? No, no, it is not even this.

'Tis none of these; such joys last but life's day,
They flash upon the morn, yet ere the eve
Descends, they're overshadowed and scarce leave
A memory worth the peace they take away.

What charm sustains me? 'Tis the luring
thought

That soon the busy day will have its close
And I with beating heart in reverent pose
Can lay my burden where it should be brought.

The cloister-curfew bids all sounds to cease:
When naught disturbs the quiet, hallowed air,
Beneath the glimmering watch-light in sweet
prayer

All strife is conquered by the Prince of Peace.

The burdens brought, all vanish at a touch
Of His pierced Hand; all is forgotten now;
Over His sacred Feet I meekly bow
In reverence, like her who loved Him much.

This is my night-watch: ways the Saviour trod
Come to my mental vision, then a calm
Steals o'er my soul, a gentle, healing balm.
The rest a secret is 'twixt me and God.

The new life I have planned for myself pend-
ing the termination of the war must be one of
beneficent activity. I must *get out of myself* and
go about doing good like the Master I am learn-
ing to know at last. He wants us to have life and
to have it more abundantly, and it is this abun-
dance that must replace my narrowness here-
tofore.

You have heard of dad's decision to keep the
Dreartown property for a summer residence
only, convinced at last that it has neither educa-
tional nor social advantages for growing boys and
girls. The removal to Grandscope gives me the
opportunity of carrying out my design. There
are plenty of philanthropic and charitable enter-
prises calling for *workers* and I mean to be one
of these. Personal joys and sorrows and inter-
ests are to be submerged until universal sympathy
has so filled my soul that I can re-echo St. Paul's
words and say: "I live now not I but Christ liv-
eth in me," and His charity presses me and urges
me on to the spiritual and corporal works of
mercy. I realize for the first time the full mean-
ing of Browning's words:

"Oh, the wild joy of living!

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit
to employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses forever
in joy!

I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime,
and all was for best."

I believe with Carlyle that "it is only with renunciation that life properly speaking begins." I shall thus continue to be an *extra-mural* student and will study life beyond the solid comforts found within our domestic walls. Some day Reginald will return, if God has destined us for each other and then Duty will assume another form, but whatever happens now, my happiness is secure for my *summum bonum* is God's holy will. I have said my life's rosary, bead by bead—the dream period was all joyful mystery, the real was sorrowful, the ideal is glorious!

Lovingly yours,

MARGARET G. HARCOURT.

Literary Criticism.

"Tell me what you admire and love, and I will tell you what you are."

CRITICISM in Literature is the expression of personal appreciation. Since Literature is the expression of human loves, hopes, fears,—of man's thoughts, emotions and aspirations, he who reads a literary work, and who "thinks and feels" while he reads, is stirred by the recital of whatever interprets his own sentiments, or records his own experiences. If we accept the statement of Sir Arthur Helps, viz., that, "A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social intercourse," we readily agree with Newman that, "there are many forms of virtue and wisdom." The same principle which underlies the varied attitudes of individuals towards each other in social intercourse should, it seems to me, explain the attitude of the critic towards the thoughts of other minds. He is attracted or repelled, as the case may be, by what responds to, or is opposed to, something within his own consciousness; hence, he must needs speak in terms of approval or of condemnation of what has impressed him. Therefore, when a critic gives expression to this attraction or repulsion awakened by the perusal of a literary work, he is merely giving expression to his *personal appreciation* of that work.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Literary expression is an art, and, like all other arts, is governed by principles. The enlightened

critic, by his knowledge of these principles and skill in their application, is qualified to pronounce upon the merits of literary effort, and thus to facilitate the work of the student of the art. Lacking the judgment of one who "understands and knows" the amateur in literary expression, is sure to produce faulty work, while the faults, not being recognized, are apt to become habitual. The student in Music or Painting, for example, could not be sure of the accuracy of his knowledge or the extent of his skill, without the criticism of his master, whose purpose is not merely to point out defects, but to recognize and encourage merits, until proficiency is secured. The same is true of the student who is striving to attain a good literary style. For my part, "If you aim at acquiring a good literary style, spend your days and nights in *writing*—under the direction of a critical Professor," appeals to me with much greater force than Dr. Johnson's advice to the literary aspirant, viz., that he "spend his days and nights in the study of Addison."

A.

Patriotic English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century.

FROM the earliest Anglo-Saxon times, the national life of England has been reflected in her literature, and her heroes have been celebrated in epic, ode and sonnet. In the few fragments which have been left us of Anglo-Saxon poetry, we find the deeds of the legendary Beowulf and the fights of Finnsburgh and Waldere described with Homeric power. In the Elizabethan Age, when English national life progressed by gigantic leaps, literature was inspired with the unbounded enthusiasm and patriotism which is expressed in the poetry of Shakespeare, Spenser and Sidney. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the youth of all Europe responded to the cry of the French Revolution for Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, there arose a group of poets whose patriotic enthusiasm suggests Elizabethan days. Like the Elizabethans, the poets of the Revolution saw the rising of a new sun and they dreamed of what would be when it reached its glorious meridian.

The Lake poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, at first threw themselves whole-heart-

edly into the revolutionary movement; but after the excesses of the "Reign of Terror," and later when Napoleon in his greed for glory began to crush the liberty of free countries, these young enthusiasts who adored the goddess of liberty and had even prayed for the defeat of English arms, now stepped to the front rank of English patriots. They realized at last that the real cause of Liberty was to be upheld by championing England's cause. In Coleridge's "Ode to Liberty" he endeavored to show that those who rallied round the flag did not forego the worship of Liberty, but only raised it to a higher plane.

It was the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon that aroused Wordsworth to the height of his genius in an appeal to his countrymen to unite in her defence, and called forth that series of sonnets dedicated to Liberty which are worthy of comparison with the noblest passages of patriotic verse which all our history has inspired. In one of these sonnets he proclaims that:

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held—in everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

A sense of the awful solemnity of the struggle with Napoleon is ever present with Wordsworth. He deeply felt what it was that makes the greatness of nations; in that extremity no man was more staunch than he,—no man more unvaryingly disdained unrighteous empire, or kept the might of moral forces more steadfastly in view. His sonnets on Spain and on "The Subjugation of Switzerland" voice the sympathy of England for the struggling nations of Europe.

Wordsworth was not blind to the faults of his own countrymen. Here and there throughout his sonnets there are strokes of stern reproof or scorn, but his trumpet-tongue sounds a different note in such poems as "To the Men of Kent" and "In the Pass of Killicrankie," when the poet ceases to chide and gives himself up to the militant patriotism of the hour.

The patriotic sentiment of both Coleridge and Wordsworth is inspired by an ardent love of their native soil. Coleridge realized that the white cliffs of Dover and the lone grandeur of the Cumbrian Mountains are the free heritage of Englishmen, and he speaks of "The divine,

the beauteous island which had been his only temple." In Wordsworth's glorious sonnet, "Fair Star of Evening, Splendour of the West," written at Calais, he breathes forth his intense love for his dear country while he lingers on a foreign shore and watches the evening star rise above her cliffs.

Unlike Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley—a worshipper of Liberty—absolute and unrestrained,—contemned the Constitution of his own country which had excited such universal veneration. In poetry of unmeasured vehemence, he denounced the government of England which he had held to be unmitigated tyranny. His spirit chafed at all restraint and he could not abide the least oppression. He attacked not only the political hierarchy of nobles and kings, but the whole structure of society. To him the world was a place of unthinkable woe, and he cried aloud: "I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed." With such a philosophy, one would imagine that Shelley could not be a patriot. But after all his invective against the institutions of his country, he can speak of her with pride and affection:

"Men of England, heirs of glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,"

is his invocation to his countrymen. Her great names are often on his lips,—*"Saxon Alfred's laurel-cinctured brow,"* *"Milton—the third amongst the sons of light";* *"Philip Sidney—Sublimely pure, a spirit without spot."* But these lines have not the fervour of Wordsworth's *"Star of My Country!"* To fight under England's flag would have been revolting to Shelley, for he hated fighting. Though we cannot give this poet a high place among English patriots, we have no hesitation in saying that he had in him the makings of a patriot.

Southey and Keats had a genuine love for their country,—her soil, her art, and her great men. Southey's patriotism shows itself in his desire to see England enlightened and reformed. Keats, in one of his early sonnets cries: *"With England's happiness, proclaim Europe's liberty."*

Even Byron, the fiery and violent revolutionary spirit, who joined with Shelley in his attempt to reform society, and who was an outcast from his country for his daring defiance of restraint, was capable of affection towards the land of his birth. This may be seen in his farewell poem *"My Native Land, Good-Night."* Even after

his exile, he could write such a description as that of the night before Waterloo, of the mustering of the highland regiments, and of the Ardennes weeping over the troops, which is surely not the work of one wholly cosmopolitan. The lines—

"Yet I was born where men were proud to be
Not without cause,"

prove that he had affection for the land which had cast him forth.

After the revolutionary sun had set and the Victorian era dawned upon English Literature, we find Tennyson, the most representative poet of the age, praising England for reconciling an expanding liberty with form and precedent,—

"A land of settled government,
A land of old and sure renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent."

Tennyson's patriotism kept pace with the growing empire of Great Britain. He was never in favour of the French Revolution—"the red fool-fury of the Seine." He never got beyond the shores of England; to him it seemed that

"There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be."

Tennyson gives us the words in which we think of the heroism of the British race when he sings of "The Battle of Brunanburgh," "The Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaclava, and "The Relief of Lucknow." The Duke of Wellington in reality and Arthur in legend, he took for his pattern Englishmen. His funeral Ode on Wellington stands alone among English elegiac odes. The character of Wellington will remain enshrined in his verse surpassed only by the portrait of the good King Arthur, which embodies all Tennyson's conception of heroism. Arthur, betrayed by his kinsmen, with his Round Table well-nigh dissolved, and his whole life's work undone, preparing to ride to his last battle in the west and to perform his last duty to his kinsmen, is Tennyson's ideal of noble manhood. But Tennyson's love of the past did not obscure his vision of the future. His last and fairest vision was that of

"One imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!"

In striking contrast to the poetry of Tennyson, is that of Browning, who was essentially un-English in his choice of subject for the greater part of his work. But Browning's patriotism is robust and unquestioned. He has left us a few short lyrics, the keynote of which is his love for his native land. In "Home Thoughts from the Sea" he pictures Gibraltar, Cadiz, St. Vincent, and Trafalgar as monuments of England's greatness. In "Home Thoughts from Abroad" and "An Englishman in Italy," he longs to be in England at the dawn of spring.

We now turn from the patriotic lyric to martial song. Poetry which breathes a spirit of war and sings of battle and bloodshed and victory, of whistling bullet and roaring cannon, has always made an appeal to the popular heart and to the nature of the average soldier. The two war-songs of Thomas Campbell, "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic," are, for stirring patriotism, unequalled in our language. Campbell speaks of the union of the Thistle, the Shamrock, and the Rose; and in vigorous verse he appeals to his fellow-freemen not to be enslaved by a foreign tyrant.

In the later nineteenth century we have an interesting patriotic poet in Rudyard Kipling, whose stirring war-songs are charged with national sentiment. In his "Barrack-Room Ballads", "Five Nations," and "Seven Seas," he appeals in realistic language to the martial and soldierly instinct.

In such lessons as the patriotic poets teach, there is little that is absolutely novel. We were already aware that the true strength of a nation is moral and not material, and that the true man should face death itself rather than parley with dishonour. These truths are admitted in all ages, but there are few who can so put them forth in speech as to bring them home with a fresh conviction and an added glow. And if the poet, by strong concentration of thought, can leave us in a few pages, as it were, a summary of patriotism, a manual of national honour, he surely has his place among his country's benefactors.

TERESA O'RIELLY, B. A., '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Swift as a Satirist.

SATIRE is a form of literature, in which the author uses the store of wit, sarcasm and invective at his command to criticise life, literature and manners. Satire then is an outcome of intelligence and mental ability, not of imagination or fancy and when combined with a creative faculty like that of Jonathan Swift, is ironic and subtle in the extreme.

The age of Swift was one of argument and criticism to which his dexterous pen gave fitting expression. As for his life, it was one of disappointment and in consequence there is a note of bitterness and resentment pervading his writings. This pessimism developed into a gigantic scorn for the whole race of men and distorted his views of human life. Hence satire was the form of writing that responded most readily to his pen and he used that literary weapon aptly against society which to him was the embodiment of flattery and hypocrisy.

His satire is grave, calculative, biting and without parallel in literature. Every sentence is a keen knife that stabs to the heart with its unscrupulous sarcasm and vituperation. Swift never writes for writing's sake, but often as in the case of "Gulliver's Travels" to "vex the world." If he labours to make anything ridiculous it is because it is odious to him and he would have it extirpated. Swift once said of himself,

"His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct."

This is indeed true for he hesitated at no theme however sacred, or no personage however exalted if he thought there was need of a change.

Addison's satire is marked by a polite, refined malice while in contrast that of Swift is stamped by his own proud, aggressive spirit. Although English literature claims numerous satirists, none are as ferocious and vindictive as Swift who thought the more thunderous blows were the most effectual. Crashaw says of him: "It is the terrible sarcasm of a tremendous genius made mad by his own pride and rage and disappointment," and of his *satire* he says: "Swift carried satire to the extreme of coarse vituperation and even penned some of the most disgusting passages in English." To see the veracity of these statements one has but to read "Gulliver's Travels" wherein Swift becomes almost fiendish

in his contempt and denunciation of his own race.

The "Tale of a Tub" is an allegorical satire in which underneath the sharp sting of irreverence lie the essentials of good prose and more correct prose than had yet been produced in English. The extraordinary force of his satire consists in its simplicity in apparently setting forth plain, prosaic, logical truths. Emerson says he describes some of his "fictitious persons as if for the police," and it is this very inventive art that renders his sarcasm so vehement, so pungent and so consuming. His satire had not the delicacy of Addison nor the philosophic undertone of some of Shakespeare's coarse poems but there was in it a lasting sting that no other writer, ancient or modern, had ever effected.

Although readers are attracted by the directness and vigour of the works of Swift, the greatest satirist of English literature, yet the predominant sentiment aroused by the outpourings of his troubled heart is a profound pity for his embittered life and the tragic silence of his miserable end.

AILEEN KELLY, '17.

The Use of Prose and Metre in Dramatic Literature.

THE difference in quality in dramatic compositions, aside from the artistic merits of the author, can be largely attributed to the more or less successful application of prose and metre. Although the dramas of one period are quite distinct from those of another in spirit and theme, according to the tastes of the age, yet these two factors count for much in the composition on the whole.

Prose flows along more rapidly, more easily, and in many respects more dramatically than verse. It is easier in it to discriminate the different characters; it gives to humorous passages a spirit which is difficult to verse; it admits of stronger contrasts, greater disquiet, and more violent movement. But these advantages are counterbalanced by the exalted mood of the hearer which verse produces and maintains. Verse also elevates the characters. The hearer is kept alive to the fact that he is in the presence of a work of art which bears him away from reality. The limitation which it places on discus-

sion and sometimes on the brevity and incisiveness of the expression, is no very perceptible loss. In poetical representations, "the sharpness and fineness of proof-processes" are not so important as the brilliance of imaginative expression, of simile and antithesis, which verse favors. Feeling and vision are raised above reality in the rhythmic ring of verse; and these advantages are very serviceable especially to subjects from modern times; for in these, exaltation above the common frame of mind of every-day life, is most necessary.

Lyly's great service to dramatic literature lies in the fact, that although he was not actually the first English author who wrote plays in prose, he was the first to set the example of dramatic prose which was "enjoyable and effective." Plays in prose were no actual innovation on the English stage at the time of the production of Lyly's earliest comedy; for Gascoigne's "Supposes" and the "Famous Victories of Henry V.," the latter of which is partly written in prose, had been previously presented. But these were merely incidental productions, and cannot be held to interfere with Lyly's claim of having domesticated prose in English comedy.

The drama owes an inestimable debt to Marlowe, whose example gave to blank verse its not "unassailed but unassailable" position as the chosen metre of English drama. Attempts had been made repeatedly in the same metre but it was Marlowe who first gained for blank verse the sovereignty which it has since retained among English dramatic metres. He established this commanding position, not only for blank verse but for the kind of blank verse of which he alone was the originator. Brief as was his career, it was long enough to demonstrate the flexibility as well as the force of his chosen metre, and to establish its ascendancy among the whole body of dramatists contemporary with him.

Shakespeare, like his contemporaries, was influenced by Lyly's prose but he employed it only to a limited extent. The most notable examples of its use in his works are three: the speech of clowns and their fellows, which in phraseology and construction is the speech of the people; secondly, in scenes where information concerning the situation is to be given to the audience or where a specially solemn or ceremonious tone is required; thirdly, humorous prose as spoken

though not exclusively, by personages of superior rank or importance—the prose of high comedy as it has been called. None of his Elizabethan contemporaries approached him in the combination of elegance, lightness and point—an example of which is the wit-combats in "Much Ado About Nothing."

In the earlier plays—especially in "Love's Labour's Lost"—Shakespeare's art as a versifier is still far from self-possessed; in the later—such as the Roman plays—the laws of metre are in some points relaxed with lofty license. The practice of accommodating versification to syntax—stopping the line with the sentence or clause—he derived from the example of Marlowe; but Marlowe himself in his later dramas, although not to the same extent as Shakespeare in his, abandoned the rigid adherence to this usage. When Shakespeare began to write, the employment of rhyme was not so much in vogue, but his strong lyrical bent inspired him to use it, especially in the plays with a decidedly lyrical element in their composition, such as "Romeo and Juliet." That the verse of Shakespeare's dramas remains as a whole unrivalled is due to the spontaneous flow of his poetic inspiration. He cannot be said to have discovered, but he certainly exemplified with a fulness unequalled if not unapproached, the pliancy of the chosen metre of English drama.

Dryden set the fashion of writing plays in rhyme, after the French custom. He said that rhyme as "that which most regulates the fancy, and gives the judgment its busiest employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest thoughts." He thought that dramatic rhyme might give dignity and propriety to the licentious tragedy of the day.

His purpose in writing the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" was to defend rhyme in the drama and particularly in tragedy. He considers blank verse "too low for a poem, and if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for a tragedy," which he holds to be the noblest expression of human emotion. He excludes prose entirely from dramatic composition and gives reasons to prove that rhyme is a natural form for the expression of the highest sentiment. To the objection that sudden thought would not take the outward form of rhyme he answers that "verse 'tis true, is not the effect of sudden thought, but

this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in verse since those thoughts are such as must be higher than nature can raise them without premeditation, especially to continuance of them, even out of verse; consequently you cannot imagine them to have been sudden either in the poet or in the actors."

Although Dryden himself afterwards reverted to blank verse, yet the rhymed couplet was the form most commonly employed by him and his contemporaries. But the eighteenth century drama has not been accorded a very high place in literature. The stately dignified sweep of this measure makes blank verse peculiarly adapted to the dignity of drama, while rhyme seems too harmonious and sportive for the elevated drama no matter how well it may be modified from one line to another by a rapid transition of voice.

CLAIRE SMYTH, '17.

* * * *

The Summons.

The dreary evening of a dreary day,
And I had sought, as oftentimes before,
The cheer that flickered from the tiny flame,
Before the Holy Door.

He was within, Who could alone uplift
The cloud, that hovered over me that day,
And yet, haply for some default of mine,
He seemed long leagues away.

Silent I knelt; when in the room there walked
A sturdy little lad, who tramped the aisle
Nor paused until he reached the rail, and stood,
In military style.

There, with his eyes upraised, two globes of light,
Blue as the noon-day sky undimmed by cloud,
Three times the Holy Name of Jesus called,
First low and then aloud.

A pause, a bow, and then he turned to go,
While I, as yet unnoticed, from my place
Looked up, and caught the shadow of a smile
Upon his baby face.

* * * *

I seemed to hear the whirr of Angels' wings,
So vivid was their presence in the room;
Their pathway, the long shafts of amber light
That shot across the gloom.

"Jesus!" the magic of that childlike prayer!

Oh, let it on my callous spirit fall!

Teach me to woo Thee by my littleness,

And hearken when I call!

C. A. C.

* * * *

Realism in French Literature—Its Evolution and Doctrine.

REALISM, like most literary movements, is in its earliest stages, at once an evolution and a reaction—a growth of the past and a revolt against the present. The realistic movement of the Nineteenth Century viewed from one aspect was the gradual development of certain forces and tendencies in thought, latent, perhaps, during the early part of the century, but existent even in the distant past; viewed from another aspect it was the reaction against the Romantic spirit which dominated the first half of the century—the backward swing of the pendulum, inevitable when Romanticism had reached its greatest distance.

Realism, in so far as it may be defined as absolute fidelity to naked truth, had its beginning in the earliest Tableaux of the Middle Ages. This same strain of realism still survived, to some extent in the great masters of the Seventeenth Century, in Corneille, Racine and Molière, though combined with it we find all the brilliancy of rhetorical art. Realism, under its aspect of analysis and criticism, is the predominant note among the writers of the following century. It manifested itself in the prose of Voltaire, the production of the "Philosophers," and especially in the *L'Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu.

With the birth of the Romantic Movement in 1830 the realistic ideals disappeared from view, for the time being, but even in their seclusion they were gathering strength. The impulse of Romanticism had immeasurably widened the choice of literary subjects and immeasurably broadened the scope of language. The world of Nature, the world of social problems, and all the living forces of actual life were brought under the pen of the Romantic writers. But the authors of this school were essentially rhetorical in their treatment of subjects, and rhetoric was a medium little suited to do justice to this mass of new material.

Here, then, arose the need of the methods of Realism—the analytic and critical faculty, the

attention to details, the absolute fidelity to actual conditions which distinguished the realistic treatment of subjects. And with the need came the man. Stendhal was the first to produce a novel—*Le Rouge et Le Noir*—in which an accurate detailed examination of actual life is set forth in plain and unimpassioned style. French fiction has since developed largely along the lines indicated in this work, but while Stendhal is important as the first pioneer in the work of developing realistic fiction his services are overshadowed by those of Balzac.

Though Balzac cannot, perhaps, be styled a pure realist, since he exhibited many traits of the Romantic school, yet he possessed a wonderful sense of the real. His *La Comédie Humaine*, in spite of many faults and absurdities, presents a picture of the France of his day, in every phase of the life, such as can be found in no other series of novels. They have served in a greater or lesser degree as models for all succeeding novelists of the Realistic School. Balzac, being half a Romanticist and half a Realist, formed as it were the link between the old school and the new. His real service to the cause was this, that he evolved a new Realism. The Realism of the classical writers was chiefly psychological in its nature. It gave an analysis of the character of a few leading personages, nothing more. Balzac, on the contrary, made little use of psychological insight, but instead he showed the immense significance of all the prosaic details of every-day life in furnishing material for the novel; and that to him who has eyes to see, tragedy and comedy lurk everywhere, waiting the pencil of the artist. Not only did he indicate the material, which had been done to a certain extent by the Romanticists, but he showed how to use it. Into his mass of detail he infused the very spirit of life. The people of his novels seem to be endowed with life, and the places he describes to have actual existence. His successors were not slow in adopting the principles, which he had practised rather than taught. Thus, it was due mainly to the influence of Balzac that it was in the domain of prose fiction that the cause of Realism advanced most rapidly. After 1850, the date of Balzac's death, though Hugo continued to write, the ideals of the Romantic School ceased to dominate French literature.

Meantime, in England, the realistic spirit had been developing in the same field of literature.

Thackeray and Dickens displayed in their masterpieces a sense of the real, as strong, and a view as practical as that of Balzac, but they betrayed too much sensibility, too much passion, to be ranked as disciples of the Realistic School proper. On the other hand, George Eliot, with her wonderful psychological insight, foreshadowed another phase of Realism. But again, George Eliot was too much a moralist ever to be styled a realist, and too sympathetic to confine herself to a purely objective treatment of her subject. All three, with Balzac, belong to the transition stage.

While Realism was thus gradually taking form and shape many forces were combining in revolt against the Romantic ideals; and this revolt gave impetus to the new movement. Even the very doctrine of Romanticism tended to this end. It proclaimed that there were no fixed rules governing literary art, that literature must develop and progress experimentally like science, and thus reflect the spirit of its age. Therefore, that the Romantic School should serve as a stepping stone to a new structure was inevitable. But the struggle against Romanticism was carried on in other fields than those of literature. The advance of Sense Realism in philosophy, of scepticism in religion, and of evolution in science, all tended to combat the principles of Romanticism and to establish those of Realism.

To understand how this was accomplished we must review the character of the Romantic school. The distinctive traits of Romanticism were imagination and sensibility; and as its outward guise was essentially rhetorical, so its inner spirit was essentially subjective and personal. The Romantic Author gained his truths by introspection. His revelations are his own impressions of life. To him, then, the individual, the *ego* is the measure of all things. Now this doctrine was vehemently refuted by Auguste Comte in his philosophic system, known as Positivism, which appeared about the middle of the century, and began to take firm hold of men's minds. He claimed that sense experience is the only object and the supreme criterion of knowledge, that true psychology and true knowledge of life are to be learned, not from the study of ourselves, but from the study of what is outside and around us, of history and society. He denied also, the existence of God and took Humanity as the object of his cult.

Thus, while Positivism in philosophy was attacking the principles of Romanticism and formulating the doctrine of Realism, Positivism, in religion, was laying waste the spiritual and mystical element in literature, to make way for the real and materialistic. About the same time Darwin's *Origin of the Species* appeared in England, and affected powerfully the current of thought everywhere. It gave a great impulse to natural history study, and through it to naturalistic or realistic ideas in art and criticism. Meantime the discoveries in science professed to strengthen the claims of objective certitude. Everywhere the theory of the *real* was dominating that of the *ideal*. Thus, gradually amid all these separate but converging forces, the destruction of Romanticism and the evolution of Realism was accomplished. The new movement set up at once a new ideal to replace the old. Its apostles began to formulate its doctrines and to revolutionize literary expression in every department of thought.

The age of Realism was essentially an age of criticism, of observation; and just as poetry lent itself most readily to the expression of Romanticism, so prose became the favorite medium of Realism, and the successor of Balzac in fiction became the great expositor of the new school. In his novels, Flaubert accomplished what Balzac had outlined—the suppression of the exaggeration, the unreality, and the rhetoric, in the realm of fiction. Flaubert possessed as strong a sense of the real as Balzac, as great a love of detail, and as penetrating an observation, and he surpassed his great predecessor in his critical sense. His work shows method, system, and regularity.

In *Madame Bovary*, Flaubert delineates the theories of Realism which give it its consistency, solidity, and unity. Art, according to Flaubert, consists in representations. Nature and history are the models lying before the artist for imitation; therefore, he should employ all the resources of art to reproduce those with strict fidelity to truth. But to do this successfully he must eliminate self from his work. He must abstract his own views from the reality he is painting. Originality must consist in delineating things which before then had passed unperceived. Again, so that his work may have solidity as well as unity, the artist must represent the permanent and durable, not the accidental, characteristics of the object he is depicting. Thus, he will create

types. Lastly, to accomplish all this most effectually, the style, the manner of expression, must be perfect in itself, simple and harmonious, "with the rhythm of verse and the precision of science." Briefly, then, the subjects of Realism must be those of actual life, those subjects must be depicted with absolute fidelity to existing reality, and in such a way that life in its eternal aspect is revealed, the production must be altogether impersonal, and the style must accord with the matter.

But as the early age of Realism was above all an age of Criticism, realistic theories find perhaps their strongest expression in the realm of literary criticism. It is hardly too much to say that Sainte Beuve, though in many respects a Romanticist, yet to a certain extent reconstructed this art on Realistic principles. Previous to the Realistic Movement literary criticism consisted merely in the expression of personal opinion—the method of Johnson; or in an attempt to judge the merits of an author according to his conformity with a fixed set of rules—the method of Boileau. Sainte Beuve first enunciated the realistic theory that the critic's most important duty was not to judge but to understand. Thus, he must first make a careful and patient examination of all the facts bearing on the author's temperament and environment; then, thus enlightened, he must seek to interpret to the public what the author thought, not what he thought in reading the author. Taine made a further advance on this theory by taking as a working hypothesis that every author is the expression of the race, the environment, and the moment.

In poetry Leconte de Lisle may be considered as the exponent of Realism. The lyricism of the first half of the century could not live in the atmosphere of the Realistic School. The "moi" of the lyricists was submerged in the "non-moi" of the Realists. The polished, restrained, and impersonal poetry of de Lisle thus voices the sentiments of Realism. The poet, in his estimation, should look on human things as a god might look on them from the heights of Olympus, should reflect them unconcernedly, and, maintaining absolute indifference himself, should endow them with form, that higher kind of life. It was de Lisle, also, who advocated the close union, or even identification of art and science. And this closer union has added another axiom to the number of realistic principles, viz., that an artist

must be absolutely indifferent to whatever is not art or science. His attitude towards his work must be identical with that of the scientist; he notes a fact but he does not pass judgment on it.

But as those early apostles of Realism passed away, towards the close of the century, the movement entered upon a new phase. The original theories laid down by the earlier exponents became more or less diversified, according to the temperament and environment of the writer. Thus, M. Zola, following Balzac, takes for his realistic formula that all men are animals, that the social world corresponds to the zoological world. His productions portray merely the coarse realism of Balzac at his worst. In Maupassant, a disciple rather of Flaubert, is revealed all the impersonal art of his master. He observes closely, and his scenes are vivid and true to life, but he does not create types. Again, there are others in whom the psychological insight is the leading characteristic, such as Paul Bourget, and from his pen we have the psychological element of Realism manifested, in novels whose refined tone is in striking contrast to the coarse realism of some of his predecessors.

If the drama did not adopt realistic theories at as early a date as other departments of literature, at least it adopted them more thoroughly, and held to them more strongly.

In France, Augier, Sardou and Dumas were the first dramatists to exhibit realistic tendencies, and even they inclined somewhat to Romanticism. The Realism of their drama, as voiced by Dumas, differed to some extent from the realistic theories advanced by Flaubert and de Lisle. The Realism of Dumas consisted in the representation of what he himself had observed—contemporary manners. He held "form" of little account and considered the impersonal attitude of the writer negligible. Indeed, he declared it the special province of the dramatist to moralize and to discuss problems. The problem play of to-day was foreshadowed in the drama of Dumas.

Those, then were the ideals which dominated the drama both in England and France until the last decade of the 19th. Century. Not until the influence of Ibsen became paramount did the dramatists begin to lay down laws which, to a greater or less degree, govern all writers of modern drama. The first principle advanced was that the dramatic writer must select for his sub-

ject contemporary and vital problems; the second, that he must neither exaggerate nor idealize his characters, but paint them true to life, as the realist sees life; the third, that following psychological principles in the development of the plot, the denouement must be brought about through the natural consequences of the acts of the personages, and the mediums of accident and coincidence sparingly used. Finally, that all romance and sentiment must be eliminated, because romance plays but a small part in actual life; and details, formerly left to the imagination of the audience, must be portrayed on the stage. Pinero, the English dramatist, is perhaps the best exponent of this realistic drama.

This brings the history of Realism down to the present day, for, as yet, its theories, in a more or less diversified form, dominate the literary world. It seems a far cry from the Tableaux of the Middle Ages to the latest drama of Ibsen or Bernard Shaw, but the common chord which unites them is their claim to give testimony to the truth, pure and undefiled; and a glorious claim this would be if Pilate's famous question had ever been satisfactorily answered, at least, in the realm of Art.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

* * * *

The Siege of Berlin, 1870.

(From the French of Daudet.)

WE were walking up the Champs Elysées, —Doctor V. and I,—reading the story of the siege of Paris in the walls pierced by shells and the sidewalks broken by grape-shot. Just before we came to the Place de l'Etoile, the doctor stopped and pointed out to me one of those large corner houses so pompously grouped around the Arch of Triumph. "Do you see," he asked me, "those four closed windows up there over that balcony? In the beginning of August, that terrible month of August of last year, heavy with storms and disasters, I was called there to attend a case of sudden apoplexy. It was the home of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the first Empire, an old enthusiastic patriot, who in the beginning of the war had come to reside there in the Champs-Elysées. Can you guess why? To assist at the triumphal return of our troops. Poor old man!

The news of Wissembourg came to him as he was leaving the dinner table and reading the name of Napoleon at the end of this bulletin of defeat he had fallen paralyzed.

I found the old curiassier extended full length on the floor, his face bloody and inert as if he had been struck on the head by a club. He was unusually tall and his beautiful features, handsome teeth, and curly white hair, all made him look sixty rather than eighty years of age. Beside him on her knees was his little granddaughter, weeping. She resembled him very much. To see them one beside the other would make you think of two beautiful Greek medals struck from the same die, only one was old, used, and a little effaced in contour, while the other was bright and fresh, in all the brilliancy of a new stamp.

The sorrow of this child touched me. Daughter and granddaughter of a soldier, her father was on the staff of MacMahon and the picture of this tall, old man stretched out before her, called into her mind another picture, not less terrible. I reassured her as best I could, but deep in my heart I held but little hope. We had to deal with a bad case of complete paralysis of one side. For three whole days the sick man remained in the same state of motionless stupor. . . . Meanwhile the news of Reichshoffen reached Paris. You recall in what a strange manner. Until evening we believed it was a great victory, twenty thousand Prussians killed, the Crown Prince prisoner. . . . I do not know by what miracle, what magnetic current, an echo of this national joy, found its way to our poor deaf-mute even in the vague state of his paralysis; still that evening on approaching his bed I no longer found the same man. His eye was almost clear, and his tongue was less thick. He had the strength to smile at me and to stammer twice: *Vi-c-to-ry*. Yes, Colonel, a great victory. . . . And as I gave him the details about the great success of MacMahon, I saw his features relax, his face brighten. . . .

When I left, the young girl was waiting for me at the door—pale and ready to sob. "He is saved!" I said to her, taking hold of her hands. The unhappy child had scarcely courage to answer me. The true news about Reichshoffen had just been posted, MacMahon in flight, the whole army crushed. . . . We looked at each other in consternation. She was full of grief at

the thought of her father. I trembled for the old man. Certainly, he would not withstand this new shock. What were we to do? . . . Leave him his joy, the illusions that had caused his revival! But then we would have to make up stories. "I will do that!" said the heroic girl, quickly drying her tears, and full of smiles she went back into her grandfather's bedroom.

It was a difficult task that she had undertaken. Still we managed well for the first days. The good Colonel's head was heavy and he let himself be deceived like a child. But with increasing health his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him in touch with the movements of the army, and draw up military bulletins for him. It was pitiful to see this beautiful child bending night and day over the map of Germany, striving to make out a glorious campaign; Bazaine in Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon in the Baltic. She asked my advice about everything, and I assisted her as much as I could, but it was the grandfather who assisted us most of all in this imaginary invasion.

He had conquered the Germans many times during the first Empire! He knew all the manoeuvres. Now this is where they will go next. . . . Here is what they will do. . . . and his prophecies were always realized, a fact which did not fail to make him very proud.

But unfortunately, no matter how many cities we took, and how many victories we won, we were never quick enough for him. He was insatiable, this old man! . . . Every day when I called I learned of a new military exploit:

"Doctor, we have taken Mayence," the girl said to me standing before me, a heart-rending smile on her countenance, and from inside the door a joyous voice cried out to me: "Bravo! Let us keep on! . . . In eight days we shall enter Berlin!"

At that very moment the Prussians were not more than eight days' march from Paris. . . . At first we questioned whether it would not be better to move him into the country, but once outside of the house, he would learn the condition of France, and I found him still too feeble and benumbed from his great shock to let him know the truth. So we decided to remain.

The first day of the siege I went to their home—how clearly I recall it—sharing with all Parisians that anguish of heart caused by the closed gates, the battle under our walls, and our sub-

urbs turned into frontiers. I found the good man sitting on his bed jubilant and proud.

"Well," he said to me, "they have already commenced the siege." I looked at him in astonishment. "What, Colonel, you know. . . ." His granddaughter turned to me:

"Yes, doctor. . . . It is grand news. The siege of Berlin has begun." She said this as she drew her needle through her work with so composed and so tranquil an air. . . . How could he possibly suspect anything! He could not hear the cannon from the forts. He could not see the unfortunate Paris, sinister and agitated. What he saw from his bed was one side of the Arch of Triumph, and in his room all around him, only the bric-a-brac of the first Empire well arranged to entertain his illusions. There were portraits of marshals, engravings of battles . . . the king of Rome, as an infant; also large, rigid brackets decorated with copper trophies, laden with imperial reliques, medals, bronzes, a rock from St. Helena under the globe, miniatures representing a curled, bright-eyed lady in ball dress, a yellow robe with leg-of-mutton sleeves and that awkward stiffness which was the grace of 1806. . . . Brave Colonel! It was the atmosphere of victory and of conquest more than all else that we could tell him, that made him believe so simply in the siege of Berlin.

From that day our military operations became quite simple. The taking of Berlin was only a matter of patience. Whenever the old gentleman would find time hanging heavy on his hands we would read him a letter from his son, an imaginary letter of course, since nothing more had been coming into Paris and MacMahon's aide-de-camp had been confined in a German fortress since the time of Sedan. You may imagine the despair of the poor child, without news of her father, knowing that he was a prisoner, in want, and sick perhaps, and yet having to read joyous letters supposedly from him, short as a soldier in a campaign would write when he is continually advancing into the conquered country. Sometimes strength would fail her and we would remain for some weeks without news. But the old gentleman would become restless, and be no longer able to sleep. Then a letter would have to come from Germany and, keeping back her tears, she would come gaily to his bedside and read it to him. The Colonel would listen religiously, would smile with a knowing air, would

approve, criticise, and explain to us the confused passages. But where he was especially fine was in the replies that he would send to his son: "Never forget that you are a Frenchman," he would say to him. "Be generous to those poor men. Do not make the invasion too hard on them." And there were also admirable instructions regarding propriety, the politeness which we owe to ladies, and a true code of military honor for the use of conquerors, also some general considerations on politics, and the conditions of peace to be imposed upon the conquered. Thereupon, I must say, he was not exacting: "The indemnity of war, and nothing further. . . . For what good would it be to take their provinces? Do you think that we could make France out of a piece of Germany?"

He spoke in a firm voice, and one felt such frankness in his words, and such a beautiful patriotic faith, that our hearts were stirred involuntarily.

During this time the siege was continually advancing, but alas, not that of Berlin! . . . It was the time of great cold, of bombardment, of epidemics, of famine. But thanks to our cares, our efforts, and the indefatigable tenderness which increased around him, the serenity of the old gentleman was not for an instant troubled. Until the end I was able to procure white bread and fresh meat for him. There was only enough for him, however, and you could imagine nothing more touching than these breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently selfish—the old gentleman in his bed, joyous and smiling, with his napkin under his chin, near him his granddaughter, rather pale on account of privations, guiding his hands, making him drink, and helping him eat all those forbidden good things. Then animated by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, with the wind of winter outside, and the snow whirling by his windows, the old cuirassier would recall his campaigns in the north and for the hundredth time would tell us about the terrible retreat of Russia where they had nothing to eat except frozen biscuit and horse meat. "Can you understand that, little one? We ate horse meat!"

Indeed, I believe she understood it. For two months she had eaten nothing else. From day to day, however, as the time of convalescence drew near our task became more difficult. The lethargy of all his senses, of all his members

which had served us so well until then, began to disappear. Two or three times already the terrible volleys at the port of Maillot had made him start up and listen attentively like a hunting-dog; we were obliged to invent a last victory of Bazaine at Berlin and in honor of this salutes fired at "Les Invalides." Another day when we had pushed his bed near the window—it was, I believe, the Thursday of Buzeval—he saw very clearly some national guards who had gathered together on the avenue of "La Grande Armée." "Whatever are those troops doing there?" asked the good man and we heard him muttering between his teeth: "Very poor appearance! Very poor appearance!" That was all, but we understood that henceforth we must take greater precautions. Unfortunately we did not take enough.

One evening when I arrived the child came to me quite anxiously: "They are going to enter to-morrow!" she said to me.

Could the grandfather's door have been open? The fact is that since then, in thinking about it, I remember that he had an extraordinary expression that evening. It is probable that he had heard us. Only we were speaking of the Prussians and the good man thought of the French and of the triumphal entry which he had been expecting for some time: MacMahon descending the avenue in the midst of flowers and of trumpets, his own son at the side of the marshal and the old gentleman himself on his balcony in full dress as at Lutzen, saluting the riddled flags and the eagles black with powder.

Poor Colonel Jouve! Doubtless he imagined that we wanted to keep him from assisting at the return of our troops, in order to save him the great excitement. He took care to speak to no one; but the next day at the very hour when the Prussian battalions were timidly defiling on the long path which leads from the port of Maillot to the Tuileries, the window up there gently opened and the Colonel appeared on the balcony with his helmet, his large cavalry sword, all the glorious regalia of an old cuirassier of Milhaud. I still cannot understand the effort of will, the return of life that had enabled him to arise and to put on his uniform. This much is certain that there he was standing behind the railing, astonished to find the avenues so large and so silent, the shutters of the houses closed, Paris sinister like a great hospital, everywhere flags but such

strange ones, all white with red crosses, and no one to escort our soldiers.

For a moment he thought that he was deceived—

But no! Over there behind the Arc of Triumph there was a confused noise, a black line which was advancing in the rising day. Then little by little the tops of the helmets shone, the little drummers of Jena began to beat and rhythmical with the heavy steps of the sections and with the sound of the swords, resounded the triumphal march of Schubert.

Then, in the gloomy silence of the square we heard a cry, a terrible cry—"To arms! To arms!—The Prussians!" And the four uhlans of the advance guard could see up there on the balcony a tall old man swaying, waving his arms, and then fall stiff. This time Colonel Jouve was indeed dead.

17 FRENCH CLASS.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

* * * *

Past, Present and Future.

"The mountain looks on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

BUT Marathon is only a busy little Northern Ontario town lying between a dark, pine-clad hill, and a silvery, sparkling lake, like the fleeting Present between the dark Past and the beautiful enchanting Future, and it drops into insignificance between the gloomy fascination of the one, and the ever-changing loveliness of the other.

My daily haunt was a school-house just on the brow of the hill, and I found myself very often gazing backward into those unexplored regions. The road leading over the hill had a suggestion of darkness and silence and mystery that was strangely alluring.

One summer evening I yielded to the spell. If I had been a child I think I should have expected soon to

"Come to the mouth of the dark lair,
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amid bones and blood."

But I understood now that it was only one of Nature's calls I had heard, or rather felt,—the silent call with which she loves to lure souls out

of the practical present into the wonderful world, dead, yet ever living, of the primeval past.

In a short time the noises of the town seemed to die away into infinite distance, and the pine-tops, standing out high and black against the clear grey-blue of the northern sky, might have been sentinels of Eternity. Only a hushed stir now and then broke the silence, like a mysterious whisper in Nature's own tongue.

At a turn in the road, a narrow lane led to a cemetery, where "the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes," waved over graves as quiet as that in Moab's land.

That half-hour had taken me a mental journey of centuries. As I turned back towards the town, and caught the first glimpse of the lake in the distance, I almost expected to hear the shouts of the wild Nipissings, welcoming Champlain and his dusky guides after their long journey into the unknown northern land. When Nature has few details to show, she fills the heart instead of the eye, and one forgets that there was so little to see.

Then the lake—but what one view of it could give even a suggestion of its charm and power? At first all that I saw daily was the bright sheet of water lying among purple-veiled hills, with green islands nestling on its bosom. Now and then the whispering Past behind me asked whether I could not see fierce wild faces if I were closer to the little canoes flying over the ripples, but the very modern little town at my feet was always the unspoken answer.

The real beauty of the lake lay in the mirrored glories of the sky. There is an indescribable coolness and clearness about northern sky-tints. There is no lavish wealth of color. The delicate hues seem to be Nature's special treasures, and she withdraws them so quietly, so tenderly, that it never seems as if they had died away in the sky, but rather as if the eye had gradually absorbed them, and sent them down into the heart.

One evening the long golden lines that lay across the water crept under the islands so that they seemed lifted up into the air, where they were bathed in a soft red-gold glow. I felt like a discoverer, not "like stout Cortez when with eagle eye he stared at the Pacific," but like Mirza, when the mist rolled away from the Elysian Islands beside the bridge, and his heart-drunk in their glories. I had found a beautiful

answer to the unspoken question in the poet's mind when he wrote—

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

* * * *

History of my Education.

"I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me."

—E. B. Browning.

AN education in which Intellect always followed the winged feet of Fancy is more like a journey through Fairyland than a series of well-ordered events. It does not adapt itself readily to the language of later years, when the "vision splendid" has become only a shadowy memory. I can only make an attempt, then, to give form to the successive mind-awakenings which stand out clearly from a dim background of childish experiences, and puzzle the mature mind as to why they alone are so vivid.

The earliest picture, the best, the one which shed its own glow upon all that followed, rose before my childish eyes the first time that I heard the whole life-story of the Incarnate God. It was divine Faith and tender Fancy opening the door of desire to sober Intellect. I knew, for the first time, why I had to learn to read, and every book became to my eyes a store of hidden treasures.

When some little companion, looking down upon me from the lofty heights of the Third Reader eminence, condescended to give me her reader for a quiet noon-hour, the every-day world faded from my eyes. I trembled as the rough hand of the "Black Douglas" fell upon the poor mother lulling her babe to rest; my heart swelled with pity at the fate of poor little Prince Arthur; my ear revelled in the charm of rhythm and rhyme as I followed the pathetic story of the "Soldier of the Legion."

The path of memory is quiet and obscure after that until the Fourth Reader programme brought history into my ken. A wild thrill comes even yet with the recollection of a dream I had during my first weeks of Canadian history. The plain little stone school-house had become a lonely, frowning fort, and from the familiar class-room

windows I gazed in terror upon a sea of hideous Iroquois, dancing and yelling, till the horrible warwhoop awakened me. My relief at finding myself safe in a quiet nineteenth-century bed taught me more sympathy with the early settlers of Canada than I could learn from Daulac des Ormeaux or little Madeleine de Verchères.

When the entrance examination had launched me into High School work, and I found myself at the Collegiate Institute, new wonders thronged into a mind where Imagination was still a crowned queen.

A few pages of Fasquelle's French Lessons sent me roaming among "thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France." "Plumes" and "livres" were not merely pens and books. They were symbols of a new mental power. To some minds possibilities are always more fascinating than capabilities. It may be a wrong principle to go through the educational journey on winged Pegasus, but it is only maturity that sits in judgment on methods. Youth gladly follows the beckoning fingers of temperament.

The next year brought algebra and geometry to balance these flights of fancy. Pegasus folded his wild wings while the mind, in contact with the absolute truths and satisfying proofs of mathematics, realized that it was brought to a goal, and enjoyed a quiet foretaste of the meaning of Eternity. Mathematics has none of the looking above and beyond, the vision of golden glory in the distance, that makes the study of literature and language like an Oriental traveller's first glimpse of the dazzling beauty of the distant white Damascus.

The milestone of that year was Ancient History. Again a vast door was thrown open, and I wandered in ancient halls filled with creatures of beauty and art impossible even to the Greeks—where Imagination was the marvellous artist.

It was the Punic Wars, however, that stirred more than imagination. How could I fail to recite my lesson faithfully when I had almost wept with the Carthaginians, and had heard their walls falling about them in hopeless ruin? I had not yet read the story of Regulus, or heard of the horrible Punic sacrifices to Moloch, facts which, later, rather balanced these strong youthful sympathies.

The third year brought me a teacher with whose sympathy I learned to love German in the

wonderful union of its rugged strength and delicate imagery. As a child I had never read Grimm. I preferred to make my own fairy-tales. But the childhood of a strong race spoke in "Aschenputtel" and "Schneeweiszen," and the grotesque originality of the "Glasmannlein" and "Hollander Michel" prepared my mind to understand later how this childlike imagery could twine itself about the sternest strength, as when the German mind raised itself above the miseries of civil strife to throw fierce Friedrich Rothbart in the old Thuringian cave, with the ravens ever flying around the mountain, and watched for him to come forth and free Germany in her hour of greatest need.

My mind had now opened up its faculties and unfolded its tastes, and was ready to listen, to understand, and to try to attune itself to the poet's message—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dense more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell on life's unresisting sea."

UNDERGRADUATE.
LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE. (M. Adrian O'Connor)
d. Apr. 25, 1919.

* * * *

The Soldier.

(From the Danish.)

To muffled drums we march today.
How far the cities—how long the way!
O would there were rest and the parting past,
That my heart in its anguish might break at last.

I loved him only 'neath God's blue sky.
'Tis he this day is condemned to die.
Clear rings the music—the bayonets shine—
And I am detailed for the firing line!

Sadly he gazes, one last sad glance,
Where all undimmed the sunbeams dance.
And now bind they his eyes—O friend,
God grant thee rest that cannot end!

Swift through the air nine bullets fly,
As swiftly eight go whizzing by.
Our souls cry out in the pain and smart—
Dear God—my bullet has pierced his heart!

M. C., '19.

An Odd Souvenir.

THE thought came to me as with rapt attention I watched the "divine" Sarah impersonating Marion, the heroine of the play, dexterously peeling potatoes just like any mortal Sarah. What became of those potato peelings after the play was finished? Of course, they looked just like the peelings from any other potatoes. But when I considered that they were peelings cut by the world-renowned Sarah Bernhardt they assumed a charm for me that they had never before possessed. I *must* have some of them. It might seem a strange request, I admitted, but if I got my peelings what else mattered? And surely it was a very modest request. Thereupon summing up my courage I bravely asked the usher how to secure my coveted peelings. With remarkable composure and courtesy he directed me to the head usher. Having found that gentleman after some difficulty, I proceeded to lay my humble request before him. He with becoming dignity advised me to see the stage-manager. I would find him behind the scenes, he said, if I went at once.

The fascination of possessing those potato peelings grew as each new difficulty presented itself. I must have them. Summoning my somewhat reluctant companions, who did not feel the same enthusiasm over potato peelings as I did, we sought the stage entrance.

Passing through the portals, we accosted the first person we met who, as we afterwards found out, was Sarah's maid. At our request she took us to the manager. Resolutely suppressing my sudden desire to flee when I found myself in his august presence, I calmly and earnestly pleaded my cause. At the close of my recital he burst into a hearty laugh, to my great relief. That sounded encouraging. "My friend," he said, "the potato peelings have just been thrown out." This was too much. I burst into tears. At this, the manager, who after all possessed a sympathetic heart, told me that the same play would be repeated next week and that if I 'phoned Madame Bernhardt's manager at the hotel he would probably have the peelings saved for me. Thanking him, we departed in haste for the nearest 'phone. After a little delay the manager answered the call. Strange as it may seem, he readily agreed to have the peelings saved and

told me to call for them at the box office of the theatre the following Thursday.

Accordingly when the time at length arrived I presented myself at the office with alternate thrills of fear and hope. I enquired for the parcel as directed and with suspended breath waited the result. Yes! a parcel had been left for me and eagerly I grasped the coveted prize. I hastily undid the fastenings. What I saw there surpassed all my wildest expectations. There were not only potato peelings but almost a whole potato and around that potato a sheet of Sarah's own note paper bearing her crest. In her own handwriting was a message which read, "*Voici la pomme de terre de Marion.*" "Here is Marion's potato."

My happiness was complete and for many days afterward I spent a great part of my time in blissful contemplation of the trophies of my persevering efforts. I now exhibit my beloved potato preserved in a glass jar with a brass plate bearing an inscription of the donor and the date. The autograph has been framed and is, as you may well imagine, one of my most cherished possessions.

M. L., '19.

* * * *

Hamilton and the War.

DURING this serious crisis in which the greater part of the world is involved, the British Empire is playing a great part; and her daughters have been quick to lend their helping hands to the many suffering from the tragedies of war.

In every corner of the great Dominion, Canadians have set to work with ready zeal. They have nobly responded to the call of the Mother Country, and the supreme sacrifice of their near and dear ones has been made. The call to arms vibrates throughout the land, for the freedom of a country is at stake, and with strange emotions we bid farewell to our khaki-clad boys with the grim visages.

Among the cities where the patriotic spirit holds sway is Hamilton. From the outbreak of the war the men, women and children have entwined their efforts, each one doing his and her part for Freedom's cause. Mothers and wives have parted with their sons and husbands that they might become his Majesty's servants. No less than five battalions are being formed in

Hamilton at present, and the recruiting officers are kept busy every day. Even our Mayor has donned the khaki uniform and is ready to render his services when called upon (and at the same time to give good example to the men of Hamilton).

Sympathy in a tangible form has already been shown to the families of our brave men who have fallen, or who are still fighting at the front. Here in Hamilton a public spirit of generosity has been aroused, and vast sums of money have been poured into the Patriotic Funds to meet the pressing needs of soldiers' families.

The women have formed different societies which have adopted the plan of making clothes for soldiers and for the families of our heroes lost in battle. Knitting is considered a requisite as well as a pastime for every woman and girl. Many men and women have readily donated their homes and grounds for garden parties, fêtes and meetings to raise funds for the soldiers. Others have given homes to be changed into hospitals for convalescing soldiers who have returned from the front. The Elizabeth Chapter has opened a consumptive sanitarium for soldiers who are suffering from those deadly German gases.

Large sums of money have been collected by the device of selling flags and tags, and the young ladies of the city diligently performed this good work, each one striving to emulate her fellow patriot, the treasuries of the societies were greatly increased.

Concerts and musicales have been held for the purpose of raising funds, and those possessing talents have offered this faculty by way of doing

their share towards making things comfortable for our soldier boys, especially those who are wounded. For it is money that makes the military hospital a kind and restful place, breathing no atmosphere of war, gentle with the presence of women, and bright, hopeful and stimulating, with all the delight of the doctors in the work of their science.

The school children have also been instrumental by taking part in the whirlwind campaign in which they collected paper and rags and brought them to the Red Cross storehouses. The ladies then sold them and a very large sum was realized. Besides this the boys who are not old enough to enlist are going to become little farmers of Canada and work in the fields during vacation months, thereby taking the places of eligible men.

Hamilton has also donated machine guns and motor ambulances. Ammunition factories have been opened, and great stores of the death-dealing instruments of war, which are so necessary in enabling Britain to stand undaunted in the European cataclysm, have been shipped from Hamilton.

Thus troops, ammunition, food supplies and finances have all been offered by Hamilton; consequently increasing the gratitude and allegiance we as Canadians are paying to our Mother Country and the world at large. With loyal, generous hearts, Canadian sons in her hour of need have gallantly arisen to defend her honour and her safety—brave champions of her freedom and the comfort of the downtrodden.

LORETO, HAMILTON.

OLIVE DELORY.



PART THREE

The Development of the English Novel.

THE novel is a work of fiction in which the imagination and the intellect combine to express life in the form of a story—the imagination always directed and controlled by the intellect. It is interested, chiefly, not in romance or adventure, but in men and women as they are; it aims to show the motives and influences which govern human life, and the effects of free will upon character and destiny.

Before the novel could reach this ideal stage, it had to pass through centuries of almost imperceptible development.

The real beginning of the English novel took place in the eighteenth century with the work of Daniel Defoe, the "man of letters." In "Robinson Crusoe" Defoe has exercised his subtle art of inventing a story and imposing it upon the world for truth. In this power to produce a perfect illusion of reality he anticipates the later triumphs of great fiction. Absolute naturalness characterizes the whole story. Defoe's stories are lacking in plot. Like the Spanish rogue stories they are merely successions of adventure which befall the same hero.

The first great success in constructing a story which should be guided through its course by a single motive, the love of one person for another, was "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson. This was followed by "Clarissa," a more sentimental novel.

The dramatic element in both novels is strong and this is increased by the letters, which were evidently Richardson's only means of relating a story. Clarissa is the most human of all his heroines, and stands in marked contrast with the mechanical hero, Lovelace, who illustrates the author's inability to portray a man's character. His novels lack breadth and freshness. They deal with a petty world, a world of trifles and scruples, of Puritan niceties of conscience.

His chief object in his works was to inculcate virtue. Notwithstanding his tedious moralizing, he gave an entirely new gift to the literary world. This was the story of human life, told from with-

in, and depending for its interest not on incident or adventure, but on its truth to human nature.

Struck by the sentimentality of "Pamela," its narrow view of life, and the shallowness of its ethics, Fielding began to write a burlesque upon it, but he soon forgot his narrow, satiric purpose in the zest of depicting Parson Adams, and in the broader attempt to picture the rough English life of post-roads and inns. In "Tom Jones" the chief source of unity is the persistence of the hero through a long train of incidents. There is a vigor, a freshness and a reality in Fielding's writings not found in Richardson. Sincerity is, perhaps, his most marked characteristic. He believed that a novelist should hold free communication with his readers, and accordingly he frequently digresses to give his opinion on the conduct of fiction and life. Hence, in structure, "Tom Jones" rather than "Clarissa" is the typical English novel.

Smollett in his "Roderick Random" gives us merely a succession of adventures related by the hero. Smollett was notably deficient in human sympathy, humour and geniality. His heroes were sometimes cruel and passionate, but otherwise colorless, and always unsympathetic. His heroines were mere dolls. His chief contribution to the novel was an enlargement of its area, and the introduction of at least one special interest, the sea, as furnishing special types of character and incident. He also laid the foundation for that exaggeration in portraying human eccentricities which finds a climax in Dickens' caricatures.

"Tristram Shandy," by Sterne, is not a novel in the proper sense of the word. It has characters and incidents, but these lack coherence and unity. There is no beginning, progress or end. He lacked the formality that had marked written prose since Dryden's time—had no sense of propriety—no respect for the conventions of the Classic Age. Altogether he represents a reaction from the rigid standards of Addison and Richardson. His strength lies in his brilliant style—the most remarkable of his age—and in his wonderful power of imparting genuine human quality

to his characters, who with their eccentricities are so humanized by the author's genius that they belong to the few "creations" of literature. Sterne is curiously subjective and shows himself a master in his combination of humour and pathos, although the one sometimes degenerates into buffoonery and the other into sentimentality.

With relief we turn from Sterne with his false attitude towards life to Goldsmith and his "Vicar of Wakefield," with which the first series of English novels came to a close. The "Vicar of Wakefield" is a masterpiece of gentle humour and tender sympathy—a perfect expression of English home life as Goldsmith saw it. Yet even this type of novel is more remarkable for its promises than for its achievements. The Vicar is the only real character in the book. The others are mere shadowy forms of which we get but glimpses as they cross the light of the Vicar's charming personality. The Vicar not only animates the others but is the spirit and purpose of the book. Goldsmith is not a realist. His world is an ideal one. His story is quite void of plot. Besides his wonderful advance in character study he has used one element of the Arcadian romance, and made of it a contribution to the modern novel. The element of outdoor scene had been neglected by his predecessors, but Goldsmith pictured nature with a real feeling for it.

Thus we see that each successive novelist brought some new element to the novel. Fielding supplied vigour and humour to Richardson's analysis of a human heart. Sterne added brilliancy, and Goldsmith emphasized the pure and honest domestic sentiments which are still the greatest ruling force among men. These early writers were like men engaged in carving a perfect cameo from the reverse side—it is not till the work is completed and the cameo turned that we see the complete human face and read its meaning. Such, in a parable, is the story of the English novel.

ELLEN MADIGAN, B. A.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Poetry of Man and Nature.

THE genius of Romanticism had at length triumphed over the artificiality of the Classical period. A new creation spirit had been gradually developing in literature, which reached the height of its excellence be-

tween the years 1780-1837. To this period belongs a wonderful group of writers whose poems are in marked contrast with the formal productions of the eighteenth century. Their poetry reveals two of the most prominent features of the romantic movement, to an eminent degree, a new sense of human life, and a genuine love for external nature.

Faint glimmerings of the new poetic dawn are revealed in the poetry of Cowper, of the realistic Crabbe and of the mystic Blake. Although love of nature and sympathy with his fellow-men do not constitute the main charm of Cowper's poetry, his earnestness lent truth to his landscape painting and to his delineation of character. His simplicity led him to despise the faded affection of his predecessors, and to seek in nature for the truths he should utter and the words in which he should utter them. He tells us that he described no spot which he had not seen, and this intimacy together with the play of human emotion renders his manner of painting rural scenes and incidents most attractive.

Crabbe has been characterised by Byron as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best." He has particular merit as a painter of English scenery. His marine landscapes are notably fresh and striking and he invests even the sterile fens and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque, showing his lack of imagination, but his studies taught him to note every weed and plant, "the purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the gorse, the slender grass of the sheep-walk, even the shells and the sea-weed." He is equally original and forcible in his manner of delineating character, but he was in general a gloomy painter of life, fond of depicting the unlovely and unamiable.

In direct contrast with Crabbe is that "artist poet of rare but wild and wayward genius," Blake. In his poetry of ethereal texture and mystic significance, abides a sincere and tender love of children and home, and sympathy for animal nature. His little poems in the "Songs of Innocence" are without rival in the language for simplicity, tenderness and joy.

In the works of these poets can be seen the dawn of the new poetry, which shines forth in its full noontide splendor in the poems of Wordsworth, Coleridge and their successors. Nature

—the world of mountains, fields, lakes and rivers, sky and trees—was an all important factor in Wordsworth's life. He saw in nature a spirit akin to his own and in harmony with it, which aroused feelings far beyond mere delight in sensuous beauty. In his lines on "Tintern Abbey," he expressed the earnest conviction that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." The hillside was his study and with great reverence and simplicity he paints nature, particularly its calmer and more refined aspects. "Nature herself seems," says Mathew Arnold, "to take the pen out of his hand and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power."

In consequence of this hourly communication with nature, Wordsworth believed that the foundation of the purest and highest pleasure lay within the reach of every human being. Although he took his themes from humble, rustic, commonplace life, yet his work, as a poet of mankind, has extraordinary beauty and charm. His poem, "Michael," shows us what a wealth of intense passion, what noble and glorious emotion, may inspire the humble life of the lowliest shepherd.

Nature assumes a different aspect under the spiritual touch of Coleridge's mystic pen. Although his appreciation of natural beauties is by no means his highest claim to his title, "High Priest of Romanticism," when it pleased him he surpassed, in the minuteness and accuracy of his observation, even Wordsworth himself. To him, nature was spiritualized and often touched with the weird, romantic quality of his own imagination. He held that—

"From the soul itself must issue forth a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth."

Even in his fragmentary poems can be discerned the exquisite tenderness of a heart refined and softened by suffering. What a knowledge of the human heart is revealed in his description of the estrangement of Sir Roland and his one-time dear friend, Sir Leoline!—

"They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
And neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Scott shows an interesting variety in his conception and treatment of the subject from either of these. His poems abound in vivid pictures and romantic incidents and are usually read for their absorbing interest. In contrast with Wordsworth, Scott describes the natural scenery, not as an essential of the situation, but merely on account of its beauty, as part of the picture for the sensuous imagination.

His delineation of character shows similar traits. A few bold strokes, and his hero takes his place in the grand pageant as it marches on to its culmination. Rarely, however, does he reveal the secret workings or the personal ambitions of his nature, particularly the more subtle and delicate emotions of the human heart.

Shelley is a nature poet of an altogether different type. "The very spirit of nature which appeals to us in the wind and the cloud, the sunset and the moonrise, seems to have possessed him at times and made him a chosen instrument of melody." When this spell is upon him, he is truly a poet and his work is unrivalled. As a poet of nature, he had the same idea as Wordsworth, that nature was alive; but while Wordsworth made this active principle to be thought, Shelley made it love. He lacks the closeness of grasp of nature which characterized Wordsworth and Keats, but he had the power, in a far greater degree than they of describing "the cloud scenery of the sky, the activities of the great sea and vast realms of landscape. "Shelley was a dreamer and in his most imaginative poems, he combines the qualities of mystery and fancifulness to the highest degree."

To Keats, cut off like Shelley before his genius had ripened, nature was not so spiritual. His painting of nature is as intimate as Wordsworth's but more ideal, less full of the imagination, that links human thought to nature, but more full of that which broods upon the enjoyment of loveliness. In the singleness of worship which he gave to beauty, Keats is the ideal poet.

With Keats, the new and glorious impulse, the genius of Romanticism began to decline. There was no longer in England any large wave of public thought or feeling, such as would awaken the national emotion, out of which poetry is naturally born. Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Keats and Shelley constitute a group

of nature poets that cannot be paralleled in English literature. The age of Romanticism was passing, excelled alone by the Elizabethan period in the glory of its poetry of internal nature and an ideal humanity.

GERTRUDE MCQUADE, B. A., '16.

LORETO ABBEY.

English in the First Year.

IT was a mistake, I feel, my undertaking to write about our studies in English during the First Year. I lay no claim to taste or discrimination in matters literary, so, dear RAINBOW readers, if you feel you are going to be bored tedious living.

In the first place, by just glancing at the list of books prescribed in the calendar one would suppose the poetical and prose works to have been chosen at haphazard. On closer investigation one would find that it has been the endeavour of the "powers that be" to give us a bird's-eye view of the whole of English literature, from the days of the old ballad-singers down to such modern psychological people as Browning and George Eliot. Such a course of study has its advantages and its very obvious disadvantages. A good deal of supplementary reading is needed to fill in the gaps, otherwise the idea one gets of English literature as a whole must of necessity be very fragmentary and incomplete.

The old ballads appealed to me, and still more the imitations of them by Sir Walter Scott. It is the primal things of life that interest the most of us. Romance appeals to every child of Adam, and especially to the daughters of Eve. Nowadays we do not sing of lovers' adventures in the simple language of "Hind Horn"; something of the dash of Scott's "Lochinvar" is needed to stimulate our interest and arouse our enthusiasm. But in subject-matter the two stories are akin.

Two selections from "Thomas Gray" were prescribed, "Spring" and "Eton College." The form and diction of these poems are, I suppose, very perfect, but the thought in them is very pessimistic. Most people's knowledge of Gray begins and ends with the immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Such a theme harmonised with the habitual melancholy of poor Gray. In spite

of the small volume of his work, he is considered the greatest of the poets of the Transition Period, or the change in literature from Classicism to Romanticism.

Another of the transition poets was Goldsmith, whose "Deserted Village" we had. It, in my humble opinion, is one of the selections really worth-while in the collection, expressing as it does genuine Christian faith and sentiment. The village and its inhabitants are very skilfully depicted. Nobody can forget the village preacher and the village schoolmaster. Goldsmith's clergyman brother is eulogized in the character of the former. Such a poem, full of lofty thoughts, is an inspiration to the reader, an incentive to virtuous living.

It took me a long time to understand Burns and appreciate him. It is hard to disassociate a man's life from his writings. If we are really to enjoy Burns we must try to overlook and forgive the revolting sensualism of his life. The same, unfortunately, might be said in reference to many others. One must also have some insight into the Scotch character to enjoy much that Burns has written. The great charm of the Scotch bard lies in the unstudied grace of his lyrics.

We made a special study of Wordsworth as a sonnetier, who in this capacity ranks third in the English language, excelled only by Shakespeare and Milton. Some of his most beautiful sonnets were, however, omitted from our list. His almost pantheistic worship of nature is visible in his sonnets as elsewhere, also his egotism. One gets rather bored with the ever-recurring "personal" note in Wordsworth.

Then there was Keats, the apostle of beauty, and Browning, the psychologist, to complete the list of poets. One wonders about the former, what he would have become had he lived to write more. Would the lines at the end of "Ode on a Grecian Urn"—

"'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." have sufficed as spiritual bread through a long and perhaps sad life? Who among us has escaped sorrow? And Keats did not, even in his short life. Did he indeed find the worship of beauty all-sufficing? He might have, indeed, had it been given to him to gaze on that Eternal Beauty of which long ago one satiated with the delights of

earth, exclaimed: "Too late have I known Thee, too late have I loved Thee!"

Browning is an optimist—needed, I am sure, when side by side with him we have to study such pessimistic and world-worn people as George Eliot and Matthew Arnold. Ruskin, too, is far from satisfactory in the solutions he proposes for the problems of life. Browning was a clean, vigorous soul, with a firm faith in God and in humanity. To be sure the two selections prescribed, "Fra Lippo Lippi," and "Youth and Art" are very scanty measure by which to judge a writer who has written very profusely.

We have George Eliot's best work in "Silas Marner," which is valuable on account of the insight which it gives us into English provincial life in her time. Not a bright picture, truly, from a Catholic standpoint, with ignorance and superstition rife! And yet we hear about the "darkness" of the Middle Ages!

One could not but feel saddened in reading the works of Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Carlyle. (I had almost forgotten about Carlyle, whose "Mahomet" was on our list.) All these men had false ideas of life. All of them might have used their genius for the glory of God and the good of souls, if a thick cloud of prejudice had not hidden from them the light of the true religion. It is indeed melancholy for the Catholic to read of noble endeavour misdirected and ineffectual because the motive power of a strong, living faith was not behind it. "Haec est victoria quae vincit mundum, fides nostra."

Frankly, and here I feel a great many will disagree with me, I think a great deal of time spent in reading our English "classics" is time wasted. We must fulfill the University requirements, of course, but "cui bono?" one asks oneself, now that the year is over. We looked for bread from the great English thinkers and they gave us a stone. It was all they had to give. The reading of heretical and sceptical writers will benefit us little, so I make an appeal to my Catholic fellow-students to interest themselves, during the leisure time of the long vacation, in what Catholics have done in the past and are doing now for English literature. This reading will offset much that is harmful and futile in the reading that must be done during the college year.

LORETO ABBEY.

HILDA VON SZELISKA, '19.

How St. Michael Sated Micklegate Bar.

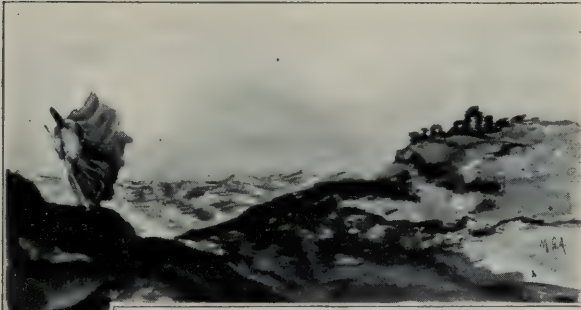
A Ballad.

This poem appears in its
corrected form, Nov. 1935
edition of The Rainbow.

-The Author.



Necromancy at the Sault.



A Spell Within a Spell.

MERLIN, having awakened from his enchanted sleep, gazed about him in wonder.

This was not the wood of Broceliande where Vivian, using his own charm, had wrought upon him the spell which robbed him of use of name and fame; and yet the surroundings were equally familiar. He stood on a high, bleak, wind-swept cliff, dropping sheer to the sea—such a sea as is nowhere else in the world—turquoise, green, sapphire, lying smooth and still beneath the cliff's purple edge. He remembered that this was Arthur's seat. Behind him

were the twin peaks, once crowned by the frowning castles of Tintagel and Terrabil, now alas! only formless ruins. And there, far off to the left, was Bosmere pool where the brand Excalibur must be cast away. But where were now the Blameless King, and that famous order of noble knights, whose fate, indeed, he had partly foreseen? Where, too, were the fair ladies who had inspired them to deeds of valor? No longer Ygraine walks sad-eyed upon the terrace, mourning for her dead lord, nor Guinevere watches impatiently that way which Launcelot should come, or Arthur marshals his knights.

Merlin shivered and would fain have sunk once more into oblivion; but, raising his eyes, he beheld a man of venerable appearance, whom he at once recognized as the seer predestined to recreate his world—Alfred Tennyson, the sweet singer of the glories of the Round Table. "By a charm more potent, though more transient than

your own," said the modern, "have I drawn you forth after a lapse of thirteen centuries, to live once more with the men and women of your own day, and with others as yet strangers to you. Turn your eyes to Tintagel."

Merlin did so, and beheld, issuing from the ruined gateway, a long procession led by King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. Among the knights of the Round Table and the ladies attending the queen were men and women clad in raiment such as Merlin had never seen. When they reached the shore, all paid homage to Tennyson, their re-creator, and the courtly Launcelot spoke a eulogy on the great poet. The latter meanwhile disappeared, none knew whither. Presently, however, a full rich voice floated up from the seaward side in Tennyson's swan song:

"Sunset and evening star and one clear call
for me,

And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

A boat shaped like a Greek galley—as, indeed, it was—now drew up under the cliff, and Ulysses standing at the prow bade the company embark with him, explaining that as most of his crew had been drowned by Cyclopes, he had need of some to supply their places. They set sail from a little haven close by, and fleeting southward,

"They came into a land

In which it seemed always afternoon,
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing as one that hath a weary dream;

* * * * *

"And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against the rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy lotos-eaters came.
Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores, and if his fellow spake
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave.

* * * * *

"They sate them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore."

In this half-dreamy atmosphere, redolent of the poppy and the lotos flower, where the glint and murmur of flowing water came to them "through many a woven acanthus wreath divine," it seemed in no wise strange that the men and women of every age and clime, whom Tennyson's magic had conjured up, should appear side by side.

Here Helen of Troy, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," lamented that Destiny had made her the cause of war and many deaths. Beside her, Iphigenia shuddered still at the sacrifice demanded of her in Aulis, while Jephthe's daughter, who had suffered a similar fate, passed along singing her joyful submission to her God, her country and her father. A short distance off, "throned on a flowery rise," sat Cleopatra "on a crimson scarf unrolled," and told of her method of managing men by infinite variety of mood. Guinevere, sitting beside her king, glances now at Arthur, now at Launcelot, as if torn by conflicting emotions. Fair Elaine, the maid of Astolat, glides by, her lily in her hand, the symbol of her virgin soul. Launcelot raises a face, dark-splendid to the king, and tells all the court his grief at being the unwitting cause of this most gentle maiden's death, then turns aside in deep distress, because

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Percival and Galahad now come into view and tell of their struggles and difficulties in seeking the Holy Grail, but their faces, radiant with happiness, plainly show how they have been rewarded. Around them capered little Dagonet upbraiding Sir Tristram for breaking Arthur's music by his infidelity in love. The petulant Lynette, holding her slender nose with a dainty thumb and forefinger, scorned the disguised Prince Gareth, as a scullion, smelling all of kitchen grease and quite unfit to ride in a noble damsel's company. The contrite Geraint swore never again to doubt the well-tried Enid.

Then Arthur rose, dominating all, like the soul rising above the things of sense. He spoke sadly, yet confidently, of the change from the old order to the new, and left his work in the hands of God.

In one part of the Lotos Land, the May Queen,

eager for the regal honours of a day, begs to be called at cock-crow. In another King Cophetua offers his crown to the Beggar Maid. A serenader sings, "Come out in the garden, Maud," to a high-born English maiden, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." Lady Psyche gives a lecture to her somnolent pupils on the progress of woman, and Princess Ida fulminates out her scorn of the Prince, and urges her drooping maidens to lift their natures up and embrace high aims.

At length "the steadfast, goodly Ulysses," perceiving that even the most resolute are being overcome by the effects of the lotos, delivers to them a stirring address, showing them—

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use,
As though to breathe were life."

and exhorts them "to sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars" until they reach the Happy Isles and see the great heroes of past time.


Aroused by this appeal they re-embark and "sitting well in order smite the sounding furrows." But Tennyson's counter-charm over Merlin has run its course. It is wafted back to the forest of Broceliande and again becomes lost to sense and name and fame.

HELEN CROCKETT.

LORETO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

* * * *

The Shadows of Some Shades.

 ONE night as I sat with my history books, as deep in the study of the Italian Renaissance as the mere academic girl is permitted to go, I was seized with regret that I had not lived during that wonderful epoch of stupendous achievement. Just then I cast a glance upon a bronze bust of Dante which occupies one corner of our class room, and looks at you forbiddingly over the top of a tall fern. The expression of that countenance was so austere in the dim light that I thought it no wonder the awe-struck women of Verona pointed out the owner as "the man who had been to hell and back."

Suddenly a marvellous thing happened. Out from behind the fern stepped Dante—not a mere

head and shoulders, but a whole Dante—legs and arms and body, all complete. With one gigantic stride he was close by me.

"I heard your wish," quoth he; 'twas vain indeed. Even had you lived in those fair times you would scarcely have known as much about those famous men as you now do, for social intercourse between men and women was restricted. Hence I never attained to the possession of the divine Beatrice, and hence also will she remain my ideal throughout eternity. However, I can fulfill your wish in a far more satisfactory way. I am accustomed, as you know, to tread the darksome path to the shades, and I know an abode where the men of that glorious age are wont to meet and hold converse. As time and space do not exist beyond the tomb, I can bring together men of different cities and generations—a thing impossible in this world even under the most favourable circumstances. Follow me."

He drew me with his glittering eye in such fashion that I could not have resisted, even if my desire to live for a space among these famous personages had not been sufficient to overcome my fears.

"Facilis discensus Averni," so I shall not stop to describe my swift transit to the kingdom of the shades. Suffice it to say I found myself in what I take to have been a place on the borders of Elysium.

A numerous company could be seen, grouped in various attitudes, conversing together, or walking to and fro on the green sward of a pleasant meadow which occupied the centre of the foreground. On the right I beheld the city of Florence, with the gardens of Lorenzo de Medici, the house of Duke Cosimo, Santa Maria Novella and the convent of San Marco, while a street lined with houses of the severe Florentine type led off toward Fiesole. On the left I could see a part of Venice, gay with carnival, showing the Rialto bridge, the beautiful façade and dome of Saint Mark's, suggesting Constantinople rather than Venice, the doges' palace and the Grand Canal. Between these two cities, in the middle distance, one got a view of Rome with St. Peter's, the Vatican and the Castle St. Angelo.

The first figure I distinguished was that of Benvenuto Cellini, who was walking in the loggia near the Great Square in Florence, deeply en-

grossed in a book. From the look of satisfaction on his face I knew it to be his autobiography.

"Come," said he, catching sight of me, a stranger; "you must see my Perseus. Yonder it stands in the loggia. Observe the grace and spirit of the figure and how far it surpasses the Hercules of that donkey Bandinello, which he has had the folly to set up beside the David of the divine Michelangelo."

I murmured a hearty assent and began a fine speech, but Benvenuto was not listening. He had fixed certain lowering looks of his upon an urbane gentleman in a ruff who was talking to Duke Cosimo. "That," said he, "is the painter, George Vasari, trying to dose the duke with his fluent nonsense about art. I cannot abide the man, since he did me that bad turn with Duke Alessandro, though he denied it, of course." As George Vasari, having given place to other courtiers, came forward to where I stood, Benvenuto turned on his heel and again became engrossed in his book, shaking his fist from time to time at the Castle St. Angelo, whence I knew he was recalling his sufferings in the keep and dungeons of that fortress, and was probably apostrophizing the Farnese as the cause of them all.

Knowing me to be a protégée of Dante's, George Vasari treated me with special courtesy, offering to point out all the celebrated artists and to show me their works. As we passed through the gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, a tall, spare man of great dignity, dressed in a black velvet cloak and skull-cap, advanced toward the duke and kneeling, presented him with a small volume, addressing him with these words: "Desiring to approach your Magnificence with some token of my devotion, I have found nothing among my possessions that I so much prize as the knowledge of the actions of great men, acquired in the course of a long experience of modern affairs and a continued study of antiquity, which knowledge most patiently sifted and now reduced into this little book, I now present to your Magnificence, which, though I deem it unworthy of your greatness, I beg you to accept in the spirit in which it is offered."

The duke took the book, whose title, "The Prince," was beautifully illuminated on the cover, and immediately became interested. After a few minutes he turned to the author and said:

"Messer Machiavelli, I am delighted with your gift. It will prove an invaluable manual for all those in my position. You have indeed exalted statecraft into a science. I am particularly pleased with the subject of your eighteenth chapter, 'How Princes Should Keep Faith.' For a long time this question has given me much uneasiness, so I shall be interested in your solution of the problem."

"That chapter," replied Machiavelli, "I consider my greatest contribution to practical politics. In it I have shown that a prudent prince neither can nor ought to keep his word, when to keep it is hurtful to him and the causes which led him to pledge it are removed; and no prince was ever at a loss for plausible reasons to cloak a faith breach. Of this numberless recent instances could be given, and it might be shown how many treaties and solemn engagements have proved inoperative through want of faith in princes, and that he who was best able to play the fox has had the best success."

"Your ideas," said the duke, "interest me profoundly. I have an important diplomatic mission I wish to entrust to you. If you call at the palace we will discuss it." As Machiavelli bowed low I thought I caught an ironical smile on his sombre face. Shocked at the frank exclusion of moral considerations from his advice, I turned to my guide for information.

"Machiavelli's book," said Vasari, "will remain an enigma throughout the ages. Some consider it a mere manual for tyrants, others a covert satire on tyranny. Neither is a satisfactory view. His motive was probably patriotic—a desire to build up a power strong enough to expel the foreigner from Italy, and to this end he was willing to see any means employed."

As we passed along I noticed a group of students struggling over a large drawing, which they finally rent in three pieces, carrying off the fragments in triumph.

"That," said Vasari, "is the famous cartoon, 'Before the Battle of the Standard,' a wonderful piece of work, and yonder is he who produced it—the divine Michelangelo himself. Mark how he scowls upon that soldierly man with the arrogant air. That is Torrigiani who, in a fit of boyish anger, broke the great artist's nose, leaving him marked for life. His words to Torri-

giani on that occasion have come true—"You will be remembered only as the man who broke my nose."

"As your time among the shades is limited," said the good Giorgio, "we had better make a flying tour of the buildings where some of the most famous art treasures are to be found."

As we passed the house of Duke Cosimo I., on our way to Santa Maria Novella, we saw an uncouth figure climbing in through a third story window. "That is Filippo Lippi," said my Cicerone. "Duke Cosimo had him locked in until he should finish some paintings, but Lippi has climbed out on a ladder made of the bed-clothes and is now returning, after a frolic."

At Santa Maria Novella we saw a Madonna of Cimabue's surrounded by very stiff, conventionalized angels; a beautiful Resurrection by Taddeo Gaddi; a marble madonna by Andrea Visano in a niche under the organ, and the crucifix by Brunelleschi, an excellent piece of wood carving. Vasari told how Donato, a rival artist, on seeing it had dropped from his apron the eggs he was carrying home for dinner.

From Santa Maria we hastened to San Marco to see Fra Angelico's delicately imaginative pictures—Christ met by two Dominicans, the Coronation of the Virgin, and St. Peter Martyr. Having studied with interest the life and works of Andrea del Sarto, who was called "the faultless painter," I insisted on going to see him. Taking the road leading to Fiesole, we soon reached an artistic little house. At the window sat Andrea with his beautiful wife, Lucrezia. As I came nearer I could clearly distinguish what he was saying:

"I feel as peaceful as old age to-night:
I regret little, would change still less.

In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance:

Four great walls of the new Jerusalem,
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Raphael, Agnolo and me
To cover—the first three without a wife,
While I have mine! So—still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia—as I choose."

"Thank Heaven," murmured Giorgio, as we turned away, "I haven't a wife like that, hanging like a millstone around my neck."

From Florence we turned to Rome. Entering St. Peter's, we had merely time to notice the vast dimensions of that wonderful edifice and the beauty of the dome designed by Michelangelo. In the stanze of the Vatican we came upon the angel-faced Raphael amid his beautiful allegorical figures: Poetry, Astronomy, Justice and Theology. This and the Sistine Chapel are the most wonderfully decorated rooms in the world. In the latter we found Raphael's best known Madonna and Michelangelo's wonderful "Last Judgment." Vasari related the story of Michelangelo's having put one of his hostile critics among the demons in the lowest part of the "Inferno"—and there he was, to be sure, with a huge serpent around his waist. [Note—When selecting your enemies, be careful to exclude artists and poets.]

Desiring to reach Venice we embarked on a gondola. As we glided down the Grand Canal, George Vasari related the story of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a former doge and the ward of the Council of Three, who bravely welcomed the suit of a fortuneless knight against the will of the Three. She escaped from the palace one night to spend an hour on the water, the knight having come disguised as a gondolier. When they returned to the shore, he was surprised and stabbed by waiting assassins. I did not tell my entertainer that I knew a nocturne of Chopin's on the same theme, also a nice poem by Browning which told all about what they talked of in the gondola. One has to be so very polite to a shade.

We had barely time to take a glance at the pictures of Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese and the other famous colorists, and to stand for a few moments watching the revels of the maskers. Galuppi was playing a Toccata stately on the clavichord.

Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished,
Sigh on sigh, told them something;
Those suspensions, those solutions: "Must we die?"

they asked. But in a moment they were swept into the whirl of gaiety once more, casting aside all serious thought.

When we re-crossed I met Dante standing by his friend, Giotto, who was drawing a sheep on a flat piece of stone. Cimabue was just behind gazing fondly on his favourite pupil. Petrarch was seated on a knoll a short distance away, dashing off a sonnet to Laura. Boccaccio was complaining about the Englishmen who had stolen his best stories. Botticelli was playing a practical joke on one of his pupils. Leonardo da Vinci was riding by on a gaily caparisoned steed, making the other shades green with envy of his handsome person. Bellini was telling a gruesome story about the Sultan. Catherine de Medici was chasing George Vasari with a paint brush.

Suddenly Savonarola, clad in his friar's gown, arose and began to address the assembled shades with words of solemn warning. All bowed their heads and, striking their breasts, murmured, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!" Dante beckoned to me. All the shades slowly faded into thin air. I looked around and instead of fair Florence, "sober, pleasant" Fiesole, the Eternal City, Venice, "the bride of the Adriatic," and all that goodly company, I saw nothing but three rows of yellow desks and the four walls of our class-room. Dante had regained his pedestal.

HILDA JOHNSON.

LORETO, SAULT STE. MARIE.



My Out-of-School Occupations.

I BLUSH for them. When I think what you are doing, fellow toilers on the paths of scholarly effort, and what we are doing just now, a feeling steals o'er me not unlike that which invades my anatomy at the sound of a calm voice saying, "When the young lady in the corner condescends to give attention, I shall be glad to continue what I was saying." An emotion of evaporation pierced at intervals by crimson flashes, and an earnest and uplifting desire to rise and say, "Pardon me." Did you ever experience it? Thank you, now I know you are human.

But I know we cannot appreciate the atmosphere in which you have been living for—does it seem a very long time? While you have been experiencing real tragedy, we have only been reading of it, and most of the time second-hand stories at that. While you have been knitting, and cutting, and rolling, and thereby gaining "dignity of deportment," and all the other things synonymous with the term "Loretoite," we have simply been attending school and living. Not that we think school detracts at all from the joy of living, but we only wish to impress you with the fact, that we have been doing nothing more useful than living; and finding it a glorious pastime.

I know that most of you have learned the meaning of a joyful welcome and a sad farewell, those two phrases of which life is only a series of repetitions. That, we can appreciate, and we are proud, and a little awed at our Loreto consoeurs on the other side of the border, having learned it so well. But really now, don't you think it would be a great deal more convenient, and a few other things, to live in a certain country, not mentioning any names, and watchfully wait?

But aside from all this nonsense I am not quite as frivolous and flighty as you may think, for within the last month I, too, have learned something. Something very wonderful. I am in love.

Now I know your lips will either close themselves very firmly and you will be shocked, or your lips will smile and you anticipate something romantic. It is neither shocking nor romantic, though at the present day, the two words seem almost synonymous. Well, then, with whom or

what am I in love? With the man whom God blessed thrice, the priest, poet and humorist. None less than John Bannister Tabb, our beloved Father Tabb and his poetry. You see I am neither selfish nor shy, for I am quite willing to tell you all about it, and if you do not already know the exquisitely beautiful and pathetic tenderness, and the whimsical humor of Father Tabb, I pray that I may at least persuade you to read what he has written, for after having done that no one could ever forget him, and if you are even now a worshiper at his shrine I shall be doubly glad in the joy of having found an old friend.

Not more than a month ago, one to whom I am ever indebted, while speaking to me one day suddenly stopped, and then said, "Do you know, I have something you would enjoy." She left me and when she returned carried with her a thin little book, all in virginal white and gold. I opened it at haphazard and stared at the four lines of print that adorned each page, and was about to exclaim "What a waste of paper!" when my eye caught the word,

POETRY.

A gleam of heaven; the passion of a Star
Held captive in the clasp of hamony:
A silence, shell-like breathing from afar
The rapture of the deep,—eternity.

I never knew before poetry was like that, why that was prayer! Not common prayer,—it was a taste of God. The good father himself must have guided my hand, for next I turned to

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

A dew-drop of the darkness born,
Wherein no shadow lies;
The blossom of a barren thorne,
Whereof no petal dies;
A rainbow beauty passion-free
Wherewith was veiled Divinity.

then

"Fiat!"—The flaming word
Flashed, as the brooding Bird
Uttered the doom far heard
Of Death and Night.
"Fiat!"—A cloistered womb—
A sealed, untainted tomb—
Wakes to the birth and bloom
Of Life and Light.

For a moment my ideas were scattered in a vain effort to adapt themselves to new values, then within something cried out to know this soul, and this is what I learned.

John Bannister Tabb was a son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Virginia, whose members proudly claim alliance with the descendants of George Washington and John Randolph. He was born at "The Forest," the family estate at Mattox, in Amelia County, March 22, 1845. His parents (first cousins) Thomas Yelverton Tabb and Marianna Bertrand Archer, were great grandchildren of Thomas Tabb of "Clay Hill," who, coming from Gloucester County, Virginia, settled that plantation, which remains the family seat of his descendants. John was one of four children. The eldest, William Barksdale, was Colonel of the 59th, Virginia regiment in the Civil War and was wounded before Petersburg in 1864. Yelverton, younger than John, entered the same regiment as a private at the age of fifteen. A sister, Harriet Peyton, twenty years ago was still living on the family estate. As a Roman Catholic, John Tabb was solitary in a family Episcopalian from first to last. The boy grew up in an atmosphere of luxury, surrounded by an environment of exquisite culture, and the strength and tenderness of his mother's love, "A strong, tender, beautiful, womanly character that mother was, an honor to the sunny Southland which has given to our country such noble types of womanhood. The poet's second volume of "Lyrics" is dedicated to The Memory of My Mother:

THE COWSLIP.

It brings my mother back to me,
Thy frail, familiar form to see,
Which was her homely joy;
And strange that one so weak as thou
Shouldst lift the veil that sunders now
The mother and the boy.

And still more he glorifies that mother by inference in the poem,

WOMAN.

Shall she come down and on our level stand?

Nay, God forbid it! May a mother's eyes—
Love's earliest home, the heaven of Babyland,
Forever bend above us as we rise!

All the man is there—he goes beyond the enchanted woods of chivalry, where the knight

bowed down to womankind, back to the heaven of babyland and mother love.

From his twelfth to his fourteenth year, John, with his brothers, had a private tutor, but trouble with his eyes broke up his studies, and during the ensuing three years of privation, I think, the poet-soul began its development. Hours of dreaming over his beloved music together with the suffering caused by his failing sight, gave birth to that wonderful humility and cheerful abnegation of self that after many years made him the priest of poesy as well as of God.

The Civil War broke out in his seventeenth year and John, appointed his clerk by Captain John Wilkinson, went aboard the "Robert E. Lee," which, under the name of "The Giraffe," was then a passenger vessel between Glasgow and Belfast. She was purchased by the Confederate States and our young rebel passed the blockade in her eighteen of twenty times, running generally between Bermuda or Nassau and Wilmington. The vessel, with three others, was wholly the property of the Confederacy, and carried military and other supplies. The port of Wilmington being guarded by from ten to twenty vessels, running through them at night was a ticklish business, especially when the freight was ammunition. An attempt to release rebel prisoners on Johnston's Island was betrayed and balked. In June, 1864, this adventurous life reached its term. At the time, John Tabb was sailing from Bermuda in the little "Siren," bearing dispatches for the Confederacy. The machinery gave out, and the craft was picked up by the "Keystone State" and towed into Beaufort. The next seven months were spent in Point Lookout Prison. Here, following a desperate illness, came one of the happiest fortunes of his life—his meeting with Sidney Lanier. While he was in the hospital the music of Lanier's flute attracted his attention, and perhaps the poet's music said a great deal, for Tabb sought him out, and a friendship began which lasted until death came between them. These two souls were indeed kindred—

AVE: SIDNEY LANIER.

Ere Time's horizon-line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met
Then o'er the starry parapet
Came wandering here.

And now, that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste amain
(Lost echo of a loftier strain),
To greet thee there.

"The memories of many noble and tender friendships are scattered through the pages of Father Tabb's poems, but one stands luminous; a veritable pillar of light to the poet, it would seem was Sidney Lanier."

In February, 1865, John Bannister Tabb and Sidney Lanier were released from prison. Tabb was broken in health but not in spirit, and immediately sought some means of livelihood. He turned to his music and for a year and a half practised seven hours a day, but financial embarrassment arose and cut this study short. He was now offered a position teaching in a school attached to the Mount Calvary Episcopal Church in Baltimore. Under the influence of Reverend Alfred A. Curtis, who already had yearnings toward Catholicity, the young Tabb also began to reach for higher things, which he recognized at that time as a desire for the ministry. He resigned his position and proceeded to the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Va., there to pursue a course of theological study. In 1871 Reverend Mr. Curtis realized there was no hope of peace, of salvation for him outside of the Catholic Church, and broke the ties which bound him to Anglicanism. On May 10, 1872, he was baptized and shortly after entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to prepare for the priesthood. "His course was followed with intense interest by his faithful disciple, whose admiration for the illustrious English divine,—for the wisdom, sincerity and holiness of his life, even more than for his profound works, already a familiar study to young Tabb,—led him to place a trust equally unshaken in the spiritual counsels of that great convert and guide of souls."

In September, 1872, John Bannister Tabb was received into the Church of God, and on the day of Father Curtis' ordination, December 10, 1874, his first penitent was Mr. Tabb, who had as a Protestant been his penitent, and was now eager to claim his old confessor's first care. "I received so many absolutions before that did not count, I wanted one at least that did," was his remark to the students. The following November he entered St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., to study for the priesthood. Having com-

pleted his preparatory classical studies he was joyfully making ready to enter St. Mary's Seminary for the last four years of theological study, when the Spirit of Sacrifice which had always dominated this life, again stepped forward and demanded its due. The faculty of St. Charles appreciating his brilliant mind, and his qualifications as a teacher, persuaded him to remain in the college as a teacher of English. And the one great joy of his life was postponed for years. "Father Tabb had the faculty of genius in calling out latent talent in his students, which he fostered with generous and unrelenting care. Indeed, he was ever at their service in class or out of class, for he had the overflowing heart of a father for the youths in his charge. He possessed the gift of humor in an extraordinary degree. His jokes, repartees and comic bits of verse seemed to come from an inexhaustible source. But his wit was ruled by good nature, and was kindly towards others, though often directed unmercifully toward himself." What we call a sense of humor, Father Tabb possessed in the extreme, and that is one of the reasons he was so universally loved by youth. It enabled him to bring his mind down to the level of his boys and see life through their eyes. He always "understood."

It was not until 1884 that his theological studies were completed and "Holy Orders were conferred upon him during the Ember Week of Advent, December 20, by Archbishop Gibbons, in the Cathedral of the Assumption, Baltimore. It was in the College Chapel at the Midnight Mass of Christmas, that he had the consoling privilege of offering the Divine Victim to his Eternal Father for the first time." So the greatest joy that has been given the world, came into the soul of this man when he held the body and blood of his God in his own hands. And it was in the chapel on whose altar his heart had rested for years, and whose walls were hallowed with his love, that he came into the kingdom of his own. Here he remained, loved and loving, until the end of his days.

Joseph F. O'Brien, in an article in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, says: "From the deep-rock springs of Christianity he drew his inspiration and made poetry the handmaid of religion, as she from the earliest times was ever wont to be, without intruding his own personal

and private religion. The religion of his poems is a part of every man who believes in a Supreme Being, it is a part of the scheme of the universe. Every line of Tabb's poetry uplifts, is ennobling and tends to make the reader a better man. Can as much be said of other poets?"

Father Tabb's works may be divided into three classes—quatrains, lyrics and sonnets. I have not the slightest doubt when I say that nowhere in the garden of English Poesy can he be surpassed in the beauty, strength and vividness of his quatrains. The power of minute condensation of thought is awe-inspiring. Mark the fineness with which this thought is expressed:

SLEEP.

What art thou, balmy sleep?
"Foam from the fragrant deep
Of silence, hither blown
From the hushed waves of tone."

There is the sureness and delicacy of a scientific problem in the word choice of this bit of gossamer:

WHISPER.

Close cleaving unto Silence, into sound
She ventures as a timorous child from land,
Still glancing, at each wary step, around,
Lest suddenly she lose her sister's hand.

Among the minor lyrics, "The Cloud," "The Swallow," "Echoes," and "To a Wood-Robin" are pre-eminent. In conception and execution the work of no American poet approaches these lyrics. They are the poems which gain for Tabb admission into the exclusive circle wherein are Keats and Shelley. For they rival the best poems of these acknowledged masters. In "Echoes," he has caught the wistful sadness of the sighing phantoms and in tremulous verses bequeathed it to us.

One has but to read "Daybreak" to realize that Father Tabb was a master of the Sonnet. Despite the fact that this form of verse limits the elasticity of expression he has lost none of his wealth of beauty or strength in submitting to its rules.

Father Tabb was not only a poet, he was an artist, a musician and a priest as well. His work seems only a natural result when I think of those God-given attributes combined in one man. "He is a master colorist, knowing full well the secret

of every combination which better brings out what he is trying to express. Just as color mastery marks the great artist, so it stamps the great poet. The use of adjectives and explanatory phrases are the principal colors which lend themselves to the poet. Tabb realized the value of them, and to his mastery of them is due his wonderful power of crystallization." "Being a musician, he understood the inseparable bond between music and poetry, and never overlooked its importance. His ear, trained to musical cadence, was ever alert to the slightest whispering of nature, which he immediately took in and made his own." As a priest he possessed the intuition of hearts. Behind the little wooden lattice souls were laid bare to him, the workings of human passion was his daily problem. Then there was the man. I had some way lost the man in the priest and poet. I had forgotten there was humanity behind the divinity, when one day, like a flash, it came:

LOVE'S AUTOGRAPH.

Once only did he pass my way.
"When wilt thou come again?
Ah, leave some token of thy stay!"
He wrote (and vanished), "Pain."

At first I was inclined to smile at my own imaginativeness, then with the thought once lodged, each poem was a memory and told me the story o'er and o'er. It was as if I were entering a Holy of Holies, I trod on sacred ground, so with an emotion of holy awe and often with tear-wet eyes I read Father Tabb once again. He called this

CONSUMMATION.

The interval
We both recall,
To each was all—

A moment's space
That time nor space
Can e'er efface.

'Tis all our own—
A secret known
To us alone:

My life to thee,
As thine to me,
Eternity.

As is characteristic of him, the title holds the thought of the poem in one word, and in this case he has described two lives in the one word.

CLOISTERED.

Within the compass of mine eyes
Behold a lordly city lies—
A world to me unknown,
Save that along its crowded ways
Moves one whose heart in other days
Was mated to mine own.

I ask no more; enough for me
One heaven above us both to see
One calm horizon-line
Around us, like a mystic ring
That love has set encompassing
That kindred life and mine.

There were two souls who reached the height, the sublimity of all earthly love, in Renunciation.

In 1906 Father Tabb's sight had become so bad that he lived in continual fear lest an undue straining of his eyes would result in total blindness. 'Twas then he wrote

FIAT LUX.

"Give us this day our daily bread," and light;
For more to me, O Lord, than food is sight;
And I at noon have been
In twilight, where my fellow-men were seen
"As trees" that walked before me. E'en to-day
From time to time there falls upon my way
A feather of the darkness. But again
It passes; and amid the falling rain
Of tears, I lift, O Lord, mine eyes to Thee,
For lo! I see!

In 1908 his darkness had come to stay and he but waited for the light everlasting. While pity tugs at the heart-strings, I cannot but think of the world he took with him behind the curtain of dark. Alice Meynell says: "The gipsy winds that wander prophesying rain; the green tide of the sap at flow in forests; those toys of God, the rainbow and the bubble of sky; the mystic Three in the violin—string, bow, and music; the darkness of his blindness in age is welcomed as the black face of his dear negro nurse in childhood; those heroes, the champion glow-worm raising a spear against the night, and the slenderest shade bearing a sword against noon; the shepherd stars keeping their watch before the birth of the 'manchild morn'; the cry of Easter

lambs; and, perhaps most beautiful of all, the fancy of the poem on the Assumption, in which the Holy Virgin is figured as the mother bird that hears the voice of the Fledgling, for Whom her bosom has warmed the nest of old, and Who from a loftier tree now calls her home."

There is the joyful expectancy of the change at hand, the tender thought of all dreams come true, and the sweetness of rest, relief. "The grave was already yawning, full of 'sunshine' to welcome him 'Dust to Dust.'"

BEATITUDE.

And is it well with thee?
Ay, past all dreaming, well!
For here we dwell
Where none may weep,
And Paradise is ours to keep—
The tree of Knowledge in the midst thereof.

All around us angels be
To guard the gateways, not with sword of flame,
But fragrant breathings of the holy Name,
That nevermore an after thought of sin
May enter in.

The sweet voice became softer, even more tender, the words came more slowly, dying away, dying away—then the silence, fragrant with memories.

The funeral services were held November 21, 1909, and they took him away from St. Charles and his boys forevermore. In Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond they laid him in his grave of sunshine, but oh, the glory of the soul that breathed to them from

GOD.

I see Thee in the distant blue;
But in the Violets dell of dew,
Behold, I breathe and touch Thee, too.

To M. S. Pine, the author of the book entitled, "John Bannister Tabb, The Poet Priest," though she may never know of my tribute, I wish to whisper my little word. You have said it is your desire to make the poet "known and loved, especially by the young." Then there is one young heart you have won to your cause. I had dreamed and laughed and wept over Father Tabb's Poems, before your book was put into my hands. Imagine my joy at finding a mind which had delved deep into those "little hidden crypts of thought," and brought forth new wonders.

new beauties to my already captive soul. I hope you will pardon my temerity at having so copiously quoted from your book, and accept my little insufficient word,—I thank you.

MARION E. HOGAN.

LORETO ACADEMY, ENGLEWOOD.

* * * *

The Friendship of Brutus and Cassius.

IN almost all of Shakespeare's plays, the hero has some very close friend, as Bassanio and Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice," and Hamlet and Horatio in "Hamlet." By this close friendship, the speaker's conversation brings out more plainly the good points, as well as the defects of the hero's character. Thus in "Julius Caesar" the very intimate friendship of Brutus and Cassius gives us a glimpse of the inner men. Their personalities form a direct contrast. Of the two, while Brutus is of a more honorable family and is held in higher esteem by all the citizens, Cassius is the more practical, and is a better leader. Although both men are affectionate, in Brutus there is an added refinement of consideration and sympathy towards his wife and of unusual gentleness with the boy, Lucius. Cassius is very devoted to Brutus, often calling him his "noble brother," though there was no blood relationship between them. He grieves over the evident coolness of his friend, whose inward battle makes him forgetful of the "show of love" formerly given to Cassius.

"Brutus, I do observe you now; of late,
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over the friend that loves you."

Though Cassius is the soul of the plot against Caesar, this does not so absorb him as to cool his love for Brutus. It is his affection that makes him bear with Brutus in the Quarrel Scene, whereas, it is doubtful if Brutus would have shown the same restraint, had he been in Cassius' place. We might say of Cassius that "His affections swayed more than his reason" when he yielded to Brutus' poorer judgment in the argument about Antony, and in the choice of a battleground. In the first part of the play, Cassius is the controlling power. It is he who wins Brutus over to the conspiracy, and Brutus is an

easy victim. He is not at all observant, and he never suspects that Cassius is flattering him by appealing to his love of Rome and his honorable ancestry, "There was a Brutus once." Then Cassius soliloquizes, "If I were Brutus, and he Cassius, he should not humor me." Cassius is a shrewd, thoughtful man with a keen insight into human nature. In Caesar's words,

"He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men";

whereas Brutus' lack of knowledge of men and character is deplorable. He is, indeed, a poor leader for the times. His calm, upright and frank nature has made him revered and beloved by all. Cassius says, "Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus," and Cinna adds, "If you could but win the noble Brutus to our party"; even the dull, superstitious Casca realizes that Brutus "Sits high in all the people's hearts." Brutus' motives for joining the conspiracy were its seeming justice and his patriotism, while those of Cassius were private jealousies. He says to Brutus, "This man has now become a god," and then gives facts showing that Caesar is the same human nature as they themselves:

"He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan."

Though Brutus subsequently proclaims great love for Caesar, he makes no attempt to defend him when Cassius points out defects in his character. Brutus is not so generous a friend as Cassius whom he seems to consider his inferior in ability. Though Cassius is older and more experienced, it never occurs to Brutus that the policy and military judgment of his friend and associate might be better than his own. In the Quarrel Scene, Brutus loses his usual self-control, and rates Cassius vigorously for taking bribes, though his frequent demands for gold have been the cause. It is Cassius, "The last of all the Romans," who knows how to "bear his friend's infirmities." Of these two men we may say that Brutus is the better man, but Cassius is the better friend.

MARY McILHARGY.

LORETO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

Red Cross Work in Guelph.

DURING this great struggle for justice and humanity, for which the Allies are fighting so courageously against our German foe, it would be hard to find a single person in the British Empire, who has not taken the word of the poet to heart, when he said,

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

This is proved by their whole-hearted efforts to do everything in their power, that may assist in bringing about the successful end, for which we all hope and pray.

Not content with individual efforts, the advisability was at once seen of banding together to form societies, who could better this great work. In mentioning these, we must not forget the Red Cross, which has attained such world-wide fame, having representatives and supporters in practically every clime.

In our Royal City of Guelph, we have, as in most other cities, our branch of the Red Cross, which far from exists in name only, as it is a most active member. Those in charge have spared no pains in arranging concerts, masquerades, bazaars and flower days to raise funds with which to buy necessities for our boys at the front. Of the above mentioned means, the most impressive, to my mind, are the flower days, because on these days the girls dress in their prettiest frocks, have their flower baskets decked as becomingly as possible and wear their very best smiles, so as to make the most niggardly miser

feel too mean to refuse the price of one little "boutonnière." And yet under all these pretty smiles, one could not help noticing the gleam of determination shining from every pair of eyes, thus proving that although merry, these girls never for an instant, forgot that this was a serious work, a self-sacrificing nation's work, a work that must be done by those who are unable to go to the front themselves.

There are also many private sub-branches of the Red Cross in Guelph, who hold meetings expressly for knitting socks for the soldiers, the wool being supplied by the Mother Branch. The making of shirts and bandages, and obtaining surgical supplies is also the work of these sub-branches. Guelph's contribution of money towards buying Red Cross Ambulances and her number of Red Cross Doctors, now at the front, is second to none in proportion to her size.

Lastly, has the Red Cross in Guelph brought under our observation, the unselfish, untiring efforts of our young citizens. Almost daily they hold sales of home-made cookies, candies and cakes, which is all the more commendable since it has its origin in the child mind. This spirit of self-sacrifice, imbued as it is in the young minds, is becoming a part of our children's very being and is bound, therefore, to make an impression on their characters which can never be effaced. Hence it will rise continually to the surface in later life and so give us a race of noble men and women, such as the world will find it hard ever to equal.

EDNA CLANCEY.

LORETO, GUELPH.



The Present Year :

WHAT would the present year mean to the many human beings were they to pause for a moment in the noise and pageantry of life and question the use of it all? But the multitude will not question, and the present year will remain only the present year—like all the other years that have rolled on behind.

With me I would wish it to be different, and I think it is. Why? I do not know. Perhaps I am beginning to read more into the minor events that happen in my life, or perhaps, the strange and novel sensation of a new experience is impressing itself more deeply in my memory.

Last year how often I found myself forecasting the present year. "I would have passed the 'Lower School'!" At the very thought I am sure my eyes shone like Shylock's before the decision of Portia. Well, at last the day came and my case ended somewhat more propitiously than that of the unfortunate Jew. I had won!—actually won my Lower School, and for about two weeks I basked in the sunshine of my triumph. Then I lost sight of my victory and other castles loomed up in the air and I said low in my heart—"The portion of a scholar shall be mine!" And so it comes to pass in the present year that I am pressing hard towards the mark of a successful Junior Matriculant at Loreto.

A Junior Matriculant! And is this the end of my school-days? How long it seems since the beginning, since my first day at school. I remember it well. A little girl occupied the seat in front of me. She wore a "Pink Tam," and my desire for it took on giant proportions and became a powerful distraction. Finally curiosity prevailed over my politeness.

I said: "Where did you buy that 'Pink Tam'? At Relyea's?"

She said: "I don't know; my mamma knows."

Then I: "Tell me to-morrow. I want one, too."

Many years have since elapsed and I am no longer a child dazzled by a pink tam. Yet something glitters down the years from that small beginning. It is the silver thread of friendship.

In the following years I passed through the usual experiences of all schoolgirls, going from grade to grade, meeting and overcoming ob-

stacles, bearing petty crosses, and exulting in paltry glories. Thus passed the years of my childhood. It is sweet to think of them yet, and sweeter to have my memory reawakened by word or letter from any of the dear teachers of those days. This was my privilege a couple of months ago when a letter arrived from, perhaps the dearest of all my mistresses, Mother St. Ambrose. It brought me back to the happy years which I spent under her care. But when she asked, "Do you remember your school-mates of four years ago?" I felt a guilty pang.

"Dear little Carmel is in heaven, Eva is a nun in Nova Scotia, two are married, three are in Toronto, two in Kingston, one in Montreal, and only five still attend the Collégiate here."

The history of my old class,—broken up and scattered into so many different walks of life!

But this is a digression. To return to the present year and to the ambitions of a student. There seems to be a variety of ambitions around me. Some are striving for the laurels of Normal Entrance, some for Honours in Music, and again some for the wealth of the graduate of Loreto. The majority, however, look towards the diploma received in the sombre Cap and Gown of the Arts Graduate.

Time was when I was envious of the College Student, and I am not so sure that the green-eyed monster has departed! However, now as I sight the goal in the hazy distance I am only very glad, and I feel the song of the triumphant Peri rising in my heart:

"Joy, joy forever, my task is done,

The gates are passed and the prize is won."

FRANCES MOLONEY.

LORETO ABBEY.



"So Runs The World Away."

SEPTEMBER 28—With the exception of a few tardy ones who found the five months' vacation too short, the College girls returned to-day to register for the term 1915-16. Our four graduates are sadly missed but along come the freshies with their artless questionings to occupy our attention.



SEPTEMBER 29—Lectures commenced at 8.45 this morning.

SEPTEMBER 30 — The early opening of the term gave the College girls the opportunity of hearing Mr. Griffith, who rendered Shakespeare readings of King Lear and Julius Caesar in his usual admirable manner.

OCTOBER 5 — Through the kindness of the Alumnae we had this afternoon the pleasure of hearing a recital by Mr. Ernest Seitz, pianist, and Mr. Rudolph Larsen, violinist.

OCTOBER 7—Helen Mullins has just returned from a trip down to the West Indies and the Panama Canal and tells most interesting experiences. Junior class is now complete, Misses Downey and Flanagan having painfully emptied their supply of pocket-money into the Registrar's forfeit hoard, some time since.

OCTOBER 8—An Alumnae linen shower at Loreto Day School and the presentation of the Alumnae Scholarship to Miss Dorothea Cronin, and the Scholarship of last year to Miss Madeline Smyth.

OCTOBER 9—First mass meeting of students resulted in a unanimous decision in favor of a dramatic production for patriotic purposes.

OCTOBER 12—Our last Senior has arrived from the little schoolhouse within view of the Rockies where she held sway all summer. "Little Treese" is most welcome, and her example of industry much needed, if we may judge by the curious combination of sounds that emanate from All Saints or from St. Theresa's in afternoon study hours.

OCTOBER 18—A second solemn visit of the Dread Reaper to the home of Miss Helen Mullins has left them freshly bereaved by the death of a gifted brother. Some years ago his health was restored by a holy priest because the boy felt he must live for his mother's sake. Now an exact month after her death he has followed her. Helen and his family have our deep sympathy.

OCTOBER 20—Freshies begin to organize and elect Miss Madeline Smyth as president of their year.

OCTOBER 31—To-night the Seniors entertained the Faculty and Undergraduates in honour of Hallowe'en. Witches and black cats, cards and much merriment.

NOVEMBER 4—College and school gathered to do honour to Soldiers' Parade.

NOVEMBER 8—Considerable excitement displayed in College circles at the first weekly practice for Shakespearean play.

NOVEMBER 14—Retreat. Very privileged we were this year to have Reverend J. O'Reilly, C. SS. R., give our annual triduum. Many will in future years look back to those three days as the holiest and happiest of their lives. In his calm, kind, fatherly way the Reverend Father aroused our deepest sympathies, and our loftiest ideals. We shall ever feel deeply grateful to him for his generous help. If, before the great white throne we see brilliant gems in our crowns, we may look back and attribute them to the resolutions formed during those days of grace and kept faithfully for a little while.

NOVEMBER 22—Mission. Enthusiasm was abroad when a mission at St. Patrick's to be preached by Reverend J. L. McLaughlin and Reverend J. O'Reilly was rumored within the College walls.

The fervour of the recent Retreat was still aglow, and pressing term examinations were all forgotten in the desire "to make the mission."

Enthusiasm well-nigh reached its climax when after one of many eloquent sermons preached by Reverend J. L. McLaughlin, one of the enthused narrators asserted that "there was not a dry tear in the church."

With such exalted animation it was very hard to bear the deprivation of attending five o'clock Mass. However, some youthful aspirants were fortunate enough to have lectures so arranged

that they could hear eight o'clock Mass and sermon on a few mornings.

Reverend J. L. McLaughlin in his dramatic, eloquent manner struck the chords of sympathy in every heart. With rare skill did he bring home in the opening sermon "the value of a soul." We were carried away by his enthusiasm and zeal and seemed to catch a faint glimmer of his intense love of God.

Reverend J. O'Reilly in his gentle, fatherly way appealed to many. By the very charm of his personality he won all hearts.

It was a great and wonderful privilege to hear two such great men filled with holy zeal for the salvation of souls.

NOVEMBER 28—Grief seems to be hovering near our circle this term. Dr. Galligan (Frances' brother), in Toronto for a few days, met with a serious accident, the explosion of a loaded revolver.

DECEMBER 6—Solemn High Mass for the opening of the Forty Hours' devotion, which closes on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

DECEMBER 10—Feast of Our Lady of Loreto—A lantern slide lecture this evening by Dr. O'Reilly gave a most vivid and devout account of his visit to the Grotto of Lourdes.

DECEMBER 15—The Abbey Auditorium once more the scene of "Movies." These were the exhibition of the Health Department and of an excellent brand.

DECEMBER 16—An invitation to send a representative to the inaugural meetings of the Women's Students Council of the University accepted and Miss Duffey as President of the Fourth Year was deputed to attend.

DECEMBER 16—Dr. Galligan has had a most unexpected and fortunate recovery and we all rejoice with his sisters.

DECEMBER 17—According to pledge we forego the first three days of holidays to get "As You Like It" into some definite shape. The house reduced to one apple since Audrey needs so much practice. Any one who loves her hat keeps it out of William's way on practice nights.

DECEMBER 19—A most entertaining evening provided by the school. "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone" and the escapades of the French and the

Irish maids therewith were remarkably well done.

JANUARY 4—Mrs. O'Sullivan gave a glowing account this afternoon of the Chicago meeting of the International Alumnae. Organization and union of effort are a mighty force for good in church and education.

JANUARY 11—We practise, we sell tickets, we seek advertisements. Would that my pen could record all the experiences, the fatigue and the fun that lie hidden under those three simple statements!

JANUARY 28, 29—The Play.

FEBRUARY 3—An informal evening talk by Dr. O'Reilly in the lecture room found us a most enthusiastic audience. He told of visits to Lisieux, the home of the "Little Flower" and of the miraculous blood of St. Januarius and of many other European wonders that became so much more vivid even to Catholic hearts when told by one who has known them personally.

FEBRUARY 10—Reverend Father Scholley, C. SS. R., has become a welcome and frequent visitor in our lecture rooms.

FEBRUARY 26—A vocal recital by the pupils of Miss Strong in the Auditorium this evening much enjoyed by the music lovers.



FEBRUARY 27—A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Miss Helen Mullins, one of our esteemed Juniors, on February 27th. Progressive Euchre formed the chief amusement and the sound of gay voices was sufficient proof of the enjoyment of all. Miss Madeline Smyth distinguished herself as the fortunate

winner of the first prize while Miss Ettie Flanagan shared her victories and carried off the second. The well contested consolation prize was obtained by Miss Teresa O'Reilly.

The time passed so pleasantly that we were all surprised when dinner, which proved a veritable feast, was announced. The geniality of the hostess lent much to the enjoyment of the evening and the "good-night" greetings were exchanged with evident regret by all.

FEBRUARY 29—The curiosity of the "College" was excited by the faint rumours of a party to be given by our "Fresheths." We were all mystified as to the form of entertainment to be provided, for it was quite evident that our First Year girls had something of a surprise awaiting us. A sleighing-party and the first of the season! All began at once to gather up toques and mitts and such like and on the evening of February 29th. the sleighs were at the door and all were in readiness. Snow in abundance and a beautiful evening favored us and made it a happy and memorable one. The unanimous report was "It was the loveliest ride we ever had," and the dainty refreshments served on our return were by no means the least enjoyable feature of the evening, to say nothing of the oratorical wind up, bringing to light much hidden brilliancy.

MARCH 6—Masquerade Ball in the Auditorium this afternoon and evening. A whirl of colour and gaiety, but most of us have already begun to "seclude and eliminate" so our stay was short.

MARCH 8—Late leave becomes a pressing need. If only one's delinquencies had not been so frequent earlier.

MARCH 11—An Irish concert final rehearsal given in our Auditorium previous to the public appearance in Massey Hall next Friday.

MARCH 18—Forty went from the Abbey this evening to witness the performance of "The Tempest" at the Conservatory. It was a great pleasure to meet Dr. Kirkpatrick again and also to appreciate with new insight the excellent presentation of the play, the beauty of the costuming and the color scheme and the eminent success of the several young ladies who had so kindly helped in the final preparations for our "As You Like It."

MARCH 30—This evening we were favored by a visit from our Archbishop. At six o'clock the

school performed for him their Military March, and Drill. They saluted, manoeuvred, marched and formed figures like the most veritable daughters of the Regiment and all to the stirring music of piano and patriotic songs.

In the evening, His Grace Archbishop McNeil, gave an account with lantern slides of some of the excavation work in Rome, and the inferences in the history of the Church. He spoke especially of the Church of St. Mary Antiqua and its art remains. There was a quiet but intense spirit of zeal for the Church which emanated from the Reverend Speaker, and waked an earnest chord in the hearts of his hearers.

APRIL 2—A most eloquent Lenten sermon by our Chaplain, Reverend Father Dutton, gave us renewed impetus to "be up and doing."

APRIL 4—This afternoon an Alumnae meeting and Reverend Father McMullin, C. S. P., gave an account of a visit he made some years ago to the Philippine Islands and especially to the leper colony at Molokai. Cold print can never tell what such a visit means, even second-hand, what inspiration it lends to know of such self-sacrificing lives as those of the priests and sisters who devote their lives to these poor afflicted people.

APRIL 9—Reverend Dr. Ryan of St. Augustine's Seminary, who has been our Sunday Chaplain since September, has been ill for the last weeks. We miss very much the inspiration of the Sunday sermon.

APRIL 10—Examinations begun. All ye students who know what that means lend us sympathy.

APRIL 14—Departures begin. All things must end. Will time leave untouched our picture gallery in Sr. J.'s domain, Touchstone's bells and all the trophies of this happy year?

APRIL 15—This evening Dr. Kirkpatrick gave a series of dramatic readings that reawakened all our enthusiasm for the charms of dramatic work under his direction. We all stole away from our books in spite of the stress of examinations.

APRIL 17—Reverend Dr. Morrissey, a much-appreciated Sunday visitor.

APRIL 30—Oh, yes! Now we are all finished and some are gone. As one of the Saints presses it, "They leave the room to Twomey and to me."

MAY 1—We hear rumours of schools in the West for some of our enterprising company. It isn't only the men in khaki who are bestirring themselves.

MAY 2—Now we are but two Seniors remaining. Some have gone home, some have gone north, and we two are left alone.

MAY 15—Monday evening. The crucial time has come! We were in the group of listeners as the Fourth Year results were read out to-night at the University Main Building. But ah! Congratulations to us all—five more Bachelors of Arts of L. A. C.

MAY 16—Third Year Results—telephone very busy with felicitations.

MAY 18—Afternoon Tea given by the University United Alumnae Association in honor of new graduates.

Edna and Irene back this morning and just in time to meet our little Sr. J. from Hamilton.

General Reception of successful students of 1916 and presentation to the President in McMaster Hall.

MAY 19—Convocation Day. Five fair Loreto graduates, in cap and gown and flower-laden entered their carriage at 1.30 amidst the cheers and plaudits of the admiring school, and came home wearing triumphant baccalaureate hoods before six.

MAY 20—Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving at 9.30, attended by many clergy and friends.

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The First Year.

THIS assembly of personages consists of various specimens of youth and beauty from various regions of the earth. We are ten but not, as in the nursery rhyme, can we say "there are too many of we." When we consider that all great men passed through the stage of life in which we now are, or, in other words, that all great careers, budded before they blossomed, may it not be hoped that some day in the future, the seeds now being sown among this class of '19 will bring forth a superabundant harvest, nay, even will yield fruit a hundredfold wherever is seen any member of the present First Year Class of Loreto Abbey College?

Of the saintly members of our group much could and really ought to be said, but little is going

to be—"too vast a theme for my slender pen." (Horace says that in Latin but I have forgotten it. You probably know all about that, anyway.)



Suffice it to say that without their salutary influence on the rest of their co-mates, what daring and unprecedented acts might be committed and what anxiety and dismal forebodings for the future of their young charges would be felt by our revered and worthy mistresses!

Is not ours a fortunate class in having as a member one whose superior knowledge of modern languages is at once the despair and admiration

of many? And how well she has chosen her course and how energetically she strives to perfect that knowledge, acquired both by application and by a European tour (of course, before the war. We might all go, but for that). Her extensive knowledge of English literature is a source of wonder to us.

"And still we gaze, and still the wonder grows
That one small head should carry all she knows."

Enough is said, though, when we think that during an English hour even our wisest bends her head in recognition of superior genius and dares not offer even an opinion.

The gentle maiden, who is a favourite with the younger, unsophisticated college members (sometimes favoured with another title), Sophomores and Juniors, and even frequently receives a commending word from the august Seniors, would wish that life were always tranquil. Nothing is nearer to ruffling her usually calm spirits than a stormy reprimand of any dignitary concerning an unprepared lesson or some similar foolishness. And what agony does she not endure if at any time cruel fate (sometimes in the shape of movies) forces her to put in an appearance without knowing precisely which is which of the cosines of the angle O!

And now we come to her who is the embodi-

ment of every charm (at least her name implies so) and yet so blissfully unconscious of the fact. It would be almost enough to mention her fondness for mathematics but in her wisdom she realizes the value of some self-denial and hence takes care not to devote too much time to x's and y's, lest other studies would suffer the slightest neglect. We must admit she is fair to all alike. Latin keys are always her staunch allies, but as to Greek—she does not believe in accepting other people's translations except, of course, the night before a—shall I say it?—final and then only, I would presume, for the last review.

Our philosopher! Would not Pythagoras himself dwindle away in his own estimation if he heard but once words of wisdom such as continually proceed from her lips! And do not ordinary creatures such as we (*we* don't exactly consider ourselves ordinary, but others might) feel how futile are all our strivings to reach the goal to which there is no royal road! But occasionally she condescends to come down from the pedestal for a time to discuss every-day matters and then all listen with rapt attention.

Another celebrity deserves special mention. She, in her quiet, unassuming way, thinks nothing of coming forward at the psychological mo-

ment and absconding with a scholarship to the bewildered amazement of her opponents who stand aghast. A professor once declared that "the test of true scholarship is a painstaking passion for detail." She surely considers this statement true, but were it not for her never-ceasing "But why this?" and "Why not that?" what mines of knowledge might remain forever buried to her less ambitious and less quizzical class-mates!

We have yet another who, we feel, has put the "Queen City" under a lasting debt of gratitude to her by favouring it with her presence during a few, brief years. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so why take things too seriously when we have only one life to live. Still we ought to be thankful for all the sunshine we get in this valley of tears and so we rejoice exceedingly when we meet one who is not the least perturbed, even though she did forget to study for to-day.

To make up the complete number there is one other who finds the task of discussing her neighbours more congenial than exposing her own vices. But not wishing to sever in any way her connection with the class, she sums up enough courage to merely beg recognition as

ONE OF THE FRESHIES.



